

# OCEANIDES

## *A PSYCHICAL NOVEL*

BY  
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Gift  
Mrs. H. H. Hughes  
12/30/53

TO THE  
REV. M. J. SAVAGE,

OCEANIDES

IS

**Most Respectfully Dedicated**

BY THE AUTHOR.

CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

TRUE marriage means perfectly self-centered, roundly-developed womanhood, perfectly self-centered, roundly-developed manhood; and then cordial, willing, voluntary union and co-operation, with the recognition that anything short of that is degradation. — *Rev. M. J. Savage.*

TRUTH wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing. — *Religio-Philosophical Journal.*

"Two worlds, the higher and the lower, separated by the thinnest of partitions. The lower world is that of questions; the upper world is that of answers. Endless doubt and unrest here below; wondering, admiring, adoring certainty above. Am I not right?" "You are right," answered Number Seven, solemnly. "That is my revelation." — *Dr. O. W. Holmes.*

ALL death in nature is birth, and in death appears visibly the advancement of life. There is no killing principle in nature, for nature throughout is life: it is not death that kills, but the higher life, which, concealed behind the other, begins to develop itself. Death and birth are but the struggle of life with itself to attain a higher form. — *Fichte.*

So sometimes comes to soul and sense  
The feeling which is evidence  
That very near about us lies  
The realm of spiritual mysteries.  
The sphere of the supernal powers  
Impinges on this world of ours.  
The low and dark horizon lifts,  
To light the scenic terror shifts;  
The breath of a diviner air  
Blows down the answer of a prayer: —  
That all our sorrow, pain, and doubt  
A great compassion clasps about.  
And law and goodness, love and force  
Are wedded fast beyond divorce.  
Then duty leaves to love its task,  
The beggar Self forgets to ask;  
With smile of trust and folded hands,  
The passive soul in waiting stands  
To feel, as flowers the sun and dew,  
The One true Life its own renew.

— *Whittier.*

THERE are fetters to be broken in regard to the social condition of humanity, and thus the world is waiting to-day for the man to come who would be able to break the fetters with which the present social order surrounds us. — *Rabbi Solomon Schindler.*

In the times to be, it is my belief that there shall yet arise a soul, worthier of the sacred task than I, to which shall be given the perilous and precious commission of interpreter between the visible life and the life invisible. On this soul high privilege will be bestowed, and awful opportunity. — *The Gates Between.*

## **PUBLISHER'S INTRODUCTION.**

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In presenting as a premium book the psychic book, **OCEANIDES**, we realize that this psychic novel has been written with a distinct purpose to set forth certain phases of spirit life as related to the gifted and inspired author, Carlyle Petersilea.

The question of soul mates or of the united male and female constituting the complete ego or angel is advanced as a vital truth of spirit experience in the higher realms. The work radiates a good spiritual influence. It is a spiritual book for Spiritualists and ought to be in every library as it is interesting to every one.

We are interested in the distribution of literature pertaining to Spiritualism and feel that in placing this book as a premium book we are helping our readers establish a home library.

**M. E. CADWALLADER,**  
Publisher.



# OCEANIDES.

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## CHAPTER I.

AS I walked forth one bright beautiful evening, near the sea, I sat me down on a rock and thoughtfully gazed out o'er the broad bosom of the sounding ocean. The waves were playfully chasing each other and breaking into white feathery spray on the wet sands; six or seven small waves would thus break into foam and then a larger one would follow, more majestically than the others, and break with a dull boom against the obstacle in its way, which was the earth, or the seashore; I counted the smaller waves and there were just seven, every time, and then came the large one.

I should like to know why there are just seven small waves and then a large one, I thought. I do not remember of ever hearing that question solved.

Oh, there is so much I would like to know that no man or book has ever yet taught me. My eyes now wandered from the water to the overarching sky, with its bright moon, its countless stars, its deep, blue, unfathomable vault; the ocean was moving and I knew the moon and stars were also moving; yet, how grandly, how silently, how steadily; the ocean never ceased in its motion for an instant, neither did the moon nor the stars.

The strains of a waltz reached me from the windows of the grand hotel where I was staying for a short time, and the quick feet of the dancers. Yes, I thought, those distant worlds are whirling to the strains of a grand waltz that my finite ears may not catch, and this ocean is beating out the quickstep like the feet of those nimble dancers.

Oh, I should like to know how all those worlds came into being, I thought. No man or book has ever answered that question to my satisfaction.

In the distance I could see a large city lying sleepily in the moonlight; and at my left a forest of grand old trees arose, stretching their



arms aloft toward heaven. A soft summer breeze wafted the sweet perfume of balsamic pines to my nostrils, and all the trees were sighing and swaying gently as the wind met and kissed them. Ah, I thought, those trees are kissed by a heavenly lover, and the stars are the bright eyes of an angel band.

My own heart was sad and lonely, for no one in all the wide world loved me, that I knew of; no one understood me any more than I understood why the waves chased each other, why the worlds moved on high, why the sun and moon and stars shone, or how they came into existence. I could not even understand how the forest trees grew, or from whence the secret spring that moved all things. And as I thus sat silently and alone, the beating of my own heart was audible to me. Thump, thump, in perfect rhythm and time; pulsing, pulsing, as did the ocean.

Oh, I thought, I should like to know why my heart beats, the secret spring that keeps it steadily going; it does not cease any more than the ocean, any more than the worlds on high; no, not for an instant. And as I thus pondered and questioned, perhaps I fell asleep; who can

say? but my dreams were of those things which I could not see with the natural eye; my questions were answered to my perfect satisfaction. My eyes closed and I became oblivious to outward things, and if it was a dream, I now saw with the eyes of a dreamer; in other words, the eyes of my inner being were opened.

There stood before me the form of a man, but from whence he came I could not tell. I knew he was not a being that inhabited a mortal body, yet he appeared real and substantial to me, more real, even, than any one in the flesh. He stood before me silently, for a short time, as though he would invite inspection and give me plenty of time to observe just how he looked. He was of medium height, large and finely formed; his breadth agreed perfectly with his height; he was rounded and there was no appearance of angularity anywhere; his eyes were blue and shone with a fine light that reminded one of heavenly harmony; his brown hair, just tinged with gold, hung in waving masses over his broad and manly shoulders; his nose was aquiline and rather prominent, but finely and delicately formed; his mouth firm,

sweet, and expressive; his chin cleft; his beard was like spun threads of fine gold and lay in a shining mass around his face and o'er his breast; his hands were extremely white, soft, and beautifully formed, yet one could see that great power lay within them; and in one hand he carried a harp of shining gold with silver strings. He was clothed in a dark-blue satin coat, white satin waistcoat and breeches; soft white ruffles were at his wrists and on his breast; pale blue stockings and sandals of gold; a brilliant jewel sparkled on his breast, and its twin on one of the white fingers of his beautiful hand. He bent his heavenly eyes on me intently, and the light of their glance pierced me through and through; my soul quivered in ecstasy; his noble face broke into a sweet smile; he touched his harp lightly and gracefully, but the touch was that of the master's hand and the music like that of the spheres. He now spoke and his voice was deep, mellow, and the very poetry and essence of musical sound.

"Ernst," he said, "I am sent in answer to thy desires, which are thy prayers; thou dost not pray that thou mayest be heard of men, but thy prayers are silent and sincere; they

arise up to us like sweet incense. Thou desirest wisdom of heaven, and such desires never go unanswered. I will take thy spirit with me, and thou shalt see with thine own eyes and hear with thine own ears the truthful answer to all the questions which thy soul shalt ask. But we will not go alone: a brighter and more beautiful being than I am shall lead the way, and we, together, will follow her."

As he ceased speaking, another form appeared, standing by his side; it was the form of a lady, and what surprised me most was the fact that she seemed to issue from his personality as though there had been two beings blended together which now divided, something as a rainbow divides itself, and lo, there are two rainbows instead of one, the only difference being that one is a little paler, more ethereal, than the other. The lady was an exact counterpart of the man; in size they were very nearly the same, she being just a shade the smaller. Her brown hair, with its golden glint, lay in waving curls over her shoulders; the shoulders themselves were round, dimpled, and as white as alabaster; her bust was more perfect than that of Venus; her

form was very graceful, round and full, but not small; her eyes a deep blue, and as their glance rested upon me they held within their depths the mysteries of heaven, and I knew, intuitively, the answer to all my questions, and more than my finite mind knew how to ask, lay within them. Her brow was broad and full, the face as majestic and noble as her companion's, but more feminine, and the same sweet smile hovered about her lips that rested upon his. Their clothing was slightly different, yet the same color predominated in both. Her bodice was of dark-blue velvet; the flowing sleeves of misty white lace wherein lay many an intricate pattern; the same lace slightly veiled the beautiful bust and shoulders; her skirts were soft, white, and flowing, and fell about her in shimmering light; her left hand clasped the right hand of her companion and with her right hand she pointed upward. I had not, thus far, spoken; my surprise had kept me silent; but now I found voice.

"You say my questions shall all be answered, and I shall go with you and see with my own eyes and hear with my own ears; but first tell me who you are and if this is real or merely the vagaries of a dream?"

"It is real and yet a dream. You ask us who we are. We are an angel," answered the man.

"But there are two of you," I said; "you forget the lady; you mean two angels?"

"I forget nothing," he answered. "I mean just what I say; we are an angel; one angel, and not two; she is myself, I am herself. She is the half of an angel, I am the other half, and two halves make one whole; we blend so completely together that at first you did not perceive we bore two forms, and we can appear in two forms, or as one. We are male and female; one angel."

"Have you any other name?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "you may call me Victor, you may call her Viola; we already know your name — Ernst von Himmel."

"You say you will take me with you. If you are an angel, as I perceive you are, how can that be? how can you take me, who am yet a mortal, dwelling within the flesh, with you into heaven?"

"We will take your spirit out of your body for short spaces of time, and you shall go with us wherever you like, and during these periods you shall be like us."

"I cannot be like you," I said, "for I am alone."

I am not two in one as you are ; I am only half, and I do not know who my other half is, or where she may be.

"The difference, then, between us will be that, while we are an angel, you are a spirit yet to become an angel sometime in the future."

I do not care to remain out on these sands much longer, I said. Can you visit me in my chamber at the hotel ?

"Just as well there as here," answered Victor ; "you may appoint a certain hour each day or evening, and we will be punctual to the hour ; you shall then accompany us for an hour each day. Afterwards you shall write down, for the benefit of mankind, all which you see and hear, for you shall not forget your so-called dreams."

Will any particular hour suit you better than another ? I asked.

"Perhaps it will be as well, all things considered, to say nine o'clock each evening."

Very well, I answered, then nine o'clock each evening it shall be. As I said this, I felt a slight shiver run through my frame. I opened my eyes ; the angel had disappeared.

## CHAPTER II.

A SLIGHT fog rested on the bosom of the sea, and through it the moon shone pale and wan; the stars had disappeared altogether. I arose. Silence reigned at the hotel; the music and dancing had ceased. With my hands clasped behind me I thoughtfully retraced my steps, entered the house and went to my room; pen and ink lay before me on the table and I wrote down that which I had seen and heard.

The next evening, at the appointed time, my angel visitors stood before me. They were even more beautiful than when I first saw them: they stood in two forms, as before, yet they blended reciprocally together; their thought was one thought, and truth was eliminated from their blending as rays of light are eliminated from the blending of magnetism and electricity. They reminded me of Edison's electric incandescent light: the true union of the



positive and negative, and light and truth was the result.

Victor drew his fingers lightly over the strings of his harp, and the room was filled with sweet harmonious sounds; and, as the music began to fill and flood my being, my eyes closed, and I gradually lost all sense of my earthly surroundings, and now we three were floating together in ethereal space, floating on the waves of sound; musical harmony. We rose and fell on these waves, we whirled, we glided; my spirit seemed to be in complete rapport with the soul of Victor and Viola, for they were but one soul, and whatever they did, that did I. We raised our eyes and arms toward that which was ever above us, and as we thus went onward, Victor's music increased in power, increased in volume, increased in its sweetness and harmony, until by the power of his music alone we were carried to the gates of an angelic city. As he struck the last powerful chords they seemed to open the gates of the city, and on these waves of powerful harmonic sound we were propelled among the angels. Victor now ceased in his playing and Viola took the lead.

"Our time is short," said Victor; "we must not pause here, for in order to answer your questions we must commence with the least and then gradually ascend to the greatest; for who can play the music of the heavenly spheres until he has learned the first notes of the harmonic scale."

Viola, now, still clasping the hand of Victor, lightly and more swiftly than the zephyr, floated upward and onward. Her heavenly eyes were slightly turned upward, her right hand lay on her palpitating bosom, which rose and fell like the waves of the sea, which rose and fell as had Victor's music, and now we were far, far out in space; we paused, and still we were rising and falling, floating gently on the great waves of an ethereal sea.

"Ernst von Himmel," said Victor, "examine this sea; let nothing escape you;" and he took a few drops in his hand and held them toward me. They were pellucid and translucent, and, like drops of water, they all appeared to be of the same composition; but the sea was so vast that I could perceive neither beginning nor ending.

"This is the Ocean of Eternity," said Vic-

tor, "out of which all things are formed that ever were or ever shall be; it has neither beginning nor end; it ever has been, it ever will be. There is no such thing as nothing, there never was any such thing as nothing; all things that are, float and move and exist within this ethereal sea; it gives birth to worlds and systems of worlds; your earthly ocean is a minute copy of this ethereal sea."

He allowed all the drops to roll out of his hand, excepting one which he still held before my eyes. It looked as simple and as natural as a drop of water, which it very much resembled. It was a very small drop, however.

"This," said Victor, "we will call an atom, and this ethereal sea we may call the atomical sea, or sea of atoms. But your hour has expired: you must now return. To-morrow evening at this same hour we will be with you again, and then together we will analyze this atom; and when we have analyzed this, we have analyzed all atoms."

He now let the atom fall into the sea with the rest. Viola waved me a kiss, Victor struck the lowest notes on his harp; I sunk back into my mortal body and opened my eyes. I

caught up my pen and quickly wrote all that I had seen and heard; then disrobing, I retired to my couch to sleep sweetly and dream of Victor and Viola.

The next evening I sat expectantly waiting for my visitors, but not perceiving them as the clock struck nine, I feared they might not come, and closed my eyes with a sense of unspeakable disappointment, and thus I fell asleep; but as all earthly things disappeared from my sight, the eyes of my spirit opened wide, and I stood in the midst of the atomical sea.

Victor and Viola were hastening to meet me, and with them an old man. Surely, I thought, that old man is the very personification of my idea of what Neptune ought to be. He was almost a giant in size, but symmetrical and exceedingly powerful. As he approached me, his motions were like those of one swimming, or treading the water in an upright position; his hair appeared like the finest of brown sea-weed, and lay about him, at great length, in all directions, waving, rising and falling; his eyes were exceedingly large, expressive, and in color like the deep, deep

sea. A flowing robe of the palest green fell about his large and powerful form, girdled at the waist by a pearly sash ; his forehead was broad, round and full ; and great wisdom, love, and power shone upon his face ; in one hand he held a beautiful sea-shell, the other he extended to me in greeting as the three paused before me, and Victor said :—

“Ernst, behold one more powerful than I, one that will aid me in teaching you the things that you wish to know.”

I took the hand extended to me, but my eyes fell beneath the powerful gaze of this rather strange being, and yet I knew him to be a veritable angel, and not the creation of mere fancy. As my hand touched his, my eyes grew clearer, my sight stronger. By his side appeared another form, the female half of himself : she was like him in all respects, as Viola was like Victor, excepting, where his form showed strength and power, hers showed love and grace ; where her features reflected love, his reflected wisdom. He now spoke to me, and his voice reverberated like the boom of the ocean.

“Thou art called Ernst von Himmel,” said

he; "thou art rightly named, for an earnest of heavenly wisdom shalt thou give to the dwellers of earth. Open thine eyes, Ernst von Himmel, and look about thee;" and he waved his hand majestically to and fro before my eyes, and as his powerful hand thus passed before me, my vision grew stronger and stronger, and as a powerful microscope reveals things that were not seen before, — no, not even dreamed of, — so my eyes could now see what they had never seen until this moment. I was not upon the bosom of an atomical sea, but within the depths of the eternal ocean of atoms; it begun nowhere; it ended nowhere: it was for ever and ever, and countless and endless forms lived and moved and had their being within it. The earthly ocean is finite, the atomical ocean is infinite; the earthly sea is a small type of the infinite ocean. "You may call me Neptune, if it so pleases you," said my new teacher; "that name is as good as another and is very significant. You will perceive, Ernst, as your sight grows stronger and more microscopic, that this atomical sea is in three distinct parts. Small, round globes, or atoms, which are swimming or

moving within an ethereal sea,— but we will say, first, that there is an infinite ethereal sea, and, secondly, that within this ethereal sea is the atomical sea, and the atomical sea completely fills the ethereal sea, yet the ethereal sea completely surrounds each atom, so that no one atom absolutely touches another atom; the atoms are a shade heavier and more dense than the ether, yet the atom is counterpoised and evenly balanced by a third principle at its very heart, or central point, which is a pure flame, pale amber in color, just a point, or dot, of pure magnetic flame, and, like the yolk within an egg, it is surrounded by elastic translucent matter. So you now perceive, dear Ernst, that this ethereal sea is composed of flame, or fire — but flame is the better word; — translucent matter, or solid substance; and ether, or spiritual substance: — flame, matter, and ether. Your finite earth is a type of the infinite: it is composed of fire, earth and water.

The eyes of my spirit now begun to grow dim: Victor, Viola, and Neptune slowly receded from my sight; I felt myself sinking back to earth, and I opened my natural eyes;

my pen flew rapidly for a few moments. The hour was up, and another day must intervene before I could meet my angel friends again. I went to the window and gazed out over the moonlit sea, and the countless stars looked to me somewhat as did the atoms swimming in the ethereal ocean.

The next day I began to wonder if Victor and Viola would visit me wherever I might happen to be, for I was very eager to know more about the ethereal sea, but could not always confine myself to one spot or place. Life, to me, was a lonely and mysterious thing. Although I was constantly surrounded by a gay crowd at this fashionable resort, yet I felt as much alone as though I had been on a desert isle; not one in all this fashionable throng seemed to have anything in common with me, yet my heart longed and thirsted for love and sympathy. I was still a young man, had mingled freely with the opposite sex, in fact, my business was almost exclusively confined to young ladies, for my profession was that of a music teacher, and I was considered by the world of fashion one of the best; yet of the hundreds and even thousands whom I



had instructed, not one had touched my heart with the torch of love. It lay cold within me, longing and yearning, yet not finding its complement.

I had much admired many young ladies, and sometimes I had nearly come to the conclusion to ask some one among them to be my wife; but an indefinable something always restrained me, and I well knew that if one were to be my wife, still I should be alone. There had been engraven upon my soul, from my earliest manhood, the ideal picture of one whom I could love and worship, and I had cherished a secret hope that some day the ideal picture would be actualized. Beautiful women I had seen by scores, and many of them had been wealthy and gifted. My passing attentions had been gracefully received, and some had purposely set their nets to catch my unwary feet, but not one, as yet, had matched the ideal within me.

This ideal was not a beautiful woman, — at least, not what the world would call beautiful, but she was noble and grand, a woman differing from all other women that I had as yet seen. This ideal was not particularly young,

neither was she wealthy, but a woman of thought and originality, one that did not think as the rest of womankind do; and forever enthroned within my heart was this ideal lady: she kept all other women at a distance.

Since I had been visited by Victor and Viola this image had grown clear and strong within me, and to-day it had seemed almost like a real palpable presence. And now as the sun sent his good-night rays aslant the earth, and tinged the sea with purple and gold, I took a little boat and rowed myself out over the gently rolling waves. I cast anchor about half-way between the sleepy-looking city and the now brilliantly lighted hotel. I threw myself in a reclining attitude in the bottom of my skiff, laying my head back against the cushioned seat, and throwing my arms over my head. One by one the stars broke loose, as though they ventured forth a little way to meet and greet me; they twinkled at me mirthfully and winked their bright eyes knowingly. Did they know all about the ideal lady? It seemed to me they must, for my soul lay bared to nature, if not to man. The edge of the moon just peered above the watery

horizon ; — ah ! it reminded me of Neptune and his wife ; — she was arising from her cool bath all dripping with rays of golden light ; slowly and with great majesty she ascended, her dripping golden light gradually changed to a clear silvery radiance, as she shone and rolled onward, beautiful queen of the night, and the little stars all paid her homage. She was a fair type of my ideal lady, — calm, clear, and exceedingly beautiful, not with earthly beauty, but with light and beauty borrowed of heaven, as the moon borrowed her light of the sun. And thus thinking, my eyes closed ; perhaps I fell asleep ; who can say ? Entrancing music struck my ear : the sound was familiar, but added to the notes of Victor's harp was the sound of clarion and sweet silver bells ; my soul rushed joyfully to meet my friends.

Ah ! noble Victor, sweetest Viola, grand, majestic old Neptune, and her gracious majesty, the queen of the sea, Nereid.

### CHAPTER III.

NEPTUNE loudly blew his clarion, Victor's harp echoed in time, Nereid shook her sweet bells, and Viola — but Viola held no musical instrument within her hands ; instead thereof a pen of gold, and with it she rapidly wrote, in mystical characters, the legends of eternity and stories of immortal life.

Again we stood within the ethereal sea — the atomical sea — the sea of flame. Said Victor, " Out of this sea springs forth all things that are or have been or ever shall be ; suns and moons and stars ; constellations and systems and zones of worlds ; angels and archangels. The finite mind of man is not capable of conceiving or understanding the grandeur and glory of things that exist ; and mortal pen is not able to write them ; but a little thou mayest learn whilst yet on earth. O ! Ernst von Himmel, within this sea, which extends throughout all space and

time, lie the germs of all possible things, yet in the undeveloped or germinal state; the material out of which all existent things are formed; and it is the uniting or marriage of the magnetic flame and translucent matter that gives birth to all form. Come with us now, Ernst, and you shall behold with your own eyes the first or primary forms that exist within this eternal sea."

Saying this, Victor again struck his harp, Neptune blew his clarion, the silver bells rang out sweet and clear, and we again floated onward. Presently we paused, and Victor pointed to a number of small, round forms, very much in size and appearance like a goose's egg without a shell; these eggs were all in rapid motion, thrown hither and thither on the waves of the atomical sea, but Neptune caught one in his hand and held it before my eyes.

"Thou hast examined the atom, dear Ernst," said he; "examine this conglomeration of atoms." It quivered and trembled in his hand like a ball of jelly, or in substance like a round jelly-fish, transparent and slightly tinged with yellow.

"This ball," said he, "commenced with one

atom within the atomical sea ; it has attracted and held atoms enough to form this ball, which is the first form, or nucleus, of a sun ; the little magnetic flame, or point of fire, within each atom, attracts and holds together this ball of translucent matter." He threw the ball from him and I saw it carried hither and thither on the waves of the ethereal sea.

"That ball will keep on rolling and attracting atoms and holding them, until a globe is formed as large as the sun," said Victor, and Viola smiled ; her eyes penetrated my soul.

O, Viola, Viola ! I cried ; thou art the lady of my dreams — my ideal — my beautiful ! I forgot, for the moment, that she belonged to Victor.

"Not thine," said Victor, "but a true type of what thine shall be."

O, Victor, tell me — when shall I meet my beloved — my darling — my other self ! I am lonely ; I am impatient.

"Let us return," said Victor, "and I will show her to thee."

Neptune and Nereid waved us farewell, and soon Victor paused over the sleeping city. The moon, by this time, had climbed high in

the heavens. Victor hovered over a small lake on the outskirts of the city, and on the sandy shore I saw a white form lying; a great trembling seized at my heart; we approached nearer; it was the form of a woman.

Who is it? I asked. Is she dead?

"No," answered Victor; "look more closely."

It was a woman lying there, sobbing and moaning in bitter woe.

"This is your counterpart—your ideal," said Victor.

My ideal? Could it be possible? I felt a desire to gather her up in my arms and comfort her grief, but my body was lying out there in that little boat just in sight of this white city, and so I could only look at her with the eyes of my spirit.

What is the matter with her? I asked.

"An untrue marriage," answered Victor. "She is wild with grief over the abuse and inconstancy of a husband in name but not by the right of natural law. Ernst von Himmel, behold thine own!" She raised herself to a sitting posture, and I could now observe her clearly. Yes, she certainly was the lady of my dreams, the exact image of my ideal. Tall and

stately, perhaps thirty years of age, deep-blue eyes, brown hair that had a trick of curling, fine intelligent features, broad brow. Beautiful, as the word is generally understood, she was not ; but to me she was the personification of all beauty, nobility, and sweetness : yet all alone out here on the sands in bitter grief.

“ The appointed hour has nearly expired,” said Victor ; “ you must now return to your boat and your mortal body.” He struck a heavenly note on his harp, Viola waved her white arms, and they faded from my sight. But the lady on the sand — I could not leave her thus : she held my soul with a magnetic bond I had never felt before.

Lady, I whispered, do not weep ; be comforted ; happiness is yet in store for you. She arose, wiped her tearful eyes, and now I saw — what I had not previously observed — the pictured or ideal image of myself within her heart. She thought she was all-all alone, but we were the embryotic angel in two forms, yet our material bodies had never met. Alas ! would they meet on earth ?

She moved up a footpath toward a house and soon disappeared within it, and I opened my



eyes in the boat. I felt a little chilled and stiff; the moon was veiled by scudding clouds, and I rowed rapidly toward the hotel.

Bright lights, music and dancing; elegantly attired ladies flirting with beaux of the first water. I took my cigar and a seat on the veranda; a young lady of the period passed by me with a gay challenge.

"Mr. Von Himmel," said she, "why are you not dancing with the others?" She took a seat near me, fanning herself vigorously.

I like rowing better than dancing, at this season of the year, I answered, and I have been rocking out there on the cool sea for the last hour, while you have been heating your blood by dancing.

"Oh!" said she with a little coquettish shrug, "were you out there all alone?"

Alone, and yet not alone, I replied.

"You are just the strangest gentleman I ever met, Mr. Von Himmel. You never flirt, you never dance, and every one calls you a confirmed bachelor."

She gave me a bright, furtive glance from under her dark lashes. This young widow had long been setting little traps for me, and some-

times my unwary feet had come very near being entangled in some of their intricate meshes, yet I had been able thus far to shake them off; she certainly charmed me, and I admired her much when in her presence, but the moment she left me, the charm vanished and naught remained. This was not one whom I desired to marry: not so with the lady of the sands, her presence was now a living, palpable thing, never more to leave me.

Mrs. Cary arose with a yawn, and I escorted her back to the ball-room. Bidding her good night and pleasant dreams, I went to my room and to sleep, and dreamed of the grief-stricken lady on the sands. When morning came, I arose with a sad and dejected heart. I felt confident that by some method, not understood by me, I had actually seen the counterpart of myself—the other half of my own being—and she was in trouble; an unhappy creature; she was also bound in a miserable union with an uncongenial mate. My countenance must have expressed something of my feelings, for Mrs. Cary rallied me, with a gay laugh, while we were at breakfast.

“Mr. Von Himmel,” said she, “you look like

the last rose of summer just plucked from its stem; do favor us with a smile, if you can," and she tossed her head and gave me a coquettish glance. "Dear me!" she went on, "you look as though you had just attended the funeral of your nearest friend."

You are as bright and fresh as a rose on its stem, blushing sweetly among your garden companions, but I am not of the garden, I am a flower of wilder, hardier growth, one that has taken deep root in the desert sands of the shore, and no other flower of my kind grows near me.

Mrs. Cary shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"I am going to dig up that wild flower and transplant it to the garden of roses," she said with a little determined look in her roguish dark eyes.

If you were to transplant it, the flower would droop and die, and you would gain nothing but your trouble, I replied. It is better to let the wild flower bloom in its own way and within its native soil; there, at least, it is at home and occasionally may gladden the eye of a stranger, but it would be uncouth, ugly, and out of place in the conservatory of exotics.

Mrs. Cary's face expressed some slight annoy-

ance as she rose and made her way to the parlor. I soon heard her playing and singing a gay song; her gay good humor attracted me and I followed her.

Mrs. Cary, I said, you are like those ripples out there on the water; watch those little flirts and gusts of wind; how they stir the water into patches of ripples here and there. I am the water, you are the little gusts of wind.

"Oh, indeed!" said she, with a slight blush. "Then I am to understand that I cannot stir you more deeply than the surface—just blow you into ripples—that is all? Many thanks, Mr. Von Himmel; but a summer breeze is better than none, and so I may blow my little breeze, may I not, and amuse your stately self into ripples? I should like to see the lady that could lash you into great waves; I do not believe she has yet crossed your path, Mr. Von Himmel."

You are right, I answered; she has not.

"And I suppose you will never marry until she does?"

Would you advise me to marry while the depths of my soul remain unmoved? I am afraid, if I were to do so, the time would come

when my soul would be stirred into great waves and the placid depths of my heart broken up; the summer winds and ripples would be forgotten.

"Yes," she said, with a little sigh, "most men very soon forget their summer flirtations."

She flirted her fan vigorously, and I noticed a tear of vexation gather in her dark eye. This woman attracted me more than any other I had ever met, yet my heart held no grand passion for her: she passed by me like a summer breeze and left no impress.

I had often wished it were otherwise. I wanted to love, marry, and settle down in a home. This lady was eligible and beautiful, not yet twenty-five, and possessed of much wealth in her own right; but my soul lay, like a calm sea, unmoved.

Not so with the lady I had seen, when in the spiritual state, out there alone in bitter grief on the sands. My heart beat ominously. My soul caught the sound of the distant storm. Already I was conscious of the slow rocking of the deep.

As yet the surface was calm and placid, but the storm was gathering; the summer sun was

obscured, and my soul lay dejected and awaiting.

Mrs. Cary had left the parlor, and I sat gazing out over the sea, musingly, when a little boat came into view and was soon moored on the beach; two persons left it and slowly approached the hotel. The lady took a seat on the veranda; the man — for I could see he was not a gentleman — soon left her and disappeared. It struck me there was something familiar about this lady. She was tall, stately, and walked with the step of a queen; her whole appearance impressed me with a sort of magnitude, as did the ocean. She turned her head; I had a full view of her features, and the pale lady of the sands was revealed.

When I saw her last night she was in tears, but now her face was calm and thoughtful, the deep eyes gazing wistfully out over the sea. She sat, for some time, almost as immovable as a statue, yet I could see her superb bust heave occasionally, as with a sigh. Presently her husband — for I intuitively knew he was her husband — returned. His manner toward her was rude and neglectful. He went down to the boat, she followed, and they were soon on their

way toward the sleepy little city that glimmered in the distance. The man seemed to be a powerful oarsman, but the husband and wife were like the mating of a vulture and some stray, white-winged bird not classified.

But I must not allow my thoughts to dwell on this lady. She was apparently a married woman and consequently could be nothing to me. Yet in spite of all my efforts to the contrary, her image continually haunted me.

O! why could I not have this same feeling toward Mrs. Cary? if I could have had, how gladly I would have made her my wife; but as matters now stood I must think of nothing but my art, and my dreams must be only of Victor and Viola.

I had much to trouble me; my life was not all sunshine; many venomous shafts were pointed at me by those in the same profession as myself. I needed encouragement and advice; but there was no one to whom I could go with my troubles, and so I waited, expectantly, for the hour to come—the hour that was to bring gladness, encouragement, and hope to my drooping spirits.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE day was becoming misty and rainy; a deep fog settled down over the sea; the sands were wet and uncomfortable; and so, as the hour approached, I drew my curtains, and, lying back in my easy chair, calmly awaited my expected visitors.

The clock struck nine, my eyes closed, and soon I was far away; far, far away, above cloud and storm and mist; the earth was no longer in sight, and Victor and Viola were by my side.

Victor was not playing his harp at this moment, and Viola's beautiful eyes looked misty and veiled. Could it be possible these lovely beings had troubles as well as myself? This thought crossed my mind, and they must have discovered my thought, for immediately Viola's lovely eyes brightened as he said: "Ernst, thy sorrows are our sorrows, for we are



now in complete sympathy with you and are destined to go on with you as guardian spirits for an indefinite period. There is a deep purpose and meaning in our visits to you; and the truths which we are to show you are to be given to the inhabitants of the earth for the first time. It has never yet been discovered by man how worlds were created: it is our mission to show you how they are created, or grow; and by-and-by the whole world in which you live will understand and accept the truth, and it will revolutionize all preconceived ideas and will completely change man's religious opinions. It is this knowledge, and this alone, which will do it; for as long as man lives by blind faith he will go wrong, but when the light of truth once strikes him, then he will live by truth, and truth alone; therefore, Ernst von Himmel, we are commissioned to show you the truth as it is; yet we are somewhat affected by your sadness; but the light of truth will soon chase away clouds and mist from the earth. Come, now, with us, dear Ernst, and we will investigate the further growth of worlds;" and we floated onward for some time longer. Presently we paused, for a large globe came into view.

“Look!” said Victor. “From a small nucleus, such as Neptune held upon his hand, has at length grown into shape and size this immense globe; it has grown to this size by its constant motions and revolutions—by attracting and holding atom after atom. You can readily see this globe is still soft and warm, although it has grown to this enormous size; it has become a little harder than a ball of jelly; it is now about the consistency of an apple, and very much the same color as an apple without its skin; its own motion, weight, and growth has hardened it; it is warm, for each little atom still holds its central magnetic flame; thus the cold translucent matter is warmed throughout all this great mass; it bears its life, growth and heat within it, just as a little animal does when it is growing rapidly; and this young or primary world grows very rapidly, much more rapidly than one would suppose. It feeds and grows from outside sustenance just as a plant or animal does: it constantly gathers atoms and appropriates them to its own use and benefit, the only difference being, that like a snow-ball it gathers as it rolls; it rolls within the atomical sea, and holds to itself every atom with

which it comes in contact. But it only gathers the atoms which are composed of magnetic flame and translucent matter: the ethereal and germinal sea are still left intact, and it has robbed and appropriated all the atoms within the space wherein it has moved. In this way it creates a vast orbit for itself, for it still continues to roll where it can gather its food; it shuns that part of the sea which it has deprived of its atoms, for it attracts the atoms, and the intact atomical sea attracts it; this is the manner in which the first or primary worlds create their own orbit. At length this immense globe, rolling within its vast orbit, ceases to grow. It has reached a point in its career where it must drop a portion of its weight; it has become too weighty to hold itself together any longer. The law of attraction and growth ceases with it; its weight and rapid motion cause the outer surface to harden still more, but the inner part yet remains soft. It now presents more the appearance of an orange with its rind, the harder and softer parts being about in the same proportion; and as it still rapidly revolves within its orbit, the inner part gradually becomes loosened from the rind. As the

inner part becomes loose, the motions of the now two distinct bodies are not the same; the inner part, being softer and warmer than the rind, by its more rapid motion constantly drives off or repels the rind, thus causing the rind to crack open; and as this primary world has but two motions—the revolving on its own axis and the rolling in its rut, or orbit—it has become elliptical, or in the form of an egg, and thus the shell cracks all around its central part. The intact globe within still rolls on, and for a certain period of time the shell or ring is still carried by the power of attraction along with it. But there comes a time when the ring, by its own weight and the constantly repelling motion of the central globe, breaks all in pieces and falls away from the inner globe. The inner globe escapes entirely and still rolls on by itself.”

“It is now time for you to go back, and tomorrow we will show you how this state of things adjust themselves.”

They accompanied me back part of the way, and I soon awoke in my chair. When I had penned down all which they had shown me, I fell into a natural sleep and did not awake until morning.

At breakfast Mrs. Cary's usually bright face wore a cloud, and she scarcely noticed me at all, but graciously received the attentions of a gentleman sitting near her. I remained thoughtful and silent. Life was beginning to have a new and significant meaning to me, and I could easily see that Mrs. Cary could bear no part in it; yet my life still looked to me barren and desolate. If my soul had quickened at sight of the pale lady, for the first time in my life, it was the dawn of a true and everlasting love. Certainly it was hopeless as far as this life was concerned, for, if I had found my love at last, I had found her wedded to another. I made not the slightest inquiries as to who she was, yet her image was constantly with me by night and by day: to drive her out of my mind was impossible. I looked upon it as a great sin to love another man's wife, and made strenuous endeavors to obliterate her image from my mind; but all to no purpose; the greater my efforts in this direction the clearer and brighter grew the picture. Yet if I could not cast her image forth, my actions were under my control. I would wed no one, but give my life up entirely to the pursuit of knowledge; and if these

dreams, or visions, which were now a part of my daily life, had any truth in them, and it really were angels that visited me, and the knowledge which they imparted to me was true, it might be of great benefit to mankind. And so I impatiently awaited the hour appointed for my angel visitors. At length it came. Again I was transported to that part of creation where planets were forming, and I saw how the broken ring was at length cast off from the inner globe and by its own inherent power of attraction drew itself together at its central point and at length became an independent globe. The rapid motion of the two globes now repelled each other, and kept each other at a proper distance, yet their power of attraction held them firmly at this distance. The ring which had been cast off from the parent globe was of harder and firmer consistency than the first globe, and as it drew itself together at its central point, its surface lay in great fissures and chasms; that is, its surface was cracked all in pieces. Its position and orbit lay about midway of the space that had been robbed of its atoms; that is, it occupied a central position, and the first planet moved in a great circle

around it, but the first planet's orbit was constantly growing larger and larger, as it again went on attracting atoms and again adding to its own weight.

Victor ran his hands lightly over the strings of his harp.

"Ernst," said he, "that planet will keep on revolving and throwing off rings until there are seven in all. As there are seven fundamental notes in music, so each system of worlds have seven fundamental planets, and all the others are auxiliaries or aids to the first or primary worlds, and all space and time are filled with these worlds in their various stages of perfection and growth. The sounds in music are a fair type of the worlds in space; there is the first or fundamental planet, which corresponds with the letter A in music; this first ring which, you see, it has thrown off, corresponds with the letter B, and so on with the other five which it will cast off.

"Now," said he, "we will visit a system of worlds where the first or primary planet has thrown off all the rings which it is destined to cast off."

He struck his harp with a powerful and

rapid hand, Viola's form swayed, quivered, and we glided rapidly onward. Soon we came in sight of a system of seven planets — the first or primary globe, and the six smaller rings or globes which it had cast off. The parent globe was of immense size compared with the rings which it had thrown off, yet it was comparatively soft and warm as at first.

"This planet," said Victor, "has now passed the stage of reproduction. She has become too hard and dense throughout all her vast body; she moves more slowly than at first; her orbit has become extremely large; she has ceased to attract and hold atoms, for the atoms of which she is composed have become more hardened and amalgamated; she has settled down into a more metallic form; and now, instead of attracting atoms she repulses them, or they glide off her surface more as water glides off glass. I do not mean that she has become as hard as glass, but her relation to the soft, translucent primary atom is comparatively that of glass and water; and, of course, you must see that a revolving body of glass could not hold water on its surface; she has passed the period of her youth and growth, she has passed the period of reproduc-



tion, and is now preparing for a new, more useful, and glorious life. Of course, this planet has never had an atmosphere, she has never evolved water, she has never had any light of her own, except the pale light of amber which her inner or magnetic flame has given to her, and she is composed equally of amber flame and matter. She has now become old and is about to die, or yield up her spirit, and, of course, dear Ernst, you perceive at once that her spirit is the magnetic flame that lies at the heart of every atom that composes her vast body. Her six children are yet in darkness: they have no material light, only a pale magnetic light like that of their mother; yet their light is not as powerful as is that of hers, for they are broken and uneven over all their surface, while she is as smooth as glass; and to man these worlds, in their primary condition, would all appear to be in darkness, without any atmosphere, without any water, and about as hard as kneaded dough, their entire bodies being of the same consistency and very much like dough.

“ These planets are all now revolving in their own orbits within the vast space which has been

robbed of its atoms, the first planet rolling on the outermost limits of this space. But this space has only been robbed of its atoms: so these planets are rolling within an ethereal and germinal sea, for the ethereal and germinal sea remain intact; it is, as yet, only flame and matter that have coalesced and produced form in the shape of vast globes, and each little atom is in the form of a globe, and all creation is in the form of globes, or circles; and as the first planet continually moved outward in a spiral orbit, so all things run in spiral circles. In music it is the same: the scales forever ascend and repeat themselves, but no two sounds are alike.

“Dear Ernst,” said Victor, “our hour is nearly up. Shall we return?”

I assented, and we descended.

“To-morrow,” said he, “we shall come again, and we will take you to witness the death of a primary world, and then you will have a more distinct idea of the true meaning of death.”

O, Victor, I said, tell me something of the pale lady of the sands; for I cannot erase her image from my heart.

“It is not required that you shall; in fact,

it would be an impossibility; you can no more erase her image from your soul than you can blot out a world in space, no more than you could tear the little flame from out the heart of the atom."

Victor, said I, this lady is already wedded to another; she can never be mine. Would that I could put Mrs. Cary in her place, but I find it impossible.

"Do you think," he asked, "that I could put another in Viola's place? Viola is an outgrowth of my own soul. The pale lady is an outgrowth of your own soul. But you cannot understand this at present; in time it will all be made clear to you. Obey me implicitly in one thing. Do not marry for any consideration; if you do, bitter woe will be your portion, and a lifelong misery on earth; every morning you will desire death, and every night your pillow will be wet with tears. Wait, O Ernst von Himmel! wait for the counterpart of your own soul. If you obey me in this, she at length will surely be thine while you yet remain on earth, and great joy and contentment will then be yours. Do not flatter yourself that these things which we show you are

mere creations of the fancy ; for I most solemnly tell you it is not so, and what you suppose to be fancy is absolute truth.. Dear Ernst, you do not have to tell me that you more than half desire to wed Mrs. Cary, yet your own soul utters a protest. If every man and woman on earth would listen to their inner being, there would be no wretched, unhappy marriages. Mrs. Cary desires to wed you, but, Ernst, I will take you in spirit to her, before you awake in your body, and you shall tell me what you see there, and whether it is your image that is pictured within her soul, or not. You can never know this from her own lips, for if you were to ask her, she would protest that she loved you ; but be not deceived ; do not accept a counterfeit coin for the true ring of pure gold, and we will show you how to apply the test." We now, in spirit, entered the chamber of Mrs. Cary.

She was seated at a little desk in strict privacy, her maid having been dismissed long ago, her door well locked, her curtains drawn. In her hand she held a bundle of letters, a withered bouquet tied with white ribbon lay in a box before her, a pictured face in a golden

locket looked up from the table into her eyes, her cheeks were wet with tears.

"That face is not the departed face of her husband," said Victor, "for he was an old man and very wealthy: that was the reason why she married him."

I looked at the picture earnestly. It was the face of a frank young man, very near Mrs. Cary's age, and I fancied I could see a great resemblance between them. She took up the locket and kissed it over and over again; she pressed the letters to her heart; they were old and well worn, a package of the most devoted love letters.

I looked at Victor in astonishment. Mrs. Cary was another being from the Mrs. Cary that I thought I knew so well.

O, woman, woman, how you can dissemble!  
How you can hide your true soul!

Who is this lover of hers? I asked.

"It is one whom she loved before she married Mr. Cary," answered Victor. "He is her true counterpart. They met and loved and should have married, although she does not understand the law of counterparts, but if she had obeyed the promptings of her inner

being all would have been well. She did not. Wealth, fashion, and golden glitter blinded her foolish eyes. She discarded her poor sailor lover and married the wealthy and aristocratic Mr. Cary. Her youth and beauty attracted Mr. Cary's fancy; he loved her very much, as a father loves his daughter, but she not being his daughter he thought to make her his wife; he did not understand the law of true counterparts, and his ideal was in heaven, so the old man married the young girl. She moved in the best society, she spent his money freely, she dressed, danced and flirted to her heart's content; in secret she pined for her true lover and wore his letters out with tears and kisses. Her husband was to her like a father: he supplied her wants, he gave her money and position, but personally he was more lonely than before his marriage. The union was not a union of soul, but of body.

“ Her youthful but penniless lover rushed to sea and she never heard of him more. Some day we will go and find him and you shall see him as he is. Do you wish now to marry Mrs. Cary? ”

Oh, no! I answered. She is to me like a sister. I pity her.

“How much better, dear Ernst, it would be for all concerned, if people understood the true law of counterparts, and men and women did not marry their fathers, their brothers, their sisters, their mothers. For if such are not theirs by blood, they are in soul; and no man or woman can have but one true counterpart in all the world.”

Victor and Viola now vanished from my sight; Mrs. Cary's chamber also grew dim; and I awoke in my own room.

## CHAPTER V.

THE next day was extremely warm and sultry; not a breath of air seemed stirring. Mrs. Cary was dressed in the finest of white muslin; her dark hair lay in little waves about her low brow, her large, dark eyes looked dreamy, her cheeks slightly flushed; she seemed to have forgotten her pique of the day before and chatted with me gayly; really she was a very handsome and attractive woman. I would have liked it had she really been my sister and then I could have had her constant companionship without running the risk of any one thinking I wished to marry her; but under the circumstances I feared she might misconstrue my attentions.

As the sun was sinking low in the west, I asked her if she would not like to take a row out on the water for a breath of air; it might be cooler out there, a mile or so. Her face lighted up joyfully, she ran for her broad hat, and we



were soon seated in the little boat. I was very languid with the heat, and rowed lazily enough, at times allowing the boat to drift at her pleasure. I intended to get back to the hotel by nine o'clock, that I might not be disappointed in seeing Victor and Viola; it was now about seven and there was plenty of time. There was no moon and it was becoming quite dark. I was just thinking of turning the boat homeward when I heard a slight scream and then a heavy splash in the water. The dip of rapid oars now struck my ear, and I peered earnestly toward the spot where I had heard the splash and scream, and almost involuntarily sent my boat in the direction of the sound.

"Oh! what was that?" exclaimed Mrs. Cary. "I believe some one has been thrown into the water."

Yes, I replied with some excitement; it sounded very much like it.

Just then, not two lengths ahead, I dimly discovered a struggling form in the water. I called out—Try to keep up a moment longer if you can and you shall be saved. I sent my boat rapidly ahead, but the form had already sunk out of sight. I waited, with straining eyes,

a moment longer, when the form again rose to the surface. I caught at the long, shining hair and thus held the drowning head above water. Throwing down my oars, with great difficulty and care I at length drew the dripping form into the boat. It was a woman.

I laid the lifeless form down in the bottom of the boat, her head resting against the cushioned seat. It was too dark to discover the features plainly, and I rowed rapidly for the shore, Mrs. Cary shrinking and trembling like a leaf, with little gasps and sobs of excitement and pity.

"Oh! who can it be? Some one has tried to drown her!"

That is very evident, I replied, and if she is not already dead we shall find out who she is, and the would-be murderer shall not escape.

We had now reached the shore.

Run! Mrs. Cary. Run to the hotel and ask some of the men to come and assist me.

She did as I bade her, and soon a half-dozen men or more, with lanterns, came down to the boat. As they flashed their lanterns across the face of the inanimate lady, I started in wild affright. Oh great heaven! it was the pale lady

of the sands, and her face was now the face of a corpse; her long wet hair streaming around her and trailing in the bottom of the boat, one pale hand clutched above the now still bosom.

A great, agonizing despair filled my soul, for I thought she was dead. The men lifted her up carefully, and carried her to the brilliantly lighted hotel, but before they had got half-way there I heard a sobbing moan, and one of the men said.

“She is coming to. She is not dead.”

I can never tell what my feelings were at that moment. It seemed as though a new life had entered into mine.

She was carried to a chamber and left in the care of female attendants. A physician was called. I did not see her again that night, and it was now almost nine o'clock, so I went to my room to await my angel visitors.

They came punctually at the time appointed.

Victor's head was bowed as in grief, and tears rested like jewels on Viola's beautiful cheeks; her golden pen shone between her white fingers, her lips moved as with a prayer.

Tell me, Victor, said I, how did the pale lady happen to be overboard?

"Her brutal husband threw her into the water," he answered.

Did he wish to murder her? I asked.

"Yes," he replied. "But if he had not been crazed with drink, he would have been too cowardly to do so daring a deed, however much he might desire her death."

But why should he desire her death? I asked; to me she seems almost an angel.

"She is a very good, pure, as well as remarkable woman," he replied, "and it is wholly on account of her goodness that her husband hates her, wishes her dead and out of his way; it is the restraining hand of virtue which he hates more than the person of his wife; if he could bring her down to a level with himself, all would be well. What think you of such a marriage? Is it marriage or is it not?"

Tears dropped from Viola's eyes and rolled toward me as I sat by the table; they became pearls, and I took them in my hand: their value could not be told. I gave them to Victor, for I knew they were not of earth; he hid them in a little pocket over his heart, and played a sweet and mournful prelude on his harp.

Well, I said, there is one comfort: we can now bring her rascally husband to justice.

"No," replied Victor, "it is useless; she will not convict him."

Will not convict him? I exclaimed, rather testily. She will tell the truth, will she not?

"She may tell the truth," he answered, "but she would not appear against him in a court of justice. I greatly fear she would say it was accidental; and as no one saw the act but the angels, it would be useless to try to convict him. Ernst von Himmel, let it pass. We can see the future; you cannot: all will be well in the end. Are you ready now to go with us and witness a world in the act of yielding up its spirit?" and we were soon on our way to a far-distant system of primary worlds.

We were joined by Neptune and Nereid.

"You remember," said Victor, "how the large globe, after casting off six rings, grew old, and must at length yield up its spirit. Now, here is a system where the primary globe is yielding up its spirit, which is its magnetic flame. Observe those pale magnetic rays shooting out from every atom composing the body of the vast globe: the reason of this is, that the globe is becoming too dense to hold its flame; that is, the flame cannot be compressed, and as

the globe condenses by its own motion and weight, the flame is squeezed out of it, something as one would take an orange or an apple in one's hand and gradually squeeze it until all the juice was squeezed out of it — only in the case of the globe it is magnetic flame instead of juice, and it is ages in yielding up its spirit. These magnetic rays — or the spirit of the atoms composing the globe — cannot enter into any other atoms, for they are full and perfect in themselves; and consequently, as like attracts like by a natural law, they gather themselves together, for, there is nothing else they can do, into a form by themselves, just like the globe which they have left, or been squeezed out of. At length, every particle of magnetic flame has left the body of the globe, and has gathered itself into a corresponding magnetic globe, and the two globes now lie opposed to each other, or at opposite points; the magnetic globe rolling in the same orbit as the globe which has yielded it up. The dead globe is now black as night, and is a mass of carbon. When the magnetic globe has become perfected, and gathered up its last ray, and the globe of carbon has become condensed to a proper con-

sistency, it holds a powerful attraction for the magnetic globe, and now a glorious thing is about to take place. The carbonic globe attracts great waves of magnetism from the magnetic globe, it sets the carbon on fire, and lo, there rolls a great and glorious sun; but every ray of light and heat which this sun throws off passes straight back to the magnetic globe, and they forever keep up the play, or, at least, for countless ages. When the light and heat from the sun strike the magnetic globe, they are again changed into pure magnetic flame and again thrown back in great waves which bathe and set on fire the carbon at every point; the two globes forever roll on exactly opposite each other, both in the same orbit, and there is the great electric light, a sun; but the magnetic globe is not visible to the material eyes of man, only the electric light, the light of a sun, which is in reality a dead world that has yielded up its spirit, which has become its counterpart, and is an outgrowth of itself, which constantly sets it in a blaze of glory."

"Ernst von Himmel, that pale lady, lying now in a room at the hotel, is an outgrowth of yourself, and I shall abundantly prove it to you

before I have done. Now let us return; your time is nearly up." We hastened back; I was eager to know how the lady was getting along.

When I awoke, I went down stairs to make inquiries, and was told that she was very comfortable. I went in and stood by her bedside. Her cheeks were flushed as with fever; her eyes shone with unnatural brightness; her hair lay in curling masses over the pillow. I seated myself and gently took her hand as it lay listlessly on the coverlid.

You are much better, are you not? I asked.

"Oh, yes," she answered, in a sweet voice. "I shall be entirely recovered by morning."

But what is the matter with this finger? I inquired; it is livid and appears to be broken.

"I think it is broken," she replied, with a sigh.

I now noticed a number of black and blue marks about her face and temples.

O tell me how you became so hurt? I asked, a sense of bitter grief filling my soul.

"He had been throwing lobsters at me before he threw me overboard," she answered faintly.

Throwing lobsters at you! Who was throwing lobsters at you? and who threw you overboard?



"My husband," she answered, the flush deepening on her cheeks and her eyes all a-glitter.

Husband! I exclaimed with indignation. Do not call such a wretch your husband; he has forfeited the right to be called the husband of any woman, much less such a woman as I am sure you are.

"I do not think he would have treated me so if he had not been crazed with liquor."

That is no excuse for him, I said, almost angrily. Of course, you will never live with him again, and will have him arrested and tried for attempted murder?

"O, I cannot! I cannot," she said with a wail. "He is my husband. I must forgive and forget; he was really not himself."

If he were not himself, who was he? I asked bitterly.

She made no reply, but closed her eyes, and salt tears trickled down over the pillow. My heart was bursting with grief, and I would have given all the worlds in space, had they been mine to give, could I have dared to take her in my arms, kiss away her tears, and give her the love and protection of a fond and adoring husband; but of course, anything of this kind was not to be thought of for a moment.

I took the feverish hand and kissed it, saying, I will go and send the doctor to bandage up this poor finger. Why did you not tell him about it when he was with you?

"I did not then quite know it was broken."

I shall see you again in the morning, I said. Try to sleep, if you can, and some day I will have a reckoning with that man, or fiend, you call husband.

In the morning I went in to see her again. She was sitting up, looking exceedingly pale and wan. Her deep, sad eyes wore an expression of dejected hopelessness. She sat leaning back in a large easy-chair facing the window; her despairing eyes fixed on the waste of waters that seemed to have no end or boundary line. A northeast wind had set in about midnight, the sky was thick and gray with cloud, the tide was high, great waves came rolling in, and there was a heavy line of breakers all along the deserted, wet sands. She glanced up as I entered, and smiled faintly. She gave me the impression of a statue smiling, if it were possible for a statue to smile. There was that about her that reminded me of marble, especially about the forehead and eyebrows, and the neck and

shoulders were very statuesque. I took her hand and asked,

Do you find yourself better this morning?

"Yes, much better," she answered in a low, sweet voice. "You have saved my life, and I thank you for your kindness and the great effort which it must have cost you. You are very noble and heroic, yet perhaps it would have been better for me if you had not made an effort to save me."

And I feel, I answered hotly, that I would rather save your life than any other creature's in existence.

She raised her eyes to my face: the glance made me shiver from head to foot. Why, I could not tell. It was not a loving or reciprocal glance, but rather one of reproachful surprise.

"My life," she answered, "is the least of all lives, and could be better spared than any other life I ever knew; in fact, my life seems to stand in the way of most other people's lives that I come in contact with; it were, really, far better for me and all concerned if you had not made an effort to save me. I would go out there and cast myself headlong into the

foaming breakers now if I did not think it would be wickedly transgressing a great law of my being, and I wish to do right in all things. If I must continue to bear the burden of my suffering life, I pray that strength may be given me from above to do so."

Lady, I said, I believe we all have a right to be happy. I cannot think we were put into this world to be miserable. If you are unhappy there must be a reason for it; surely it needs no penetration to understand the cause of your unhappiness; and after what has occurred I think you are more than justified in never returning to that murderous fiend you call husband. If you will not have him arrested, you can at least never return to him again.

Tears rolled down over the marble-like cheeks and sob after sob heaved her breast. Her tears and sobs were not like those of any other woman. She seemed to me like the vasty deep from whence I had taken her. She looked to me as the ocean now looked in the heavy northeast storm, and her sobs were like the mountainous waves that rolled, one after the other, in upon the beach. I tried to take her hand, but she gently released it from my

clasp ; then drying her eyes she said resolutely, "My duty lies with him and with the child whose mother I became when I married him."

Have you a child, then ? I queried.

"I am that unhappy being called a step-mother," she replied. "I have no child of my own, but his child must not be left motherless. Even if I were disposed to leave him, I could not leave that motherless little girl in the hands of one so utterly unworthy of the sacred trust ; even now she may be suffering for my care."

But it is not your child, I said, and in treating you in this shameful manner he has forfeited all claims upon the duty which you suppose you owe him and his child ; in this instance I think it a mistaken sense of duty. Does he give you a good home, and is he usually kind to you when not under the influence of intoxicating drinks ?

"He does not give me any home," she replied. "He provides no home, neither for me nor his child."

You do not mean to tell me that you provide a home for this drunken wretch and his child, just because you are his wife ? I said angrily :

and I felt for the moment as though I were losing my respect for her.

"I do," she replied, and the transparent lids drooped over the deep, sea-blue eyes as her magnificent bust rose and fell with inward commotion.

Then he not only does not provide for you, but he tries to murder you as well?

"I do not think he would try to murder me if he were not crazed with drink; and an insane person is not responsible for his acts."

Do you really intend to go back to this man? I asked, feeling as though she were doing me an intentional wrong, my heart swelling grievously.

"I think I would not go back," she replied, "if it were not for the child. Even now she may be suffering greatly for my care. Think of that poor little girl being left with her dissipated and half-crazed father, that feels not one responsibility in life. Besides," she added, "there are a thousand other things that need my care. I have large flocks of fowl that must be fed and cared for. I have fine sewing, that I have taken from the stores, that must be finished and returned; the customers must not be

disappointed. The rent of the house is nearly due and must be paid, or the child and her father will be homeless ; and even now they may not have had their breakfast."

Great heavens ! I burst forth, you are thinking of all these things just after being taken from a watery grave to which he purposely consigned you ; he, no doubt, is congratulating himself that he is rid of you forever, that you are lying cold and stiff at the bottom of the ocean ; while you are thinking that he may have had no breakfast, and if his rent is unpaid he may possibly be without shelter after a month or two. If he cannot feed the fowl, let them die. If he cannot provide for his own child, let her suffer too. As for the fine sewing, your life and happiness are worth more than a customer's disappointment. Do not return to this man, I beg of you. I will never call him your husband ; he is not worthy to kiss the sole of your foot. Tell me your name, dear lady, and forgive me if I have addressed you with too much familiarity, but ever since I took you from the waves and from the death to which that man consigned you, I have felt almost as though you really belonged to me.

"My name is Oceanides Rhombus, or Mrs. Rhombus. An ugly name, is it not?" and she smiled more brightly than I had ever seen her before; showing teeth as white and even as pearls. The smile changed her wonderfully; it was like the sun breaking through heavy clouds and casting its glorious rays athwart the earth and over the boundless sea; her smile, like her grief, was not like that of another woman: it was bright and extremely sweet and glowing.

"I would like to know the name of the one that saved my worthless life," she said.

My name, I answered, is Ernst von Himmel. I am of German parentage; probably you have already discovered that fact by my appearance.

"Yes," she replied, "you certainly look like a German."

And I am a musician by profession, I continued.

"O, I wish that I could be something other than I am," she said, with a deep sigh. "I do so long to be something great, noble, and grand; something like that ocean yonder;" and she pointed with her finger toward the heaving, rolling billows.



Looking at her, I thought it was not necessary for her to wish to be like the ocean: she was like it already, and like every other grand and beautiful thing I had ever seen.

"Mr. Von Himmel," she said, "I am feeling so well and strong, now that you have talked with me, I think I can start for home at once," and she arose, showing all her height and rounded proportions. Her form and its every motion reminded me of the ocean; there was a sublime grandeur resting all over her.

If I cannot dissuade you from going, I said with some bitterness, I will at least order a carriage for you.

"Thank you for your kindness, dear friend," she said, extending her hand.

I took it and kissed it, then hurried from the room, for it seemed as though my heart were bursting. I could not endure the thought of her returning to that drunken and murderous husband. I procured for her a bonnet and shawl; her own had been lost in the water; and having assisted her into the carriage, I waved her a silent farewell, and she was whirled away as fast as horses could trot. I believe, if my soul had been torn out of my body, it would

not have hurt me more ; it really seemed as though my soul was being torn asunder and a part of it left with me bleeding and forlorn. From that hour my feelings were completely revolutionized. From that hour I was never again the same as before. As I was passing the parlor door, on my way to my room, I heard Mrs. Cary's voice calling me.

"Are you not going to speak to me at all, this morning, Mr. Von Himmel?" she said, "or have you been so much engaged with that water nymph that you have no eyes for any one else?"

Her gay voice irritated me, and my wounded spirit seemed to bleed afresh at the sound, yet I did not wish to appear rude, and so I went in and took a seat near the window, as far removed as possible from where she was sitting.

"Is she gone?" asked Mrs. Cary, elevating her eyebrows and giving me a mischievous glance.

Yes, I answered, rather coldly, for her light speech and manner offended me considerably.

"An exceedingly common person," she went on. "It is a great pity she did not prove to be a fair Undine, able to hold your heart in the

meshes of her long hair, instead of a middle-aged married woman whose low, drunken husband threw her overboard in one of his tantrums. Perhaps, though, it was she that was in a tantrum, and he was obliged to cast her into the sea in self-defence. I am glad she is gone. Went back to her husband again, did not she? That goes to prove it was she who was in fault; such very common people are always quarrelling, and it is not at all surprising that one gets knocked overboard once in a while."

Mrs. Cary, I said, please excuse me. I have letters to write before the afternoon mail; and I left the room, a hot flush on my face and fierce wrath in my heart. I had lived to be thirty years of age, and this stately Mrs. Rhombus was the first woman that had ever touched my soul; her unconscious hand had opened the flood-gates of my heart and the waters of love were crowding through. I would not talk with Mrs. Cary about her. She sat enthroned within my soul, forevermore its queen.

I now wanted to be alone. The gay and often unmeaning chatter of society annoyed me. I desired very little company, and waited

anxiously each day until the hour arrived that was sure to fetch my angel visitors, Victor and Viola ; but it would be many hours yet before the time, and my spirit was very desolate now that its queen had vanished.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE storm was clearing up; the sun was coming out, and the wind had changed to the south; it was only twelve o'clock, and bade fair to be an exceedingly warm afternoon. I dashed off a letter or two, and then taking my wide Panama hat, I sauntered out and made my way to a great rocky bluff, about a mile distant from the hotel. The beach was quite narrow at this point, for the bluff ran out toward the sea a long distance from the mainland. The shore in front of the bluff was strewn with great boulders and fragments of rock. The tide was low. It was said a cave existed beneath this bluff, but I had never visited it until now.

I made my way to a fissure in the face of the rock and entered the mouth of the cave. I could see that it was a very large cave, and at the farther end was another fissure or opening;

this I entered and commenced to traverse its length.

On and on I went, I could not tell why. The cave was not entirely dark; light seemed to penetrate from somewhere, I could scarcely tell where, and my eyes were growing accustomed to the darkness.

There was nothing very wonderful about this particular cave. It seemed to be a long fissure in an immense rock; the first part or mouth of the cave, apparently, being worn out and smoothed down by the action of the tides. The fissure which I was traversing was not in a straight line, but ran in a zigzag course; that peculiar zigzag which one perceives when watching a sheet of what is called chain lightning.

On and on I went, turning and twisting in the path before me. I felt a desire to follow this to the end. I had never learned where the path ended. Presently I heard a rushing, gurgling sound behind me, and I knew at once it was the incoming tide. To go back now was impossible. My only way was to go on as fast as my feet could carry me; there was no other way of escaping the tide. So on and on I

rushed, the water following like a dog and occasionally getting ahead of me as dogs are apt to do. Once or twice I thought my hour had come, for the crevasse would become so narrow that I could scarcely squeeze myself through. At last I came to a spot where the fissure apparently ended, and I was just on the point of giving up in despair, when high up on one side I again saw the light. The water was now up to my knees and was rapidly increasing; this point of light was my only hope, and I scrambled towards it. I was obliged to climb a long and sharp elevation, but at length gained it and crawled through a small aperture through which the light found its way.

I found myself in a large and dry cave, apparently near the surface of the ground, and a large fissure in the rock let in a flood of light.

I could readily see this cave was out of the reach of the tide. Moss, lichens, and grass were growing profusely around; and overhead was covered with a network of the roots of growing trees. This cave, then, could not be very many feet from the surface of the ground.

I went to the fissure where the light came in, but found it impossible to reach; it was

some ten or twelve feet above my head, and the bottom of the cave ran beyond it some three or four feet, forming a hollow scoop utterly impassable.

The cave itself was nearly circular. The crevasse by which I had entered was something like a very high window, it being at one end of the cave, and this other lighted window nearly opposite, far higher up and projecting into the cave, making it utterly impossible to escape through it.

I was wet and felt quite chilly. The cave was really not unpleasant, and I knew it would be many hours before I could escape. Fortunately I had matches in my pocket, and there were innumerable dry roots within the cave and plenty of light.

The cave was quite large and roomy, perhaps some fifteen or twenty feet across, and there were many flat rocks lying around, covered with a dry, brown moss. I gathered a large pile of roots, breaking them off from the network above me, for many long roots came down within my reach. I had thought perhaps I might climb one and so reach the window, but it happened that none came down in that



vicinity. I set fire to my pile of roots : soon a bright, warm blaze rewarded me. I proceeded to dry myself, and soon felt quite comfortable.

It was, by this time, long past my dinner hour, and I was growing very hungry ; the tide would not be at its ebb until near midnight, and I never should be able to find my way out in the night, even if I were to undertake it ; it would require so much time to feel and grope my way along, I felt sure the tide would again overtake me before I could possibly reach the mouth of the cave. I came to the conclusion that I was a prisoner for at least twenty-four hours. I would not attempt to leave this cave until the daylight and ebb-tide of to-morrow.

Again I began to feel very hungry. If I only had something to eat it would not be so bad, after all.

Suddenly I heard a loud caw and a flapping of wings ; looking up, I saw a large rook fly toward the window, as I shall call it, and disappear. As I looked toward the place from whence the bird had flown, I discovered a large nest, and then another, and another, until I had counted ten or twelve hung in among the roots of the trees, all of them in range of

the light and the air, but no rain could touch them. Cunning birds, I thought; wise old rooks; you thought this a better place to build your nests than the tops of the trees. I found by scrambling up among the roots I could reach many of these nests, and there were a half-dozen or more eggs in each nest. Well, I had never eaten rooks' eggs, but I thought I should try it this time, and so I filled my hat with them and got down again. My only way of cooking them was to roast them, which I proceeded to do by covering them with hot embers; as soon as I found them sufficiently done I tried one to see how I liked it; it was not so bad when a man was very hungry, although its flavor was not so fine as it might be. Yet I managed to eat a half-dozen or more of them, which relieved me of hunger, but I was still thirsty. I thought I heard the rippling of water, and going to a remote part of the cave I found a little stream of clear water purling its way through that part of the cave. I tasted it. It proved to be fresh and good; scooping some of it up in my hand I at length drank my fill.

I now perceived it was growing dark, and I

gathered as many more roots as I could find and replenished my fire. Seating myself on one of the mossy rocks, I really felt quite comfortable. I knew it would soon be the hour for Victor and Viola to visit me, and I wondered if they could find me here. I had my watch with me, and glancing at it I found it was now half-past eight. I should know, then, in half an hour, and I hoped if they came they would keep me with them all night: it would be pleasanter to me than being conscious of lying here in this cave all night.

I threw myself down by the rock in a recumbent position, my head lying easily against the soft moss, and the warmth and glow of the fire lay all about me; a certain kind of luxurious feeling stole over me, and I fell asleep, yet it seemed to me as though I were still gazing at the window in the cave.

Presently a great and glowing light filled the cave, and wave after wave of sweetest music floated to my ears, and then the radiant forms of Victor and Viola stood looking at me. Victor stretched out his beautiful hand and raised me up, saying,

“Ernst, come with me and I will show you

how to escape from this cave when the morning light shall come."

He then conducted me to that part of the cave directly beneath the window.

"Look! Ernst," he said. "And my spiritual sight was able to perceive what my natural sight had failed to see, — many small rocks that could be easily removed, and the soil around them was very little more than a crumbling mossy shell that fell away as the rocks were removed, one after the other, and I saw nothing was easier than to remove these rocks and walk out into the open air.

"It is better that you remain where you are until morning, though," said Victor, with a sweet smile, and then we floated rapidly on until we came in sight of a system of worlds. The sun of this system was already perfected, and shone in glowing heat and light.

"Now," said Victor, "we will observe the other globes composing this system. The sun, as you will see, has no atmosphere. It does not need an atmosphere. It is a first, or primary world, never intended for habitation, but to perfect and give light and heat to the secondary worlds to which it has given birth.

You will observe these globes are all still very soft, about as soft as kneaded dough, but as you have seen before, they were rings cast off from the body of the sun. In gathering themselves together at their central point, the surfaces of these globes lay in great fissures and yawning abysses, and nowhere are they smooth and even as the body of the sun. These worlds are not destined to be suns, but worlds that are at length to be inhabited by man; but, as you see, in their present state they have neither water nor atmosphere.

“We will now approach one of these globes, the one corresponding to your earth, and you will observe that its substance is all alike, something as the substance of an apple appears all alike: it is soft and uneven, as I just now stated, without water or atmosphere; turning on its own axis once in twenty-four hours, and the sun’s warmth and attractive power cause it to describe a certain pathway, or orbit, of its own. Now, as the sun has no atmosphere, and the globe has no atmosphere, the heat of the sun strikes the globe without any modification whatever, and its rays are hotter than red-heat; consequently, the globe commences to bake, and harden through and through.

“The atoms which make up this globe, it will be remembered, are composed of, first, a magnetic point of flame surrounded by what we have termed translucent matter; and the composition of this matter is just one half water. Each atom may be divided into three component parts—equal parts: one third magnetic flame, which is the pure spirit of the atom, one third pure water, the other third solid substance, which is, eventually, to be chemically into everything that exists on the earth.

“Now, as this globe bakes and gradually hardens in the scorching rays of the sun, every particle of water is baked or squeezed out of each atom, and every part is baked through evenly and alike; and there being no atmosphere, the water does not rise, but runs down into all the fissures and chasms, and the solid parts of the atoms all become solid rock, baked like clay in a potter’s oven. But the magnetic flame of each atom still remains within each atom; it is only the fluid which is squeezed out, or the water, and the spirit of each atom is still within it. Now the globe lies a solid mass of rock and water, but the water is principally on the surface of this globe, or near the surface,

so that she appears to be composed of vast bodies of water and comparatively smaller bodies of rock ; yet her water is really only one third of her bulk, and only appears otherwise because it lies mostly upon her surface.

“ It will be remembered that the ethereal and germinal sea remained intact, and this globe is actually rolling within the ethereal and germinal sea ; at this point of her career she is bathed in pure magnetism as it passes to the sun from the sun’s magnetic counterpart, and in light and heat from the sun as it passes to its magnetic counterpart. Now a time has arrived when atmospheric air must be evolved, for all nature is evolved, or separated, one thing from another, and atmospheric air is one of the constituents of the water ; each drop of water is one third air, and the air and the water must now be separated. The water is lying, smooth and glassy, all over the earth in vast bodies, the hot and jagged rocks rising up from it in sterile grandeur ; there are no winds to move the water or to cool the rocks, no atmosphere to shield the earth from the awful heat. The water is at length heated to that degree that the air is squeezed out of it ; it commences to boil

and bubble through all its vastness ; the terrible heat is causing it to yield up its air, and there is nothing to hinder the heat from penetrating to its remotest depths. Now the globe is surrounded by hot steam or vapor, and the waters keep on boiling and bubbling and throwing off hot air, until the globe is surrounded by the hot vapor to a thickness of three miles or more. Now we have an earth composed of rock, water, and air, or rather hot vapor ; it is a compound of genuine air and water, for the air in escaping carries a portion of the water along with it ; but the water, being heavier than the air, gradually condenses and falls back to the earth in the form of rain, which continually washes away at the hot rocks. But water in and of itself is cold in its nature ; it is only the unmitigated rays of the blazing sun that have caused this heated state of things ; so the water gradually cools the heated rocks, and for ages it washes away, until it forms channels and rivers in the sides of the rocks and thus gradually washes and grinds the rocks into powder.

“ After an atmosphere has formed about the earth, the motion of the earth is more rapid



than the atmosphere; this causes immense currents or terrible winds to blow, and the winds disturbing the magnetic and electric currents that are passing to and from the sun and its counterpart, they strike, as lightning, upon the rocks, rending them asunder and splitting them into fragments and fissures, casting them right and left, hurling immense boulders of rock here, there, and everywhere; all destined, eventually, to bring about a more perfect and equal state of things.

"We cannot keep you too long at one time, dear Ernst; if we were to do so, your body might feel the effects of it; it is time now to return, but we will remain with you in the cave until morning." And then we rapidly returned.

I awoke and opened my eyes. The fire was still burning, but needed replenishing. I glanced at my watch. It was half-past ten. I arose, and by the faint light of the fire gathered some more roots and threw them on the smouldering embers; a bright flame leaped up. I could not now see Victor or Viola, yet I did not feel alone. I was sure they were both with me, and their impalpable presence filled me

with joy and content, although I was in a deep cavern, far below the surface of the earth.

I threw myself down again, and almost immediately fell asleep. Again, the forms of Victor and Viola were plainly visible. They seated themselves on the rocks near me. I arose and took a seat opposite them, and I sincerely believe the following hours were the happiest that I had ever yet known.

Victor sat in the most graceful attitude imaginable; his heavenly blue eyes turned full upon mine, and their glance made me quiver in an ecstasy of delight; his face seemed to have gained in its brightness and nobility of expression, and it was more noble and God-like than pen or tongue of mine can express. His harp rested against the rock by his side. Viola sat on a rock as near to him as possible. Her eyes reminded me of a calm sea at sunset, filled with all manner of shifting, changing, glowing color. Her hair trailed in heavy waves all about her majestic form, and lay for a quarter of a yard or more on the bottom of the cave, glinting in the firelight like gold. Her dainty hands were folded in her lap, and her attitude was one of sweet and heavenly repose.

"Ernst," said Victor, "how would you like to have other company with us? Why not make this a joyful occasion?"

Very well, I answered; nothing would please me better. Victor struck a few heavenly chords on his harp; they echoed and re-echoed around the rocky chamber, and then seemed to escape through the high window. The sound was like an urgent call. He waited a moment listening intently; when a rustling sound was heard, and rays of pale light could be seen at the opening, then there glided through and down toward us, two other forms, male and female. Viola arose and took the hands of the stranger lady, and Victor welcomed the gentleman. My eyes were riveted upon the lady, first, and while Victor was exchanging a few words with the gentleman I had sufficient time to take in the details of her appearance.

She was not like Viola, yet she was just as beautiful. Her eyes were as dark as midnight, and glowed like the stars of heaven. Her long, thick, black hair waved and trailed to her feet, and gleamed in the firelight like satin. Her form was not as large and majestic as Viola's, but she was tall and willowy, rounded, and

filled with grace. A robe of shining white fell around her, and over it was another, of fine black lace, as fine as a spider's web, and woven all over in beautiful and intricate patterns. A fragrant red rose rested on her sweet bosom and a gleaming diamond was on one of the fingers of her beautiful hand, and the same kind of gleaming jewels were in her ears. Her face was as white and delicate as a snow-flake, the cheeks just tinged like the rose on her breast. Her lips were sweet and red. Her starlight eyes were fixed on my face. '

My eyes now rested on the gentleman as he approached with Victor. I started to my feet with a great gasp of astonishment and delight. It was my own father that came forward, with extended hand and smiling lips, to meet me — my own father that died but a year or two gone by. He was greatly changed and yet the same. His identity seemed intensified rather than diminished, but all traces of earthly care and trouble had vanished.

My father had been a man of more than sixty years at the time of his decease; he now appeared not more than twenty-five. His black, waving hair hung gracefully on his shoul-

ders. His silken beard, of the same color, rested on his breast. His eyes were dark, penetrating, and full of wonderful intelligence; they seemed to be lighted up with the fires of heavenly wisdom, and truth lay like a half-hidden jewel within them. He was clothed in dark, shining raiment, all excepting his breast, which was covered with pure white. A brilliant diamond sparkled on his finger and another on his breast just over his heart. He came forward, with a sweet and joyful smile, and clasped me in his arms. He kissed my brow and laid his hand in blessing on my head.

"My son, my Ernst!" he said. "I am not dead, neither am I sleeping. I am not afar off but near. I have come to tell thee of my life beyond the tomb. See!" he said, turning himself around. "Am I not real? am I not thy father?"

• Yes! I exclaimed; you are my father. I cannot be mistaken.

"You are not mistaken," he said; "although I am a spirit, yet am I more thy father than I was when in the flesh, for now I am the arisen, divine essence of thy father, with powers and attributes a thousand times increased."

He took the lady's hand and led her forward.

"Behold my other self — my counterpart — the one that completes my being. We are one angel."

The lady bowed gracefully, and gave me her delicate white hand. I raised the hand to my lips. Although she had not been my mother when in earth life, yet my heart swelled with filial love toward her.

"Let us be seated," said my father; "for we intend to remain with you until near daylight; then you will easily leave this place as Victor has shown you. And now, my dear son, I feel like improving my opportunity."

We had become seated, and formed a circle around the still-blazing fire, but if there had been no fire, yet would there have been a bright and shining light all about the angels.

Victor swept his harp, and heaven's music filled the air. The theme which he played was one of immensity, eternity, and the countless worlds and wonders therein. The notes at length died away and then a short silence.

My father's deep rich tones at length broke the sweet silence.

## CHAPTER VII.

“ERNST, my dear son,” he said; “you are lonely and unhappy, although surrounded by all that is supposed to make one happy. You have plenty of money, and mingle daily with the rich and fashionable; you go to church and hear an elegant discourse every Sunday; there are dozens of young ladies, all of the upper ten, that would be glad to marry you; you are talented, and are considered one of the finest artists in the world; you are a very handsome, fine-looking man, and young, only thirty years of age; yet, with all this, you are one of the most unhappy men that lives. You wonder at this yourself. You cannot understand why you are so wretched; and it is my business and pleasure this night to tell you.

“Your soul is hungry. Your spirit needs food. It is the bread of Eternal Life which you crave. Your soul is actually starving to

death. Church dogmas are poor husks for the living soul of man to feed upon. It is truth, or manna, direct from heaven, which you must have, and which we are just commencing to give you.

“ You admire many ladies ; yet not one of them feeds your soul ; and man’s spirit must be fed by the hand of woman ; this is the true law. And there is but one woman living that can feed your hungry soul — but one woman from whose hand you can receive the bread of life. All others must, by natural law, be to you as mothers and sisters. If you were to marry any woman whom you have ever seen until lately, or whom you ever will see, yet would she be to your soul only as a sister. See to it, my dear son, that you make no mistake in this matter, for as the world is to-day the mistake would be a fatal one, and your entire earthly life would be a wretched burden by day and by night. Look at Victor and Viola. Look at Rose and myself, and may it teach you a lesson in time to save you from a marriage that would be no marriage. Do you think there is another soul in existence that could be to Victor what Viola is, or another that could be to



me what Rose is. But, Ernst, my dear son, your eyes have looked on the one that is destined for you — the one woman that can and will feed your starving soul. It seems to you now as though she never could be yours, and your spirit is drooping despairingly; but I say to you, despair not; a time shall surely come, in the future, when you shall call her by the endearing name of wife — when she shall feed your soul to its complete satisfaction. At present, be as happy as you can with Victor and myself, and the things which we shall be able to show you, and attend to your daily employments."

But, dearest father, I said, this lady whom I love is already married to another, — this one of all others that has ever stirred my heart with the mighty power of love is wedded to a fiend; one that has even tried to murder her; and I have but just now saved her life from his destroying hand, only to give it back to him again. She does not look at me with eyes of love; her glance is cold; her heart turns back to him and duty. Therefore I am more lonely and wretched than before I saw her; my heart is now yearning and thirsting for her continu-

ally ; thirsting as one does on a desert amid the hot sands. I am now like one dying of thirst, with a cooling spring just in sight that he cannot reach.

“ My son,” said my father, “ you just now made the assertion that the lady whom you love was wedded to another. Do you consider her wedded ? ”

Well, as marriage exists here in this world at present, she is wedded.

“ It is to save you from this kind of marriage at present existing on earth that I am here now, and to give you hope that this lady, whom you love, and who is your true other self, will surely be yours at no very distant day. By right of natural law she is not wedded ; her heart is as truly virginal as the snow, and no man’s hand has ever lifted the curtain of her soul. True marriage is of the soul, and not of the body. As well might the brightest angel in heaven call the lowest fiend in hades her husband, as the lady whom you now love call that wretched man husband. She does not even understand the meaning of the word husband. Cheer up, my dear boy. You say her eyes look coldly at you. It is

because her soul is asleep. To you will be given the task to awaken her. She is but a weary child, walking in a path which she has marked out as duty. She is your Undine. You took her from the waves, and yours shall be the hand to quicken her soul into life and love."

I now felt a slight chill creeping over me. My father kissed me, saying. "Farewell for this time, my dear Ernst. You shall see me again to-morrow."

My angel visitors now faded, and disappeared from my sight. I awoke. Daylight was just struggling through the opening in the rock. The fire was out. I felt chilly and hungry. I arose, and going to the little brook I bathed my face and hands, and then examined the cave at the point where Victor had said I could easily make my escape. I took a small stone and begun to scrape away the dirt and moss, and soon came to fragments of rock both small and great; many of the small ones I removed without any trouble, and then, after digging around and scraping away for a while longer, I could see out into the open air; but there were many large rocks that must be removed before I

could make my escape. My hands were delicate and very tender; many ladies had told me they were exceedingly white and beautiful; but be that as it might, playing the piano was the roughest work they had ever done; and after scraping and handling the jagged rocks for a while, my hands were bleeding and torn. I began to feel exceedingly warm and tired, and was obliged to rest, wash and tie up my bleeding fingers with strips torn from my pocket handkerchief. When I had become somewhat rested, I went at it again. When at last I had loosened a large rock, I could not lift it out, but obtaining a great root I pried it out, and it rolled into the cave with a loud crash, and with it came tumbling down a large mass of rock and soil. I narrowly escaped being crushed beneath it. For an instant I was very much frightened, but soon found that I was not hurt. The opening was now large enough for me to crawl through, which I at once proceeded to do, and soon I stood a free man in the open air. I looked around to see where I was, and found that I was on a rocky elevation about half a mile from the sea; it was covered with bushes and scrub-oaks, and the

rocks were piled high in every conceivable shape, most of them lying loosely one above the other, as though at some period of the earth's history they had passed through a direful commotion and had fallen, here, there, and everywhere, just as it happened; and I thought of what Victor had told me about the formation of the worlds in their first or primary state.

The cave which I had just left, and the long zigzag fissure,—for it must have been more than half a mile in length,—appeared as though this rocky elevation had once been a solid rock without moss, or bush, and even now, what soil there was was extremely thin. I could with my mind's eye look into the dim ages of the past and see the forked lightning as it struck this particular rock, splitting and rending it in pieces, and then taking its zigzag course downward toward the sea, tearing this fissure in the rock in its course.

Of course, the place where the lightning struck would naturally be in the form of this cave, and the cave by which I had entered the fissure must be the spot where the lightning had left the rock and entered the sea, and the

tides had been washing away at the cave and fissure for ages, hollowing and smoothing them out into their present proportions. I could also see how this rocky elevation had been gradually worn and split to pieces by the action of great hurricanes and rushing waters, until now it was, merely the remnants of the vast and undivided rock it had once been. And then, as I looked toward the ocean I could see great boulders lying scattered around where the great winds had torn them from their places and hurled them down into deep abysses, and how, after the lapse of ages, these rocks had become much smaller; they were old and worn and crumbling to pieces; and how tons upon tons, without number, had already crumbled to pieces and been washed and ground into powder by the rains of ages, as well as great deluges, and the sea was continually washing away at countless millions of other rocks and forming great sand-beds.

Just at this point in my meditation, my eyes rested on two or three little girls picking berries but a few yards away. I also began to feel the pangs of hunger, and was very weary. Moreover, I did not know where I was, for I

was a stranger in this part of the country, and had been at the hotel but a few days; it was merely a summer resort, and I was visiting it for the first time. I was completely bewildered and could not see the hotel anywhere; then it occurred to me I had wandered on the beach for a mile or two before entering the cave; neither could I tell in what direction the fissure had run. This part of the country, at least, seemed to be quite wild, but just below me, on the right, lay a small collection of houses.

I approached the children and asked them how to find my way down to the houses. I thought when once there I could obtain breakfast and information as to my whereabouts. One of the little girls volunteered to show me the way to her own home, as she thought she had berries enough. The other children concluded to remain and gather more berries. This little girl was about six or seven years of age; a bright little girl enough. She led me to a pathway. I took her little hand and we walked briskly on, down toward the little village; she prattled volubly, as some children do, and said she was sure her mamma would

give me some breakfast ; and then she asked me, " if, when I had some breakfast and was rested, would I go sailing with her on the lake? "

What lake is it? I asked.

" Oh," she answered, " it is just a little lake at the back of our house, and we have a pretty little green and white boat, but I cannot sail as much as I want to, for mamma does not have time to take me."

What is your name? I asked. She was yet too young to speak all her words plainly, and she replied, " Alice Omby." Presently she pointed to a pretty white cottage, quite a distance removed from any other house, and cried, " There is my home!" We soon approached it, and I told her I thought I would ring, for she had insisted, after her childish fashion, that I should go directly in with her, as she knew her mamma would be glad to see me and give me some breakfast. But I demurred and rang the bell. The door was soon opened by a lady. I started back in astonishment. It was the pale lady of the sands — my Undine — Mrs. Rhombus. She, too, gave a little start of surprise, bowed politely, and, I thought, rather distantly.



Madam, I said, I was not aware that you lived in this house. I have been lost among the rocks yonder, and your little daughter guided me hither, I not knowing who she was.

"Yes," chimed in Alice. "He was lost in a cave, and, mamma, he was there all night long; he has had no breakfast. It is now noon, and, mamma, I told him you would give him some breakfast."

A deep blush overspread the pale countenance of Mrs. Rhombus. She gave me her hand, saying,

"Pray come in, Mr. Von Himmel. I shall only be too glad to serve the one that saved my life."

She opened the door of a neat little parlor, and I entered. The moment my foot crossed the threshold, I felt like a dove that had found its nest — like a cooing dove that had found its mate.

It was the first time in my life that a sense of home and complete rest had filled my soul.

My mother had died when I was a babe; consequently, the places which I had called home were no homes, merely stopping places on the highway of life. Hotels, lodging and

boarding houses, where I paid enormous prices for the privilege of staying; but this was home! Home at last. The sweet, low voice of Oceanides—for my heart called her by her given name—now broke like soft music on my absorbed senses.

“Mr. Von Himmel,” she said, “will you rest here on this lounge while I go and prepare you something to eat.”

Thank you, dear madam, I replied, I shall be very glad to do so. She left the room, and I threw myself down on a large sofa, or lounge, covered with a pretty, bright chintz; it was very restful and had a soft white pillow at one end. I did not feel particularly sleepy, but I was very weary. My eyes roamed about the room, taking in all its details, for this was the home of the first and only woman I had ever loved; all these things had been carefully arranged by her dear hands; very likely she had toiled to earn the money which had purchased them.

The room was exceedingly neat, cheerful, and home-like. Her little rocking-chair stood by a window, and a basket of white sewing was upon a small stand near by. There was not an expensive piece of furniture in the room.

The cheerful carpet was an ingrain, and yet to me it was the most elegant and beautiful room I had ever seen, simply because it was so pleasant and home-like, and was pervaded by a subtle influence from the sweet lady that was more to me than all the world, or all the wealth and fashion within it.

I had not thought of going to sleep when I threw myself down, but such a feeling of contentment stole over me that I fell into a sweet and dreamless slumber. How long I slept I cannot say; it must have been an hour or two at least. When at last I opened my eyes they fell on the form of Mrs. Rhombus, sitting in the low rocker and plying the needle with great swiftness and dexterity. It was in the days before sewing-machines were much in use. I shut my eyes again almost immediately. I was eager to watch her, unobserved, and so feigned that I was still sleeping; then, opening my eyes very slightly, I looked at her until her image was indelibly fixed upon my soul. Seeing her now, within her own home, in her simple but very neat home dress, and about her usual avocations, she appeared much younger than she did when I had taken her

from a watery grave. She did not look more than twenty-two or three, although she had told me she was thirty. Her youthful appearance was chiefly owing to a sweet and innocent expression that rested over her countenance, especially about the mouth. The forehead was very broad and full; the glinting curls tied up with a delicate blue ribbon at the back of the head and then falling down gracefully; a stray curl or two resting on the rounded shoulders; but over all the sweet face and form there rested, like a heavy mist, that indefinable air of sadness, as though a great weight lay on the soul which was very heavy to bear; yet the spirit was only bent, not broken.

Her nimble fingers were flying with great rapidity, as she stitched away at band and gusset and seam, and seam and gusset and band. The door that led to the dining-room was open, and the smell of some savory dish floated into this room, compelling me to remember that I was very hungry. I raised myself to a sitting posture. Mrs. Rhombus laid down her sewing at once, saying,

“Mr. Von Himmel, I have prepared for you

a slight repast. It is not as good as I wish it were, yet it is the best I have and may keep you from being hungry until you get back to the hotel."

She then opened the door of a small room and told me I could find water, brush, and comb there. I soon made myself presentable, although my collar was not as fresh as it might have been, and then I went into the dining-room. This room was pleasanter than the parlor, if possible. It had three large windows, all looking out on a beautiful sheet of water, and the house was so situated that the side window looked directly down into the small lake, but from the end windows a green lawn sloped down to the water's edge, where I could see the little green and white boat that Alice had spoken of, moored to the shore.

This room was as neat as the parlor. A table was spread with a snowy cloth, pure-white dishes, and the sheen of silver spoons and crystal goblets struck my eye. The table was set for two. Mrs. Rhombus pointed to the seat which she wished me to take, while she took the one opposite mine.

Where is my little guide, Alice? I asked, for the want of something better to say.

"She has gone to school. It is past her school-hour. You have been asleep for some time, Mr. Von Himmel, and I would not waken you. I thought you must be very weary if you remained in a cave all night, as Alice said you did."

She now helped me to some delicious broiled chicken. She poured me a cup of fragrant coffee. She passed me a plate of hot cream biscuit, and some fresh sweet butter, and last of all, a crystal dish heaped with the fresh berries that the little girl had been gathering in the morning, with sugar and cream. Everything upon the table had been cooked and prepared by the hands of my Oceanides; for my soul intuitively claimed this woman as my own. There she sat, opposite me, her deep, sweet eyes drooping beneath my glances.

Where is Mr.—Mr. Rhombus? I asked rather hesitatingly. Does he not dine with you?

"Not often," she answered. "I do not know where he is."

How did he receive you on your return? I again questioned.

"I did not see him until about midnight;

he then came home very much intoxicated, looked a little surprised at seeing me, said he thought I was food for the fishes by this time, it was of no use trying to get rid of me, for I had more lives than a cat, a bad penny always returned, supposed someone fished me out of the water for his especial torment. He then threw himself on the lounge and fell into a drunken stupor. I tried to arouse him, for I feared he would be cold before morning, and get him to go to our room and to bed; but I could not, and so I had to let him remain. I covered him as warmly as I could, for it was quite chilly last night; many of these nights in the latter part of August are. I then had to leave him and go to bed. I am obliged to get two or three hours sleep, in order to keep my health so that I may be able to provide for our wants."

Are you able to pay all your bills and support this house and its three inmates — Mr Rhombus, yourself, and the child?

"I must do it whether I am able or not," she replied. "If I were not so dejected and weary all the time, my health would be good."

You spoke of fowl that would starve if you

did not return. Is that where you keep them? I asked, pointing to a high lattice that enclosed a yard, and a long building which looked as though it were intended for fowl.

"Yes," she answered. "I have about a thousand fowl, all told, counting hens, chicks, ducks and their broods, geese and their goslings; and, dear Mr. Von Himmel, what would have become of little Alice, and all these helpless birds, if I had not returned? to say nothing of Mr. Rhombus, for he is more helpless than any of the others? You now see for yourself that I could not remain away if I were alive."

I looked at this magnificent woman, with her deep, sad eyes, and that indescribable look resting all over her that spoke, more plainly than words, of a hungry, starving soul — starving for love, which by right of natural law this beautiful and gifted woman ought to have; for I knew by her looks she must be gifted and a grand soul dwelt within her body.

Do you realize much profit on your fowl? I asked.

"I have not as yet," she replied. "I am just getting them together. Thus far they have been more expense than profit, for I have had



to buy coops, pay for a lattice and hen-house, besides buying the older fowl. I have been obliged to earn all this with my needle, in addition to supporting my house; at the same time doing all my own cooking, washing, ironing, sewing, mending, keeping my house in order, taking care of little Alice, and often being hindered, hours at a time, by Mr. Rhombus, when he is in one of his freaks caused by intoxication. It is almost more than I can do to earn our support with the needle. I am obliged to sew from early morning until, often, past midnight, in order to keep all our bills paid; and I thought if I could get started in keeping fowl the income from the eggs and chickens would make my life easier. I feared if I kept on sewing as I have done in the past, my health would break down; for I have had severe pain and warning in my eyes, and in the spine just back of my arms, as well as great pain in my arms, which nearly paralyzes them at times."

I could not restrain the impulse. I took a ten-dollar note from my pocket-book and offered it for her acceptance. She arched her neck like a swan, with a proud little toss of the head that I never saw equalled by any ball-room coquette.

"Mr. Von Himmel," she said, "I do not consider myself an object of charity. I did not tell you these things in a spirit of complaint; but merely to let you see how necessary it was that I should return to my home at a time when you thought I did wrong to return."

Well, I sighed, your love for Mr. Rhombus must exceed the love of most women. I never thought until now that women loved men to such an extent as this. I wish that some woman would love me as you love him; but if I were so happy as to be loved like this, I would never put it to such fearful test. Please take the money, Mrs. Rhombus.

"I cannot!" she replied. "My pride will not allow me to do so; and I greatly fear it is pride and not love that compels me to toil as I do for Mr. Rhombus and his child—pride and a sense of duty. I think love has very little to do with it."

Then you do not love this vile man? I asked.

"No," she replied, "I do not in the least. I pity him; I pity little Alice more, but love is entirely out of the question;" and her eyes wore the expression of some patient dumb creature under the lash of a cruel master.

Mrs. Rhombus, I asked, how did you happen to marry this worthless fiend, — encumbered, too, as he was with a child? Did you love him before marriage?

“No,” she answered. “No, not in the least.”

Why, then, did you marry him?

“There were so many reasons, perhaps it might weary you to hear them.”

I should never be weary listening to you, I replied. .

A vivid blush overspread her pale face, and I thought of the hundreds of fashionable women that had driven me nearly distracted with their small talk, so that I was glad to escape from their presence; but it seemed to me, if Oceanides were to talk forever I should not weary of listening.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"WELL, to begin with," she said, "my father and mother were not happily mated; their natures were constantly at war, although each one was good in their own way; but their ways were opposing ways, and my home was but a battlefield instead of a home. This state of things forced me, while very young, out into the world to provide for myself. I had no one to love or guide me, and the needle was my only resort to obtain a livelihood. I was ambitious, and thought I would study medicine. I worked hard to obtain the means, and at length was pronounced, by the doctor with whom I studied, capable of practising medicine.

"Ladies were not admitted within the colleges at this time. I took an office and commenced practice, or at least tried to practise; but people said I looked too young to be a

doctor. They did not have any faith in a young girl. Many gentlemen made my business a pretence to call on me, and their manners toward me were not what they should have been."

"Although I was, at this time, twenty-eight years of age, and thought myself quite an old maid, yet people persisted in treating me as though they thought me very young. A woman doctor, at this time, was almost an unheard-of thing, and I met with very little success.

"I had many offers of marriage, but could not love any of the gentlemen that proposed. Not one stirred my heart in the least, and yet I knew I was capable of loving most intensely; but no one whom I ever saw inspired me with that love, and so I refused all offers of marriage.

"I still had to toil at needlework for my support. I became dejected. I was all alone.

"It was just at this time I came to this little town, to pay a visit of a few weeks to a friend. One day, as I was sitting by my friend's window, in the parlor, she exclaimed,—

"'There goes Dr. Rhombus!'

"I looked, and saw Mr. Rhombus driving past in a buggy.

"‘There,’ said my friend, ‘there is just the match for you; a widower, not more than thirty-five, with only one child. Just the thing!’ she said again laughing. ‘You are twenty-eight. Quite an old maid; though, to be sure, you do not look it.’

"‘I have always thought,’ was my reply, ‘I would never marry without love, and it is very strange that I never meet with any one whom I can love.’

"‘Well,’ said she, laughing, ‘if you wait for love you will never marry. I am not as old as you are, and yet, see! I am happily married, and have three lovely little children O, Annie! marry. Pray, do marry.’

"My friends usually called me Annie, preferring it to the long and uncommon name of Oceanides. Not long after this Mr. Rhombus called, as he often did, at my friend’s house. We were introduced to each other, and my friend laid little plots to bring us together, and leave us in each other’s society as much as possible.

"Mr. Rhombus was rather a fine-looking

man, and his large black eyes held a strange power over me ; something as a serpent charms a bird ; yet love did not enter into the feeling in the least. He invited me to ride. He did everything in his power to win me ; yet I was not won. Finding that I was still cold, he fetched his little girl, and then he talked to me about his motherless little one ; telling me if she had been a boy he would not have minded so much ; but his little girl must have a mother. I never suspected that he was intemperate ; my friend praised him, and said she doubted not he would make me a good and affectionate husband, and then she would add, laughingly, ‘ And you will have one little girl to commence with. Just the thing ; for you ought to have married eight or nine years ago.’

“ Well, all this, and feeling and constantly being told that I was an old maid, induced me at length to give my consent to marry Mr. Rhombus. I do not think my friend knew the true character of the man.

“ I had not been married more than a few weeks when horse and buggy disappeared. The house, which he told me was his, proved

to be rented, and the rent unpaid. Business he had none. Income of any kind he had none. Soon he began to come home every night in a state of intoxication. Then it was that his fiendish nature ran riot, and there was no abuse which he did not heap upon me. He told me he had married me for no other reason but to support him and his child, and he would compel me to do it.

"I dare not make any complaints. What friends I have, which are very few, say that I married him voluntarily; they think I was old enough to know my own mind; they are sure they don't pity me any; as I have made my bed, so I must lie.

"I have a sister. My father and mother are yet alive; and they tell me if I disgrace them by leaving Mr. Rhombus and becoming a divorced woman they will utterly disown me. I shall never enter their doors again; and that is why you find me just as I am at the present time.

"The house in which Mr. Rhombus lived when I married him we were obliged to vacate on account of unpaid rent. I took this one on my own responsibility, and am trying to



make a living as you see; but I think Mr. Rhombus will yet murder me in one of his drunken freaks."

I sat there, speechless, and looked at this beautiful woman as I never looked at woman before; as I shall never look at woman again. She was fit to grace a throne, but she was married by the law of the land to a drunken, fiendish, worse than brutal, for brutes do not do such things, man; or something in the form of a man. I sat looking at her. I had nothing to say. What could I say? Such a woman as this would not listen to me if I spoke of love, and yet my heart was consuming with a great passion for her, the first feelings of the kind I had ever experienced; yet I knew I must remain silent as far as love was concerned. But my fate was sealed. No other woman should ever call me husband. My future life and all my energies should be consecrated to this superb creature. Perhaps heaven in its kindness would at length reward me with her love, and if she were ever free I would bend heaven and earth to make her my wife; meanwhile I would watch over her. I would earn and save money, until I became a rich man;

so that, at length, I might be able to reward her for all she had suffered, for all she might suffer in the future.

Mrs. Rhombus now arose from the table. I knew she had no time to spare and so I said, —

Mrs. Rhombus, all my sympathies go out toward you, and if ever you need a friend, come to me and you will find one that is staunch and faithful. I will keep you posted as to my whereabouts. Now, if you will direct me how to find Hotel Swamscott, where I am staying, as you, of course, are aware, I shall be very grateful. I see it is getting well along in the afternoon. I greatly fear I have been missed already, and certainly they must think strangely of my absence at the hotel. She gave me the desired information and I hastened away. As I passed through the village I met little Alice coming from school. She ran up to me and took my hand. I pressed the ten-dollar note into her little palm, saying, Give this to your mamma, and tell her a friend gave it to you.

She looked delighted, and started for home as fast as her little feet could carry her. I soon found my way back to the hotel. Arriving

there, I was greeted by Mrs. Cary in a very effusive manner.

"O, Mr. Von Himmel!" said she, "how glad I am to see you once more. We thought you had taken unceremonious leave of us all; not even bidding us good-by. We inquired of the clerk if you had gone not to return? and he told us you could not have left, for your room was still the same, and your effects were yet there; he was sure he could not say where you were. O, we are so glad to see you back once more."

I gave her my hand, saying, Mrs. Cary, I have met with a very strange adventure since I have been away; one that kept me away against my will. Let us take a seat here on the veranda, and I will tell you all about it. I then related to her my experience of the cave, but said nothing about meeting Mrs. Rhombus. Mrs. Cary turned very pale when I came to that part about the tide nearly overtaking me, and shivered perceptibly.

"O, Mr. Von Himmel!" she said, "you must take me one day to see this cave."

Very well, I replied. But I will never venture inside of the cave again.

It was now growing dark, and it would soon be time for Victor and my father's visit. I felt very eager to talk with my father once more. I took my leave of Mrs. Cary on the plea of weariness, and went to my room. The comfortable room and neat white bed looked very inviting after my last night's experience in the cave. My table and writing materials were there before me, as though asking to be made use of. I rang my bell and had tea brought to my room, for I did not feel like meeting the gay people that made the hotel their home for a season.

I sat sipping my tea in a very comfortable and thoughtful manner, and when I had done it lacked but a few minutes of nine o'clock. The waiter came and took away the tray, and I leaned back in my easy chair and soon was lost to all objective things, and my dream was upon me again, if dream it was,— I shall leave my readers to judge of that; and I was out in space once more.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE first to greet me were my dear father and Rose. Victor and Viola, Neptune and Nereid, were also there.

"Dear Ernst," said my father, "it will not now be necessary to visit the planets in person, but we will all retire to my mansion, which is within the heavenly spheres; for you are aware it hath been said, 'In my father's house are many mansions;'" and then we all followed my father's lead, and soon paused before a bright, glittering mansion. The house was not large, but bright and more beautiful than any earthly thing. My father did not pause for me to examine it very minutely, but flinging wide the door of an elegant parlor, we took seats therein.

I shall not stop here to describe the room, but it was brilliant in the extreme; it is the conversation that passed between these angels that I wish to relate.

There was a grand piano in the room, and my father invited Victor to play. He did so, and the harmony was such as earth cannot give. I thought to remember the music, but found that I could not when I awoke. As soon as Victor had ceased playing, Rose passed around a little tray; it held tiny goblets filled with sparkling wine. When I had drunk mine, it seemed to clear my brain, or my spiritual vision, and to enable me to see and understand the wonders of creation, and to better comprehend all that might be said.

My father now opened the conversation.

"Ernst," he said, "I shall now commence with the world, or globe, where Victor left it.

"The earth, now, was at that point in its career where it was composed of rock, water, and atmosphere; but as yet there was no ocean; the waters all lay in the deep fissures and awful chasms of the earth; the water was all at boiling heat, and there were terrible winds and great whirlwinds and forked lightning constantly splitting the rocks asunder; the waters were continually lashed into dreadful fury, which gradually ground and powdered the rocks. At length, the rocks were so

levelled, in places, that the oceans were formed by the water gathering into the places so levelled. As the rocks were powdered by all the rivers and streams cutting their way through to the more level oceans, for all things seek their level, the waters carried along the powdered rock, which was composed of minerals and sand; the minerals, by the common law of attraction, would settle by themselves in beds, but all things that were soluble in water the waters kept, for these were eventually to form fish, the first and lowest form of life; but ages must pass before life could make its appearance, even in the ocean, and it was within the ocean that life first made its appearance; the sponge and jelly-fish were the first forms that material life took on, and even this could not be till the waters became cool enough for them to exist. The waters at length became comparatively cool, the atmosphere somewhat clearer; it was the shielding atmosphere which enabled the waters to become cool.

“The earth was much younger and nearer the sun then than it is at present, for the earth, as it grows older and more perfect,

recedes farther and farther away from the sun.

"The ocean is gradually and constantly changing its bed, owing to the rotatory motion of the earth. At length the atmosphere became clear and cool enough for moss to grow upon the rocks, and then small ferns; at the same time the ocean and the waters had become alive with fish of all kinds; but all germs were within the atmosphere."

"You remember, dear Ernst," said Victor, "how the ethereal sea, and the germinal sea within it, were left intact. Now the earth's atmosphere did not displace the ethereal or the germinal sea, and the earth's atmosphere is made up of dense atmosphere, ethereal atmosphere, and germinal points. As soon as moss could form upon the rocks, it was formed in this way, or primary, primitive moss was, and you can observe it to-day as well as any time, for it is always forming wherever the surface of a rock has decayed in the slightest: tiny scales of rock raise themselves up a little from the surface, something in the form of irregular leaves, and the little flame of magnetic attraction, which as we have already seen has



not left the atoms composing the earth, which at that period of its history was all rock, attracts and holds the lowest form of germs, or moss germs, which are within the ethereal sea, and thence moss grows as rapidly as time and seasons will allow. Now sponge within the sea was formed in the same way, but more rapidly, for it commenced on the wet rocks and there gathered sustenance from the sea, and the germ of the living sponge was attracted in the same way, from out the ethereal sea, or from out the atmosphere. The germs of all things that live and grow are within the ethereal atmosphere, and they are invisible points.

“As soon as there was gelatine enough within the waters, from dead and decaying sponge, it was washed here and there into little jelly-like masses, and in this higher form attracted and held the higher germ of the jelly-fish. The jelly-fish, within the warm waters, grew to an enormous size, and its substance, by the constant washing of the waters, became separated into the form of long arms or legs, something like the spiders, and there you have the ocean tarantula, that still keeps up the same motion as the jelly-fish, which it really is, and its long

arms wind about and draw in everything within their reach.

“As the jelly-fish grew and became old these long arms would at length drop off, but the living principle still resided within them, and these formed great water serpents and enormous eels, which loved to wallow in the bed of the ocean and suck their sustenance partly from the water and partly from the decomposed rocks. At the same time the rocks that were not within the waters were forming moss; then within the moss sprang up small ferns; at length, when these decayed, they, in the moist, warm rains, become gelatinous, and in this form attracted and held the lowest germs of animal or insect life, and became enormous soft, pale-yellow spiders, or tarantulas; the arms or legs at last became so large they were broken or thrown off; but, still retaining life within them, they became great serpents and smaller snakes, and these crawled about over the rocks, hid in the fissures and chasms, sucked at the decaying mosses and ferns, and thus grew and increased in size. At length, the great sea serpents would crawl up on the sands of the beaches, and bask a part of their

huge bodies in the rays of the sun, which hardened them, or that part of them which was out of the water ; and as the sun hardened them it also changed their color from the color of a jelly-fish to a darker hue, and many of them at length became something like enormous alligators without tongue or teeth ; they merely had the power of sucking, yet their food was still within the sea ; at the same time, the great serpents on the land, or rocks, for there was not any soil at this period, became hardened and changed to a darker hue from basking in the hot rays of the sun ; at last, some of them became great lizards, and these things are forming to-day just the same, modified by the cooler atmosphere.

“ At length, from the continual motion of the waters, the rocks and sand became so powdered that sea-weed and grasses appeared ; but the germs of these things, in their various kinds, were still attracted and held from out the atmosphere. On the land the mouldering mosses and ferns formed very thin soil, perhaps an inch or two in thickness, and from this sprang forth the fine low grasses, something like the buffalo grass ; the mountain blue grass and

buffalo grass are fair samples of this primitive grass, and they are forming to-day just as much as ever they were, with modifications.

“The oceans, as before stated, and all rivers and streams are constantly changing their beds; as the oceans receded and changed their beds the immense quantities of sea-weed, powdered rock, and decaying jelly-fish, eels, and serpents formed deep alluvial soil, and out of this sprung up giant ferns, weeds, and various kinds of rank tropical vegetation; great marshes and swamps came to be from the exceedingly rapid growth of this coarse vegetation, and they swarmed with great snakes, eels, primitive alligators, and at length great whales came to be. As the ocean receded the swamps were gradually drained, and the rank, decaying vegetation kept on forming bed after bed of deep, rich soil; then sprung up great forests of palm-trees at length other kinds of trees, and after a while great forests of various kinds. But as yet there had been no fire on the earth; the atmosphere was too warm, moist, and thick with vapors. No bird could fly in the air; birds had not yet come to be; nothing but the lowest forms of animal and reptile life. The first

form of a flying insect was a mosquito; and they were of an enormous size, inhabiting the marshes. Then maggots formed within the decaying off-shoots of the jelly-fish that were left on the shores, for these creatures held life within every part of them, and each germinal point became a maggot; the maggots became great flies; and now we have the mosquito and the fly of enormous size; and at length from the mosquito sprung a creature something like a stork, — a soft, huge thing that could just flap its wings and jump from log to log, or mound to mound, and dive its great, soft bill into the waters and fish out a wriggling eel or water snake, which it would immediately suck down into a great maw. When its maw was full it would go and perch high up, away from the water, for fear the wriggling things would escape, for life would not become extinct with them for some days, and the great thing would sit stupidly, for weeks, until its maw was empty and its food had been digested; then it would descend and drink its fill of fresh water. It would repeat the process over and over again.

“From the flies, at length, came great buz-

zards, that were not far removed from the primitive stork. As the ocean receded, and still receded, it left great sandy deserts; and now a period was reached in the earth's career where it was made up of great rocky mountains, great sandy deserts, interminable marshes, and tangled forests seemingly without end. The oceans kept up a continual encroachment upon the mountains one way, leaving great marshes and sandy deserts the other way. After ages had passed, where the highest peaks of mountains had been would at length become the bed of the waters. Thus it was that soil, vegetation, low animal life, and the most primitive form of birds first came into being.

“The lives of all these creatures at this time were very long; many of them lived for hundreds of years, — the whale and the stork and many of the great serpents; and now as these creatures wandered, or were left by the tide out on the sandy deserts and plains, their natures gradually became changed. By the action of the sun they became hardened. All these lowest creatures held the female and male elements within each one: they had not

yet separated and become two distinct forms. The lowest forms of serpents had no lungs: they could not breathe. They had no eyes: they could not see. Now, until a creature had a very small lung developed, it could not attract the germinal points from the atmosphere, but drew its life as the jelly-fish does. Neither had it any blood. But flies and mosquitoes developed a very small lung; therefore they could attract and hold germinal points, and these developed eggs. Now came a time when eggs could be laid and hatched. The stork scooped out, with her long bill, a shallow hole in the hot sands, and deposited her eggs therein. The fishes began to spawn in the waters; but these fishes were not like the fish of to-day: they were enormously large and of a soft, primitive kind that held the male and female principles in one; and the first form of crocodile life was the same, and they laid their first eggs in the hot sand. Their eggs at this time were innumerable; the sands were literally filled with them; and as they hatched the male and female principle took a step in advance, and they hatched equal numbers male and female; that is, each germinal point separated its male

and female principle into two forms, but those forms that were hatched from the hot sands were smaller, harder, and more perfect, and had lungs developed as they grew, and consequently red blood. And the spawn within the sea was the same: it hatched smaller and more perfect fishes, male and female, with colder red blood, and the lungs were in the form of large gills, and gradually a regular vertebræ and bones were formed.

“As time went on, great elephants roamed the forests and over the plains. The mastodon waded in the swamps. The camel trod the hot sands. Then the great lion and bear appeared, the eagle and the ostrich, the ape and gorilla.

“The earth had now become cool enough for man to make his appearance; and presently, from the highest form of gorilla, walked forth a dark, hairy, squat savage, with long arms and a giant in size. He carried a club, and wielded stones with which he killed birds, animals, and serpents. He tore them in pieces with his long claws and teeth, devouring them fiercely, with gleaming eyes. I forgot to say, that as lungs were developed so were eyes: for lungs, eyes



and blood depend upon atmosphere to sustain them.

"Now we have man in his lowest or primitive form.

"But, my beloved Ernst, it is high time for you to return."

I awoke, with a start, in my chair in my room. I wrote down all that I had heard, and then gladly retired to my soft white bed.

## CHAPTER X.

THE next day passed without anything happening of importance. Mrs. Cary was away, and most of the others left me to myself. I was strangely depressed all day. It seemed as though some sorrow or danger threatened the one of all others whom I loved. Her pale face and sad eyes haunted me continually. Oh! why had fate thrown her in my path, only to torture me? for she was beyond my reach. Another man called her wife, although he was utterly unworthy to be the husband of such a woman. In my dreams Victor had hinted that she was mine by a great spiritual law of counterparts; but this I understood very little about in my waking hours; and of course Oceanides, as I was determined to call her in my heart, could know nothing of such dreaming as this. I could well understand, by her manner toward me, that she

would consider calls from me as impertinent, if not altogether indelicate, and so I could not gratify my great desire to look upon her face once more.

My heart was now pierced by the pangs of a great passion, the first and only one of my life. I had always been a lonely man, although surrounded the most of the time by gay and fashionable people. My business led me into this kind of society, but now I was more desolate, lonely, and unhappy than before. My inner consciousness told me that this brutal, dissipated man would still abuse this lady that was now queening it within my soul. My love seemed to be a hopeless thing, and a marriage without love would be more hopeless still. Suppose I were to marry Mrs. Cary, or any other nice young lady of my acquaintance? my heart would still thirst for love, just as it did now, for none ever satisfied and filled the measure of my love, until I met Oceanides.

I had been in this frame of mind all day, and when evening came it still found me unhappy. I seated myself in my easy-chair and looked out over the darkening sea, discontentedly repining at my lot. I caught sight of many

people rambling on the beach, nearly all of them in pairs, most of them lovers or husbands, and some of them seemed very happy; yes, and there was Mrs. Cary! she had returned from a picnic. A tall, fine-looking gentleman was by her side, and I could see he was unusually attentive to her. Perhaps she was aware that I was looking at her, and it pleased her to think that she might possibly arouse my jealousy, for she passed and repassed the window many times; but it only pleased me to think that she might be loved by this very distinguished-looking man.

Oh, no; the love I felt for her was that of a brother.

I now began to rail at fate. Why could I not have met Oceanides before she married this vile Mr. Rhombus? Why should it be my fate to fall in love with a married woman? Why was I not destined to be happy in my love, like many of those that were now walking before my eyes? These questions, and many others, arose in my mind, and when at last I fell asleep it was in a very wretched and despairing state of mind.

I had always cherished the most exalted ideas

of love and marriage, and I had foregone all love in the past, hoping to attain my ideal; and here, at the age of thirty, I loved at last — madly, passionately, hopelessly! — ah me! a married woman,

I slept. A veiled form stood before me. I started to my feet. Who are you? I cried. You are not Victor, nor Viola, nor yet my father. It was they I expected to see. I know you not. Tell me who you are?

The apparition made no answer, but stood in a drooping attitude before me. I could not discern the features, for a gauzy substance seemed to envelop the figure from head to foot.

Great heavens! I recognized the form at last. It was Oceanides! O my palpitating heart! Then she was dead! Perhaps murdered by that fiend? The form gradually retreated, and I followed. Over the arm of the ocean we glided, she leading, I following, until at last we paused in front of the little cottage where I had sat at table only yesterday, and partaken of food prepared by her sweet hands. We entered, for nothing barred the entrance of the spirit. O what a sight was

this that met my eyes. The mortal form of Oceanides lying prostrate on the floor, her temples bruised and bleeding from heavy blows dealt her by that devil in the form of a man. She was utterly unconscious, if not already dead, and the brutal wretch was in the act of giving her unconscious form a few final kicks with his heavy boot.

O great God! My agony was more than I could bear. I turned to the veiled, dejected form at my side, but it was stooping over the prostrate form of Oceanides.

The man had now expended his rage and disappeared from the house, slamming the door after him in drunken fury.

I tried to raise the form of my poor murdered darling; but the arms of my spirit could not move the mortal frame. The stooping, veiled figure seemed gradually to sink into the form of the prostrate Oceanides, and was gradually absorbed by it, and when at last it had entirely disappeared, the poor eyes of the unhappy lady opened. She gazed about her as though she did not yet fully comprehend what had happened. She slowly and painfully drew herself up by a chair, and then sank into

it in a suffering and exhausted state. She pressed her hand to her bleeding and bruised temples. At last she gained strength enough to go to the sink and bathe her head in the cold and refreshing water. The blood at length ceased to flow. The eyes began to swell and turn black, as did also the bruised temples.

It was now ten o'clock. The poor girl, for she was nothing more, threw herself into a large rocking-chair, and her dazed brain once more began to work. I looked around the pretty, cosey room. There was a slight change in its appearance. We were in the dining-room, and the change was owing to a neat carpet having been laid since I was there the day before. The table was set and a nice little supper was laid upon it. Everything in the room was as neat, cosey, and comfortable as careful hands could make it; but the dainty supper had not been touched. The tea-kettle was still singing on the shining stove. The shaded lamp was burning brightly; but the dear lady, whose care and almost superhuman exertions had kept and provided for this pretty little home, made it so cosey and bright, was

sitting there a crushed and bruised creature; the black marks on the delicate temples, the swollen and discolored eyes, were nothing compared to the bruised and broken spirit. The weary little hands lay listlessly on the arms of the chair. I approached, and was able to read her thoughts.

"O, I thought to make his home so neat and bright he would never care to visit those dreadful bar-rooms again. I have worked hard all day cleaning, mending, and making over this pretty carpet, and then laying it. It was very hard work, but I thought he would be pleased to see the room look so cheerful. Then I prepared this nice little supper; it took the last penny I had, but I thought he would be hungry and so I did not mind, for to-morrow I should get those shirts done, and I should receive over four dollars. Well, to be sure, I have had to toil over them night and day for a week, and my eyes and my spine have ached dreadfully, but the hope of keeping a nice little home, and perhaps reclaiming him, has kept me up; and this is my reward! I shall not be able to finish the shirts to-morrow. If he disables me from earning money, I do not know



what will become of us. For myself I care not; but poor little Alice and her misguided father — what will become of them? Then, my chickens. It would break my heart to see them starve. He has gone. I am afraid he has not had any supper. O, I am sure he will be hungry. I am glad I gave Alice her supper, and put her to bed, before her father came home. Let me try to think why he gave me those heavy blows with his doubled fist? Oh — oh!" she said, putting her hand to her side. "What is the matter with my side? it is dreadfully sore and painful. I think he must have kicked me after I fell. I was so completely stunned, with his heavy and repeated blows, that I do not remember about his kicking me; but he must have done so, or my side would not feel like this. O, let me think. Why did he treat me so? What did I do? He came in, and I had everything all prepared for him to sit down to his supper; he did not speak, but glared around the room and asked me, in a loud and angry voice, why I had put a carpet on the floor? he did not like carpets, and he had forbidden me to put one down. I answered, that I had no remembrance of his

telling me not to put one down. I had only been trying to make the room bright and cheerful for him, and it saved me from having constantly to scrub a white floor; which I could not find time to do and make the shirts besides; and such kind of work made my hands too rough for the fine sewing. He came toward me, with his clinched hand, saying he would teach me not to disobey his orders, and then he rained heavy blows on my temples with his fist, until I forgot everything."

She put her hand to her head again, as though to collect her thoughts. "Let me think," she said. "I certainly did not do or say anything that ought to have offended him, and yet I always feel as though I were the guilty one and not he. It always seems to me as though I must have done something to offend him; and it must be I am growing very wicked, for my last thought when I fell and everything grew dark was of Mr. Von Himmel. I seemed to remember, all at once, that he had told me if I ever needed a friend to come to him; that was the last thought I had until I awoke there on the floor.

"I wonder if Mr. Von Himmel would treat a wife like this? I begin to be afraid and very mistrustful of men; yet I think if I could feel like trusting any it would be Mr. Von Himmel. Oh, I am very sick, and my head aches dreadfully. I really should like to see Mr. Von Himmel's kind eyes looking into mine just now. I wonder if he would be very sorry for me? Yes, I am sure he would; but I must not think of him. I am a married woman; and, even if I were free, he could not possibly think of me. I am too much broken with hardship and sorrow; he certainly would prefer a bright and gay young lady of fashion, that had never known sorrow, and one that had never been married. I must never allow myself to think of him again."

I was in great agony of mind. I went toward her, thinking she might feel my comforting presence; but, to my dismay, I found there was a great gulf fixed between us, which I could not pass; that is, I could not make her conscious of my presence. I could now see that, even when her spirit stood in my presence, in my room, she had not been conscious of it; a veil was between us that her

spiritual sight could not penetrate; but her last thought, as she became unconscious, was of me, and the spirit, when free from the body, is where the thought is. I also being asleep, or in that peculiar sleep which was now often upon me, was able to perceive the veiled form and follow it, and still being in this state myself, I was able to see her and read her thoughts.

Finding the gulf between us impassable, I turned away almost despairingly; when lo! there was my father and his beautiful Rose, Victor and his sweet, majestic Viola, and two other forms that were strangers to me.

"Come," said my father, "dear Ernst, you can do no good here at present; but be comforted: the day shall come when no hand but yours shall lift the cup of happiness to her lips. But before you are able to do this, you have much to learn."

Would that I could believe it, I said. I think I could serve at the feet of wisdom seven years, as Jacob served for Rachel, if I thought she would be mine at last.

"Well," answered my father, "you shall serve at the feet of wisdom just seven years."

And then what? I asked breathlessly. Shall I receive a Leah instead of my Rachel?

"Be comforted," replied my father. "What are fourteen years compared to Eternity?"

But you do not mean to tell me that I shall be obliged to wait fourteen years before I can receive the recompense of great love? for I know that I shall never love but this one woman.

"Your impatience is the impatience of a child," said my father. "Out of this despair and darkness shall come forth light. What are a few years more or less? You are not yet fitted for each other. Unions that are destined to last throughout eternity are slow of growth. Such marriages may not be entered into hastily. You have just witnessed the results of a marriage of this kind. My son, be patient. Wait. Do not marry. Come," said he, "let us leave this place for brighter and happier scenes."

But I groaned in spirit. O my father! said I, how can I visit brighter and happier places and leave my Oceanides, the woman whom I adore, in this most wretched and perilous condition. O my father, there is a gulf

between her and me ; but with you it is different ; cannot you do something for her ?

“ Yes,” he replied decidedly and with great solemnity. “ Yes, a thousand times yes ! and this is the very point at which I am aiming, the very thing which in your need and despair I shall be able to teach you ; otherwise, you might never be brought to a knowledge of the truth.

“ We have been with you all this time, but did not make ourselves visible to you until the right time — the time when we could do you the most good. Now, my dear son,” said my father, “ observe !” and as he said this he approached Oceanides, laying his hand on her head. As his hand came in contact with her head she started, shivered once or twice, and then a look of rapture lit up her pale face, a halo of light encircled the bruised temples. “ Now, Ernst,” said my father, “ come nearer and read the thoughts which I shall put into her mind.”

I gladly obeyed, for the disembodied spirit was able to do that which I had found it impossible to do, — cheer and comfort the woman whom I loved. The following were the

thoughts which my father impressed on the mind of Oceanides : —

“ Be patient, dear Oceanides ; invisible beings love you and will care for you. This wretched state of things will not always endure ; tender and true love will yet be thine ; all your aspirations will yet find complete fulfilment. Those within the body do not and cannot understand you ; but those in the spirit do and can. They are also able to help you ; those in the body are not able. You feel that your life is wrecked on the quicksands of a marriage that is far worse than no marriage ; but your wrecked life shall yet be gathered up ; even now are the seeds being sown for the bright harvest ; yet a season, and the fruit shall be gathered in. Now, dear lady, go to rest and to sleep.”

He took his hands off her head. A weary look replaced the one of ecstasy, and she began to make preparations for retiring. I then turned to my father, saying : —

Dear father, I will now go with you. And we all moved swiftly away from the cottage. Again we were seated within my father's bright mansion in the heavens, and with us

were the forms of the two that were to me strangers.

There existed a strange resemblance between Victor and the stranger, but the lady who accompanied him was not at all like Viola. She was a decided blonde, with large, bright, blue eyes, long yellow hair hanging in two heavy braids far down her back. She was clothed in a shining white robe, confined at the waist by a black, laced bodice; a small bunch of pure, white violets rested on her bosom. They were quite silent, saying but little, but seeming to lend great strength and power to all present.

Victor again swept the strings of his harp. The music was far beyond any that earth can give, and as the heavenly strains penetrated through my soul my unhappiness left me and renewed hope and courage replaced it.

"Now, dear Ernst," said my father, as the last heavenly strains softly died away, "are you ready to receive the bread of life, which is true knowledge on all subjects in place of error? Shall we now go on with the formation of worlds?"

Dear father, I replied, I do not feel equal to



following you in those wonderful revelations to-night. My mind is too much concerned about Oceanides. I am here in spirit all alone, while you have your fragrant and beautiful Rose, Victor has his gifted and queenly Viola, and the other gentleman, whom I do not yet know, is accompanied by a lady so beautiful and modest that it is sweet happiness just to look at her; while I, a weary mortal, disconsolate and alone, feeling my loneliness much more from witnessing you in your perfect love and adaptation to each other, sit here amongst you like a poor wayfarer filled with grief. I seem, to-night, not to care how the worlds were made; my one great thought, my one great yearning desire, is for Oceanides, — to live for her, to be near her, to comfort her. For her I would give my soul; I would sell it, even to Satan, if there were such a personage. Father, pity me! I find that love is lord of all things, and it is not in my power to guide my affections, or place them where one would think they ought to go, and I am nearly without hope.

“Ernst,” answered my father, “as I am with Rose, as Victor is with Viola, as our friend

is with his beautiful Violette, so, when the proper time comes, you surely shall be with Oceanides, for she actually is the other half of yourself; and as the worlds have toiled for ages to bring forth light, life, and love, and to make perfect the soul of man, so at length when you and Oceanides have toiled through sorrow and earthly error, and the troubles which they bring, you shall find love, rest, and peace together; you shall go on hand in hand as we are now doing, in search of all love, all wisdom, all perfection, all happiness, and you shall surely find them, not only while you are yet on earth, but forever in the heavens. My son, can you doubt the words of the father that loves you? Hearken to me, dear boy, and let my words sink deep into your heart. It is not the province of a father to hold out illusive hopes to his child, nor yet to advise him to his hurt. Your love for Oceanides is just and right. Your thought of dedicating your life to her is also perfectly right; in no other direction will you ever find the least happiness or reward. To gain wealth will give you no happiness, unless to share it with her; fame will give you no happiness, unless it be re-

flected upon her; and her hand is the only one that will ever lead you into heaven or happiness." And the others said, "All that your father says is true."

Then they all went back with me to my room in the hotel. My father kissed me, the others waved me a bright and loving farewell, and I awoke. Still, the picture of my poor Oceanides floated before my mind's eye, for I believed that what I witnessed in my sleep concerning her was true, and in spite of all which my angel visitant had said, I was restless and very unhappy on her account.

## CHAPTER XI.

THE next day passed without anything of importance transpiring. The day had been exceedingly lovely; the air clear and invigorating; summer had reached its height.

When at length evening came, I thought it too pleasant to remain within doors, and so I wandered forth to my old retreat, the rocks, and seated myself on one where I had often sat before.

The moon was at its full and was riding the heavens most royally. The summer night was almost as bright as day. Venus, in all her glorious beauty, was just sinking to rest on a bed of soft, rosy clouds, sweeping her long train of light after her. Jupiter was following steadily in her wake, with longing eyes and arms outstretched; but the lovely goddess hid her face coquettishly behind her rosy veil and disappeared from sight. I began to wonder if

Jupiter would ever overtake her? Other beautiful stars and constellations were shining everywhere, and the air seemed peopled by an invisible host.

I had taken with me a small but very excellent telescope. I adjusted and levelled it at Jupiter. There he rolled, in the midst of his four bright moons, with his belts girdled about him. O beautiful and majestic sight!

The sea lay spread out before me, sparkling like an enormous diamond in the bright light of the queen and her countless host. I closed my telescope and stretched forth my arms toward the glimmering city, that lay asleep across the bay—the white little city that held my Oceanides, my poor, suffering Oceanides. As I thus sat, with my eyes fixed on the ocean, a white sail silently glided by in the distance. It looked so pure and spectral in the light of the moon, I half imagined it to be a spirit boat bearing away the soul of my poor, pale lady of the sands—of my Undine with her long hair wrapped about her. The sail disappeared from my sight, and sweetest music struck my ear. At first I thought it was caused by the wind sighing through the

tree-tops just at my back, and my eyes closed, lulled by the sound. I soon was lost in my dreams. The music proved to issue from Victor's harp, and again I was with my angel band; they all seated themselves around on the rocks near me.

My father took both my hands within his, and fixed his eyes lovingly upon mine. As soon as he touched me my soul became bright and elated: it seemed to expand like a flower in the life-giving rays of the sun.

"Ernst, my dear child," said he, "shall we now go on in our lessons concerning things as they are?"

Yes, my father, I replied. Nothing would suit me better at this time.

"We left the earth at that period where man first made his appearance, in the form of a hairy, disgusting savage. This was the first form of man that earth ever knew. We will now go back a little in order to trace the spirit of all things.

"Now the spirit of an atom is the little magnetic flame within each atom, and the spirit within all the earth is magnetism, as the spirit of the sun was magnetism. The body of the

sun was obliged to yield up its spirit before it could be a sun, and now the earth must gradually yield up its spirit. The earth commenced a step farther on in the scale of progress than did the sun. The sun was a primary world; the earth a secondary world. Now, spirit in and of itself is not intelligent; it is pure magnetism; but the moment a particle of rock was softened enough to attract a moss germ, and the spiritual germs of moss had developed into the form of moss, as soon as that moss decayed, or yielded up its magnetic flame, a spiritual sphere was commenced, or the earth had yielded up just so much of its magnetism; and so of everything else that existed or developed upon the earth.

“At this period of the earth’s history there was no moon; for the moon is an offshoot, or ring, cast off from the earth; and the following is the way in which the moon was gradually formed:—

“A germ, in developing, uses up about one third of the magnetism composing its entire material substance, and when it rises up in its spiritual form two thirds of the magnetism which has entered into the composition

of its material form is left behind, and these atoms remain on the earth to be worked up into some other form. But a third of the atoms have given up their magnetism, and have become worthless, or worn out; the magnetic spirit has gone out of them and now exists in a form which covers the developed germ. These worthless atoms, which have lost their magnetic flame, now have no power of attraction or of being attracted; they lie helpless at the mercy of the atmosphere; they rise to the surface of the atmosphere and there lie in helpless masses; and as fast as a magnetic spiritual sphere is formed, which in forming has robbed atoms of their spirit, so this ring or belt of worthless atoms thickens and increases; and as the ages roll on it becomes very large and heavy.

“Now, there is a way in which the worthless atoms are at length replenished and again filled with spirit or magnetic flame. Comets are great wandering torches of magnetic flame or pure magnetism; in other words, spirit devoid of matter, and I shall yet tell you how they came into existence. These great magnetic torches visit the planets and revivify the



worthless or worn-out atoms that rise up and surround the planets, and when each atom has received its just amount of magnetic flame, it is just as good as ever; it can now attract and be attracted, and so it attaches itself together in the form of a compact ring, such as you will observe around the planet Saturn. This evening you were looking at the planet Jupiter, and you particularly noticed the belts that surround him. Before the worthless atoms are revived, they appear as vast belts, and after they are revived and welded together by the attraction of magnetic spirit, they appear as a vast ring. At length this ring has become large and heavy; it breaks in pieces and falls away from the parent globe, gathers itself together at its central point, and there is a moon; and before man had become observing and intelligent the earth's moon rolled about her. About this period of time man became observing and intelligent.

"Dear Ernst, it will not be necessary for me to tell you more of the rise and progress of civilization; ages upon ages have passed since then; empires and great cities have had their rise and fall, and man is now at his pres-

ent altitude; but a new era is about to dawn upon the world. Heretofore, man has had no very clear idea of his future; the time is now coming when he is to know just how his life is to be in the future. But in order, my dear son, that you might understand the future, I have been obliged to carry you into the past. But, dear Ernst, we will wade no longer in the past of your earth, but we will now talk of the present and future; which, after all, is the real end and aim of all things. All nature has toiled together, for countless ages, to bring forth an intelligent soul. All things worked together for this one object; and the germ of man, within the germinal sea, is the highest germ there is; from this germ cometh forth the Angel! and all other things in nature are merely to serve him, to develop and bring him forth. He comes last, for all that is lower must first exist that he may have a home and foothold wherein to develop into the angel; and all things beneath him must yield up their spiritual form, that he may have a spiritual home at last within the ethereal sea, which has been robbed of its germs that they may be developed into this higher form, for it is better

to be an angel, far on the road toward wisdom, love, and happiness, than to be an invisible germinal point, without intelligence, within the ethereal sea."

Father, I said, I wish you would tell me why I love Oceanides more than any other? Why I never did and am not able to love another? It would be better for me, I think, if I could.

"Ernst," answered my father, "be true to your own soul, and all will be right. It would not be better for you or for Oceanides to try to love another. You cannot love another with true conjugal love. There is but one conjugal love, throughout eternity, for either man or woman. There are many kinds of love, but there is but one true conjugal love, and if you were to marry seven wives, like the one of old, they would at length all fall away from your soul, and unless your true conjugal mate was of the number, yet would you not be mated. There is the filial, the parental, the brotherly, the sisterly, and the friendly loves; you might feel any or all of these various kinds of love for any woman whom you might marry, but you can never feel but one true soul-mating, or

conjugal love. This kind of love you feel for Oceanides. You can never feel it for any other. Your soul, or inner consciousness, points directly toward the truth, like the needle to the pole, but you have not wisdom enough yet to understand why. My son, shall I tell you why? Shall I explain it to you?"

Oh, yes, I replied. I do so long to know!

"Ernst, did you ever see two things precisely alike on earth?"

No, I never did, I answered.

"And you never will," he said. "Did you ever see two men, or two women, exactly alike?" he asked.

No; to be sure not!

"Do you understand the reason why they are not?" he asked.

No, I do not.

"I will tell you, or at least I will show you." He waved his hands once or twice before my eyes, and it appeared to me as though I were looking through a spiritual microscope.

"Now," said he, "here is a spiritual germ. It is the germ of a man not yet incarnated.

Examine it well, dear Ernst, and tell me what you see."

And I looked intently. It appeared a little ethereal globe, transparent and translucent, and within the globe were two forms, perfect in every respect, with this difference: one was male, the other female; they were exact counterparts of each other.

"This is the undeveloped germ of a man, or of the angel yet to be," said my father. "Now here is another, and another. Look at them well, and tell me if they are alike?"

No, I answered, deeply interested. They differ as much as people do on earth.

"Yes," he said. "No two germs are alike any more than two people, for they at length are people, and within each germ are two forms, male and female; they are one—the germ of an undivided angel. Can the half of one germ fit the half of another germ, or be the actual half of another germ?"

No; to be sure not, I replied, light dawning upon me.

"My son, you may take a bushel of apples and cut them all in halves, and unless you get the real half of each apple that was cut, you

might put an apple together whose halves did not belong to the same apple, might you not?"

Yes, of course, I replied.

"Now these germs, when they are born into the flesh, are necessarily divided, for if they were not born on earth in two forms — male and female — propagation would be at an end. But angels do not propagate, and therefore these divided halves are again joined in order to make the complete angel; yet are they still in two forms, as you see they are within the germ; and man will at length have wisdom enough to understand this great law and will not unite himself, while he is yet on earth, to any other than his true other self. As it now is, it matters not how many wives a man may marry, or how many women he may unite himself to, his soul is never satisfied; he never ceases to feel that secret longing and yearning for a love which he has not, until he finds the one that was his companion within the little spiritual germ; this he is sure to do before he can become an angel, for before he is so united he is not a completed angel but a wandering spirit; therefore, Ernst, do not marry until you can be united to Oceanides."

Dear father, was Rose one with you within the germ?

"Yes," he answered. "So were Victor and Viola, so were the other angels whom you saw with us, so were all angels. We can never call any other woman wife throughout eternity; we have no desire to call any other woman wife; the thought, even if such a thing were possible, would be torture to us; but such a thing is not possible, for if it were, heaven would be pandemonium instead of heaven; but the great unchangeable laws of nature provide for all things, for if the germs were not male and female in one, there might be more males than females, or the reverse, and what harmony or happiness would there be if some had to live without their corresponding half; in other words, if some had to live as females, without a male, forever, and the reverse; that would be living as halves and not as a completed whole; while others would be complete. The halves would have great reason to complain of injustice, I think.

"Now," said my father, "it is getting past your hour, and we will leave you." He kissed me and so they left me.

I was determined to obey my father in all things. I felt sure it would lead me to happiness in the end. It would be better to believe what he had told me, and do as he advised me to, than it would be to form a loveless union, or one that was not truly conjugal. I arose, and wended my way back to the hotel, feeling that I was beginning to understand the secret springs of life. How long I might have to wait for my Oceanides time alone could tell; but unless I married her I would never marry.

And now I looked at the reason which separated her from me, and it was, simply, an untrue marriage. She was living with one who did not rightly belong to her, which rendered her the most miserable of women, and it was making me the most wretched of men; while the man whom she called husband hated and maltreated her; whereas to me she would have been the veriest queen of royalty. I could not think it was her duty to live with such a man under any circumstances; but, whatever my dreams might be in this matter, I was sure Oceanides would carry out her sense of duty to the bitter end. Some women are made of just such material.



## CHAPTER XII.

My days, at this seaside resort, were very pleasant and restful after months of hard study and application to the business of teaching.

August was nearing its close, and I must return to the city, and work, before the middle of September.

I passed these pleasant days in rambling on the shore, or sitting on the veranda, lazily smoking my cigar, and had plenty of time to think and dream; and I intended to make the most of it, but I had not thought of falling in love. This had come to me in the most startling and unexpected manner, and was altogether a different thing from what I had supposed love to be. I had dreamed of love, but had always thought it to be quite a commonplace affair. I had thought that in all probability I should sometime see a pretty girl whom I should love more than any other; still,

I thought it would amount to very little more than a preference. But how different I had found it. I was wildly and madly in love with one who, if I could have helped it, I would not have loved, and certainly I had very little hope.

These dreams of the angels left but slight impression on my mind in my waking moments. I considered them pleasant dreams for an idle man to indulge in while taking his summer vacation. They were very delightful and restful, but the falling in love was not so restful. I was constantly filled with unrest and wild longings to see Oceanides; and I thought one glance of love from her would repay me for years of toil and loneliness. It seemed very strange to me that in my dreams of my father he should constantly refer to my love and its object; yet this was the case, and it puzzled me greatly.

The day had been very hot and lurid, the air close and stifling. The burning heat had kept me from walking on the sands, and to row on such a day as this would have been simply impossible for me; so I passed the greater part of the day on the veranda.

Mrs. Cary had, also, been sitting with me a great part of the time, declaring that she could not remain within doors.

It was now nearing the twilight hour. The sun was just sinking brassily in the west, without a cloud to screen his face. The air was hot and arid. Mrs. Cary would fan herself impatiently and complain of the heat. My heart seemed sinking like lead within my bosom in a sort of helpless despair. There were no clouds, nor breeze of any kind, to stir the heated and motionless air.

"Mr. Von Himmel," said Mrs. Cary, "tell me of what you are thinking?"

I am afraid my thoughts are not worth the telling, I replied. I do not believe I feel or think like other people, and just at present I am not thinking at all. It is altogether too warm to think.

She sat for a few moments with her eyes fixed dreamily and far away o'er the sea.

Of what are you thinking? I asked.

She gave a little guilty start, and blushed violently.

"What if I were to tell you, Mr. Von Himmel, that my thoughts were of one that sailed

a long time ago far o'er the sea, and has ne'er returned."

I remembered my dream, and thus comprehended her, although she knew it not.

Tell me of him? I said.

"I did not say it was a him," she replied laughing.

I infer that it must be, I said, from the dreamy lovelight in your eyes.

Just then the tall gentleman with whom I had seen her walking came and took a seat by her side; and as I saw that he was on love-making intent, I soon went to my room, and as the hour of nine approached I threw myself upon the bed. I felt too languid to sit in my accustomed chair. My eyes closed heavily, and my father stood before me.

"I have been awaiting you some little time," he said, rather hurriedly I thought, and Victor was not with him.

"Ernst, dear son, you must come with me! and that very quickly! For great danger threatens the pale lady of the sands, and she must not leave her mortal body at present. Her true work and mission on earth have hardly begun as yet; and unless we hurry

and save her this will be her last night on earth."

O my father, I exclaimed, my heart swelling in agony.

He made no reply, but hurried on with great swiftness, and I followed. We did not pause until we were a few miles beyond the glimmering city, on a rural road. All was very quiet. No one was in sight, and I was just thinking my father had made some mistake, when I heard the sound of horses' feet trotting gently along.

"There they come!" said my father, and a horse and buggy came into sight.

The country road was so quiet, the horse so gentle, I could not see wherein the danger lay, for I at once perceived the buggy contained Mr. Rhombus and Oceanides. I looked at my father, saying, —

Certainly that horse will never run away with them.

"No," he replied. "The danger is not with the horse, but with the man. Look at him more closely, and I will show you how to read his mind."

I did so, and my father, by some method

not known to me, put me into a condition so that I could read every thought as it passed through this murderous mind; for if he were not a murderer in deed, he certainly was in his mind and soul. "Now," thought this man, "I will put an end to Oceanides. I do not succeed in making her desert me, although I have tried every method which I could invent. Curse her! any other woman would have left me long ago. If I could only get rid of her through some accident it would suit me better than anything else, and then no blame could be attached to me. When I threw her overboard all would have been well if some fool had not fished her out of the water. I had made up my mind, as soon as I reached the shore, to tell those whom it might concern that she had fallen overboard; that I had tried my best to save her, but could not; and I should have said this, but I heard that cursed boat as soon as I threw her into the water, and I expected nothing else but it would pick her up. Well, I was thwarted that time, but I mean to make a sure thing of it this time. This fool of a horse would not upset us if he could, and I must make him pitch her into the

lake. Now, let me see just how I will do it. When we come to that ridge that runs along the steep banks of the lake, I will compel the horse to back this old vehicle down over the bank, and just at the moment when I feel the hind wheels going I will jump out. It will be easy for me to do so, for I shall be all prepared, with one foot ready for the spring. I shall have a purchase on the reins and one hand on the dasher. As I jump, I will give the horse a good push over. Poor old fellow! He is not worth much and my father is able to lose him. Even if I were to fall into the lake by accident I can swim and Oceanides cannot. I think I could save the life of the horse, too, by cutting the traces with my large clasp knife. Oceanides may sink down to the fishes. That is just what I want. I was a fool to tie myself to this cursed woman! She is always whining about my drinking: wants me to be good and virtuous and all that kind of stuff! Curse her! I will drink all I want; and as for virtue I will leave that to just such whining fools as she is. I have told her, more than once, that any other woman would have died long ago; but she has more lives than a cat,

and nothing seems to kill her. I will see what can be done this time."

I recoiled from this fiend in horror, and looked imploringly at my father. I was almost sure that Oceanides would not escape this time. My father went swiftly ahead and motioned me to follow, and we paused just at the spot thought of by that vile man. The road ran along a high bluff near the lake, and at this point the water must have been exceedingly deep. The bank was simply a precipice, and to fall over was to be plunged directly into the lake. The bank was some thirty or forty feet high, and for a buggy to be backed over it would be sure death for Oceanides.

My heart stood still in fear and horror. I knew that I was powerless to save her, but my father gave me a look of encouragement.

"Cheer up, dear Ernst," he said, "I think I shall be able to save her," and just at this moment the horse trotted up to this point. All was still. The moon was shining brightly. Not a soul was in sight. It was a very unfrequented spot, far away from any house. Oceanides sat, in a calm, pensive manner, by the side of her would-be murderer, gazing with



dreamy eyes on the calm and beautiful lake which lay sleeping in the moonlight, never dreaming of danger, as one could readily see by her sweet countenance. What danger could be anticipated through this mild and gentle horse, that knew the sound of her voice and loved to obey its gentle and affectionate tone?

Just as the most dangerous part of the bank was reached, Rhombus grasped the reins with a powerful hand, grasped the dasher with the other, put out one foot ready for the leap, and pulled the horse back with all his might, sluing the buggy around so that the hind wheels were ready to topple over the precipice.

Oceanides gave a fearful scream; the poor horse, hearing the loved voice of his mistress as though in mortal terror, and not understanding what it could all mean, seeming to comprehend the danger, plunged forward, even against the force of the reins which were sawing at the bits in his mouth in a powerful manner. The horse's plunge drew the wheels a foot or more away from the edge of the precipice. The horse stood for a moment, panting and still.

"Oh! what are you doing?" cried the frightened woman to the vile man by her side. "O, Mr. Rhombus! why are you backing the horse in this awful way, directly over the bank? You and poor gentle Charley will both be drowned!"

She seemed to forget that she would be drowned as well.

Rhombus seized the whip, giving Oceanides a heavy blow across the face with the whip-stock; then he struck the horse two or three times in the same way, and again tried with all his strength to back the horse over the bank. The horse, not hearing his mistress scream, and being used to obedience, took a few steps backward, but just as the wheels toppled again on the edge of the bank, Oceanides made a flying leap, landing safely on the firm ground. Over went the wheels, and Rhombus leaped out. He made no effort to save the struggling horse. Not so Oceanides. She caught the poor horse by the bits, and pulled and cheered him with all her might. The horse laid his nose on her shoulder, and together they pulled until, with almost superhuman strength, the wheels were brought up

over the edge of the bank and they were safe once more.

The poor horse was trembling in every limb, seeming to realize the awful danger from which he had escaped.

Oceanides patted and soothed him, but Rhombus, with an oath of baffled rage, sprang toward her with the whip upraised

"How dare you meddle with my driving?" said he. "It was your cursed meddling that brought us into danger! I have a mind to throw you over the bank. It would be no more than you deserve. Leave the horse alone, I tell you! He is all safe. I don't care particularly to drown him. It is you that I wish out of my path," and he struck her another heavy blow with the whip.

Oceanides, seeing that the man and horse were now safe, wended her way slowly and sorrowfully homeward. She had not far to go, for her house stood not more than a quarter of a mile from the spot, around a curve of the lake.

That her husband had again intended to take her life she had no doubt; but, thought

she, as though to palliate his offence, "I think he must have been drinking."

The poor, unhappy lady entered her own door. Everything within was pleasant and cheerful. She threw herself down upon the sofa and sobbed in heart-rending grief.

"O!" she thought, "what can I do! Where can I go? If I were to tell any one that Mr. Rhombus tried to back the horse over the bank they would not believe me, and he would take his oath that it was my meddling with his driving that caused all the trouble. O, I know his ways so well! What am I to do? I cannot tell. I must go to bed, for if he comes home and finds me here he will strike me again."

"Ernst," said my father, "you will not care to hear more about worlds to-night; but hereafter we will show you how spirits and angels protect mortals."

Father, I asked, how did you save Oceanides? It looked to me very much as though she saved herself.

"Yet she did not," he answered, "and if I had not interfered in the most powerful way she would have been drowned, with the horse. You remember when Rhombus made the first

powerful pull backward? He intended that one pull to be enough; and it would have been, for there was not more than an inch or two between the edge of the bank and the wheels. At the very moment when he pulled back, I gave the horse a powerful shock of electricity in a way to send him forward instead of backward, and this caused him to fall short, and that saved them the first time. When Rhombus pulled the second time, I gave Oceanides a sudden shock which caused her to leap out of the buggy. I then impelled her to catch and pull at the horse's head, and it was those two things that saved them; but for those the horse would have gone over the first time; but for those, Oceanides in her fright would have remained within the carriage and would certainly have perished. You often hear people say in times of peril they have the strength of ten men and the quickness of lightning, and it is from just such sources as this they gain their strength and quickness, although they know it not."

We were by this time back again at the hotel. My father bade me an affectionate farewell, saying, —

“Do not fear, dear Ernst. I will be ever near you and your love, to protect her and you from danger,” and then he was gone and I awoke. I felt weary and exhausted. My anxiety and fear for Oceanides, and the heat of the weather, had not improved my state of mind; yet, Oceanides was saved once more; still, there was a great dread in my mind that Rhombus would yet be successful in causing her death.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE next evening, at the appointed hour, Victor and Viola, my father and Rose, presented themselves at the open window and beckoned me forth; for I had, as usual, fallen asleep in my chair.

I arose hastily and joyfully to meet them, and joined them in the open air. We had not gone far when we found ourselves surrounded by a large company of angels.

"Dear Ernst," said my father, "this is one of the angelic spheres belonging to the earth; for the belief, which some cherish, that the earth is surrounded by spiritual and angelic spheres is a true one, and I hope to take you through all these spheres, that you may see for yourself." Victor struck his harp joyfully, and all this heavenly throng sung a sweet anthem of praise. Not in the praise of a personal God, but in praise of Wisdom, Love, and Truth. I

noticed one thing particularly. They were all, like my father and Victor, united to a corresponding other self, or female half. Not one was separate or alone. "Ernst," said my father, "you remember that I told you the spirit of all things ascended, even to the spirit of moss and grass, and that the spirit of all things was the magnetic flame within, and that magnetic flame was the clothing of the developed germ. By this I mean the spiritual or soul germ which matter attracted to itself from out the ethereal atmosphere, and it was the magnetic flame within each atom which attracted the germ as soon as matter was in a suitable state to receive and hold these germs. The germ is the living principle within all things; without it, all things else would be dead or inert. These germs only wait for suitable material in order to enter it and develop as rapidly as possible.

"You have often, my dear son, looked at growing things, as well as animal life, and wondered to yourself what was that life within all things? and this is the answer. It is one of these germinal points which is developing and growing up through matter, and covering



itself with matter, until it has attained its full size and form after its own kind or species; and as soon as it has attained its ultimate or perfect form it begins to throw off its coarser covering of matter, but retains or holds to itself as much of the magnetic flame as it needs for a spiritual covering; it then rises from the earth in its developed and beautiful spiritual form, and according to natural law takes its place within one of the spiritual spheres which surround the globe. This is true of all life whatsoever; from the simple moss to the wisest man that ever lived or that ever will live.

“Now, as you will readily see, ages before man reached an intellectual altitude these spiritual spheres had been forming; and this is the true meaning of all which is called death. There is no such thing as death, as it is generally understood: it is merely the rising up of the perfectly developed germ, with its proper amount of magnetic clothing, and the leaving behind it of coarser matter which it no longer needs and which it has robbed of about a third of its magnetism.

“As I have said before, these worthless

atoms, which have been robbed of their spirit, rise up above the earth's atmosphere and there lie helpless until revived by a comet. A comet is merely a wandering supply of pure magnetic flame, devoid of matter except its nucleus, or guiding principle, which is ever striving to reach some planet, and in its fruitless endeavors carrying its tail or magnetic flame as a great torch which strikes each worthless atom and leaves within its heart a proper amount of its spiritual flame, and that is why comets are continually sweeping around among the planets.

"I have already shown you how man's material form was gradually evolved from the lower animal kingdom. Step by step he kept rising in the scale of progress.

"It is in this wise that living germs are constantly being breathed in by the male parent; they are developed or clothed in his blood, until they have sufficient strength and size to enter a prepared ovum, and it will not be necessary for me to tell you more on this point; I will merely say, that as material forms progress they attract and breathe in correspondingly higher germs; that is, a donkey

cannot attract and hold the germs that are intended to develop into a wise and perfect man; but a very fine monkey, gorilla, or baboon can breathe in and hold the germs that are a shade higher and finer than the creature that inhales them; and as fast as these forms progress they attract and hold higher and still higher germs. Now, my dear son, you perceive from what I have said that within the spiritual and angelic spheres we have all that you have on earth and we have all that the earth ever produced. Your earth is but the nucleus of vast spheres which surround it, and these spheres are peopled with spirits, angels, and spiritual forms of all things that ever had life, with all the developed germs which the earth has been able to develop. These spheres are so vast and grand that they are able to hold in their proper place and order all these variously developed forms; and every year which the earth counts gives just so many more forms into the spheres, just so many more spirits and angels; just so many more worthless atoms rise up to eventually make another moon; and this is true of all earths or secondary worlds that are not suns.

Suns are first or primary worlds, which have yielded up their spiritual forms. Planets are secondary worlds, or inhabited worlds, that are yielding up their spirits very gradually, which go to make up the spiritual spheres and the worthless atoms to at length form moons, or third worlds, which I shall tell you about at some future time."

Father, I said, my mind is continually filled with Oceanides. I cannot cease thinking of her for one instant. I would rather now we went to visit her. I am anxious to know how she is feeling after her last night's adventure with that fiend Rhombus; for I will not admit that he is or ever can be her husband.

"We have yet a half hour to spare," answered my father, "and we will now return to earth and find Oceanides."

Victor and the others remained behind, my father, Rose, and myself returned to earth. We went first to Oceanides' cottage, and here we were witnesses to a heart-rending scene. Oceanides was sitting in the little parlor, at the small table, sewing by the light of the shaded lamp as fast as her nimble fingers could fly. The door of the dining-room was open. The

table was spread for one, and the food, which she had cooked three or four hours ago, was placed on the stove where it would keep warm for the man that had not yet come home. She looked pale, dejected, and utterly weary.

Presently the door was flung open and Rhombus entered. One could see at a glance that he had been drinking deeply. His coal-black eyes burned with a fierce light and his powerful animal nature was wound up to its highest pitch.

Oceanides arose, trembling in every limb.

"Your supper is all ready," she said, in a quivering voice.

"I don't want any supper," he replied. "Go to bed and get out of my sight!"

"I cannot go to bed," answered Oceanides. "This work must be finished before morning."

"Go to bed! I tell you," he cried in a loud voice, "or I will make you in a way you won't like."

Oceanides stood, fearful and irresolute, for a moment. The work must be done; for if her work was not done at the time appointed she could not get more, and then there would be no money to keep her house or buy food for

the fowl; and Rhombus, Alice, and herself might starve.

"Why don't you go!" thundered Rhombus, and going up to her he pushed her violently toward the door, and then opening it he pushed her out into the night, slamming the door violently and locking it; then going to the sofa he threw himself down upon it and dozed off into a drunken stupor.

Poor Oceanides was without bonnet or shawl, and it was now ten o'clock at night. She waited another hour, sitting on the door-steps. She knocked for admission a number of times; then she looked in at the window, and, seeing him in this condition, knew it would be useless to think of gaining entrance to the house before morning; she must pass the night on the door-steps or go somewhere else. She was too deeply sensitive and proud to think of rousing any of her neighbors, or even telling any of them her troubles. She sat on the steps a while longer, and then her mind began to give way under the terrible mental strain. She had on no bonnet or shawl, and could not bear to be seen wandering about the streets of the little city without them; but go

somewhere, do something, she must ; and she came to the conclusion to end her suffering and despairing life beneath the waves of the moonlit sea that was not far distant.

Father, I said, I will not leave Oceanides, even if I never return to my body again.

"You need not," he replied. "All will be right with your sleeping body. You are not very far distant from it, and we must save Oceanides, for she is contemplating suicide. The poor girl's troubles are turning her brain, but she must remain on earth many years longer."

And so we hovered over and about the poor, distracted creature. She wandered from the city toward a high bluff, and she did not pause until she stood on a high point of rock which overhung the deep sea when the tide was in, — and it was now full tide.

"Do you remember this rock?" asked my father, turning to me.

Yes, it was the very rock which overhung the entrance to the cave where I had nearly lost my own life a few days ago. She reached the extreme edge of the overhanging rock and stood there for a few seconds in the bright

moonlight, her beautiful form and despairing face outlined against the dark blue vault of heaven. She turned her face upward, and at the same time she raised her right hand as though she would ask forgiveness of heaven for the act which she was about to commit, and as she did so I started with a great surprise. Surely, it was Viola and not Oceanides that was about to cast herself into the sea. She was clothed in some kind of light summer material which had become unbound at the waist, and the wind at this high, isolated spot swept it close about her supple, rounded, and beautiful limbs, carrying the full skirt out far behind her in waving folds. Her long hair had also become unbound and was streaming outward in the wind, and as the pale light of the moon fell upon its waving masses they seemed to gather light and glory from the angelic spheres. Her beautiful, upturned face, her noble brow, her full and rounded bust, as she stood there, midway between heaven and the ocean,—all, all were the exact counterpart of the angel Viola.

I gazed spell-bound ! and now — now ! what strange thing was this ? Just above her hovered



another form; in truth, the angel Viola.

She gently pushed Oceanides away from the edge of the rock.

“Now,” said my father, “let us approach and hear what Viola will say to Oceanides.” And so we glided very near to the form of the poor, distracted pale lady of the sands, and my father now put me into a condition where I could hear all that passed between Viola and Oceanides. Said Viola, —

“What are you about to do?”

“I am about to throw myself into the sea,” answered Oceanides, “and end my wretched life.”

“But if you were to throw yourself into the sea a thousand times, that would not end your life,” said Viola.

“But it would end the life of my body, would it not?” asked the pale lady.

“Is it your body which suffers, or the spirit within that body? It is not your body which suffers, dear Oceanides, but the spirit within that body, and your spirit will suffer just as much, and, I am very sure more, if it becomes disengaged from that body at present. Oceanides, the true reason why you suffer is the

want of love and appreciation from the man you call husband: if he loved you, even if he were a cripple and you had to toil just as you do now, still you would be happy and would never think of drowning your body; you would greatly desire to keep your body as long as possible that you might be near him and minister to his wants. It is the want of love, dear Oceanides, which causes you to suffer, and your spirit would suffer just the same whether in or out of the body, if you had not conjugal love. He is not your conjugal mate. His love for you is that of the vulture for the dove. You and he can never mate. He would not treat a woman that matched him as he treats you. Your very virtues and struggles for existence are a constant source of irritation to him. He does not value the nice little home which your industrious hands provide for him and yourself. A low vicious haunt and a barmaid, with half a dozen roistering vulgar men, cracking lewd jokes between drinks, is the kind of home he loves, best suited for a nature like his."

"Oh!" groaned Oceanides, seating herself on the rock and pressing her hands to her

throbbing brow, "he is my husband; perhaps I may at length reform him if I am patient and struggle on for a while longer. I have often heard of wives reforming their husbands."

"Oceanides," said Viola, with solemn impressiveness, "you can never reform one whose real nature is but very little above a low, coarse savage. Can you reform a wild Indian and make a refined gentleman out of him? Can you change the spots on the skin of a leopard, or can you make a giant oak out of a pine tree? No; Oceanides, you can never reform this man. He is merely living out his own particular line of being. He could not be anything else if he tried. He is on that plane of existence. The spiritual, the moral, the true sense of nobility, is not yet developed within him and never will be while he remains on earth, and he will be many, very many years in the spiritual world, before he can be developed up to a plane corresponding with yourself; yet he will never develop on a line with yourself. His line of development and yours will diverge as far apart as the poles. Oceanides, your sweet life and all your wearing struggles are useless and wasted; they will never do him a particle of good."

"Tell me, then dear spirit," cried Oceanides  
"what shall I do?"

Viola raised the hand which held the golden pen and wrote rapidly in the air, saying:—  
"Thus are the pages of thy future all written over. Canst thou read this writing, Oceanides?"

Oceanides gazed intently at the writing in the air, reading sentences here and there. —  
Thou hast already seen the one intended for thee from the beginning. He loves thee. He is noble, good and true. He is alone and longs for his mate. In him thou shalt find love and peace and rest. Cheer up, Oceanides. Battle the fierce waves yet a little longer, and thou shalt find a smooth and sunny haven at last.

"Go back now my dear girl," said Viola, "to the place you call home. The grey dawn is struggling in the east."

She smoothed and kissed the tired brow and disappeared. My father turned to me, saying:

"Good bye! my dear Ernst." All will be well with Oceanides. Now go to your room," and he waved me a fond farewell.

I awoke, bathed in perspiration. I was

swayed by a sudden resolution. I dressed myself hastily. The rock was not far distant from the hotel. It was just in the chill, grey, dawn. I was determined to meet Oceanides face to face as she descended from the rock on her way home. I would plead with her. I would tell her of my mad love for her. I would beg her to fly with me and leave this villainous Rhombus to his own devices. Surely there could be no sin in leaving one that had sought to take her life so many times. Surely there could be no sin in her loving one that would give his life for her. I hurried forth. I walked rapidly. I came within sight of the mass of high rocks. I gazed with eagerness at the point where I had seen Oceanides in my dream. A faint doubt crossed my mind as to the truthfulness of my vision. I almost ran in my eagerness. I could now see the point of rock with more distinctness; when outlined against the grey sky, I saw a drooping figure sitting on the rock, with its face hidden within its hands. Yes, it was Oceanides. My poor, poor Oceanides! My heart throbbed near to bursting. I approached her more rapidly. She started and raised her head. She arose

to her feet as though to fly; but I intercepted her path. I stretched forth my arms toward her pleadingly. Oceanides! I cried, in a choking voice; it is I! Mr. Von Himmel. Do not be afraid. I know all. I have been with you in a dream. Come to me my darling! Lay your poor head on this true heart that will only beat and throb to make you happy.

She stood, like a statue, gazing at me with dilating eyes. I threw my arms about her. I drew the poor head, all wet with the heavy dew of the morning, down upon my shoulder. I kissed the marble brow, the pale lips. A heavy sigh burst from the tortured breast, and with the sigh I thought a soul escaped from the bondage of clay; for I held a lifeless burden in my arms.

Oh, merciful God! was she already dead? Had her spirit gone to be with Viola? and I thought if she did not return to life I would take her dead body in my arms and jump with it into the sea; but I must try, first, to see if I could bring her back to life. Perhaps she had only fainted. I took off my coat and making a pillow of it, I laid her down on the rock. I found where the last rain had made little

pools in the cavities of the rock. I filled my Panama hat with the water and sprinkled the death-white upturned face. I chafed the cold and lifeless hands. I whispered her name, softly. Oceanides, my Oceanides! Awake — awake! It is your own true love who calls. Come back — come back, my darling! Do not leave me; we can be happy yet.”

• The sad eyes opened at last; the breath came faint and fluttering. The first streaks of golden light in the east tinged the fair, pale cheek and glinting hair. I raised her gently in my arms. Oceanides, I said, speak to me, and tell me I may protect you.” She drew herself gently from my embrace. She sat before me with drooping head and clasped hands; but uttered not a word. She shivered slightly. I wound my long ulster about her shoulders.

Oceanides, I said, tell me that you love me and you shall never more go back to that vile wretch. I will give you wealth, honor and love. I will only live to gratify your every wish. See! dearest. I plead with you on my bended knee. I raise my hand to heaven and swear before God, that I will ever be faithful and true. Come! Oceanides. Come with me

to the hotel. I will provide you with the best room the house can afford. You shall have beautiful clothes and I will not intrude upon you unless you desire it, and as soon as you can free yourself legally, from that man, I will wed you. You shall be my loved and honored wife.

“Mr. Von Himmel,” she said, “you know not what you ask. I am a broken-hearted married woman. Is that a fitting wife for the world-renowned artist, Ernst von Himmel! Your fame is not unknown to me, Mr. Von Himmel; and as for me, I must still walk in the path of duty. Did I not swear, at the altar, to cherish, love, honor and obey — for better or worse — through evil report and good report? No; Mr. Von Himmel. I must go back and be true to my vows.”

But, I cried in agony of spirit, his behavior has released you from all such vows; even the law does not hold you bound to such a wretch, and would release you at once if it were brought to trial. Dear Oceanides, I would never have spoken to you of love if this had not been the case. I cannot feel that my passion is a guilty one.



She slowly struggled to her feet.

"See! Mr. Von Himmel. The sun is rising. I must be gone. Already my chickens are peeping for their food. Alice is wondering where mamma can have gone? and thinking breakfast should be nearly ready. Mr. Rhombus must have his hot coffee after his state of intoxication, and my work must be carried home to-day without fail, or I can have no more. Mr. Von Himmel, I cannot stay! My responsibilities press heavily upon me and beckon me back with unsparing hand. Dear Mr. Von Himmel, let me pass. See! the sun is rising."

I turned away almost wrathfully. Great God! Had this woman no poetry, or fine feeling, that she could cast my great love away for the peep of chickens, the wants of a puling girl, and because her drunken husband must have hot coffee? My great love almost turned to disgust. I stepped aside rather haughtily.

You are at liberty to go, madam, I said, coldly. Perhaps the life you lead is better suited to your taste than I thought? But the words had no sooner passed my lips than I regretted them. Her clear, deep, truthful blue

eyes met mine, reproachfully; the full, broad brow belied my thought; the graceful majestic form was poetry itself.

Allow me, then, madam, to be your escort as far as the hotel.

She took my arm without a word, and I aided her in descending the rock.

"I do not wish to pass the hotel," she said, softly. "You see I have on no bonnet or shawl; here is the little pathway, through the bushes, by which I came. I can go back this way without being observed."

I raised my hat—she bowed with stately grace and disappeared amongst the shrubbery. I entered the hotel in no very pleasant mood. Breakfast awaited me. I scowled at the waiter that gave me curious glances, wondering, I supposed, what had taken me out so early in the morning.

Mrs. Cary was just descending the stairs, all in her crisp, fresh, morning toilet; her dark hair shining like satin; her bright eyes round with surprise; her scarlet lips pursed up with an:—"Oh, Mr. Von Himmel! What could have taken you out so early? You really look like a walking ghost! Why you are all wet

with dew! Did you go to witness the sunrise? Oh, dear," she went on, "I never could get up early enough for that. Come, Mr. Von Himmel, breakfast is all ready. Your long walk to see the sunrise must have made you hungry," and she flitted into the breakfast room like a bird. I grimly followed and recklessly made up my mind to propose to her at my earliest opportunity. I swallowed my coffee in silence, and then my heart cried out for Oceanides! Oceanides! But she, no doubt, was preparing coffee for her drunken Lord and Master and feeding those miserable chickens! My protestations of love she had very calmly waived, which I was sure she would not have done, under the circumstances, if she had felt any love for me; but, as I reflected more calmly, I came to the conclusion that I would not propose to Mrs. Cary until I had, at least, received another visit from my father. I also felt curious to hear what he would say concerning my actual meeting with Oceanides and my confession of love.

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE hour at last arrived, and I was with my angel visitors once more. Victor and Viola never appeared to me so radiant and glorious as they did now. My father smiled upon me most benignly, laying his hand on my head in blessing. Victor swept the strings of his harp in a most masterful style, and it seemed as though his music echoed and re-echoed throughout all the vast dome of heaven, for we were now gliding swiftly out over the sea.

Viola's eyes rested upon me with a singular expression which I did not fully understand, and her beautiful hand rested over her throbbing heart, as though to hide and still its wild beating.

Victor's music spoke of hope, victory and completeness.

"Ernst," said my father, "shall we pay Oceanides a short visit, first?"

I gladly consented; for this was really my secret desire. I loved to hear about the formation of worlds, and I loved knowledge for knowledge's sake, but I loved Oceanides better than all else. Without her what did it matter to me how the worlds were made, or whether there were a God or not? Even if there were a God and such a heaven as I had often heard about, I did not care to enter it without Oceanides, and it seemed to me, if there were a hell and a devil, such as I had often heard about, I should want to go there if she were there. To be with her in spirit, if I could not in body, was heaven and happiness to me; and presently we entered the home of Oceanides.

She sat plying the needle as usual, but this time great tears were rolling down over the beautiful pale cheeks, and sob after sob heaved the lovely bosom. My father approached her and passed his hands over her head and eyes a number of times; although she could not see us, yet the spirit's touch thrilled her from head to foot, her tears ceased to flow, her sobs were stilled, and then my father put me into *rappor*t with her, and I could read her mind; and these were her thoughts.

“How grand and noble Mr. Von Himmel must be. I have always dreamed of just such love and just such a man; yet I never thought I should meet him in this world. Oh, why could we not have met when I was free and happy, before such misery as this was my portion? He told me he loved me. Oh, how kind he has been to me! How I could love and worship him if I were only free to do so. I am alone—all, all alone! I never see Mr. Rhombus, except when he comes home late at night, and he is nearly always in a drunken fury, and my life with him is one great agony. Oh, to be loved with such love as I know Mr. Von Himmel would give me; this would be all the heaven I could desire; we would make a heaven for each other; it would be joy beyond measure to seek after wisdom with him. He seemed hurt and angry because I did not manifest any love for him. I do not wonder. He must think I am very thankless, but I dared not show him my heart. If my reserve were once broken down I fear my prudence would go to the winds, for I feel a great tidal wave within my soul, and it is gradually flooding my whole being. Oh,

my heart tells me, this is love! the first I have ever known. It seems to me as though it were the birth and dawn of a new and glorious life since Mr. Von Himmel told me he loved me; my burdens are lightened. Oh, would that I could return his love in all honor — would that I were free from this cruel bondage! He told me he would wed me if I were free, and I believe he would. He is too noble to deceive me, and yet since my marriage, I have lost faith in all mankind. I believe that Mr. Von Himmel's grand soul will restore my faith in the other sex; and yet when I think of leaving Mr. Rhombus and obtaining a divorce, a great horror seizes me — an unseen power seems to hold me back. I know he has long since forfeited all love and esteem which my heart would gladly have given him; yet I cannot leave him. He is my wedded husband. I have sworn before the altar to be a faithful wife, and a mother to his child. Even if he has proved faithless, I think it does not absolve me. If I also prove faithless and untrue, how much better than he should I be? Perhaps if I still continue straight on in the path of duty, and hold my soul in patience,

I shall at last be rewarded ; perhaps it will be the means of reforming Mr. Rhombus, and he will love and treat me kindly at last. If I had listened to Mr. Von Himmel, and gone with him to the hotel, it would have caused a scandal, and when he found himself scandalized on my account, it might have turned his heart against me ; and, even now, his love and esteem are so precious in my eyes, I think if I were to lose them it would cause my death. Pray heaven I may always deserve his esteem — pray heaven I may always be worthy of his love. There is one great fear in my heart, and that is, perhaps he will wed another and then there will be an inseparable barrier between us ; then, indeed, will our love be entirely hopeless, and we may never realize our love until we meet in heaven, and who can say that we then shall love each other as we now do.”

“ Mr. Von Himmel is but thirty years of age, and I am the same age ; strange that he should love one so near his own age ! We are so young, happiness may yet be in store for us, even in this world ; but the thought that he may marry another is most terrible to me ; for I feel that this kind of life between Mr.



Rhombus and myself cannot last long; something will happen, I am sure;" and with this last thought, poor Oceanides folded up her work and prepared to retire. She had not slept at all the night before, as, of course, I well knew, and nature was completely exhausted. Mr. Rhombus would not be at home until long after midnight, and we floated out again on the still night air.

"Do you wish to propose to Mrs. Cary now?" asked my father, with a smile.

No, I answered, I will never propose to Mrs. Cary.

"If you did," he said, "and were accepted, as you surely would be, your happiness in this earthly life would forever be at an end. Mrs. Cary, although very attractive and apparently desirable in every way, would never make you happy; her real love would never be yours, and your heart would never belong to her, and as soon as your real selves were fully revealed to each other there would be hatred between you instead of love; and, putting it at the very mildest, you would be perfectly indifferent to each other. Oceanides' soul matches your own, and true love will ever be on the increase

with you. You can never become indifferent to each other under any circumstances: wait, dear Ernst, wait! Oceanides will surely yet be yours — your honored and wedded wife — if you are only patient, and remain single.”

Father, I asked, can you read the future? Can you tell me how and when this shall be?

“I may not be able to tell you just how long it will be, but this I can tell you; Rhombus will soon encompass his own ruin instead of the ruin of Oceanides; he now certainly thinks he shall ruin and cause the death of his wife, for he wants to marry a girl of low repute, one on a level with his own coarse nature; he is constantly plotting with this creature to cause the death of Oceanides; but they wish it to appear as though she died by accident; they think then there would be nothing in their way, for Rhombus knows very well he could not obtain a divorce, his wife is too pure and blameless for that; no law would grant him a divorce. Oceanides could obtain one, but he could not; therefore, he is trying to destroy her life. Poor child! she does not know all this; but, dear Ernst, we will thwart him. She must not die, for you and she must live

many happy years together yet on earth, and then spend a glorious eternity together. Ernst, my dear son, we must be vigilant if we are to save her life, for his evil brain is thinking of nothing else but to take it. We shall have our hands full for awhile, for every time he is thwarted it renders him more anxious to fetch about the desired result. His paramour is more stealthy and cat-like than himself. Would you like, now, to visit him at his vile haunt and see what is going on there? you will be better prepared to aid me in thwarting him in his vile purpose. Oceanides does not dream how extremely low and debased he is. Poor, deluded girl; she thinks, perhaps, she can reform him, but if she could see him now she would change her mind, and fly from him in horror. By going with me there, you will also discover how spirits and angels become aware of the evil intentions of those on earth, and are able to thwart them and protect the innocent, and how those of earth with right and good intentions, if they patiently wait, are at length rewarded for their sufferings; but, of course, all these things take time. We, as spiritual beings, are not at liberty to take life

any more than you are on earth; hence, we can only do all that we can to thwart evil and reward good; to eliminate good from evil; that is our work and mission to the children of earth, and we usually constitute ourselves the guardian angels of our own children if we can. Now, come, my dear son, and we will enter a most disgusting place and put ourselves *en rapport* with a most disgusting and evil man and woman."

My father now paused before the door of an old rickety building in a vile street of that white gleaming city that usually looked so pure and sleepy in the moonlight, across the arm of the sea; but sin and error were hidden here as well as in larger cities. Victor, Viola and Rose did not care to enter. It were better not to come in contact with the vile, unless, by doing so, they might hinder evil and do good; but my father said it was enough for him and me to go in; they might wait for us in some quiet spot. The door was sunken, the steps rickety and rotten; all appeared dark on the outside of the building. A coarse curtain was drawn across a window that held a few jars of dirty looking candy, a few clay

pipes, and some tobacco; just enough to give the appearance of a small shop, which had long ago been closed for the night; but the place could not bar our entrance. Although the dirty looking door was doubly bolted and barred, and the one window securely fastened, in we went just the same, and entered a filthy room just back of the small front shop, and here sweltered Rhombus and his vile mate. A dirty, smoking lamp stood on a filthy table. A pitcher of steaming rum-punch stood by the side of the lamp. A black bottle, filled with vile whiskey stood near the pitcher, and a fierce bull-dog, with glaring eyes, was crouched beneath the table.

Rhombus sat tipped back against the broken wall, in a three legged chair, his face red and bloated with the liquor he had drunk; his great black eyes filled with an evil, lurid light; his large, coarse mouth and sensual lips holding a dirty clay pipe filled with villainous tobacco, and the room was filled with the fumes of tobacco smoke. Near him sat the vile woman that charmed his viler heart. She was low and coarse by nature. She had never been anything but low. Her brow was narrow

and retreating, her mouth and lips large and full, her eyes shifty, cat-like, and of a yellowish green. Her hair was extremely thick and coarse, and her form reminded one of a panther. She, also, held a clay pipe in her mouth; yet she was not more than twenty-six or seven years of age — not as old, even, as Oceanides — yet her sins could be counted by thousands, while poor Oceanides had not committed one known sin in all her life. This woman had been drinking as deeply as had Rhombus.

“Well, Liz,” said Rhombus, taking the pipe from his mouth and pouring out another full glass of the raw whiskey; “it’s a failure! I have done my best, for at least a half-dozen times, and I can’t kill her. She always manages to live, somehow.”

“You needn’t tell me,” replied Liz, “that you half try. You don’t know nothing! You ain’t half smart! Why in h—l didn’t you push her over the bank when she jumped out of the buggy. You bet I would! It wouldn’t have took me long to have thought it and done it, too! You say nobody was there, you could have thrown the buggy over afterwards. Oh! but you men do think so slow.”

"I tell you, Liz, I couldn't! She had fast hold of the horse, by his bits, and seven devils couldn't have got that horse and woman away from each other. Why! Old Charley just laid his nose down on her shoulder and followed her like a dog. I tell you, Liz, I couldn't!"

"Well, but I could!" exclaimed Liz.

"No, you couldn't," said Rhombus. "She was screaming like a wild-cat, and there's people living around there. You don't want to get me hung, do you, Liz?"

"No," answered Liz, with a laugh. "If you was hung we couldn't get married, and you know, Tommy, you're the man I want. So you turned her out doors last night, did you? Well, what d'you expect to gain by that?"

"Well, I don't know," said Rhombus. "I was kinder irritated to think I failed; it made me mad, you know; but she came back all right this mornin'."

"Do you think," asked Liz, "if you treated me that way, I'd come back?"

"Well, by ——! you'd be a fool if you would."

"I'm no fool," said Liz, "but she's the biggest fool that ever lived. Why! if you treated

me that way I'd tear the hair all out of yer head! I'd gouge yer eyes out, you bet! Why! the very thought wants to make me set the dog on yer, now. Here, Tige!"

The dog gave a low growl and glared omniously; he had no particular love for Rhombus and a few words would have caused him to bury his fangs in his throat.

"Shut up, Liz!" said Rhombus. "The dog may kill me yet, for all you know."

"Be quiet, Tige!" commanded Liz. "Well, what air you going to do now?" asked she.

"Curse me ef I know!" he answered. "I have tried about everything, you know."

"You could never git a divorce," said Liz.

"No, of course I couldn't," he replied.

"I'll tell you," said she, "it takes two heads to lay a plan and carry it out. Well, now look here. I've just got a thought."

"Oh! have you?" sneered Rhombus.

"You bet I have! and that's more'n you have."

"Well, what is it?" asked he.

"You see Tige, there, don't you, Tom?"

"Why, of coarse!"

"Suppose you take him home with you?"



"Well, suppose I should?"

Don't you see what I'm driving at?"

"Oh, Liz!" exclaimed Rhombus, "He might kill Alice."

"No," said Liz, "he won't touch anybody 'less he's set on. You needn't set him onto Alice."

"No."

"But there's one you can set him onto, ain't there? You only hev to say two or three words, at first, you know, and you needn't do it when anybody's around."

"Oh, God! Liz," exclaimed Rhombus. "That's too awful! You know that dog never lets go 'till he's tore the windpipe out of anything."

"Well, of course not," answered Liz, with a sneer. "He wouldn't do us no good if he did. Now, you don't mean to tell me you haven't got spunk enough fur that?"

"Well, Liz, give me plenty of whiskey and I can do most anything that won't stretch my neck for me."

"Well, I don't see how you can be blamed for what Tige does. Can't you say she struck him? That dog won't bear a blow of any kind, if it's ever so soft."

"Well, I suppose I could," answered Rhombus. "When shall I take the dog?"

"Why, take him now," replied Liz.

"Will he go with me, do you think?"

"Yes, if I tell him to," she answered, "and he'll stay by you 'till he sees me agin. Here, Tige!" she said, calling the dog from under the table. "Here, go with him, and watch him."

The dog arose and crawled out from under the table. He was a large, powerful bull-terrier with fierce eyes; a most dangerous and villainous looking creature.

"Come, Tige!" said Rhombus, patting the dog on the head. "Come, Liz has got work for you to do. By ——! This fairly makes my legs tremble."

"Oh, git out!" exclaimed Liz. "Tige, go with him."

Rhombus made an effort to brace up his courage, and started from the house with the dog following grimly at his heels.

"Come, Ernst," said my father. "You may be sure we shall be needed."

Oh, merciful heavens! How were we to ward off this frightful peril from my poor innocent, darling Oceanides?

"Come!" said my father, with great earnestness. "I hope we shall be able to save her; but we shall have to work hard for it."

My spirit quailed within me. As for me, I knew I could do nothing, and how my dear father was to save her, I knew not. Victor, Viola, and Rose, now joined us. They divined, at once, the work we had to do, and we all soon entered the neat little dining-room of the pure and loving woman that was up stairs in her white bed, sleeping quietly the sleep of weary innocence. The door which led into the parlor was closed. Oceanides very seldom retired until Rhombus came home, and he supposed she was there sewing, as usual. He called the dog and threw open the door, but the room was dark and deserted.

"Guess she's gone to bed," he muttered. "All the better. Tige can hold her there, better than any where else. Come on, Old Hold-fast! I never knew that big jaw of yours to let go of anything it once got hold on. Come on, now; she may fight some, but not long I guess. Do you think she will, old Tige?"

The dog seemed to understand that he was sent to do some bloody work. His blood-shot

eyes glared fiercely. He slobbered at the mouth, and his stiffened, hairless tail waved slowly backward and forward; he followed at Rhombus' heels in that awful, threatening way that bull-dogs have. Rhombus opened the chamber door. Oceanides was a light sleeper, and had heard him when he entered the house. The room was dimly lighted by a small lamp that stood upon a table near by. Oceanides had raised herself to a sitting posture in the bed. The bed was clothed, after the usual fashion, with blankets and a white coverlid, and folded across the foot of the bed was a thick puff, or tacked comforter, as they are sometimes called, and it happened to be unusually thick and heavy.

Rhombus stood near the door, for a second or two, the huge dog, with glaring eyes, close at his side, impatiently waiting his command.

Oceanides did not at first, half asleep as she was, realize the situation. She saw the dog, but thought it was merely one of Rhombus' drunken freaks, bringing home a dog, never dreaming that harm threatened herself. Rhombus raised his finger. The dog made ready for the spring. He was a trained fighting dog and never leaped until the third "sic."

Rhombus pointed straight at the white form of his wife sitting there helpless and unsuspecting in her bed.

"Sic-sic-sic!" and as the last hiss left his lips, the supple body of the dog leaped through the intervening space, and — Oh, my God! were his fangs buried in the soft white throat of my Oceanides? I could not see my father, anywhere; but Victor, Viola, and Rose were hovering directly over the bed.

The dog remained for a few seconds motionless, with his great jaws fixed in something, and wild with terror as I was, I thought it was my darling's throat. Presently he began to rage and tear. I could hear the sound of what I thought must be the tearing of her delicate flesh from her bones. Soon he leaped off the bed holding firmly, dragging and tearing some white substance with him.

Oh, merciful heaven! was it portions of Oceanides white flesh? My horror was so great I could not tell. I think I lost all sense, but when I looked again the dog was shaking a large quantity of white material from his jaws. I looked toward the bed. I could just discover a huddled heap. My father seemed

to issue from the heap upon the bed. His face wore a look of anguish.

"Ernst, my dear son," he said, solemnly. "She is yet safe! Come hither and look;" and I went.

Oceanides lay in a heap, completely covered by the heavy puff, head and all. The dog, in his blind fury, had rended and torn the puff, and large masses of the white wadding lay scattered about; but my father was right; as yet, Oceanides was unhurt.

When Rhombus had uttered the first "sic," she had become aware of his intentions, and like a flash she had pulled the heavy quilt over herself, head and ears. The angels hovered over, dropping tears upon the poor trembling form. My father seemed to hold her in his arms.

Rhombus stared at her. He, too, thought Oceanides had been torn in pieces by the bulldog, but he soon discovered his mistake.

"Oceanides!" he cried, with an oath. "Throw off that quilt! You darned fool! The dog is only playing. He wouldn't hurt no one. Throw it off, you cursed idiot! If you don't, I'll make him go for you in dead earnest."

Oceadides raised the quilt, slightly, from off her face; for she was nearly smothered and must have a little air.

"Oh, Mr. Rhombus!" she wailed, pitiously. "Call the dog away. Take him out of the room. I am dreadfully afraid of him."

"Damn you! I tell you the dog won't hurt you! Throw off the quilt, you cursed fool! and git up out of that bed. I want my supper. How d'ye happen to go to bed and leave me without any supper?"

"Your supper is all on the table, down stairs. Oh! do go down, Mr. Rhombus, and take the dog with you."

The dog stood grimly awaiting further orders.

"Damn you!" exclaimed Rhombus. "I'll go down stairs when I like, and the dog goes where I go!"

Oceanides raised herself slightly in the bed, once more, half believing what Rhombus had said about the dog being in play; again Rhombus raised his finger; again "Sic-sic-sic!" the dog made another leap, but Oceanides was again covered with the large and thick quilt, avoiding the parts which had been torn away.

The dog, this time, did not seize the quilt; he had discovered his mistake, but he stood over the huddled form ready to take advantage of the least opportunity.

“Tige! Seize her! Tear her!” commanded Rhombus.

The dog seized the quilt in his powerful jaws, and now there was a fearful struggle. The dog would rend and tear the covering at one point, Oceanides would deftly hide and cover herself at another; and thus the awful struggle continued until the covering was torn into atoms. There still remained the sheet, blanket, and coverlid. Oceanides rolled over and over in them; the dog kept nosing at the place where he knew her throat to be, but she was so completely wound about by the clothes that she remained unhurt.

Rhombus cursed and swore at the dog, calling him a good-for-nothing coward, and Oceanides a frightened fool. At last he grew tired of the sport, and calling the dog off, he gave him a cruel kick, and then kicked him down the stairs.

It is a strange thing to chronicle, but truth compels me to do so: Poor Oceanides felt



sorry for the dog when she heard Rhombus kick and curse him. She heard him kick the dog down into the cellar, slam the door to, and lock it, then for an hour, or more, she could hear his heavy snoring as he slept off his vile potations.

"Ernst," said my father, "all danger is over for the present; Let us go; We are in no condition to talk of the wonders of creation just now."

Tell me first, dear father, how did you help Oceanides?

"You remember when I disappeared? Well, I entered Oceanides body. That is to say, I possessed her, and gave her quickness, strength and courage to fight the terrible battle; while Victor, Viola, and Rose stood ready to lend their aid when it should be needed."

I parted with my dear angel guides affectionately, and awoke in my own room.

## CHAPTER XV.

I WILL now relate what my father afterward told me.

As soon as day dawned the next morning Rhombus, finding that his attempt at taking Oceanides' life was a failure, hastened down to the vile shop and the viler woman. Liz crawled out from a filthy bed in one corner of the room.

"Well, Tommy, you have been successful this time; I know by your looks. How long did it take the dog to finish her?"

"Finish her?" sneered Rhombus. "Give me some more whiskey, Liz, then I'll tell you all about it."

Liz poured out a large glassful of a vile mixture, which was anything but pure whiskey, and Rhombus tossed it off at one gulp; he poured for himself another, and drank that also; then, lighting his dirty pipe, he puffed away in silence for a few minutes.

"Well!" cried Liz, impatiently. "Why don't you tell me?"

"Oceanides is well, so far as I know," said Rhombus, phlegmatically.

"You old fool!" screamed Liz. "You don't mean to tell me you were too cowardly to set the dog on her? I know the dog well enough to know if you had he would have done his work well. I never knew him to let go of anything yet that he once took hold of until he had torn the life out of it. I always have to keep him chained, except when the doors are closed for the night; you know that very well, and he is always watching and waiting eagerly to be set on somebody or something. You mean old coward! What d'ye take the dog home for, then? I need him here; and now look ye here! You'll not git any more whiskey."

Rhombus still puffed away, his black eyes lighting up luridly.

"Liz," said he, "I did set the dog onto her."

"No, you didn't!" snarled Liz, "for if you had, she wouldn't have been alive ten minutes."

"Liz," said Rhombus, rather solemnly, "it warn't the dog's fault. He did awful execution!"

"Awful execution!" mocked Liz. "Come, now, explain yourself."

Rhombus then related the scene as it transpired.

"Well," said Liz, when he had finished, "the dog got tired all out on that cursed puff. Why didn't you set him on again when she come down this morning, and he was rested? I haven't fed him very much lately, I am afraid he is losing his strength."

"Liz," said Rhombus, "I couldn't set him on a fly till I'd had my whiskey."

"Well," said Liz, crossly, "whiskey costs money, and nary a cent do you give me. Do you think I am going to pay for your whiskey allers, and you do nothing? I want yer to know? You just bet I won't."

She took up the black bottle, placed it in the cupboard and locked the door, putting the key in her pocket.

"Look here, Liz!" said Rhombus. "Perhaps the dog'll go for her this mornin' when she opens the cellar door. She can't build a

fire, or git any breakfast, till she goes in the cellar for wood and coal."

"Pooh!" sneered Liz. "Guess you think wiming are all fools? Do you think she's going to let the dog bite her, 'less he's set on and she can't help herself? Do you know what I'd do, Tom, if I was her?"

"Guess you'd do most anything," said Rhombus.

"You bet I'd be smart enough for a bulldog!" said Liz, with a toss of the head.

"What would ye do?" asked Rhombus.

"I'd take the axe and beat his brains out at one blow; and if I couldn't git the axe in the cellar I'd borry one."

"You'll do! You're smart! Give us some more whiskey, Liz; that's a good girl. My nerves is kinder unstrung."

Liz, somewhat mollified, unlocked the cupboard and produced the bottle.

Rhombus poured out the last drop and drank it down.

"Look here, Tom! How much do you suppose your liquor costs me every day.

"Oh, never mind," said Rhombus. "Oceanides' chickens are about big enough to fetch a

good price. She's got some busters now, I tell you! and there's nigh about a thousand of them."

"Say, about five hundred," sneered Liz.

"No, by ——! There's a good round thousand, and all of the finest breed; to say nothing of the ducks and geese, there's about a hundred of them. Never mind, Liz, we'll have a big blow-out as soon's I can sell 'em to good advantage. You know I'm smart, and can sell things and git big prices for 'em."

"Oh, you'll do, there!" said Liz; "for you can lie an' cheat as good as any man I ever see."

"I think I've found a good customer that'll buy 'em, now," said Rhombus.

While this conversation was going on in Liz's den, Oceanides, hearing Rhombus go out, descended, with trembling limbs, to the dining-room. She knew the dog was shut up in the cellar and consequently could not harm her. She determined, if possible, to make friends with the dog; for if she did not, she knew her life was not worth a straw. She heard the dog scratching and whining at the cellar door to be released; she also knew the

dog must be hungry; she heaped a platter with food, and then, opening the door slightly, she spoke softly and kindly to the dog, at the same time offering him the food. The dog was half-starved, and bolted the food eagerly. She then patted his head, calling his name in gentle tones, and once more heaped the platter. The dog ate the food ravenously. She opened the door wide, still patting and caressing him, and allowed him to walk into the room; she then gave him a basin of water, all the while talking kindly to him, and before an hour had passed he was the best friend she had in the world, and he would have flown at anything that offered to harm her; and thus, love at last conquers hate and brutal force.

That night when Rhombus came home, still later than usual, as he attempted to open the door the dog's low growl and gleaming eyes warned him to close it at once, or the tables would be turned and it would be his throat, instead of the white throat of Oceanides.

Oceanides was, of course, unusually exhausted and had been obliged to retire before Rhombus came home. She had not forced the dog into the cellar, never dreaming that

Rhombus would be in any danger from it, and she had left him in the dining-room ; Rhombus was at the back door ; he shouted for Oceanides, but her room being up stairs in the front part of the house she did not hear him. Her sleep was very sound on account of her extreme weariness. Rhombus shouted till he was hoarse, and then it occurred to him to go to the front door and ring the bell. The dog with threatening growl went through the rooms to meet him there and defend Oceanides. He pulled the bell furiously, and shouted at the top of his voice ; this aroused Oceanides at once, and throwing on a wrapper she descended the stairs and opened the door, forgetting or not thinking the dog would hurt Rhombus ; but the dog stood ready to seize him the moment he should set foot within the door :

“Call off the dog! Curse you! Go at once and kick him into the cellar! Oh, you shall suffer for this!”

Oceanides called the dog into the dining-room and closed the door, and then Rhombus entered.

“You’re a fine wife for a man to have! ain’t



you?" he exclaimed. "You intended to have that dog kill me; but never mind! you shall pay dearly for this. Go and put the dog into the cellar! I want my supper."

Oceanides coaxed the dog into the cellar and closed the door; then, late as it was, and weary and exhausted as she was, she had to prepare supper afresh for the cruel man she called husband.

"Now," said Rhombus, "to pay you for this trick, I am going to leave you. I shall be off by day-break, and you will never see me again."

Oceanides made no reply, but sat with folded hands and downcast eyes, feeling that she was greatly to blame about the dog. Some may think this woman had no spirit; but this was not the case; this was marriage to her, she knew no other; and she had come to the conclusion that all her girlish ideas of marriage had been false, or imaginary. The next morning Rhombus went away as usual.

"You look your last on me, Oceanides; I will never live with you again. I look upon you as no better than a murderess," and he left the house.

Oceanides fed her large flock of valuable fowl that had just now reached a point where they would begin to repay her for her year of toil, by night and by day, with the needle, to feed and care for them; she looked with pride, as well as no little affection, on the beautiful birds that all manifested their love for her; they were in one sense her companions, for she had no others; they were now worth, all told, very nearly a thousand dollars; a large sum for poor, patient, toiling Oceanides. She now stood looking at them with love and pride. She had taken the best possible care of them—had raised the most of them from little chicks—their houses and coops were clean, and the fowl were all plump and shining. Oceanides was frugal, thoughtful, and had an eye to the future; it was not in her nature to remain in poverty; she had taken this method of raising fowl, as being the only one within her reach of making a little money and raising herself above the terrible drudgery of the needle; she thought, this morning, as she stood there looking at the beautiful birds, that even if Rhombus deserted her, she was in a fair way now to make a good living and could

lay by the needle for awhile, at least; for she had become exceedingly worn and thin; her eyes and spine were both very troublesome; the poor girl had not felt as hopeful for many a weary day. "Yes," she thought, "I will carry my sewing to the store to-day all finished, and not take out any more. I will have a good long rest. I really think I could not make another shirt, I am so completely worn out. I have fainted over the last lot, once or twice. Dear chicks, I have toiled hard to feed and raise you; now you will turn about, feed and provide for me and Alice, and pay all my bills. Yes, dear chicks, you are now in a condition where you can take care of us all. Eggs are now fetching a good round sum." Poor Oceanides! She was counting her chickens, but not before they were hatched. While she thus stood, with a hopeful smile on her sweet and noble face, the dog Tige, who was standing by her, fondly licking her hand as it hung by her side, gave a low, threatening growl, and began to wave his tail in a vicious manner. Looking up, she saw a stranger approaching. She bade the dog be silent. The man doffed his cap and bowed, at the

same time handing her a note, or written paper. She took it and opened it. Her pale face blanched to the hue of death as she read it. Dear reader, it did not contain a notice of Rhombus' death, but it was a bill-of-sale of every chick and fowl, with all their coops, houses, and lattice fence, troughs, feed dishes, and every appurtenance belonging to the hennery; the money had been paid, and the bill was receipted — eight hundred dollars all told — receipted in the scrawling hand-writing of Rhombus. There was no mistake, look as hard and long as she might.

“It's all right, madam, I suppose, is it not?” said the man, with another bow. “I think it's a big price to pay, but Mr. Rhombus says he's worked hard to git up this splendid hennery, an' it's cost him a mint o' money, but then, you know hens is cheap now, and I think I've paid enough.”

Oceanides gave the man the receipt back without a word, and slowly — very slowly, indeed — went into the house; she entered the little parlor, and seating herself in an easy chair, leaned her poor, tired head back and closed her eyes, dumb and tearless; she heard

the teams as the chickens were loaded on, houses, coops, and all, and when the last team was out of hearing, she arose and went to the door. A smaller wagon stood there and just as she opened the door it drove away. It was her little flock of geese, and the pure white creatures stretched forth their long necks and screamed for their home and Oceanides.

Oceanides raised her thin white arms and stretched them imploringly toward the departing swan-like necks of the geese; she turned her deep eyes upward, and then raised her arms aloft; did she call down curses on this man, her husband? No, she did not; but she implored the angels to pity and help her. Do you think they were deaf to that cry? We hope to show you, our readers, before we are done with this book, that they were not; they were only waiting until the proper time should come. Despair is a thing of time, and not of eternity. Recompense and joy belong to eternity.

Oceanides was obliged to take out more sewing that day, and midnight found her drooping over it with pale and dejected face. Now that her fowl and their houses were gone

the place seemed extremely lonely and deserted. She sewed on until the small hours of the morning, but Rhombus did not put in an appearance. Days passed and lengthened into weeks, still he came not. She had not the least idea where he was, and had no means of finding out. The dog still remained with her, and was all the companion she had; Alice and herself were all alone in the house, and they were quite a distance removed from neighbors; he was now a protection instead of a foe, and she felt safer for his being with her.

My father and Victor had visited me quite often during these sad weeks, but not every day, for my mind had become so much absorbed in Oceanides that I found it hard to think of the deep things in nature which he was so fond of teaching me; but a week, or so, after Rhombus had left his home, my father asked me if I should not like to go, in spirit, and see where Rhombus was, and what he was doing. I gladly assented, and we were soon on our way. Victor and Viola glided on a little way in advance, while the dark-eyed Rose and my father kept by my side.

Presently, Victor paused before one of those

old rambling taverns that are now nearly obsolete, and we entered.

The place had once been respectable, but had now long been the resort of thieves, fighting men, drunkards, and a corresponding class of women and girls. It was a vile den, where the most horrible orgies were held; into one of the upper rooms of this place we floated, and here we found Rhombus and the woman Liz.

Liz was dressed in a tawdry, red silk gown; her ears, fingers, and wrists boasted a lot of flashing brass jewelry; both their faces were bloated, swollen, and flushed with the poisonous liquors they had drunk; they were now quarrelling.

"I tell you," said Rhombus, "I won't spend any more money on yer! You've squandered nearly half I've got already. Do yer think eight hundred dollars is going ter last foreyer? especially at a flash hotel? I tell yer it won't, and you'd better be up and doing something. Such wimen as you are fools. You think a man's rich 'cause he's got a few hundred dollars. I don't suppose yer ever had so much money in all yer life. Oh, you think yer

smart, do yer? I tell yer, Liz, you're not half as smart as Oceanides is, now! She never says anything about being smart, and you're allers telling how smart you be. I don't believe you ever earned so much money in all yer life, and Oceanides has made this in a year, besides supporting the house, an' me, an' Alice, an' herself. Well, now, I've not much against Oceanides; if she would only buy me all the whiskey I want she an' I'd git along fust-rate."

"Yes!" screamed Liz, "But she won't! she won't! she never will! Do yer think, Tommy, she'd let yer go on as I've let yer go on? an' do yer think she loves yer as I love yer? Say, Tom! just give me that money and I'll make it go farther than you do. You don't say it's half gone, already?"

"Yes, I do!" said Rhombus, "an' we've only been here two weeks, an' we've spent four hundred dollars. To be sure you've had that silk gownd, an' them ear-rings, but four hundred dollars is four hundred dollars, an' if we stay here two weeks longer we shan't have any money at all. Now, Liz, git up and do something! You won't keep that little shop no more, I guess?"



"If you think, Tom Rhombus, that I'm fool enough to support you, you're awfully mistaken, that's all! If you married a fool you didn't marry me. Do yer think I'd ever be such a fool as Oceanides is? No! Tommy, you just git up and do somethin' yourself."

"I'll be darned if I do!" said Rhombus. "Not while I'm tied to wimin. I hate all wiminkind, an' while I'm fool enough to live with one, you bet she'll earn the money! Oceanides never finds any fault; she just looks pale and sorrowful like; that's all. Liz, I'll be darned if I ain't sorry I spent her money on such a girl as you be. I suppose, now, she won't live with me no more if I should go back. Perhaps she's broke up and gone. I'll be hanged if I shouldn't like to see my little girl. You bet I wouldn't trust her with such a one as you! If I could have trusted her with you, Liz, I shouldn't have married Oceanides. I tell you, Liz, she's too good for me."

I had seen and heard enough. Let us go back, I said; and so I returned, as usual, to my sleeping form in my own room. It was now Friday, and on Monday I was to return to the city, and to work once more. I deter-

mined to pay Oceanides another visit before I went, and influence her to leave Rhombus forever, after telling her what I had seen and heard. I was fearful the villain intended to return to her once more. I would beg her to fly with me to Europe; yet I had little hope that she would consent. The next day I took a carriage and drove to the home of my poor Oceanides. She gave me her hand with a sweet smile, and invited me into the cozy little parlor. She had grown pale and thin since I last saw her, and tears glistened in her sweet and patient eyes.

Oceanides, I said, I am about to return to the city, but I cannot go and leave you without again making an effort to save you from this man, Rhombus.

I then related to her what I had seen and heard in my dream. I would not have told any other person of my dreams, for if I were to do so they would only be met with ridicule, but the deep, spiritual eyes of this queen of my heart gave me courage, and I told her all that I had seen concerning Rhombus, also, all my dreams since I had come to this summer resort. I told her that my father and Victor

had both said that she was my own, true other-self, that I could never be happy with any other.

Oceanides, I pleaded, my darling! this man Rhombus is less than nothing to you. I will not admit that such a creature can be the husband of such a woman. You are wronging me, the man that does love you, most woefully! I think of you day and night. I am wretched without you. I fear if you refuse to go with me I shall be driven to commit suicide. I love you! Oh, I love you, my darling! I would give every drop of my heart's blood for you. I would shield you with my life. I could even kiss the spot where your dear foot has trod. Throw down those miserable shirts, Oceanides! I am even glad those wretched fowl have all disappeared. I am even glad that Rhombus is squandering the money which he received for them. I am glad that he is living with a girl of low repute. I am, almost, even glad that he has ill-treated you; for it all seems to point in one direction; it all seems to drive you straight into my arms, and deeper and deeper into my heart.

Oceanides sat with clasped hands and droop-

ing eyes; a flush mounted to her pale cheeks. Oh! such love were to her sweeter than heaven. Would that she were free to accept it! His words sounded to her ears like the ring of true metal. Her soul was stirred to its deepest depths. Oh, that she might lay her weary head on his faithful breast and say "I am thine and thou art mine!" — but her heart, as yet, was only stirred; she was not ready to throw by all considerations of duty; she could not, as yet, cast all things into the furnace of love; she was fearful that it might bring forth other than pure gold; her experience with Rhombus had not tended to exalt her opinion of men. In fact, she had lost faith in all mankind, although within her heart rested the sweet ideal of what man ought to be — of what true love ought to be — but she thought it might not be found on earth; perhaps it was reserved for heaven; yet this man before her seemed to be the responsive echo of all her sweet dreams. Oh, why could they not have met before? when she was free to lay her hand in his and say, with no sense of guilt or shame, "I love you! Oh, Ernst Von Himmel, I love you!" but she closed the portals

of her heart with a resolute hand, and shot the bar of duty athwart them.

"Mr. Von Himmel," she said, in a low and faltering voice, "I do not feel insulted by the words which you have uttered; I believe you are sincere, and no woman can be indifferent to, or treat lightly, the love which is offered to her by a true and noble heart; much less, an unhappy, wretched being like myself. Mr. Von Himmel, I am not worthy of such great love as you deign to offer me; I am a miserable wife, not free to accept your love; the wife of a man who is not worthy to unloose your shoe-latchets; still, I am his wife, and the adopted mother of his child. I have sworn to be loyal to him, I have sworn to be a mother to his child. If I were to listen to you, as my heart would prompt me to do, and fly with you to Europe, what would become of Alice?"

We might take her with us, I answered; yet I really did not want to encumber myself with a child belonging to Rhombus. I loved Oceanides with a mighty passion, but it did not extend to the child which was not that of Oceanides: if the child had really been hers I

think I should have loved it as being a part of the mother whom I loved so madly, but it was not her child, but the spawn of that vile man. I did not dislike the child, yet I could never love her.

Why not leave the child to her father? I asked.

"Mr. Von Himmel," said Oceanides, "I cannot hide from you the fact, and I do not think I would if I could, that my heart is deeply stirred by your protestations of love; that I am strongly tempted to do as you ask me to do; and if I do not yield to your wishes, I am putting happiness from my heart and accepting the deepest misery — such misery as I am hardly able to cope with — such misery as may soon end my earthly career. You tell me that Mr. Rhombus has left me, and is living with a girl of low repute; if this is so, Mr. Von Himmel, do you think your love for me is deep enough, and strong enough, to wait in patience for a year? and if at the end of that time I am not free to return it, in all honor, you shall then be released. As Mr. Rhombus is living openly with another woman, and I am left alone, I don't think I sin in cherishing

within my heart the sweet love which is nestling there for the first time in my lonely life; in the mean time I will wait here and discharge every duty faithfully, and take care of little Alice; we will not see each other during this time; we will not communicate with each other; if, at the end of the year, dear Mr. Von Himmel, you still love me, I will take means to free myself, legally, from Mr. Rhombus; and then, if you are willing to call a divorced woman wife, I will be yours; if you, then, can love and respect me after all the misery I have known — if you can love and respect a divorced woman — then we may be happy."

Oceanides, I pleaded, why not fly with me now? We will leave the child at the hotel where her father is now staying. Why should you doom yourself to another year of misery? You have suffered enough already. Oh, my poor Oceanides! let me now take you to my heart. I will ever be faithful, I will ever be true. We will remain together a year in Europe and then you can free yourself, legally, from Rhombus, and we will marry before we return. We would marry now, my darling, if

we could; but I swear to you, I will be true to my vows. I will never cease to love and protect you while life lasts. Dear Oceanides, think of the long and lonely year you will be here unprotected. I do not know what dreadful thing might happen to you. Perhaps he will come and murder you in your bed. You may be sick and dying and I not know it, nor be able to help you. You do not look, now, as though you could bear up another year. You are extremely thin and pale. Oh, my darling! let me take you in my arms now and give you the love and rest which you so sorely need.

“Dear Mr. Von Himmel,” she answered, “I cannot! If I were to go directly from the arms of Mr Rhombus into yours, I should lose my own self-respect, and I greatly fear rest and peace would never be mine; but knowing, as I do, that you love me, and feeling that I now may love you, I shall gain courage and strength; for true love, if it is reciprocated, gives strength and courage to the weakest and faintest heart. I shall become bright, cheerful and strong, knowing that some one loves me whom I also love. If I were to fly with you



to Europe, it might end in your financial ruin, and I already love you too well, to risk the injury it might be to your reputation. No, dear Mr. Von Himmel, let me have my own way in this, and come back to me in a year from this time, providing you still love me, and I then will no longer demur."

I knew, by her looks, that all I might say would not shake her resolution, and so I said:

Oceanides, if I cannot move you from your resolve, give me one mutual embrace—one kiss of love—and then I will try to obey you; but of one thing be assured; my love will never fail you; it will not fade or grow cold, and no other can ever supplant you in my heart. She did not refuse me and I folded her to my breast. I kissed her sweet lips, her hair, her eyes; she wound her dear arms about my neck and returned my embrace, and as our lips and eyes thus mutually met, I felt a very singular sensation; it was as though her soul filled mine and my soul flowed into her's; it was as though we then and there were wedded forever and forever more; it was as though life, nor death, nor heights, nor depths, nor seas, nor continents, nor space, nor worlds,

ever could divide us. It was as though, no matter where our bodies might happen to be, our souls were one and undividable. As I thus held her in my arms, a strange feeling possessed me. I thought, or rather felt, that she had been mine, my very self, in some remote period of time far back in the eternal ages; that her soul and mine had been one from the beginning; that we had been divided for some inscrutable reason which I could not comprehend, that some great law in nature had brought us together again, never more to be separated. I felt that my lonely half-life was rounded out and completed.

Oceanides, I said, I will not promise. I cannot promise to remain away from you for the space of a year. I know I could not keep it if I did; but I must go back to town and prosecute my profession, yet I shall most certainly fly here at every opportunity. I shall hover about you to protect, and see that no harm befalls you. If you will not see me, yet will I watch over you; and if that man Rhombus comes here to harm, or molest you more, I will take his life! I will kill him! Oceanides, and then suffer the penalty for my crime.

*OCEANIDES.*

"Oh, Ernst my darling!" she said, her eyes reflecting all heaven within their depths, "my more than husband, my other self! do not say such dreadful things, for if you were to suffer for crime, I would suffer also. Whatever happens to you, shall happen to me as well. I shall live, dear; your love will be the well-spring of my existence, and it alone will shield me from all harm; it will be an invisible, impenetrable armor, that will turn the point of all danger away from me. And now, my dearest, good-bye; for here comes little Alice from school, and we must part."

Our lips met in a long lingering kiss and then I left the house and the angel of my life to solitude and perhaps danger. I drove back to the hotel and it was well for me that I could not see the future

## CHAPTER XVI.

THE next week found me back in town, again taking up the burdens of life.

Many of those burdens were extremely heavy and irksome. There were not many flowers growing in my path; although the world considered me an artist of no mean ability, yet I must use my talent for the earning of money, and this was wearisome. When my soul would soar on the wings of inspiration it must clip its own wings and plod — plod drearily on, chained to earth, and making use of my heaven-born gift to provide for earthly wants and necessities.

For a few days I had not even time to think much about Oceanides, and when nine o'clock came I was so weary that I was glad to go to bed, and to sleep, without indulging in dreams of any kind; and thus a week, or more, passed and I had not been conscious of the presence

of Victor, or Viola, my father, or Rose; but, at last, when my business had all been arranged and was running in set grooves, I had a little more time to breathe, dream, and think. My soul again took up the burden of its song. Oceanides! my poor Oceanides! To wait a year for my darling seemed to me an eternity and who could tell what might happen within that year to separate us, perhaps, forever! My soul was filled with a deep yearning, and dim forebodings. I longed to see my father and Victor once more, and from them to gain strength and courage, not only to fight the battle of earthly life, but for patience and hope that at last I might claim Oceanides for my own—my honored wife.

It was now toward the last of September, and all nature had commenced to put on its gorgeous array. The orchards of the farmers, and fruit growers in the suburbs were bending under their ripened loads of luscious fruit; the flower gardens were decked in their most brilliant hues; the cattle were all fat, sleek, and shining; the skies were deeply, darkly, beautifully blue; the air was brisk and invigorating, the days were shortened, and the stars

came out earlier and brighter. The crescent harvest moon shone with renewed splendor, and all nature was better, brighter, and happier as the languishing summer receded; yet, if summer had not panted and languished this beautiful, brilliant, and gorgeous young autumn could not have had an existence; if there had not been a season of budding hope, there never could have been fruition; and during those languishing summer days much seed had been sown within my soul, it had budded and blossomed, the fruit was yet in reserve. All nature was ready to yield up its fruit, but mine must wait until another harvest; would the chill blasts of the coming time kill my buds and blossoms? or, would they live and thrive to bear sweet fruit for my hungry soul? These, and many other questions I asked of my inner being, as I busied myself with my daily avocations.

Sunday was now the only day that I could call my own. It had been two weeks since I left Oceanides and the sea-shore; much might have happened to her within that time. I was now residing in a home of my own providing, with a number of my relatives; they were all

very good people in their way, quite genteel and fashionable, and ready to do me any little service that I might require; yet, with all these friends about me, I felt as much alone as though I dwelt on a wide prairie, with no human habitation in sight. Their views and thoughts of life and the hereafter were not like mine; in fact, we had no thoughts in common with each other; to converse with them on any subject only irritated me, and drove me back within myself, and I avoided conversation with them as much as possible; yet they all loved me and meant well; but my soul fed upon its own vitals and I was slowly consuming myself. I longed with an intense desire to see my father and Victor once more, and so at the appointed hour, on this still Sabbath evening, I seated myself in my own quiet room and waited the appointed time, not knowing whether they would visit me here in the city, or not. When, as the bells in the steeples ceased striking nine, my eyes closed after the old fashion, and lo! Victor stood before me. He was alone. Viola was nowhere visible. He was still more beautiful and God-like than when I saw him last. There was a

new and added glory about him. His eyes were brighter and deeper, his form more noble and majestic; and as his brilliant eyes sought mine, they gave me renewed hope, courage, and strength. He did not ask me to go with him, as usual, but seated himself in the most natural manner possible, opposite me, resting his arm on the small table which was between us; he threw himself into a graceful position, and played a sweet and plaintive prelude on his harp; then striking deeper and grander chords, he threw his God-like soul into his music and I was held spell-bound for the space of five or ten minutes. The music spoke of things too deep for utterance; it spoke of the wisdom of the highest heavens, and the depths of deepest despair, of ignorance, vice and crime; it spoke of things which I could not understand, which my mind could not grasp, of things unutterable! When he had finished, his eyes rested lovingly upon my own.

"Dear Ernst," said he, "I am to stay with you, as your guest, for an hour or more, and we are to converse as man to man, and whatever questions you may ask, those will I answer in all truth; and if I answer you falsely



so may the falsehood reflect its blackness on the brightness of my manhood, and thus drive my Viola in horror away from me."

Tell me, I asked, where is Viola? Why is she not with you as usual?

"My Viola is at present with your Oceanides, as I am now with you."

Oh, how thankful I am! I exclaimed. Then she will protect and care for her in her sorrow and loneliness?

"That is why she is with her at this present moment, instead of being here with me," he replied. "She has constituted herself the guardian spirit of Oceanides, as I have constituted myself your guardian spirit, and whatever happens to, or threatens Oceanides, she will immediately telegraph to me, and I will at once inform you, and together we shall be able to ward off all danger and preserve her safe and well for you. It is better that you do not see her, in person, at present. Viola will take good care of her. You need not fear."

Victor, I said, I feel curious to know something of your life and experience on earth.

"Very well," he answered, "you shall have it. I was born in a small town in Germany

about one hundred years ago. I, like most others of my race, was passionately fond of music, yet I did not care to play on any other instrument but the harp; on the harp I excelled, and my harp and I were inseparable companions. My harp was small, and I could easily hang it upon my arm. My music was considered so fine that I was called to play before all the Nobles of that country. I then visited England and played before crowned heads and the Peerage. I had, by this time, amassed quite a small fortune. I thought I would now marry and settle down in a home. Love, thus far, had never visited my heart. All young ladies were very much alike to me, so I came to the conclusion that one would make me as good a wife as another, providing she were a lady of refinement, young, and not absolutely ugly. I proposed to a young lady that I thought would do, was accepted, and shortly afterward we were married."

"Oh, fatal mistake! I had thought of love as of no account, never dreaming that it would one day find me out when it was too late."

"I soon discovered that my love for my wife was nothing more than friendly, or

brotherly, and her love for me was nothing more than that of a daughter, or sister; my soul — my inner being — was just as much alone as ever, and I began to feel pangs, or premonitions of a coming event. I was, at this time, about forty years of age. One beautiful day in early autumn, I went alone to visit the picturesque ruins of an old castle that overlooked the sea. I thought I might catch some deep inspiration, for I often improvised, as well as wrote, music, and this old castle was just the place for it. I entered a broken, ivy-covered archway, and then turned into what had once been a room; the wall, facing the sea, was yet standing, and there were openings where there had been casements. I approached one of these and looked out. I rested my harp on the broken ledge and commenced to play; the grand and quiet scene gave me the desired inspiration, a theme would actually be given me from out the heavens, and as fast as I definitely caught it I would write it down. I had become so absorbed in my music I was not aware that some one had entered, and was standing at an opening a few feet from me; but when, at length, I looked up, a lady stood

there gazing out over the sea with a rapt and pensive look. This lady, dear Ernst, was Viola — Viola, when she dwelt on earth, and within a mortal body. She was not young, but in the full flush of perfected womanhood. She looked then as she looks now; or now she is the beautiful, spiritualized image of what she was then. I bowed, saying: —

“Pardon me, madam. I thought I was alone.”

“‘It is I that should ask your pardon,’ she said, sweetly; ‘but your music acted like a spell upon me, and charmed me into forgetfulness.’ She turned to go.

“‘Do not go, I pray you, madam.’ She turned with a soft smile.

“‘I will not,’ she said, ‘if you will play for me a little longer.’ I consented, and played as I never played before. When I had done tears were standing in her deep, rather sad eyes, and thanking me, she took her departure. I never saw her on earth again, but from that hour I was a changed man. I could not forget her; her image forever floated before me; no matter where I was, her impalpable presence was ever with me. She seemed to com-

plete and round out my hitherto lonely being ; strange as it may seem I now loved for the first time. I did not try to find her ; I did not try to discover who she was. I was a married man, and intended to be true to my vows ; but put this impalpable presence away from me I could not, try as hard as I might ; and I did try in all honor, for I was, and always intended to be, an honorable man. My days and nights were now spent in miserable longing ; nothing satisfied me ; I was desolate, lonely, and wretched, and thus a few years passed on. My soul had, at length, chafed and worn my body out ; I left it, and entered the spiritual realm ; the first bright spirit that greeted me was Viola. She had, also, left her body a few months back, and I discovered that, as it had been with me, so it had been with her. She, too, had never forgotten me, or my music. My image and my music had always floated before her, an impalpable presence. Her life, at the best, was a sad and lonely one. She, too, pined for me, till at last her body was worn out, and she entered the spiritual realm. My joy and satisfaction at meeting her were very great, and hers were

equal to my own. We were taught by the higher angels that we belonged to each other by a great law that we had not hitherto understood — the law of soul-mates, or counterparts; that we had existed as one within the spiritual germ, and were now, again, united, forming a completed angel; and this is true of all angels that are, or ever shall be. My dearest Ernst, this is true of you and Oceanides. She is the other half of your own soul, and you can never know contentment or happiness until you are united, and all progress until that time will be slow and toilsome; yet you will be happier, than I was, for you and Oceanides are destined to be united whilst you are yet within your mortal bodies; and it is, at present, the mission of Viola and myself to bring you together. While she guards, comforts, and inspires Oceanides, I shall do the same by you. It is one of the first duties of the higher angels to take charge of and teach the spirits that are slowly developing within mortal bodies, or while they are yet too young to throw off the covering of matter."

As Victor thus sat conversing with me, and occasionally sweeping the strings of his harp,

he looked so perfectly natural, and withal so graceful and beautiful, I could not disassociate him from a mortal body. His eyes rested on mine precisely as any other man's would. His speech and motions were all precisely like those of a highly refined and noble gentleman of earth. His sweet smile and his heavenly music were all real, and palpable to me as any person's in the body would be.

Victor, I asked, tell me how it is that I cannot see you when I am not in this peculiar sleep? When I am awake, and about my daily avocations, I cannot see and hear you as I now do.

"No," he answered, "yet that does not alter the fact that I am with you just the same."

Oh! I wish I could understand this better, I exclaimed.

"I will try and make it plain to you," he said. "You cannot see the perfume of a flower, yet the perfume is there just the same."

But I can smell the perfume, if I cannot see it, I replied.

"The perfume of some flowers," he said; "but there are many more that you can

neither smell nor see, and the perfume is in no way perceptible to your material sense, yet the perfume, or spirit of the flower, is there just the same. The perfume of a flower appeals to one sense and not to another; so there are many spirits that you can feel but not see; there are many more that you can neither feel nor see. You cannot see the electric current as it passes rapidly over the connecting wires; yet it telegraphs intelligence to almost every part of the globe, and a heavy shock of electricity has the power of striking one out of their mortal body in a moment. All unseen forces in nature are the most powerful. The more refined and subtle an element, the more powerful it is. You cannot see your own dense atmosphere, yet a hurricane will uproot a forest in a short space of time. You cannot see magnetism nor electricity, yet it is the coalescing of these two unseen forces in nature that causes all combustion and flame. You cannot see me in your usual state, yet you often feel me as well as other spirits and angels."

You tell me that Viola will telegraph to you if danger threatens Oceanides. How do



spirits telegraph to each other, when at a distance?

“Dear Ernst,” answered Victor, “the spiritual clothing of a disembodied soul, in other words, the spiritual body of a soul, is composed of magnetism and electricity; and Viola can send me a telegraphic dispatch from her own body without her soul being actually with me. The ethereal sea which permeates your dense atmosphere, — and we have before told you all about the never-ending ethereal sea, — is a perfect conductor of spiritual magnetism, as it is a perfect conductor of the magnetism from the counterpart of the sun; and now, dear Ernst, there is another great truth which I hope to make plain to you. I can see Viola now, at this moment, and at all times, no matter where she may be, as plainly as you can see the sun, moon, or stars.”

Oh, Victor! I exclaimed. What stupendous things you are telling me.

“Nevertheless, they are true,” he replied, with solemnity. “You do not think it strange that you can see the sun, moon, and stars, although they are countless millions of miles away; yet you think it strange that I can see

Viola, and she is only a very few miles away. Spiritual sight would be very poor indeed, if it could not see as far, accordingly, as your small material sight. I am aware, dear Ernst, you have never thought of these things, and are, therefore, unprepared for the truth, but if you will look at it in the right light you will soon be convinced of the truth. If your material sight can perceive distinctly things that exist millions of miles away, you must not suppose for an instant that we have lost any power by throwing off our material bodies; our sight instead of being diminished is added to ten-fold; and when I tell you that Viola, although a few miles distant, is as distinctly visible to me as though she were here by my side, I tell you but the truth. There are limitations to a spirit's sight, as there are limitations to the sight of those still in the body; yet we can see many times farther than you can. Many seem to think that spirits and angels do not have houses and homes, but this is not true. We do not need houses to shield us from the elements, but we need them for privacy and retirement. When we build our homes we shield ourselves from the sight of other angels;

we construct them for privacy, rest, and to be alone, whenever we desire to be, with the object of our affections; in other words, to be alone with ourselves, for our other-self is but ourself, and our houses are reared not from material substance, but from our thoughts, which become objective, and are real things to ourselves and other angels and spirits, and we build them as we please. The glory and beauty of the angelic spheres can never be told; their heights, depths, grandeur, and variety are beyond the comprehension of any mortal; yet we do not consider it beneath us to descend to earth, and aid the smallest and meanest of creatures. We lend our aid equally to the highest and the lowest; we try to overcome ignorance and error by instilling truth and wisdom; we try to bring forth the greatest happiness from the utmost misery, and we always succeed at last. There is no such thing as failure; but as it took ages to form worlds, and as it takes time to form all things, so it takes time to bring forth truth from error, it takes time to bring forth happiness from misery, and the more truth an angel, or a mortal has, the happier he is."

## CHAPTER XVII.

ALL at once, at this juncture, the beautiful Viola appeared by Victor's side. Her deep eyes looked grave and thoughtful; her noble countenance instinct with love and high resolve. Victor turned toward her, a look of rapture leaping from his heavenly eyes.

"Well, my queenly darling!" he said, as he folded her lovingly in his embrace, "tell our dear Ernst, here, of his Oceanides."

"She is well, and not in any danger at present," replied the lovely Viola, "and I bring her thoughts to you as sweet offerings."

"They will be as grateful to you," said Victor, "as the perfume of the most fragrant flowers."

Viola raised her golden pen, and thus she wrote in the air: "These are the thoughts now passing through the mind of Oceanides."

"Dear and noble Mr. Von Himmel. How I wish I were more worthy of him! How I wish I could make him happy! Some sweet voice seems to whisper to my soul that I shall yet be his, and the talents which I know I have will then be cultivated, and I shall lead a life more worthy of myself. At the same time a warning voice seems to say, 'But the time is not yet; there is much sorrow in store for you; you have many dangers and obstacles to surmount, but help from above shall be with you, and at last all shall be well.'"

Amen! Amen! I ejaculated, and my angel visitors, with sweet smiles, slowly vanished.

I did not see Victor again for a week, and then he stood before me once more.

"My dear Ernst," he said, "would you like to come with me? It has become necessary for us to visit Rhombus once more."

I gladly consented, and we were soon on our way. Viola was not with us; "it were better," Victor said, "that she should remain with Oceanides." We were soon in the room with Rhombus and Liz. Liz was in a fit of hysterics.

"So you're goin' to leave me? You mean

thing you! and you're goin' back to Oceanides. Oh, I know you! You can't cheat me," she screamed. "Go back to her, if yer want to, an' I'll kill her as sure as I'm a livin' woman! Oh, you vile wretch! You go for to deceive me this way. I am just as good as married to you, and you know it. You hated her, and left her, and you took me. She let you go without a word, and that shows she never had any love for you. Now, I sha'n't let you go. I'll kill you an' her, too, if need be, but you shall never leave me."

"Well, Liz," answered Rhombus, "you don't git up and do something: I shall have to leave you. I can't stay here in this flash hotel any longer; the money's nearly gone an' where do you suppose I'm goin' to git any more? I've got to go back to Oceanides, I tell yer! We can't live in a hotel without any money. I'll tell yer what, Liz. Oceanides has got lots of grit. She'll make more money, if I did sell the chickens. She'll do something. You bet! I know her! Now, Liz, I'll go back to her, an' you an' I'll be just the same to each other, and by and by I'll git another big haul; then, Liz, we'll run away."

"No, yer don't!" screamed Liz. "If you know her, I know you, and I wouldn't trust yer the length of yer rope. Tom Rhombus, you are not to be trusted. I've got ye an' I'm goin' to hold on ter yer. How much money is there left?"

"About fifty dollars," said Rhombus. "Next week'll finish that. I wouldn't leave yer, Liz, if you would only git up and do something to earn some money. Oceanides earns money."

"Yes! an' that's what's the matter. She's just spilt you, Tom; you're not half the man you was 'fore you married her. You used to earn money then. Why can't you do it now? If I go to work and earn money you'll never do anything. Now, Tom Rhombus, you just go to work yourself, and take care on me. That's the way a man ought to do; an' you know it well."

"Liz," said Rhombus, "you give me a little more of that whiskey; you know it costs too much to go down to the bar, and I'll think about it."

Liz took the bottle and poured out a full glass; Rhombus tossed it off; he then threw himself down on the bed, and was soon snor-

ing in a drunken stupor. Not so with Liz; her eyes were wide open, and as yellow as a cat's, and her brain was busy planning how she might destroy her rival; for, she reasoned, if Oceanides were dead she would have no more trouble in keeping Rhombus by her side.

"Now, dear Ernst, come near and you shall read the mind of this woman," and he put my spirit into communication with hers.

"I'll kill Oceanides if I live!" thought Liz. "Trust a woman's wit to accomplish her desires. See how he just flunks out! I might have known he wouldn't have done it; but I'll do it and never let him know anything about it, and I'll do it in such a way that nobody'll ever know. I won't git my neck stretched, you bet! I know I'm too cunning for that. Now, lem'me think what I'll do. Ah! now I've just got it. I'll send her a nice little box with something in it, an' I know just what'll be in it: A couple of beautiful little spotted adders! and I know just where there's a nest of 'um; out there in that rocky pasture under that big rock; I saw them out sunning theirselves, and they darted into their hole quick when they see me, you bet! Now I



know just how to set a spring-net for 'um, an' when I git 'um, I'll pack 'um nicely in a pretty box and direct it to Oceanides Rhombus. I won't send it by this express that goes from this ere town, but I'll go to Boston and git a boy to go and put it in an express there, an' I'll dress different, an' wear a veil, so's the boy'll never know me agin; an' then who'll be the wiser? When Oceanides opens the box the adders'll be awful mad an' hungry, an' they'll fasten onto her. It'll be a nice little wooden box so she'll have to split the cover, it will be nailed down so tight, an' that'll make 'um madder yit, an' they'll go for her, you bet! an' nobody ever gits well of a pizen adder's bite. She's there all alone, an' there'll be nobody to run for a doctor, an' even if she sent Alice, the doctor lives two miles away, an' before that young 'un could git there an' back Oceanides would be dead. An' then, Glory! I'd have no more trouble, an' Tom would go to work an' do somethin', an' then he'd love me — nobody but me. Now I shall do this very thing to-morrer, an' it'll come out all right."

I turned to Victor sick with horror.

What can be done to save Oceanides? I asked.

"Do not fret," answered Victor. "Your father and I will save her; be sure of that."

I would go and warn Oceanides myself, I said, but I fear she would not believe in my dreams.

"You could not do that very well," he replied, "for Oceanides is now away on a visit to some friends, and will not return for two or three days, at least; but trust to us, dear Ernst, we will save her more surely than you could. It is now only ten o'clock; shall we go and visit Oceanides in spirit? I think it will interest you to read her mind; an hour spent with her may do you good."

I assented joyfully, and we were soon with Oceanides. She was a number of hundred miles away in a little town on the border of the State of Maine, visiting an old schoolmate, and little Alice was with her. Oceanides had already gone to her room. She was seated at the dressing-case, combing out her long and beautiful hair; her face wore a sad and pensive expression, and her large, perfectly formed, noble brain was exceedingly busy and active.

It was worth the time of any person in or out of the body to read her mind; it seemed to me as I read each thought, they were the happiest moments of my life. The following were some of her thoughts :

“ I am now a deserted wife through no fault of my own. I am not conscious of having neglected any duty that I owed Mr. Rhombus or his child. I have never yet truly loved anyone; but since Mr. Von Himmel has told me that he loved me, an entirely new life has sprung up within me. It seems as though my whole being were changed, or formed anew; like Undine, I feel now that I have a soul, and my hopes stretch forth into eternity. He has promised to wait for me a year, for I could not honorably be his wife in less time than that. Oh, that Heaven would tell me the things which I most desire to know! My experience with Mr. Rhombus, and the world in general, has destroyed my faith in the truth and constancy of man's love; it seems to me that no man is ever true and faithful to one woman. I have never yet seen one in whose hand I could lay mine and say, ‘ I believe in you as I would believe in the angels.’ Until I do see

such an one I can never truly love, or be happy. Is there such an one on earth? or shall I only find one in heaven? My spirit seems to go roaming and searching around to find the soul that can match my own — faithful unto death — faithful after death — faithful through eternity — one, and one only — one to whom all other women would be like mothers, sisters, children, or friends, but only one that could ever be wife. Oh, I feel that I could love one, and one only, forever and ever; my soul would stand staunch and firm to that one through sickness and poverty, through evil report, through all things unto death; but if the heart of my lover turned to any other woman, and he held her as a sharer with me in his love, that moment my love would die, he would murder it with his own hand. True conjugal love admits of no other, it must stand heart to heart, soul to soul. I do not wish to commit another matrimonial error, for the error which I committed by marrying Mr. Rhombus has nearly ruined my life, and has never made him a better man; I really think it has made him worse. I love Mr. Von Himmel dearly — oh, very dearly! How I wish I could know if his

soul would stand even with my own! Would he be willing to do precisely by me as he would expect me to do by him? Would he be willing to separate himself from all other women, as I should gladly separate myself from all other men? Would he be willing to consult me about all acts which he contemplated, before he performed them, as he certainly would expect me to consult him? Oh, these thoughts trouble me, and weigh me down. When I am free, I will gladly give him my hand; but how can I know these things? How can I know that he would not tire of me in a short time after marriage? how can I know that other women would not attract him? how can I know that he would be true and faithful? how can I know that he would not in a short time be as interested in some other as he has been in me? how can I know that he may not be, already, as interested in another as he has been in me? I am too proud to accept his love, if I thought it was only incited by pity for my unhappy condition. I would much rather toil as I have done,—aye, and even descend to meaner toil, providing it were honorable,—than accept love that was not

above pity. My sorrows and hardships have been great, but my soul is greater than my sorrows; it stands up proudly above them all, and Mr. Von Himmel must understand this before we can wed. I wonder if, when I express some of these sentiments to him, his soul will meet mine then hand in hand. I am sorely afraid it will not. I am very much afraid he will think, if he does not say so:— ‘Oceanides, I should expect my wife to render obedience to me! I should expect her to tell me all that she proposed doing, whatever it might be; I should expect her to tell me all her thoughts; I should expect her to do in all matters as I thought best; I should expect her not to conceal anything from me; yet I should tell her only what I thought best. If I thought best to perform any act, I should not consider it my province to say anything to her about it until afterwards, and not then unless I felt inclined. If she were to feel wounded, or hurt, why I could only attribute it to a jealous nature, or an unhappy disposition;’ and yet,” thought poor Oceanides, “he would feel more than hurt under the same circumstances. Oh, dear! how am I to know all

these things? for I would rather remain as I am than be again united, unless I was certain it were the true and everlasting union." With this thought she retired to rest.

Victor turned to me with a meaning look, and a smile.

"She is right," he said. "Dear Ernst, you must examine your heart if you truly love Oceanides; and unless you can meet her on this ground, your earthly union would not be happy, and it were better you waited until you come to be with us. Like Viola and myself, like Rose and your father,—the true soul union must be just as Oceanides intuitively feels that it ought to be. You must walk hand in hand; soul must match soul; each mind must be as clear and open to the other as the day. One must not take prerogatives that one would not expect the other to take; in fact, neither must take prerogatives; whatever they do in life must be mutual, or the true conjugal balance is lost, and they, even if they are the true counterparts of each other, will be obliged to wait until they become spirits, when the balance will again be found. One should not do anything that causes the other unhappi-

ness; whatever one does that causes the other unhappiness is radically wrong, and will end in estranging their hearts and separating their hands."

As Victor's last words died on my ears, I awoke.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

THREE days from that time, at quite an early hour in the evening, before I had gone to my sleeping-apartment and while I was still quite busy in my music-room, although alone, I felt a strange power seize me: cold chills ran down my back; my hands twitched convulsively; my eyes were immovable; my sight left me, and there was a heavy pressure on my brain.

At first I thought I was going to faint or have convulsions. I threw myself down on the sofa and closed my eyes. As soon as I did so I lost consciousness and Victor stood before me.

"My dear Ernst," said he, "we must go at once! Your father, Rose, and Viola are already there;" and without another word we hurried away, for I knew why he had come so early. Soon we were at the cottage where

Oceanides lived; we found my father, Rose, and Viola in the pretty dining-room, but my poor Oceanides thought she was all alone. She had been at home from her journey about an hour; she had built a new coal-fire in the stove, had given little Alice her supper and put her to bed. She had received a pretty little wooden box soon after her return, but thought she would not open it until after she had made the room comfortable and taken proper care of Alice. Now she was all prepared to open the pretty box and see what it contained. She felt a little surprised at receiving anything of the kind; for she had no friends who she thought would send her a present. "Perhaps it might be from Rhombus; it might be he was sorry that he had left her so desolate, and had sent her some little token as a peace-offering; it might be some pretty little thing for Alice." She knew Rhombus loved little Alice more than any other creature in the world,—at least, she thought he did; and now she was all ready. She took up the box and examined it closely. It was quite a tasteful affair, painted black, with some ornamental design in bright colors; a neat card was

tacked to the cover of the box directed to her with the words, "Glass! Handle with care." The cover, instead of being hinged, was nailed down firmly and strong. She went to the closet and got a chisel, and with it pried up the lid of the box. As yet, she saw nothing, — when all at once something, she could not tell what in her bewilderment, darted from the box and fastened itself upon her hand, and simultaneously something else also darted out, squirmed and circled upon the table, and around the box, with great rapidity; she felt her hand paralyzed by a fiery pang; she lifted it up, — something, a long, slim, spotted, wriggling creature was hanging to it. An awful horror seized her. She recognized at once that it was an adder of the most poisonous species, whose bite she knew was sure death in a very few minutes at the longest; she knew that in the short space of thirty minutes, if help were not at hand, she would be in the other life which she knew so little about. She shook her hand violently, and the deadly snake dropped on the table by the side of its companion, where they now lay coiled close by each other, watching her with their bright,

fascinating eyes, ready at any moment to fasten their fangs in her soft flesh once more. Oceanides did not scream — she did not faint. In a moment or two, her horror and surprise were turned into activity. Her first act must be to save herself — her next to destroy the serpents. She ran to the stove; she seized the poker; she thrust it into the hot fire until it was white with heat; she then applied it directly to the bite and held it firmly there until it had burned a deep hole clean to the bone. There was a small bag of fine-cut tobacco on the mantle, which Rhombus had left there; she went to the sink and wet a part of it, and crowded all that she could of it into the wound. She tore a bandage from a napkin, put more of the tobacco upon it and firmly bandaged up the hand with it. She now remembered that there was a bottle of brandy in a medicine-box which she kept; she took the box down from a high shelf in the cupboard and drank every drop of the brandy. “Now,” said she, “I have done all that I can for myself; I must destroy the adders before the brandy takes effect, or I shall not be able to do so at all.”

The two front covers of the stove were red with heat, for it was a chill evening, and the fire was new. The adders still lay coiled on the table near each other, watching her vigilantly; but she had avoided the table, fearing to disturb them until she had taken care of herself. Now she must manage to kill them. But they were subtle and agile creatures; it would be a difficult task to kill them both at once, and this she must do, or, while she was in the act of destroying one, the other would bite her again; and the brandy was already beginning to take effect: things were growing dim and swimming before her eyes; four bright snaky eyes were fixed intently upon hers. For an instant she turned deadly sick and faint; she thought she was about to fall helpless to the floor; but if she were to do so, the snakes would bite little Alice in the morning when she came down. "Oh! how horrible it would be for the poor little girl to find her mother dead upon the floor, with two poisonous adders crawling about her!"—and then she thought of them as darting upon the helpless child with no one to save her; she rallied—she raised her arm—her hand was already

becoming swollen and stiff, it was her right hand — she must hurry or she would not be able to use it at all. She happened to have two cover-lifters hanging by the stove; a thought struck her: she took them both in her hands — she looked at the red-hot stove-covers; she took one upon each lifter; she circled the room at a distance from the table, with them in her hands; she reached a point back of the serpents' heads; she darted to the table — she dashed a red-hot cover on each serpent's head, and pressed and held them down with the lifters until the wriggling things were burned to death and lay outstretched, lifeless. She then calmly put the covers back upon the stove; she took the dead snakes up, and going to the door she flung them forth. Then she returned, and in a dazed and suffering condition she put all things to rights, and taking her night-lamp she went to the stairs and tried to ascend to her chamber; but now her strength gave way, she could not climb the stairs. It would not do to lie there at the foot of the stairs, with that burning lamp: the house would take fire; and so she crawled slowly and painfully up the stairs on her hands

and knees, holding the lamp as carefully as possible. She thought she was hours in climbing those stairs, but at last it was accomplished; she crawled in the same manner into her room, placed the lamp carefully on the dressing-table, and then managed to creep into the low bed. She knew no more until the sun was high in the heavens the next morning, and little Alice was shaking her and calling pitifully for her to awake.

"Mamma," said she, as Oceanides opened her eyes; "what is the matter? You look dreadfully! and are as pale as death. Your arm is all red and swollen, and your hand all done up. Did you scald your hand, mamma?"

"No," answered Oceanides, "I burned it on the red-hot poker;" but her voice sounded faint and far away, scarcely above a whisper; yet she arose, faint, sick, and suffering as she was, and prepared breakfast with what help Alice could give her.

Victor and myself had left as soon as we had seen Oceanides safe in her bed; my father told me the remainder of the story afterward, at a time when I was questioning him about

how he had been influential in saving her life ; for I had noticed that each time when she was on the point of giving up or sinking down, he had disappeared as though he entered her body, which he did ; he possessed her at those times, and her apparent actions were his, not hers,—in other words, he used her material body to save her own earthly life ; at other times he impressed as well as quickened her brain, and put the thoughts into her mind just what she ought to do ; and Rose, Victor, and Viola strengthened and aided him.

It was now Wednesday. I could not leave my business until Saturday afternoon, and I determined to go to the seaside hotel then and remain until Monday morning. I would pay Oceanides a visit on Sunday ; and thus, Saturday night found me in my old room at the hotel.



## CHAPTER XIX.

It was a calm clear night late in October; the moon was at its full; and as it lifted itself out of the sea its golden flame seemed to penetrate my heart with rays of brightest hope. Now, surely, Oceanides would consent at once to go with me to Europe. Her wounded hand would render her helpless to earn her own support; it even might cripple her for life. My heart throbbed high with hope. I might have brought to trial and convicted the miserable woman that had sent the box to my poor darling; but who would believe in my dreams? No; my only hope lay with Oceanides herself.

When nine o'clock came I threw myself down in my old place and fell asleep as calmly as the moon was rising, and my father stood before me once more, his beautiful Rose by his side.

"Dear Ernst," he said, "we wish to take you to-night into the heavenly spheres; for we have much to show you there. It is believed by the greater part of those living on the earth that there exists a heaven and hell, a personal God and a personal devil; and that when a person dies, he or she will go to heaven or hell. If they believe in a person called Christ, they will go to heaven and praise God forever; but if they do not, they will be cast by that God and by that Christ into hell, there to be tormented day and night in burning flames forever.

"Now, to prove to my dear son that this is all error, we wish you to go with us into the heavenly spheres and see for yourself, and then you will write down what you see, and, peradventure, many will believe the truth as it is."

My father placed me between himself and his beautiful companion, and thus we swiftly glided upward and onward; the sensation of moving with lightning-like rapidity through the ethereal atmosphere, with a form as light and airy as this refined atmosphere itself,—no heavy weight of a material body to bind and clog one's soul, but free and light as ether,

with all one's faculties a thousand times enhanced,—was joy and gladness and heaven in itself; yet I was to see much more of heaven than this. Presently we paused, and my father passed his hands across my eyes, saying,—

“Now, dear Ernst, look, and observe heaven as it is.”

And I gazed in delighted astonishment on the rapturous vision spread out before me. We were standing on an open plain, and that upon which we stood looked and seemed very much as ground does on the earth; it was soft and elastic to the tread; the grass, for it was covered with a beautiful carpet of living green, was similar to the most perfect grass on the earth, but I could not see, look as closely as I might, a single blade that was decayed or broken in the least. The most lovely flowers were growing amongst the grass profusely—flowers of all kinds, but they seemed to be tastefully and evenly distributed.

I will mention a few of the flowers that besprinkled this beautiful meadow, for the plain where we stood appeared to be a meadow: pinks, pansies, roses, violets, daisies, butter-

cups, blue-bells, forget-me-nots, and a thousand other most beautiful flowers; and amongst all the flowers not one was imperfect, withered, broken, or decayed. The colors of the grass and flowers were intensely bright, and far more beautiful than those of earth. To look at and stand in this meadow, alone, was heaven of itself. My face must have expressed my rapture, for my father said,—

“Dear Ernst, this meadow is but the least little part of heaven. This earth on which we stand, this grass, these flowers, are the spirits or spiritual forms; or the true, living and everlasting earth, grass and flowers of those which have yielded up their developed forms, or those which have died on earth. Every blade of grass that ever grew on the earth, every flower, every shrub, every tree, every form that ever was developed on the earth, the spirit of that form exists here within the spiritual spheres, more beautiful and more perfect, without a sign of death or decay.”

This particular meadow in which we stood was a large one, perhaps two miles wide by three in length; and as my eyes roamed about over its lovely surface I espied a flock of white sheep

a short distance away, and then a number of beautiful cattle, red, white, black and speckled, and some of the sheep were also black. I saw a few goats here and there.

"You observe," said my father, "that cattle and sheep live in heaven just as much as they do on earth, for earth exists merely to create and people heaven,—for this and this alone; then, how strange it is that man should think nothing existed in heaven but himself!"

These animals which I saw were most perfect and beautiful, and there appeared just enough of them to lend enchantment to the view.

"You will observe," said my father, "that this meadow is not crowded or overstocked, but there is just the right proportion of animal life to give zest and great beauty to the scene. The heavenly spheres are so vast that they can and do contain all the life that earth has ever yielded up; but the spheres are constantly increasing and enlarging as earth yields up its spirit year after year, season after season, and as the spirits of countless millions of human beings also ascend to fill and enjoy them."

I looked down and saw a glittering snake or two gliding through the grass. I started.

“Do not fear,” said my father. “The snake does not fetch his venom with him into the spiritual world; nothing can harm or be harmed here; therefore we hate and fear nothing; the serpent is just as beautiful to us as the dove, the lion as the lamb.”

I now noticed some bright-winged butterflies, and a few common flies with their beautiful green heads and gauzy wings; a few mosquitoes buzzed about here and there; a small body of gnats whirled and danced in the air; among the flowers were bright-winged humming-birds, and occasionally a little hillock where the ant made his home.

“The mosquitoes and flies here do not bite or sting,” said my father; “for their bodies do not need to be sustained by material substance; it is the spirit or form, and not the material body, that lives, and these creatures enjoy their existence as much as man enjoys his, and have just as good a right to it. Strange that man supposes all else perishes but himself. What an unattractive heaven it would be if there were nothing in it but the souls of men clothed in long white robes, where they can neither marry nor be

given in marriage, and their only employment singing everlasting praises to a personal male God. Now, dear Ernst, you have seen one of the little meadows in heaven, but it would take ages to visit them all, no two are alike, although there is a similarity existing between them. We will now move on."

We floated gently on for a short time and paused on the shore of a beautiful lake. The lake appeared to be about ten miles wide by fifteen long, and there were elegant little boats dancing over its surface; the boats were in every conceivable form and shape; some were in the form of flowers, some like shells, others like hearts, there was no end to their varied and beautiful forms. Some were very large, others small, but none so small but they could hold two forms, although many were small enough to hold two very small children; every boat bore two or more spiritual forms within it, and they were as varied and more beautiful than the boats that held them.

We were standing on what seemed to be glistening sand. My father bade me take some of it in my hand and examine it. I did

so. It was bright and shining like points of amber flame, and it really was composed of pure magnetic flame.

"Now," said my father, "we will sail out on this little lake. It is only one of millions of others within the heavenly spheres, but from this one you can form an idea of them all; yet none are exactly alike."

I now saw an elegant little boat approaching the shore; my father beckoned to it with a smile, and it soon glided near to where we stood. It was exactly like a very large pond-lily, half open: the outer leaves being of that peculiar pink, the inner leaves of pure white, and the central part a pale yellow, soft and fleecy. Seated amongst the white leaves, with their feet resting on the soft yellow matting of the central part of the lily, were Victor and Viola. Oh, beautiful—oh, heavenly sight! On earth they appeared most exquisitely lovely, but here in their true home they were transcendent. I was spell-bound with rapture. Victor's harp rested between his knees, and he was striking the strings with a soft and dainty hand. The music was so sweet and heavenly that it brought tears to my eyes. Oh, how



beautiful he looked as he sat there among the lily-leaves, his clear-cut, most noble profile outlined against their whiteness; his waving, bright brown hair resting on his broad and manly shoulders; his large, heavenly blue eyes raised upward and fixed lovingly on me, his sweet sensitive lips, his bright blonde beard waving like a golden flame over his breast and down to his throbbing pulsing heart. His hands, as they swept the strings of the golden harp, were white and more perfectly formed than the pure lily in whose bosom he reposed; he wore a loose shirt of shining white satin; and blue velvet breeches; his stockings were of pale pink silk, and his sandals were of opal; a brilliant diamond glistened on one of the fingers of his right hand, it glittered and flashed as the white hand flashed rapidly here and there across the strings of the harp. In his smile alone heaven rested—and Viola; we must pause awhile as I describe her. She was seated by Victor's side, her gentle head drooping as gracefully as a lily on its stem; her golden brown hair, glinting with life and light, surrounding her supple form in curling masses, and thus it swept about her like a

thing of life to her feet, portions of it gliding in and around the white leaves of the lily; her eyes were the color of the vault of heaven, and as deep and unfathomable; her brow was broad and as white as the leaves of the lily, and her soft cheeks were the color of the pink outer leaves, her white teeth glistened, her lips were the color of the rose. Upon her knees lay an open book, and between the fingers of her right hand she held the golden pen with which she wrote as rapidly as Victor played; her pen seemed to keep time with his music, and a diamond precisely like Victor's glistened on her finger. Her corsage was of gold; her soft flowing skirts of pale blue satin; her neck and arms were bare; her softly swelling bust rose and fell as gently as the lily-boat rose and fell on the waves of the lake; her sweet shoulders were dimpled as though Cupid's arrow had pierced each one. She glanced at me with a sweet smile and soft blush. My father and Rose now entered the boat, and I followed. Rose seated herself by the side of Viola, my father took a seat by the side of Rose, and I sat opposite the other four forms; but my

Oceanides was not with me; there was one vacant seat next me, where she ought to have been, but was not, and my mind quickly reverted to my poor darling down there in that cold, gray earth, sitting alone and dejected in her little home with her wounded hand and broken heart. These lovely beings all seemed to know my thoughts without speech of mine, and Victor said,—

“Ernst, thy Oceanides shall yet sit here by thy side, in that now vacant seat; it is reserved for her.”

Viola raised her deep eyes and looked at me sympathetically and encouragingly. I must now describe Rose and my father.

Rose was somewhat smaller than Viola, and very beautiful; yet not more beautiful than Viola. Her face was round and soft, her eyes large and very dark—they were now filled with a soft liquid light—she was clothed in pure white, her midnight hair hanging about her to her feet. A bunch of sweet blush-roses rested on her soft bosom, and their fragrance was wafted in sweetest perfume to my senses. A large diamond rested in her hair above her brow, and jewels of the same flashed in her

ears. She held in her hands a tangled skein, and they were patiently employed in putting each thread in its proper place; making all things right, and bringing order out of disorder; and my father,—my peerless father! His hair was dark, silky, and waved to his shoulders; his eyes were dark and piercing as a sword's thrust; his head massive, and like a dome; he was not quite as large as Victor, but lithe, and straight as an arrow. By his side hung a glittering rapier, and in golden letters upon its sheath were these words: "The Sword of Truth! which cuts both ways."

My father now pushed our beautiful boat from the shore; he did not appear to guide the boat, but allowed it to float whither it would, or, at least, this was what I thought then, and we were soon mingling with many other boats, if not just like our own, yet fully as beautiful. As these boats were passing and repassing us, the lovely angelic beings within them would wave their white hands to us with sweetest smiles; my joy and happiness amounted to ecstasy. I never can put upon paper the description of the heaven which I both saw and felt.

My father looked at me a little anxiously, I thought, as he observed :

“ My dear Ernst, one yet living in the body can only see the lowest heavens ; for if they were to soar into the higher heavens, they could not retain their hold of the mortal body ; these things which you behold all exist within the lowest spiritual sphere, and I cannot take you beyond it, else you would really become a spirit, and I have no more right to take you out of your mortal body than one in earth-life has to send your spirit here, or, in other words, to murder you ; but I can keep you here a little longer, and then we shall have to go back to earth ; two hours is the longest time I dare keep you. Now,” he said, “ take some of this water up in your hand and examine it.”

I did so. At first it looked and seemed to me like the water on earth ; but as I held it in my hand, I found that it had no appreciable weight ; it was a very fine spray or vapor, finer even than any spray that can be formed by mechanical apparatus on earth ; yet it moistened or dampened my hand, still it rolled in gentle waves and had gravity, or the power of attracting and holding itself together,

and held the same proportion and relationship to the spiritual earth that water does to the material earth,—with this difference: a spirit could not be drowned within it and could swim or float through it at their pleasure; yet they preferred to sail upon it in fairy-like boats. I saw many lovely forms swimming and floating in the water, their faces transported with happiness, their long hair streaming out on the waves like glittering sunshine.

My gaze now rested within the depths of the lake, and I could see the various kinds of fish that usually inhabit fresh inland lakes; but, oh, how beautiful they were! A fish is a bright and beautiful object anywhere; but these spiritual fish were transcendent; their colors were blended more beautifully than the rainbow—red, yellow, green and pearl; blue, violet, pink, crystal and white; and every shade of every description mingled and blended beautifully and harmoniously together. I could see the lake trout, the long pickerel, the little minnow, and larger fish of various kinds, yet the lake was not overstocked; there were just enough fish darting through the waters to lend life and enchantment to the view.

"You will observe, my dear son," said my father, "that nothing propagates here; there is nothing within all the heavenly spheres belonging to earth except those things that have been developed up through matter on the earth. All that you see here is but the spirit of those things which once existed on earth; there is no propagation of any kind within any of the heavenly spheres, and earth can never furnish more than will perfect its heavens,—it is the earth yielding up its spirit as the sun yielded up its spirit; yet the sun was a primary world, never intended for habitation, but to perfect other worlds and render them fit for habitation. The sun's spirit was pure magnetism, and retained only one form; for it never reached a point beyond one globular form, and you have already seen how its electric light is made to blaze; but the earth is a secondary world, and is yielding up its spirit through its countless forms of life, and thus forming the grand spiritual heavens for the happiness and home of man,—its crown or culmination,—which is at last the all-wise, God-like angel."

Our boat now touched the opposite shore

from where we started, and stretching out before us was a grand and beautiful forest. We left the boat and glided through its cool and sequestered aisles. The trees were of various kinds, like a forest of earth; and beautiful mosses, ferns and brilliant wild-flowers of all kinds, that usually grow in deep woods, were all about us, with this difference: there was not a twig, leaf or flower in the least decayed, and all the bark on the trees was perfect and beautiful, nowhere were there any tangles or disagreeable obstructions,—no stumps or decaying logs,—nothing but the most perfect and beautiful order; not set after man's small pattern, but most natural and beautiful. We came to little purling, sparkling streams of water, small cataracts, leaping cascades, and here again I saw the shining trout darting through the water. We seated ourselves on a moss-grown hillock as though to rest, yet we were not weary. Presently, a deer peeped shyly at us through the trees; then I saw a number of deers and fawns skipping and playing about. Soon an enormous lion approached us. I trembled and looked at my father in surprise;



he stretched forth his hand and the lion came up to us. My father patted his shaggy mane as he said,—

“Remember, dear Ernst, nothing can harm us in this world; the lion is as harmless as the lamb, and he is as immortal as man. And why should he not be? If one were to take away the immortality of any living thing, one would take away the immortality of all living things, for life is spirit, and spirit is life and nothing else. All living things first exist as spiritual germinal points swimming within the ethereal sea; and as each germ is developed up through matter into its perfect form, it takes its proper place within the spiritual realm there to exist forever more.”

I then saw a panther or two, and occasionally a bear; many beautifully plumaged birds sung their sweet songs over our heads, and pretty, nimble, bright-eyed squirrels ran up and down the trees. A wild sweet hush rested within this grand old forest, and a gentle breeze rustled and sighed through the trees.

“Ernst, this is only one of countless other forests within the heavenly spheres, and there are forests of all kinds. Many are of tropical

growth with corresponding spiritual animal life."

It did not take us long to travel in this beautiful spiritual realm,—for we floated rather than walked,—and we could move with great rapidity if we so desired. We soon left the woods and stood on an elevation looking out over a beautiful valley. The valley was long and wide, perhaps twenty miles in length by five in width. It was dotted all over with small towns, villages and rural homes, and every house and every home was more beautiful than a dream,—so beautiful I cannot do them justice in trying to describe them. They did not appear to be built of wood, but of jewels of various kinds: topazes, emeralds, sapphires, diamonds, pearls, agates, gold, silver, granite, marble, stained glass, rubies, turquoise, corals, garnets, amber, sea-shells and occasionally of small rare pebbles. I could see winding roads white and shining, and beautiful angelic forms walking and floating. I could see glistening spires, gay towers and monuments. I could see sparkling rivers and winding streams. I could see fountains and gorgeous flowers, pet dogs and other domestic

animals. I could see children skipping and playing and groups of angels conversing. I could see gay kites and gayer balloons hovering over the towns; but I could not see cars or horse-cars, locomotives or any riding in carriages; no fences, no manufactories and no smoke from anything like fire. "We do not have fire in the spiritual world," said my father. "Dear Ernst," he continued, "we have not time to visit these towns now, but I will take you into them at some future time; you have not much longer to stay to-night."

But it was not night here in the spiritual world, yet there was no sun visible to us. The light of the sun is not needed in heaven. The light in this world, as I now perceived, was not like that of earth, yet it was as light as the lightest and most beautiful day of earth,—the light was a sparkling, rosy light, like the dawn of a clear summer day,—and yet I could see all the colors that ever existed flashing here and there, glinting, sparkling, whirling, like some clear, beautiful, effervescing, liquid ether, and it was the ethereal atmosphere; the ethereal atmosphere is life, light and motion in and of itself.

“ This valley with these towns and villages,” said my father, “ is only one valley within the spiritual heavens, and there are as many such or similar as there are sands on the seashore. Such, dear Ernst, is heaven. How can it be otherwise? for earth has been yielding up its treasures of life or spirit for what is to man countless ages. Now there are millions of large grand cities within the heavenly spheres, but we have not time to visit one of them to-night, for you must be fresh to visit Oceanides to-morrow, and now it is time to return.”

Victor swept his strings of gold, his sweet music stirred all the ambient air; we waved them adieu and descended. I awoke in my room.

## CHAPTER XX.

THE next morning I prepared myself with a beating heart to pay my premeditated visit to the sweet and suffering lady whom I loved more than all else on earth or in heaven, and shortly after breakfast I started. I concluded to walk rather than take a carriage, as the day was quite mild and pleasant, although the autumn was nearly past.

My brisk walk of nearly an hour in the bracing air made me feel as courageous as a lion, and I was very hopeful that Oceanides would give her consent to go with me to Europe.

My poor, pale darling came to the door in answer to my ring. Her smile was as sweet as heaven, although her unfathomable eyes looked very sad and dejected. Her hand and wrist were bandaged and useless. I took the

dear head between my hands and kissed the pale sweet lips again and again. She made no resistance, but laid her weary head down upon my shoulder confidingly.

I drew her to a seat on the sofa by my side. I held her closely in my arms as I said,—

Oceanides, do not refuse longer to go with me to Europe. Rhombus and that vile woman Liz, have again attempted your life.

I then related to her my dream.

Dear Oceanides, I pleaded, you are now unable to support yourself; if you remain here they will surely encompass your death. Come, my darling! Give your consent; send the child to her father; you can no longer take care of her or yourself. I will help you to pack up a few needful articles of clothing. I will obtain a carriage and take the child myself to the hotel where her father is staying, and when I return we will drive to the city; you shall go to a hotel for a day or so, where you can have proper care and attendance; I will arrange my affairs and we will start for Europe by Wednesday of this week.

She made no answer, but lay still and passive within my arms; human nature could

bear no more, and I knew her passive silence gave consent. I kissed her again and again; I pressed her sweet form in rapture to my breast. We will go and put together a few things.

"I can do that by myself," she said, softly, "while you go for the carriage."

A sudden fearful fancy seized my heart; it seemed to me I could not leave her alone again, even for a few minutes, now that she had consented to be mine, indeed.

Oh, my darling! I said, I cannot leave you. I am afraid something may happen to you even in the short time I am absent.

She smiled sadly, with drooping head.

"That is not likely," she answered; "but Alice must be cared for, and I now feel like giving up all things, even my own life."

I looked at her more closely, for in my joy I had overrated her strength. Her face, now that the momentary excitement of my arrival had subsided, was of a deathly pallor; her eyes were of an unearthly brightness; she had grown very wan and thin; the hand and arm were stiff and very badly swollen; she looked like a drooping and dying lily. I cursed the

vile wretches in my heart that had caused all this suffering to the dearest, best and sweetest of womankind, and I vowed to be revenged ! I would take her to Europe now until she were fully restored to health ; and as soon as we could lawfully marry, we would return, and then — unknown to my Oceanides — I would seek out this miserable Rhombus, and if I did not kill him quite I would chastise him until but a spark of his vile life remained.

Pressing the dear form of Oceanides once more in my arms, I hurried from the house. I obtained a carriage and then returned for Alice. I hurriedly ordered the driver to take her to the hotel where her father was, and then return for me. Oceanides packed what few things she needed, and I again took her to my heart. We waited the return of the carriage.

Oceanides, I said, you shall never again know sorrow if a loving heart and the devotion of my whole life can ward it from you. Now that you have given your consent, you are mine forevermore ! Nothing shall ever part us ! I swear it ! I will stand by your side for weal or for woe, for life or for death ! I now sit here yours forevermore. I will never



again leave you for an instant, except when necessary, and then within a safe nest of my own providing. I will face hell, death and the grave for you, and conquer them all! She said very little. I felt her form trembling within my arms. She was very weak, hardly able to sit upright. I brought pillows and made her lie upon the sofa, while I smoothed and caressed her bright hair. I took the bandage from the poor hand, and bathed the wound in a cooling and healing lotion. I bathed her throbbing temples in cologne. Her eyes bespoke her gratitude as she said in a low voice, —

“Dear Ernst, this is the first time any person ever petted or waited upon me when sick. I have endured all I ever can endure, and even if I were to be eternally lost for giving myself to you, I could no longer help it. Even if I knew there was such a hell as many believe in, and it surely awaited me for my sin,— if it be sin,— I could no longer save myself from it. You are now to me in Christ’s stead—in God’s stead—and my duty as the wife of Mr. Rhombus is forever done. I have thus far performed all my duties toward him

most faithfully. I have been true to him in every act,—in every thought; but from this time, forevermore, he is to me a stranger, he is to me as one whom I never saw. I will fly from him, if need be, to the remotest part of the globe. I know his mind. I understand him, but he does not understand me; he thinks because I am mild I have no spirit; he thinks because I have allowed him to ill-treat me that I shall always be a passive instrument in his hands. Ernst von Himmel, he is mistaken! Ernst von Himmel, you are mistaken! Neither he nor you understand me. My nature is like that of a high-tempered sword: you may bend it again and again; you may bend it nearly double, until one might think it would surely snap asunder,—yet it does not; it flies back again as bright and straight as ever, ready to pierce the hand that has so rudely and carelessly toyed with it; but his hand is not worthy to longer hold the bright, high-tempered sword of my being; to you I now resign it! Oh, Ernst von Himmel! as you value your own eternal life, see that you make good use of my gift; for to you my soul is given, to him it was my body only.”

Oceanides, I said, with great solemnity; I do understand you far better than you think I do. If your nature had been a common one, you would have left Rhombus long ago; it is the very brightness and bending strength of your nature that has kept you so long with him, uncontaminated, untarnished; and now I shall take this bright sword in my own hands and with it I will pierce Rhombus through and through,—but hark! There is the carriage! Oh, joy! we shall soon leave this accursed place, and then I shall feel you are doubly mine.

Oceanides still lay on the sofa with glittering eyes and face the color of the whitest marble; the carriage stopped before the door; a man leaped from it and entered the house. I was a little bewildered, for I supposed no one was inside the carriage; the door of the little parlor was now flung wide with a forcible hand. I instantly stood facing the intruder, so that my form shielded that of Oceanides. The burly form and dare-devil eyes of Rhombus stood before me. He had made use of my carriage and returned in it. We stood for a short time looking straight into each other's eyes

without a word. Rhombus' eyes wore an evil and crafty expression, and his forehead was certainly the most villainous one that my eyes ever rested upon.

"How d'y do?" said he. "Having kinder nice times, ain't ye? 'cause ye thought I was gone. That's the kind of a wife you be! Oh! you're a nice wife for a man to have! Here I've been away toiling and toiling for to earn bread, and come home to find my wife in the arms of another man. Git up! git up, you strumpet! Git up off that are sofa, an' I'll settle with this 'ere pink and white feller with his dainty hands!"

He clenched his great brawny fists and took a step toward me. I stood with my eyes firmly fixed on his. I did not intend to strike him first; but if he laid the weight of his fingers upon Oceanides or myself, I would surely take his life. He took another step toward me; I fixed myself firmly — never taking my eyes from his for a moment — for the encounter; but it was not a man with whom I was dealing, — it was a coward! a miserable, sneaking coward! one that could beat and abuse women and helpless animals, but would slink

like a cur before a man that manifested the least bravery. My eye alone had quailed him. I saw at once it would not come to blows unless I struck him first, which I might yet do. I glanced at Oceanides; but the poor lady in her weakness and misery had fainted, and I was glad that she had become oblivious. Now I would settle with this dastardly villain and then take my poor darling away. I had not thus far spoken a word since Rhombus had entered. He threw himself heavily into a chair.

"Come now, stranger," said he, "I guess we'd better talk awhile. Perhaps you don't understand just how things is. I expect Oceanides has been telling a lot of her lies. Of course! What was I thinkin' on to blame you? I might ha' known her tricks. Take a seat, stranger."

I prefer to stand, I said. And if you dare to utter another word against this lady, I will throttle you as sure as there is a heaven above us,—I will throttle you as I would a cur that tried to bite her!

"Oh!" he ejaculated. "You're very fine and mighty now; ain't you? You don't look

as though you could throttle a spider. If I was a fighting man, now, instead of bein' the most patient and peaceablist of all the world, I could just take the gas out o' you in about a minit---just one blow from that there fist would settle you for allers;" and he doubled up his dirty fist once more, but rested it on his knee. "Well, now," said he, in a whining voice; "this is a pretty pass for a man to come home to, that's all tired out with hard work trying to support his family;" and he drew a dirty red bandana from his pocket and applied it to his eyes as he snivelled: "The wife of my bosom! she's---she's--she's---"

My eye held his.

One word, sir, in that direction, and you know the consequence! I said through my clenched teeth.

"Oh! I am an awful abused man!" he snivelled; and as he held his handkerchief to his eyes, I turned to see what I could do for my poor darling that lay there so white and still. I rested on one knee as I took her death-cold hand within my own and chafed it. She slowly opened her dear eyes, and her breath came back in a little choking gasp.

Do not fear, dear love, I said, in a low voice; no more harm shall come to you while I live.

She pressed my hand feebly and then tried to rise.

Lie still! I whispered. Remain as calmly and peacefully as though you were safely at home with me. He shall never pass my body or my soul if it is out of my body, to harm you and live! He shall never reach you, my darling, while this which is me, is me, whether in or out of the body! I swear it!

Rhombus, now perceiving that Oceanides was recovering from her swoon, said in a loud authoritative voice, —

“Oceanides! Oceanides! I’m hungry! I want my dinner! What’s the reason you haven’t got any dinner ready? Git up! git up! —will you? —and git some dinner. It’s past one o’clock, and I should think you’d both be hungry. So, ye sent Alice down to that there hotel,—didn’t ye? What d’ye send her there for? I jest happened to go in there as I was on my way home.”

He arose and went to the door.

“Alice! come out of that there coach. You

come in here' and see ef you can't git some dinner. Your mother is in one of her tantrums!"

And in walked poor little Alice.

"Now you're glad to see your mar, I know you be," said Rhombus; "if she does treat you bad. You're the most innocentest little girl, and you do love her,—now, don't ye?—if she does abuse yer poor father so awfully."

Alice threw her arms around Oceanides' neck, sobbing,—

"Oh! mamma! what is the matter? Oh! Mr. Von Himmel!" she said, turning to me. "How glad I am that you are here!"

"That'll fetch her," muttered Rhombus. "I knew when everything else failed, Alice would fetch her."

"You are mistaken this time," said Oceanides, rising. "I have endured much for the sake of this helpless child, but it is past. Alice, behold your father! He is your natural protector, as well as your only living parent. I am nothing more to you and never shall be again in this world. The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children. Good-by, Alice, and forget me."



Alice began to sob and cling to Oceanides' dress, and I could see that Rhombus was urging her on with sly glances. Oceanides stood upon her feet; she drew herself up like a royal queen rising out of her bath in the ocean, or as slowly and majestically as the moon rising out of her watery bed.

"Good-by, Alice. Come, Mr. Von Himmel."

She never turned her eyes toward the snivelling wretch whom she had once called husband. She took my arm as proudly as a princess, we entered the carriage, the driver whipped up his horses, and Oceanides left the place she once called home, forever,—left the man she once called husband and his child forever!

## CHAPTER XXI.

OCEANIDES sat pale and silent with down-cast eyes, but I was flushed with happiness at my success. We rode on in silence for some time; at last she said,—

“Dear Ernst, I cannot go with you to Europe. I cannot be to you more than I am at present, until we are legally wedded. You have misconstrued my silence into a full consent. I know your great, noble, loving heart would gladly shield me from all harm. I think you would be faithful and true to me, but yet, dear Ernst, I cannot fly with you. I will go to a hotel for a few days until my hand is better, and then I will find some way of supporting myself until the year is up—until I am wholly free from Rhombus, and then if you still love me we will be wedded.”

If I should still love you? Oh, my darling!

as though I could ever cease to love you! But, Oceanides, do not be so cruel! Do not disappoint me like this, but go with me to Europe, and we will be happy.

"I cannot," she said; "and it is more for your sake than for my own that I refuse. You are a young and rising man; your earthly fortunes lie before you; much, very much depends on your untarnished reputation; to fly with me, a married woman, would be your ruin. No, dearest; we must wait. In a few days I will take an office in the city—you know I am a graduate in medicine—now that I am older I may succeed; but whether I succeed or not, I can thus make a home for myself until I am free. Heaven will be kind to us, and we shall at length be able to marry without reproach. I love you too well, dear Ernst, to bring reproach upon you."

I still tried to persuade her, but she remained firm; she would receive attentions from me; I might visit her; yet she would not appear with me in society; she would obtain her divorce as quietly and as soon as possible; and with this I had to be content. I left her in a nice room at a respectable hotel.

I sent a nurse and a good physician to her, and I called upon her every day until she was fully restored to health ; she then took a pretty little office and once more commenced to practice her legitimate business.

I had on one or two occasions incidentally repeated to her my strange dreams. She had looked at me with curious eyes, but had made no comment. It now occurred to me that I ought to tell her that I was not like most other people, that I often fell into a singular kind of sleep in which I saw spirits and angels and they took me with them into another and a different world ; it might be when she knew all this her feelings would change toward me. I had never dared to reveal this fact to the world in which I moved, nor yet to my immediate relatives. My own household were all very orthodox in their religious opinions and would have considered me a lunatic if I had so much as hinted at my strange experiences. What would Oceanides think of me when I should tell her? Singular doubts of my own sanity had often crossed my mind. Would my darling consider me a fit subject for an insane asylum? Certainly, before I should

marry her I must tell her all,— I must tell her of Victor and Viola;— of my father and Rose; I must tell her how I had been carried to a space where worlds were being formed; I must tell her how I was in the habit of visiting the spiritual realm; yes, at my very next visit I must tell her all,— and then perhaps she would cast me off forever. My heart beat painfully as I thought of this. My own mind had been entirely revolutionized since I had been in the habit of receiving visits from those that had departed the earth-life. I now greatly desired that Oceanides should become a participant in this delightful experience, and so at my next visit I said,—

Oceanides, you have never yet told me anything about your religious opinions. I suppose, darling, in order that those who wed should be happy, it would be necessary for them to agree in religion; it seems to me that no two can be happy and differ greatly on this point.

“Well,” she replied, “my mother was a very pious lady of the Methodist persuasion. I have not yet told you, dear Ernst, but she died about two months since.”

Then you are a Methodist? I questioned, rather disappointedly.

"Yes; I am a member of the Methodist Church; at least, I was a member until I married Mr. Rhombus; I have never attended church since that event, and perhaps my name has been erased from its books; but, dear Ernst, you have never yet told me to what church you belonged."

I do not belong to any, I answered. Unfortunately, my father was an atheist, and not only an atheist, but a materialist. When he lived in this world he believed there was no other, and when people died, that was the last of them. I never could believe as my father did. I have always thought since I was old enough to think about such things at all, that man existed after death, but I have never been able to believe in any of the church creeds, and of late I have had very strange experiences.

I then related to her my singular dreams; I told her of Victor and Viola,—of Rose and how my father had visited me and taken me with him on various occasions,—how he had watched over and guarded her and foretold

our future union — hers and mine. I told her of my visits to the spiritual world, and what I had seen there. She listened attentively and then said,—

“Very strange and unaccountable things have sometimes happened to me.”

Tell me them, I said, deeply interested.

“When my beloved mother lay dying,” said Oceanides, “I sat by the bedside holding the dear hand in mine and wetting the parched lips from time to time; and as I thus sat, I fell into a strange condition: the walls of the room and all within the room faded from my sight; yet my mother and the bed on which she lay was still visible to me when there appeared plainly to my sight — about six feet above and directly over her — another bed and another form. This phantom bed was just like the bed on which my mother was lying and a phantom form just like my mother’s was lying on the phantom bed: the only difference being that the head of the real bed and the head of the phantom bed were reversed, and seated on either side of the phantom bed were two angelic forms. As I thus sat holding my mother’s hand, she breathed her last; and as

the last sigh escaped her, I involuntarily watched the phantom form; a sort of spell or fascination was on me which I was unable to throw off. I shed not a tear. I did not feel at all like weeping, but rather joyful and elated, although I could hear my sister and my father weeping and moaning in great distress. As my mother breathed her last, the phantom form on the phantom bed became animated; it raised itself to a sitting posture and gazed at the forms on either side of the bed, and as she did so I looked at them intently and with great earnestness. I recognized them. They were my two sisters that had died a few years previously. My mother did not seem to know that she had expired. A strange spell was on my ears as well as my eyes, and I heard her speak to them, calling them Annie and Hattie, mistaking them for myself and my sister. I saw them bend over and caress her. I heard them softly whisper, "It is not Annie and Hattie, but Nonie and Millie." She had always called me Annie, for short. I saw my mother gaze at them in great surprise. I saw them point and direct her gaze downward, and then I could see she knew she had left her



earthly form. They gently assisted her from the bed, and supporting her between them the phantom bed disappeared, and waving me farewell they also disappeared. I arose and went into another room, where my sister was weeping so bitterly, and she upbraided me for my heartlessness in not shedding tears for my mother's death."

O, my darling Oceanides, I said, you are nearer and dearer to me than ever. Is it possible, my dear love, that you, also, have had these strange experiences?

"Yes," she replied. "I have had a great many, but I have not dared to mention them; my father and sister despise so-called Spiritualism, and Mr. Rhombus would have abused and sneered at me."

Did you ever see the spirit form of your mother again? I asked.

"Yes," she answered. "I have seen her many times. Shortly after the form of my mother had been laid in her coffin, I was in another room lying wearily on the sofa. I had shed no tears, but I experienced a feeling of great weariness instead — when I saw, standing directly in front of the sofa, three forms:

those of my two sisters supporting my mother between them. They appeared very bright and light, while my mother's form appeared much darker and heavier. After my mother was buried I went home; and one night as I slept,—it was rather a strange kind of sleep,—I again saw my mother. This time she seemed to be alone, and she sung to me a beautiful song. There were a number of verses, and in my sleep every word was clear and distinct; it seemed to me then I could remember them all, but when I awoke I found that I could not; yet a few of the words kept ringing in my ears and are still ringing,—those few words were, ‘Weep not for me, my children. I am now happy and free.’ Her voice was most sweet and heavenly, and her appearance that of a very beautiful young lady of twenty-five years or thereabouts.”

I was extremely interested in Oceanides' recital.

Have you ever seen your mother since? I asked.

“I cannot say that I have seen her,” she answered; “but a very singular thing occurred a short time before Mr. Rhombus left me—

not long after my mother's death. I had been sewing steadily day and evening for a long time and felt nearly worn out. It was about eleven o'clock on this particular evening, and Mr. Rhombus had just returned from a boat-ride. I was so worn and weary that I had begged him to take me; but he had refused,—I afterwards learned that he met the woman Liz and took her,—he had returned and was standing before me, looking very evil and talking to me in the most insulting and abusive manner. I remember a feeling as of death passed over me,—for a short time I really thought I was dying,—one-half of my body became entirely benumbed, and it seemed to me that I were two persons instead of one, and a voice not my own issued from my lips. To my utter surprise it was my mother's voice, and these were the words uttered in the most solemn and impressive manner, 'Oh! cruel, cruel man! The blood of my child be upon you!' My sewing was forcibly thrown from my hands, and I was compelled by this unseen power to go to bed. Mr. Rhombus had looked half-frightened, and left the room without a word as soon as the voice ceased speaking.

As my body was completely benumbed, I thought for a few moments that I was suffering from a stroke of paralysis, but in a short time I felt as well as ever."

My days were now flowing peacefully along, and I was happy and content in the society of my affianced. Victor and my father did not visit me as often as they had done heretofore, for the hour that I had been accustomed to give to them was now passed with Oceanides. But she became so deeply interested in all that I had told her that she begged me to remain at home one or two evenings in the week that I might have time in which to receive their visits; but, strange as it may seem, I would much rather have remained with her; she would not hear to it, however, and so the next Sabbath evening I remained at home, and a few minutes before nine I seated myself, hoping that I might see my angel visitants once more: nor was I disappointed. Just as the clock struck, my eyes closed and my father stood before me.

"My dear son," he said, "I wish you to come with me into one of the angelic cities, that you may observe how many angels pass their time."

I gladly consented, and we soon stood within a gloriously beautiful city within the angelic sphere. We were here met by Victor, Viola and Rose.

“Angels do not work with their hands,” said my father, “but with their minds. Mind is over and above all matter, but works with and through it; therefore this angelic city was not made by the hands of angels, but was constructed within their minds. Neither was this nor any one of the other cities within the heavens fashioned by a personal God; but each angel have constructed their house according to their particular gift in wisdom — according to their particular love or fancy. You will observe, dear Ernst, no two dwellings are alike. A similarity runs through them all, yet each differs from the other, but all are extremely beautiful: each one perfect in its way, according to its particular conformation. As no two angels are alike, so no two dwellings are alike; yet these cities are far more beautiful than the Christian’s dream of heaven with God like a man on a throne and angels doing nothing forever and ever, but falling down to worship him,—such angels would

deserve great commiseration, I think; and such a God would not deserve the praise of the most foolish; but thanks to eternal wisdom! the Christian's dream of heaven is not a true one."

As my eyes roamed over this most glorious city, I, too, was most thankful that the Christian's dream of heaven was not a correct one.

There were many large and magnificent buildings within this city, but my father told me that none of them were private residences, —all the large buildings were constructed by companies or bands of angels, and were devoted to wisdom in all its various branches, —but that each angel's particular home was quite small and they kept no servants of any kind; each angel constructed without aid from others their own private residences; but when they erected one of these magnificent Halls of Learning, a large company banded together and all agreed on the particular style of building they desired, and thus it was fashioned alike within the minds of all and was projected from their united minds and became a real spiritual temple within the heavens, not made with hands, but by the soul of God working

through the angels; moreover, that God is not perceived by the angels as a male personality, but as the great Eternal Soul of all things that are, or ever were, or ever shall be,—the great unseen power that moves all things.

“Look! dear Ernst,” said my father. “Do you observe that most magnificent temple yonder?”

I looked in the direction he pointed out, and on a slight eminence in the center of the city I saw a most magnificent edifice: It appeared to be built entirely of diamonds, with a spire of gold. Imagine the sun just rising on such a building; the diamonds all reflecting the fresh rosy light of a clear, beautiful, summer’s morning, and you will have a faint conception of that which met my sight as I gazed enraptured.

“That is the principal temple of this city,” said my father; “the leading temple of wisdom; all the others are more or less branches from this one.”

## CHAPTER XXII.

“COME!” said my father to Victor; “let us go into the temple, and Ernst shall accompany us.”

So we floated onward and entered the temple.

The interior was vastly more beautiful than the exterior, and it was filled by a large company of angels so gloriously and brightly beautiful that my finite sight was dazzled and I could not look upon them. My father perceived my trouble and said, —

“Let us retire to a small room, where we may converse by ourselves.”

We ascended a wide golden stairway and entered a compartment where the glory was somewhat subdued. We took some restful seats. Although one could not see the interior of the building from the outside, yet we



could perceive, as through clear glass, the landscape outside of the building; and as I gazed forth, I saw — a little in the distance — a boundless ocean and many ships sailing thereon.

“The ocean which you can see in the distance,” said my father, “is one of many others within the heavenly spheres. Heaven is not without its oceans any more than earth, and we have ten here where there is one there. Some day, dear Ernst, you shall sail with us out over one of these heavenly seas; but before we can do this, I must tell you of many other things. The ships which you see were not made with hands any more than the dwellings and temples of wisdom, but by angels banding together and forming them within their minds.

“Angels do not create natural objects any more than man does on earth; they do not create the spiritual earth, water, grass, trees, or flowers, or any kind of animal life; they create only those things which may be classed under the head of art, and all the things which they create within their minds become real objects to themselves and all other angels and

spirits, providing the spirits are wise enough to perceive them.

“There are at the present time ten thousand times ten thousand more angels within the heavenly spheres surrounding the earth than there are men upon the earth; these heavens have long been and are still becoming most wise and powerful, and every man, woman and child on the earth are continually receiving visits from these angels and are more or less aided and guided by them; many men and women are conscious of their presence. There is a time in the distant future when all men will be so refined and spiritual that angels will be their recognized companions by day and by night.”

Father, I said, all these things are intensely interesting to me; yet, even now while I sit here with you in a temple of wisdom within the heavens my mind is wandering back to earth and Oceanides. If she were only with me, I should never desire to go back to earth at all.

“If the angels within the heavens had no loved ones on earth, not one of them would ever return. There are millions of angels

that never do return to earth," said my father. "It is this connecting link of love that draws earth up toward heaven and heaven down toward earth. Love joins the two worlds together. Oceanides is your true conjugal mate. Happy for you that she is so: for none can become angels until they are united to their own. Your courtship of Oceanides has but just commenced. You may think you understand her well; but I assure you, you do not. You have gathered a few jewels from the storehouse of her soul, you may be so foolish as to hold them in your hand and think you have them all; but do not make this mistake: the brightest and most precious jewels are yet in reserve. Unless Oceanides were capable of feeding your soul with heavenly wisdom, you would soon tire of her, as other men tire of women whose hands do not take hold on heaven and heavenly truths. Man is too often attracted to woman, merely for her beauty, her style, or her elegant dress, and the attraction is as fleeting as these things are perishable; he sometimes desires her for her wealth, and this is the most wretched and fleeting of all, for the natural

law is that man must provide for woman's material wants, while she feeds him with bread from heaven, or spiritual and heavenly truth. This is the true order of things, and if it is reversed it is like a dish turned upside down and its valuable contents wasted. See to it that you do not turn your dish upside down.

"Your Oceanides is very like one of those large and beautiful ships which you see sailing out there on the ocean. Do you see that fine large vessel lying at anchor out there, not many fathoms from shore? She is a fair representative of your Oceanides. She has lately come in from a distant isle, where she was sent by heavenly wisdom to be loaded with an extremely valuable cargo; her crew were not very well experienced in those strange waters, and the one for whom she was expressly built and loaded was not yet old enough to take possession of this grand ship with all it was destined to contain. It fell into the hands of robbers and pirates, out there on those distant shores; they bound the crew and robbed the vessel of all which they thought it contained; they then foolishly scuttled the ship, thinking it would sink forever out of

sight, and left it to its fate. But these foolish robbers reckoned without their host, for a band of angels which had followed the ship in its course immediately took possession of it; they unbound the inexperienced crew, they repaired the damage done to the ship and made it as seaworthy as before; then they looked to see that the real treasures had not been damaged or touched, for the ship's real and most valuable cargo was hidden deep within its hold in small and cunningly concealed lockers; the robbers had not found these, nor even suspected that they existed; the ship's cargo was complete and intact; the wise angels brought her into her real haven, and there she lies anchored in that sunny little cove; her rightful owner which is yourself, my dear Ernst, will soon take full possession of her. Will you accompany me on board now, my dear son, and be made acquainted with your inheritance? for the ship is a real spiritual ship and your own; in it you shall sail many a happy day with your Oceanides."

I gladly consented, and we left the Temple of Wisdom and went down to the shore. Whilst my father had been talking with me,

Victor, Viola and Rose had left the temple and gone down to the shore to await us; they were already seated within a little boat and prepared to row us out to the ship. The stately and beautiful vessel lay there gently rising and falling with the waves. The small boat was a beautiful little affair, and I must stop to describe it. It was long, wedge-shaped and built entirely with a vast number of very small pearls of priceless value; and set with glittering diamonds was the name of the boat,—“Truth!” The boat was softly lined and cushioned with rose-colored satin; and garlands of pure white lilies scattered here and there formed the word,—“Love!” Victor sat amidships with a pair of golden oars ready to row us out to the stately ship. Viola and Rose were seated in the stern of the little craft, my father and I took seats in the bow of the boat and sat facing Victor. Victor’s harp lay on the bright cushions at his feet; his eyes were bent on mine with a singular expression, which I did not then understand. As soon as we took our seats, he grasped the shining oars and rapidly propelled the boat out into the water.

"Hold!" cried my father. "Not quite so fast! A few more strokes like that, and our little boat would stand a chance of being shattered against the sides of the vessel. Curb your eagerness. Curb your impetuosity. — Victor, the jewels which we have to show Ernst von Himmel will keep, and we cannot afford to shatter our little boat of pearls."

Victor rested his oars, caught up his harp and commenced to sing and play. He sung sweet songs of love and truth and heaven. Still his eyes were riveted on mine. We were soon alongside the ship. I could see a number of angels walking on her deck; they hailed us with sweet words and joyful smiles; they threw us a silken ladder and we climbed the sides of the vessel. She was, indeed, a large and noble ship; her white sails were furled; but one could see at a glance she was staunch and sound to the core. Her decks were clean and white as snow; the angelic crew were flitting busily here and there.

"They are keeping her fresh and sweet for her rightful owner," said my father.

The angels had already drawn up and put in her place our little boat, — "Truth," and

they were now busily at work unfurling the ship's white sails.

"It will do you no harm to sail awhile in your own vessel," said my father; "and have no fear but what we shall take good care of it until you sail in it for good with your Oceanides."

While the angels were steering at the helm we descended into the cabin, and here a repast awaited us. This compartment of the cabin was a very clean and neat dining-room; an angel stood ready to receive us. The table was spread with a pure and shining white cloth, and the service was crystal, silver and gold. We all took seats at the table, the serving angel filled our goblets with red wine. There were two plates filled with slices of white bread and a golden fruit-dish loaded with purple grapes; this was all. Viola passed the bread to Victor, Rose passed the corresponding plate to my father; he brake and gave to me. Victor passed the grapes to Viola, my father then passed them to Rose, but to me they offered none. I glanced at my father for an explanation. He smiled as he said, —



“Dear Ernst, you must gather your own fruit with which to feed your Oceanides. She will give you bread from heaven; the angels will provide you with the red wine of life; but the fruitage of life you must gather with your own hands wherewith to feed your darling.”

Again Victor's eyes were bent on mine with that eager and singular expression. I glanced at Viola. A change had come over her; her deep eyes were also bent upon me in a searching gaze: not as eager as Victor's, but more penetrating. I felt my heart quail beneath her glance. I knew my whole soul lay revealed like an open page before that far-reaching sight; she now turned her eyes upon Victor. He had eaten the bread which she had given him, and he was looking with eager eyes and flushed face at her plate which drew my attention more especially to it;—when lo! I perceived her plate was heaped with priceless jewels,—jewels so priceless and rare their value could not be estimated; her beautiful white hands were toying with them daintily. Victor stretched forth his hands with an imploring gesture; she took one within her thumb and finger, held it up for a few moments

that we all might see it; then gently pressing it to her sweet lips and against her throbbing heart, she laid it in Victor's outstretched palm; her sweet voice now sounded clear and distinct. I had not often heard her speak, but now she said,—

“Behold the result of thy fruitage! dear Victor. For every grape thou hast gathered for me I return to thee in the form of a priceless jewel; for man cannot live by bread alone, but by every jewel that proceedeth directly from heavenly wisdom.”

My spirit yet being bound to an earthly body was not quick to perceive spiritual things; and unless my attention was particularly drawn or directed to such things, they were not visible to me. I had not taken especial notice of the angel that appeared to be serving us, and I had forgotten that my father had said there were no servants in the angelic life; but now the proceedings of this apparent servant attracted my attention. She was standing not far from me, for it was a woman; she had turned and was looking intently at me; her eyes wore a peculiar expression. I glanced at Victor. His eyes were also riveted upon

her. All appearance of a servant seemed gradually to fall away from her. As I gazed spell-bound, the change grew and grew upon her, until she stood before me the most superbly beautiful creature that the mind can possibly conceive of. Like Viola, she was not small, but grandly and magnificently proportioned: all the outlines of her beautiful form were full and curving. Her hair swept to the floor of the cabin and lay all around her in shining, rippling, golden masses. Her eyes were large, sweet and blue as the heavens. A gauzy robe the color of the sun half-concealed, half-revealed the exquisite form. A rose-colored sash was tied about the waist. I judged her to be about twenty-five years of age.

A strange and awesome feeling crept over me. I thought I had seen her before, yet could not remember where. I thought she was something nearer and dearer to me than my own life and yet a part of that life. She held a silver pitcher in her hand, and with her sweet eyes still fixed on mine she gently approached me,—she leant gracefully over me and pressed her sweet lips to my brow. As

her lips touched my forehead, delightful shocks stirred and shook my enraptured soul. She again filled my goblet with the red wine from her silver pitcher, saying,—

“Drink! dear Ernst, drink! for this wine which I give you is the wine of everlasting life. Do you recognize the hand that first gave to you the red wine of life?”

I cried out suddenly with a great cry. I fell at her feet. I clasped her knees. I turned my enraptured face upward. I begged her to kiss me again. I knew her. Oh! I knew her now! My mother! My long-lost mother; for she had left me motherless on earth and ascended to the angelic spheres when I was but three years old,—long hidden from my sight, but at length revealed. I trembled in an ecstasy of joy; she raised me to my feet; she gently clasped me.

Mother, mother! Oh, my beautiful angel mother! I again cried. Have I found you at last? my long-lost mother?

She gently compelled me to sit down once more and placed herself by my side; she held my goblet to my lips,—

“Drink,” dear Ernst,” she said. “It will

give you strength for that which is yet to come."

I did as she bade me, and drained the glass. It ran through my veins like liquid fire,—the true elixir of perpetual life and youth.

"This is life," said she; "this is eternal life! Thy earthly body thou wilt some day lay aside, but the true elixir of perpetual youth and life thou didst first receive from me,—thy mother! Thy soul I did not create. That is a drop from the great eternal fount of life; but the red wine of life thou didst receive from me,—the red wine of life I will still continue to give thee, and I will never cease to pour out the draught for thee while the eternal ages forever roll onward."

She sat with her beautiful eyes fixed upon me most lovingly; my hand clasped within her own.

Mother, I asked, why have you not come to your son before? Why have you left me alone so long? your poor boy, whose heart has cried out for you continually?

"Dearest Ernst," she replied, "I have never left you; I have never deserted you as you seem to think; I have been near you; I have

hovered about you ; I have watched over you ; I have gently whispered sweet and loving words into your spiritual ears ; I have put high and holy thoughts into your mind ; I have often guarded you from danger. Your father and I have worked much in concert together, yet I have been invisible to you. Your father and myself are not one, yet we have a mutual interest in you, my darling son ; but for reasons that I will not now explain it was necessary that you should first enter your own ship before I could become visible to you. This ship holds all the treasures that life has in store for thee, my son ; it holds for thee health, wealth, power and fame. First of all health ; for without health, -- wealth, power and fame are of no value and cannot be obtained. This ship is filled with sparkling, spiritual jewels of brightest truth ; without these bright jewels, earthly wealth is but mere dross and very shortly vanishes away forever ; and then if thy soul had not these treasures in reserve, thou wouldst be very poor indeed. Health and spiritual riches give power and hope to the soul of man ; without them he would sink down into merely animal life and brute force

which would be made use of by the spiritually wise, as the wiser and more spiritual man makes use of the lower animal power, guides it where he will; the fame belongs to him and not the animal."

It was now time for me to go back. The sweet vision slowly faded and I awoke in my own room.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

WEEKS passed on. Oceanides and I were as happy as we could be under the existing circumstances, when one day she received a threatening letter from Rhombus. In it he said that he had discovered her whereabouts and would soon show her that he would be master of the situation; and, that he had been informed of her intention to obtain a divorce, but would fight it tooth and nail. He had left the unhappy Liz to her fate some weeks ago and was now ready to do battle against the wrong which Oceanides intended to do him.

Oceanides was very much troubled and depressed. Again I begged her to fly with me to a part of the world where he could not find us. Again she gently but firmly refused. Fearing he would come and destroy all my



hopes, perhaps take my darling forcibly from me, I implored her if she would not fly with me to make a change that would effectually conceal her identity and place of abode. To this she gladly consented and the change was accordingly made.

I found a suite of apartments which were beautiful and homelike, for I intended they should be my home and hers when the proper time came.

We had been so busily engaged fitting up this little paradise that I had not signalled or called for my angel visitants for many weeks. My love was now hidden where I felt sure Rhombus would never find her, but the application for divorce was withdrawn: Oceanides feeling that she could never go through a long and tedious lawsuit with such an unscrupulous villain as Rhombus to fight against it; and now again we waited for a power greater than our own to overrule our destinies, that we might be united in an earthly marriage as we were already in a spiritual one; but greater changes than we expected were in store for us. I will not anticipate, however. Just now I was feeling nettled and impatient. My own

home with my most staid and orthodox relatives had become almost unbearable; my one great desire was to be with Oceanides every moment possible, and as I was obliged to gravitate backward and forward between her home and my own, under the existing circumstances I felt rather hopeless, broken up and depressed; but I reasoned this state of things could not last forever, and I would try and hold my soul in patience,—in the meantime I would learn all I could of the higher and spiritual life of man. My father had told me that the ship which he had shown me was a fair representation of the soul of my Oceanides; my angel mother had shown me some of the jewels hidden there; they had also told me that my ship held untold riches; my father had bade me to explore my ship,—to search for my jewels and I should surely find them one by one; I could have no better opportunity than the present.

One evening as I was sitting with my darling in her cozy little parlor, her soft hand clasped in mine, a strange thing occurred. I had been gazing for a short time into her clear sweet eyes, that were like wells of loving light

whose depths I could not sound, when a shivering and shuddering seized her, her hands and arms moved in a convulsive manner, her eyes lost their deep sweet expression and looked vacant and meaningless. I was very much startled, thinking, perhaps she had taken a sudden illness or spasm; and just as I thought of calling in aid, her eyes closed, her face took on a rapt ethereal expression, her hands and arms relaxed, her lips moved as though she would speak.

Oceanides, my darling! my love! what is it? I asked in great anxiety.

Again her lips moved as though she were trying to speak but could not, and as I attempted to draw my hand away from hers in order that I might ring the bell for aid, her fingers closed over mine like the grip of steel, and a voice issued from her lips, but it was not the voice of my sweet Oceanides; it rang out clear and strong, and I recognized the voice of my father. Her eyes were still closed and her face was like one that was sleeping.

"Dear Ernst," said the voice, "it is, indeed, the voice of your father, and this is the only way that you can hear my voice with your

material sense of hearing. I am at this present moment controlling your Oceanides, and I shall use her organs of speech for an hour or more; there is much that I wish to say to you."

Dear father, I asked, is it not possible for a spirit to speak in an audible voice without using the organs of one still in the body?

"It is not possible," answered my father.

But — I objected — thousands of people say they have heard and are constantly hearing independent spiritual voices,— voices that seem to issue from the air where no person is.

"Many are deceived and deluded," he replied; "many more think they hear with their material sense when it is their spirit alone that hears; many so-called mediums are simply tricksters and impostors, and no angel voices of any kind ever reach their benighted souls, for one cannot easily penetrate the hide of a rhinoceros; their deluded victims are duped and swallow anything that comes in their way. Thus it has ever been, and thus it will be for ages to come: the bright jewels of truth that are scattered here and there are constantly being covered up and hidden from sight by

the husks and rubbish of error; but when once you have found a bright jewel of truth, keep it bright and unspotted; let it not be tarnished with error. A spirit has no material organs of speech and therefore cannot make a material sound. A spirit has no material throat, mouth or tongue, and no other material organ of any kind; the material body with all its various organs the spirit has forever laid aside, and by no possible means can it ever take them up again. There are great natural laws that cannot be changed. One cannot make water run up the side of a mountain. One cannot fetch the sun down and put his foot upon it. One cannot gather the stars and hold them in his two hands. One cannot eat the moon, although it may be made of green cheese; and no more can a soul, once emancipated from flesh, blood and bones, ever take them up again; therefore a spirit cannot speak with an independent material voice. But water can run down hill and mingle with the ocean. The sun can cast its rays of light upon the earth, and man can see to walk thereon. One can raise his hands toward the stars and perceive them in all their beauty as they sweetly

and solemnly swing through their orbits of light; in like manner a spirit or an angel can descend from its home within the heavens and mingle with the spirits that yet inhabit material bodies. Angels can cast their light, their wisdom, their truth, down upon the spirits of men, and man can see to walk in its light and a galaxy of glorious angels swing within their orbits of light, and man may raise his hands and mind upward, and light from the angels shall penetrate his darkness. I can speak to you, dear Ernst, in an audible voice, but not an independent audible voice. I can control the material brain, throat and tongue of one that still has a living material body. In this way I can talk with you in an audible voice and in no other way."

Father, I said,—if indeed it is my father which I hear, and not Oceanides,—many at the present time think that spirits can take on a distinct material body of flesh, blood and bones, and issue from dark cabinets, walk about among the people at a seance, clasp them in their arms, kiss and talk with them in whispers or audible voices: tell me, is this true?

"My son, it is not true; it is false: as false

as the burning hell and fiery devil of old ; as false as that the blood of Christ washes away all sin ; as false as that God, in the person of Jesus of Nazareth, came down from heaven to be crucified by Pontius Pilate, that he might save man from a hell which he especially made for him. Dear Ernst, man is ever like a pendulum: he first swings this way and then the other; never at rest; always in motion. When he obtains a bright jewel of truth, immediately he buries it out of sight within a heap of rubbish. Jesus, with his great, loving soul, tried to enlighten man and save him from his own folly, teach him to be wise, loving and good,—which would make him happy,—which is heaven; but man at first crucified him; then, at length, swinging the other way, he deifies him; he foolishly tries to put God under his own feet; but such a thing is as impossible as it would be for him to fetch down the sun and trample upon it. When man swings so far that he can believe and preach for centuries that he can at first murder God, then wash in his blood and become white and clean and free from all sin, he is trying to make water run up the sides of a

mountain, or something that is equally absurd. And the rule holds good with man to-day: he feels the presence of angels; he sees and hears those that are inspired by angels. This is all right and as it should be; but soon he swings to an extreme. Now he wants to pull the angels down and put them into flesh and blood; and when, as he thinks, he has gotten them there, he will then desire to trample upon them and crucify them. He puts God into the flesh and blood of Jesus; he puts angels into the flesh and blood of fraudulent impostors. My son, spirits and angels never yet took up a separate distinct body of flesh, blood and bones; they influence more or less the spirits and bodies of mankind, but they never take on a second time a body of flesh and blood; even if they would, they could not any more than the stars could fall from heaven,—any more than the sun could voluntarily descend and place himself under the feet of man,—any more than water could of its own accord run up the sides of a mountain,—any more than the stars could come down and gather themselves together within man's hands and say, 'Here, feel of us, handle us, count



us ; we are only very small mean things after all, bright little pieces of tinsel.' ”

Some pretend to say, I continued, that spiritual beings have the power of drawing material substance from the persons of the sitters at a seance and from the body of the medium which they think it is always necessary to have present within or without a cabinet or dark closet ; and they suppose this can be done in a very few seconds.

“ Yes,” answered my father, “ many very wise men and women in their own conceit think those things can be and are done, and many very wise men and women have for centuries believed that God created the earth, sun, moon and stars, and all that exist thereon, in six days. Which, think you, is the most absurd : a spirit that can create a full-grown body of flesh, blood and bones in six seconds ; or a God that can create millions of worlds in six days ? If spirits were able to create full-grown bodies in six seconds, or even if God could do this, why need there be so much trouble, care, gradual growth and development of the little invisible germ of man, from the time it is breathed in by the lungs of the male parent till

it becomes a full-grown man or woman? I have already shown you worlds are gradually developed from the atoms, whose centers are the little invisible flames of magnetism, and they are ages upon ages in growing and developing into suns, earths and planets. Why need there be all this trouble, gradual growth and development if God could make them all in six days? Man swings from one absurdity to the other. How many bright jewels of truth, think you, it will take to balance him? Yet he gathers a few bright jewels as he swings; his motions are not in vain any more than the motions of the worlds on high; if he remained stationary, the wheels of existence would cease to revolve. So let him swing. Occasionally a masterhand winds up the springs and a balance is struck; then on he swings once more, first here, then there; and he often forgets as he rushes madly on that strict time is being kept just above him, that he is merely helping to mark out the events of eternity."

Well, I said, many people think there are very wise chemists in the spiritual life that understand just how to amalgamate atoms, subtract them from the bodies of mediums,

gather them up and therewith clothe their own spiritual forms. Is this true?

"No," answered my father, "it is not true. Many wise men, learned chemists and doctors have in the past sincerely believed, and have spent the greater part of their lives on earth in trying to compound an elixir of perpetual youth. All these things are like turning a dish upside down and expecting it to be filled; or like pulling a tree or plant up by the roots, turning it upside down, burying the tops beneath the soil, thinking it will grow better that way than the right and natural way. All this is childish folly, not worthy the brain of thinking men and women. If a spiritual chemist could do this, he would be able, like the wandering Jew, to walk the earth in a material body for thousands of years; but, like the story of the Jew, it is a myth. Atoms once thrown off or subtracted from a living body can never again become living atoms of flesh and blood,—atoms that have once yielded up their vital principle of magnetism are worthless; they have not the power of attracting or of being attracted; they lie helpless at the mercy of natural law; they are pushed up by

the atmosphere outside its limits and lie in great belts about the earth until again revived by comets; and when each atom has again received its proper amount of magnetism, it has the power of attracting and of being attracted, and they thus weld themselves together and form rings or zones about the earth. As the ages roll on and they become large and heavy enough, they break and are thrown off from the parent world and at length become an independent orb or moon,—a satellite revolving around its parent earth. One can see belts by looking at the planet Jupiter, and one can see the welded rings or zones by looking at Saturn. The wisest chemist that ever lived can never work outside of natural law; he is the servant of higher natural laws, and not their master: do his best, and he cannot make a tree or plant grow with its roots in the air and its branches buried beneath the soil; he cannot fill an inverted goblet with water. A full-grown tree can never again become a sapling, a man can never again become a babe, and a developed, emancipated soul can never again clothe itself with flesh and blood. Creation all runs in spiral circles; and when it

has reached the top of one spiral, it has become too large to go back the same way it has travelled,—it must enter upon a new and larger spiral circle. Now, my son, it is to give the true balance above the oscillating pendulum that I am now present with you, controlling the other half of your own being. I do not wish you to be the pendulum, but the wise hand that points directly at truth. Let the pendulums swing,—it is needful; but you need not swing with them: let yours be the higher mission of the hour-hand that moves slowly, but surely toward the true time, pointing straight at the truth,—for the sake of beautiful truth I am here with you to-day. The sun can throw outward its rays of light until they penetrate all the darkness of the earth; so can the angels throw outward their rays of light and truth, until they penetrate man's ignorance and obtuseness; the truth is this: spirits and angels can be with man in their higher and more perfect forms,—their forms being composed of ethereal substance and filled with magnetism which is an invisible flame as you know,—their ethereal and magnetic bodies, coupled with their greater intelligence, are

able to penetrate, fill, influence and often control those still within a material body; and this I am doing at the present moment, permeating and controlling the body and brain of your Oceanides,— to strike a strict balance for you and point directly at truth.”

The voice ceased speaking. Presently, Oceanides opened her eyes; she looked a little dazed as though just awaking from sleep, but soon she was her own true self again.

Oceanides, I asked, do you remember what you have been saying?

She put her hand to her forehead as though trying to recall something as she answered,—

“I know that I have been talking. I realize that I have had some kind of strange spell, yet I cannot recall anything that I have said. I feel as though some invisible power had compelled me to utter words and sentences not my own,— a power greater and stronger than myself; and now that this power has left me I cannot remember what it has said.”

My darling, you have been talking for an hour, and I am certain that it was not you, but a spirit or angel, and the voice claimed to be that of my father.

I then related to her what the voice had said. She seemed to be a little disappointed, for she had hoped that materialization was true. She sighed deeply as she said,—

“But there are hundreds of people that say they have actually seen materialized spirits and heard them talk.”

Did you ever attend a seance of that kind? I asked.

“Never but one,” she replied, “and I must tell you about it. The whole thing was fraudulent from beginning to end.”

Indeed! Well, that is what the voice has just told me that materialization was fraudulent.

“The one I attended certainly was,” she replied; “yet others may be true.”

Well, tell me about the one which you attended.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

“THE seance was held in the parlor of a very respectable house; a circle was formed about the room; a cabinet stood within a few feet of a door leading into another room; the parlor in which we sat was darkened until one could see nothing distinctly; a woman whom they called a medium went into the cabinet; soon she reappeared at the opening, having thrown off her black dress, appearing in a short white skirt. She began to sing and talk in a loud, vulgar voice, pretending it to be the spirit of a sailor boy; she then danced and cut up a few antics. I became so disgusted that I wanted to leave the circle, but could not get out, for we had previously been penned in by a long strip of cotton cloth being passed around the circle, which must be held tightly within both hands of all the sitters,



"When the woman had done, a large, fat form appeared at the aperture in the curtain of the cabinet, and in an exceedingly hoarse whisper announced itself to be the aunt of some one present. No one recognized the aunt, however, and after the circle closed a very fat man stood in the doorway to take the money, and I paid my dollar with great reluctance, for I recognized this individual as being that same aunt done up in a white sheet. But, dearest, I have come to the conclusion that a circle of this kind cannot be a fair sample of others that I have heard about. A lady has been telling me, of late, about some seances that are genuine. She says that she has been attending them for a year or more, and knows they are not fraudulent; she tells me that spirit forms appear as though coming up from the floor and forming as they come, and that they melt away and disappear while one still holds them in their grasp; this circle is considered the truest and best of any in the city."

Well, dearest, let us attend this circle, I said, and become convinced of the truth or falsity of what has been told us this evening

"They hold the circle to-morrow evening," she said, "and we will go."

The next evening found us seated in a large, quite elegant parlor, in an up-town residence.

"The people that live here are very respectable," whispered Oceanides, "and I do not think they will allow fraud of any kind. I do believe, dear Ernst, that we shall find this to be real materialization."

Well, dear love, I replied, we shall soon know. Let us keep our eyes and ears open, and not be deceived if we can help it. I really hope the voice which talked with me yesterday is mistaken, for I would like to see spirits clothed with flesh and blood.

"That cabinet looks rather suspicious," said Oceanides. "I should think, if these people wished to convince sceptics, they would have arranged the cabinet in a different manner."

The cabinet, as she said, was arranged in a very suspicious way; it was placed directly in front of doors leading into a back parlor, about six feet from them; the cabinet was merely cloth curtains of a very dark color hanging about a wooden framework. Every opportunity was afforded a confederate. Quite a

gentlemanly-appearing man conducted the seance; he placed the sitters' chairs about three feet from the wall all around.

"Why does he arrange the chairs in that way?" asked Oceanides.

"I do not know," I replied.

A lady sitting near, hearing the question, answered,—

"The spirits sometimes materialize behind the chairs, while the people are sitting in them."

"That must be a very fine test," said Oceanides.

"I assure you there is no fraud carried on here. We all see the spirits materialize right before our eyes," said the lady.

I began to feel very eager for the seance to commence. Taking out my watch it still lacked fifteen minutes before the time appointed.

"Do different forms appear?" asked Oceanides.

"Oh, yes!" replied the lady. "Tall forms, short forms, and, best of all, the forms of dear little children."

"Indeed!" said Oceanides, a little breathlessly; and I felt considerable excitement.

"We have a very excellent medium to-night," said the lady; "and we expect the seance to be the best possible."

Presently, the conductor of the seance led in a tall, very slender, young lady. She bowed and disappeared within the cabinet. The conductor turned off the lights, leaving the least glimmer, which was carefully shaded with colored paper. Soon the curtains parted and a tall, slender form appeared, draped in white, — the exact form and bearing of the lady who had entered the cabinet. She ran lightly, with bare, outstretched arms, toward a gentleman seated in the circle, and catching his hands drew him with considerable force toward the cabinet. As she reached the entrance she paused, and throwing her arms about his neck she kissed him a number of times, and then talked with him a few moments in whispers; then she disappeared behind the curtains again.

Soon another form appeared, considerably shorter than the first; but one could see at a glance it was that of a young and supple girl.

"Ah!" whispered Oceanides; "that is a confederate! She has crept in from the back

parlor and crawled beneath the curtains at the back of the cabinet."

The fact was too evident to be contradicted. This form did precisely what the first form had done. Again the taller form appeared. She stood a moment between the curtains, then gradually sunk down on her knees while the excited company whispered,—

"Oh! she's dematerializing! She's dematerializing! Just look! There she goes!"

When she had rested on her knees for a few seconds she bent her body forward, touching her face nearly to the floor, at the same time throwing her dark, unbound hair forward over her head, instantly drawing the curtains about her.

"There! She's gone out! She's dematerialized right before our very eyes!" cried some of the company.

"That girl is exceedingly wicked," whispered Oceanides.

My heart sunk with disappointment, for any child could readily see just how she performed her tricks. The conductor of the seance was standing very near one corner of the cabinet.

"Look!" he exclaimed, suddenly.—"Look

Do you perceive this white spot here on the floor?"

He had lowered what little light there was still lower.

Yes, all could perceive something white lying between him and the cabinet.

"Oh, Ernst!" whispered Oceanides; "it is one of those girls crawling out from beneath the cabinet. One can see nothing now but her white shoulders; the rest of her body is hidden beneath the curtains, and in the darkness it might deceive some."

She was right. The girl crawled slowly from beneath the curtains, gradually raised herself on her knees, threw her head forward and began tossing her hair about with her hands.

"Oh! just see the darling! She's materializing her hair! Just look!—and the rest of her body is only half formed!" cried some of the deluded sitters.

Immediately the supple young girl jumped to her feet, ran out into the circle, still tossing her hair about, clasped a gentleman about the neck, drew him to the door of the cabinet, kissed him rapturously, darted behind the curtains and drew them about her.

"Oh, that was perfectly splendid!" exclaimed many of the company. "No one can dispute that; it was a perfect materialization right before our eyes."

"Ah!" sighed the lady who had before spoken to Oceanides. "What do you think of that? You can never again doubt."

I looked at Oceanides in distress. Tears were in her eyes. She sighed heavily as she said,—

"Oh, how can they be so cruel,—so wicked?"

A form now darted out of the cabinet. It was the shorter of the two young girls. While the other held the attention of the company, this one had improved the time by slipping off her long robe, and now appeared in exceedingly short white skirts and black corsage,—perhaps I ought to say corsets; in her hands she held a Japanese fan, which she whirled and tossed about, dancing around the circle at the same time.

"Oh, that is little spirit Lightfoot! Darling little Indian maiden!"

"How old is she supposed to be?" asked Oceanides of the lady.

"About five or six," was the reply.

But her limbs were exceedingly long for a child of five or six years. Although her skirts were very short, her limbs were those of a full-grown young woman. Just as she disappeared behind the curtain there was a cry,—

"Oh, the beautiful darling! the beautiful darling! she's materializing right here behind my chair."

Oceanides turned with a start. While the Indian maid had been decoying us with her antics, the other girl had crawled out at the back of the cabinet, crept softly round behind the chairs of the sitters, — they had been so placed by the conductor of the seance as to give her plenty of room, — and here she was just getting up from her knees behind some one's chair.

Oceanides' face wore an expression of utter contempt and disgust. The spirit, being very near her chair, perceived it and shrugged its shoulders rather contemptuously.

"Ah! there is another one forming way up at the top of the cabinet!" cried a voice; and, sure enough, a white substance was slowly appearing, high up at one corner of the cabinet.



“Oh, dear!” sighed Oceanides; “that girl has stepped up on the frame of the cabinet and is pushing open the curtain at the top.”

But she very carefully kept her feet concealed. While all eyes were upon her, the other girl had gone back into the cabinet, thrown a dark shawl over her head and shoulders, and come out as a Sister of Charity. She touched the faces of some in the circle, and they exclaimed,—

“Oh, her hands are like those of the dead!”

I allowed her to touch my cheek and the cold, perspiring hand of a nervous and excited girl was laid against my face. When she went back to the cabinet, just as she reached the aperture she threw her shawl down upon the floor, drew the curtains with great quickness about her, and thus disappeared from sight.

“Oh, she has fallen all to pieces on the floor!” cried some of the excited company. “Oh, dear! That was dreadful! She was out too long. She was not able to reach the door of the cabinet and so fell all to pieces before she got there. See! The shawl that covered her still remains.”

Just then the shawl was drawn slowly and dexterously within the cabinet.

"There! The shawl has dematerialized at last," they said.

"Now," said the lady who sat next Oceanides, "you shall hold the hand of a spirit while it dematerializes within your grasp."

The tall form appeared at the door of the cabinet, standing partly concealed by the curtains. It beckoned the lady to come; she drew Oceanides along with her.

"Now," said she, "grasp the spirit's hands and hold them tight; for she will melt away in your grasp."

So Oceanides clutched the hands of the young girl and held them tightly. The girl sunk slowly upon her knees.

"There she goes!" cried the lady. — "Hold her tight!"

Oceanides bent her head close to that of the girl and looked her sternly in the eyes; she thrust her hand beneath the girl's knees to let her know that she, at least, was not deceived by her tricks. The girl pulled her hands away from Oceanides and closed the curtains. This ended the seance. I gave the sleek con-

ductor two dollars for the imposition, and stepped with my darling into the open air. Her face was pale as death. Great tears stood in the deep eyes and quietly rolled down her cheeks. She looked up toward the silent, beautiful stars and a prayer trembled on the sweet lips.

"They, at least, are not impostors," she said.

"Oh, cruel, wicked girl! You know not what you are doing. Oh, can it be possible that those impostors have shattered the dream of my life?" she cried in agony.—"Is there, then, no future, no life after death? Is the belief in immortality all delusion and fraud? Oh! sweet angels, forbid!"

We were both very much excited and not fit to reason calmly. Thus we parted for the night.

## CHAPTER XXV.

THIS fraudulent seance had a very depressing effect upon Oceanides. The words which my father had spoken to me through her had prepared me in a measure to expect fraud; but, of course, Oceanides had not heard what my father had said, although spoken through her own lips.

"Oh, Ernst, my love," she said, when I saw her next day; "is it all, then, delusion and fraud? Is all this, which you and I have both seen, tricks played us by our imagination? If so, then there can be nothing after the death of the body; for I can never believe in the old ideas of a far-off heaven and hell, and that spirits once shut up in them can never return."

Oceanides, I replied, you talked in quite a wonderful manner yesterday; suppose you sit quite still and passive, my dear, and see if we

can get the talking again to-day? She rested her noble head against the pillows of the sofa, I clasped her dear hand in mine, and thus we sat in silence for some time. I noticed the same expression, or lack of expression, of the previous day settle upon her face her eyelids trembled, then closed; the same shuddering shook her frame, and then the voice issued from her lips, round, full and strong.

“My son,” said the voice, “I am again with you and will talk with you for an hour or more. You proved the truth of that which I told you yesterday, to your perfect satisfaction, did you not?”

That seance was a humbug! I replied; not even worthy the name of humbug. It unfortunately has had a very depressing effect upon Oceanides.

“She will soon recover from that,” he said. “My son, it is pure reason that the world most needs, not wonders, nor miracles. Nothing yet ever transpired outside of natural law; nothing ever will, nothing ever can. I have shown you, when you were in the spiritual condition, how worlds grow from atoms — how atoms are composed of spirit and matter, in

other words magnetism and matter — how the marriage or union of spirit and matter brings forth form — how the earths yield up their spiritual and angelic spheres, and peoples become spirits and angels — that all things within the universe bear a relation one to the other — that a great analogous chain holds all things together.

“Now the earth became rock and yielded up its water; the water in its turn washed the rock. The water yielded up its atmosphere; the atmosphere in its turn embraced and kissed both rock and water. The atmosphere yielded up its ether, or ethereal atmosphere, and the ether in its turn permeated the atmosphere and the water and even the dark earth as much as possible. Now all this was for the sole purpose of developing an imperishable, intelligent, and, at last, an all-wise, angel. A strict analogy runs through all things. Man yields up his spirit as the rock does water; the spirit in its turn purifies and enlightens man. Spirits yield up their higher principle, which is the angelic, and the angels embrace and kiss both spirits and man. The angels become archangels, and permeate and

fill with their wishom angels, spirjts and man.

“Now water can never return to its first condition before it was evolved from that which was at length to become rock. The atmosphere can never again return and fill that which was water in its first form and from which the air was evolved. Ether can never again reside as an inseparable thing, or as one with air; so a spirit can never again return and be one with flesh and blood. An angel can never return and be a spirit. An archangel can never again be anything but an archangel, just as a man can never again be a boy. A boy can never again be a babe, and a babe can never again be an undeveloped germ. But the man can instruct and guide the boy; the boy can teach the babe to walk; and the babe holds the undeveloped germ of the boy, man, spirit, angel and archangel. The babe holds wjthin its tiny self all wisdom, all love, all truth; that chubby little hand holds within its grasp the great universal whole, or all things that are or ever shall be. For it, countless worlds roll in space; to it, the sun, moon and stars pay their homage; for it, the oceans rock

their cradles; for it, the lofty mountains crest their heads; to it, all nature bends the knee.

“I have now shown you how spirits and angels can and do influence man and often control his destiny. It is on the same principle that water beats against the rock, that air holds in its embrace both rock and water, and ether, more or less, permeates the whole. And, on the same principle, I, being an archangel, can permeate and fill the body and spirit of your Oceanides, and through her lips can give to you the bread of life, which is compounded of wisdom, love and truth; but I cannot again clothe myself with flesh and blood; I cannot again speak in an independent, material, audible voice, — although angels and spirits talk more rapidly to each other than man can possibly talk to his brother man. If I were to talk to you through Oceanides, as I can talk to Jesus, Aristotle, Galen, and others of their kind, it would burst her body and brain asunder, and her soul would rush forth to meet us, as all things rush forth to find their level.

“Dear Ernst, have I made this all clear and plain to you? Do not doubt immortality, I beg! for it has a very deadening and depress-



ing effect upon the mind of man; its tendency is to lower him toward the brute creation. Aye! worse than that; it is the handmaiden of vice and debauchery. But man's faith in immortality — which is not merely blind faith but certainty — is as the strong wings of the flying bird; they buoy him up. It fills his soul with glad songs, and his eyes are bright with hope and joy.

"You are now holding the hand of your Oceanides within your own. You are now an angel in the embryotic stage; many things must transpire before you become a fully developed angel. The babe must first grow a boy, then a man. So the angel must be developed, carefully and gradually, from man."

My darling's hand relaxed, her eyes opened, and soon she was herself again.

You have been talking again, my love, I said.

"I am aware of that," she replied; "yet, strange as it may seem, I cannot remember what I have been saying."

I then related to her what the voice, which I sincerely believed to be my father's, had said. It seemed to comfort her very much,

and she appeared more like her own bright self.

"I shall never attend another materializing seance," she said; "for instead of strengthening my belief in immortality it has the contrary effect; it tends to destroy my hopes of a future life. It seems to turn my whole mind upside down, like an inverted dish, and spill out all spiritual and holy truth."

Oceanides, my sweet one, it has the same effect upon me; but let us turn the receptive dishes of our minds right side up again, that the angels may fill them with wisdom, love and truth.

Since I had discovered that Oceanides possessed this power, or, rather, that spiritual beings could influence her and talk directly to me through her organs of speech, I did not care to be alone and thus receive the visits of my angel friends. I much preferred that they should talk to me through her; I could remember it better and it did me more good.

My father had likened her to a spiritual ship loaded with heavenly treasures, and I now began to realize more than ever the truth of his words. He had bidden me to search

for my treasures and I should surely find them. I wondered if my angel mother could speak through her as my father had done; so at my next visit I said,—

Oceanides, my darling, do you think the angels will talk with us to-day? We will sit very quietly for a short time and perhaps they will favor us. I did not tell her that I wished my mother to come and talk with me, but this was the thought uppermost in my mind. Soon the voice of my father rang out, clear and concise.

“Ernst,” he said, “you must not think that we do not know your thoughts, for whenever we are near you your thought is to us like an open book; we read it as you would a page. Therefore I am aware that you wish your mother should come and talk to you. Your mother has been in the angelic life many years, and is, consequently, far removed from earth; yet it is possible for her to come. But in order that she may control Oceanides it will be necessary that Oceanides become almost like one that is dead; in other words, her spirit must be caught up, as it were, into the third heaven,—and this I must explain a little.

Your mother cannot use Oceanides' organs of speech as I can, but we must first bear the earth-bound soul upward as far as possible. Your mother will come down to meet it,— will impress and talk with the enthralled soul, — then I will control her to write down all that she has seen and heard."

My father now ceased speaking. Oceanides became herself once more. I related to her what had been said, and I hoped by the next day to hear from my mother. I was not disappointed; for, when I visited Oceanides on the morrow, she had a number of closely written pages, and she told me that she had been unconscious for a long time previous to the writing. These precious pages I will now transcribe to this book.

"To my son, Ernst von Himmel.— The formation of worlds interests me greatly, but love interests me more. Attraction, which is another name for love, is the secret, moving spring of all creation. Without attraction or love all things would fall into chaos. The mother loves and nourishes her child, and it was the attraction of love that first caused that child to be. If the mother is attracted to

heaven and leaves her mortal body, the body perishes or falls apart, because attraction or love has left it. But the love has gone up higher, that is all; and when we say 'gone up higher,' what do we really mean? You understand, dear Ernst, that there is really no such thing as higher or lower: such terms are merely relative. For the earth, on which you now live and on which I once lived, is round or globular and is rolling with great rapidity in space; consequently, there can be no such thing as higher or lower. But the spiritual and angelic spheres surrounding the earth are globular in form like the earth they surround, and when love goes forth it finds an abiding place in a larger, more complete circle. All things correspond one with another. If love finds its home in a larger, more complete circle, then the love itself is larger, stronger, more perfect and complete, and the power of that love is enhanced ten or even a thousand fold.

"My body fell apart. My love remained intact; and as it grew, strengthened and became powerful, it was a secret lever to move the destiny of my child. But love without

wisdom is vain and comes to naught; therefore, wisdom must be coupled with love. My wisdom must equal my love, or love alone might harm my child. Wisdom must search and find the true method whereby he could receive the most benefit. What was the greatest and best gift that could be bestowed upon him? Wisdom and love sought and found a priceless jewel, and this gem of untold value should be given to my child. The name of this gem was love! I took the shining treasure in my hands and carried it to my child. Behold! a gift from heaven! Through thy mother's great love for thee, art thou possessed of this treasure! But love alone will come to naught; thy wisdom must equal thy love. The balance must be struck, and one must weigh as much as the other. Without wisdom love is naught. Without love wisdom is naught. Thou art worthless without love. Love is worthless without thee.

"I could give thee no greater gift than love; I have given thee all that heaven has to bestow. Love shall stir up wisdom, and wisdom shall hide and protect love.

"Oceanides is thy love,—thy mother's gift

from heaven. 'Thou art her wisdom,—and the balance is struck. Mother-love can do no more; it ceases and is lost in the greater, grander circle of conjugal love, or the true union of love and wisdom. My son, thy soul is now merged into that of thy love; thy love's soul is now merged into that of thy wisdom. Thou art one. Thou art an angel! Although yet on earth, thou hast become a perfect whole. The two halves are merged into one being,—they can never again be separated. That is impossible. Love and wisdom are now completely amalgamated. They are one jewel,—a precious diamond beyond all price.

“A diamond cannot be resolved into its elementary state. No more can love and wisdom be resolved into their first constituents; therefore, there can be no separation. Things that do not amalgamate must of necessity separate. Oil and water will not amalgamate,—the oil remains oil and the water, water—it is not the uniting of love and wisdom and can easily be separated; in fact, they never can unite. They may be poured into one vessel, and be brought in contact, only to repel one the other. The oil can easily be removed

and it is still oil ; the water still remains water and nothing results therefrom. Oil and water are not the true parts that make one perfect thing.

“The marriage of Rhombus with Oceanides was like putting oil and water into the same vessel, and came to naught, — there was no amalgamation. Rhombus remained Rhombus and Oceanides remained Oceanides ; it was not the uniting of love and wisdom. Fear not : he can never separate thee from Oceanides. Thou art one. Separation is impossible. Though oceans and continents roll between, still art thou one. And now arises the question, Can death separate us ? Dear Ernst, we must first analyze that which is called death. When the soul leaves the body, the body falls apart ; the soul with all its attributes remaining intact. Is it the material body which is amalgamated, or the soul ? Does wisdom belong to a dead body, or has it left it ? If love and wisdom remained within a material body that body could never drop apart ; and when love leaves its body it cannot depart without wisdom, for they are one. When love drops her body, she holds wisdom



within her grasp, — he must drop his. How else could they be one? — for they are not the oil and water that can be separated. All else may fall apart and fade away, but the true jewel, composed of love and wisdom, will still blaze on, to light up the pathway of truth.”

The assertion that we are already an angel is a very strange one, I said at last; and yet, my Oceanides, I feel that it is true. Yes, my darling, we are already an angel. Although, still within our mortal bodies, we are inseparably and forever united; the law of man can never make us more or less to each other. Yet we will conform to man’s law as soon as we are permitted to do so, that we may not be a stumbling-block to those who cannot yet stand where we are. — But perhaps our father will talk to us a little while?

Soon we felt his power with us, and his first words were, —

“ My remarks to-day will be of the work and mission of an angel, whether in or out of the body.”

## CHAPTER XXVI.

“AN angel’s first duty is to search diligently for truth; but how shall he find it? how recognize it when it is found? For truth’s shining face is nearly always veiled in a thick cloud of darkness and error; her body is often clothed in such thick and impenetrable garments that she is not recognizable. When he meets this combination of truth and error, he must unveil her, tear off her dark outer garments, and lo! there stands before him a bright and shining creature clothed in heavenly light; and when he has once found truth and stripped her of error, he must introduce her to as many as possible. Truth is like a simple and unaffected maiden. Truth is entirely natural, for nature is truth. Affectation, of any kind, is not truth. Unhappiness is caused by the affectation of error.

“Now, dear Ernst, I do not wish to talk in parables, and I have been trying, since my first visit to you, to teach you simple truth as I have found it and as you will find it sooner or later. My labor has not been in vain, and now take the truths that I have been able to give you and introduce them to the world at large, — if not to all the world, to as many as you can, — for the first duty and mission of an angel is to discover truth and give it to the world.”

But what had become of Victor and Viola? I had not seen or heard from them for some time. And where were Neptune and Nereid?

I thought I should like to see my spiritual ship once more, — so, one evening when I was alone, at home in my room, I threw myself into my old accustomed seat and earnestly called for my angel visitants. Presently my eyes closed, my old sleep came upon me once more, and lo! there stood before me Victor with his golden harp. His radiant eyes held within their depths the firm, steady light of a conquering hero. He struck his harp with a masterful hand, the music rang forth clear and loud, it rolled onward in great waves of victorious sound and upon the waves we glided

forth; and there, not far off, rising and falling with the waves, rode my gallant ship. The bright little boat of truth lay safely alongside, and upon the deck white hands were beckoning.

Victor's music grew louder and more powerful, until its reverberations seemed to shake all heaven and earth, and as we boarded the deck of my ship, Victor laid his harp at the feet of—Merciful God! who was it? Was Oceanides dead? Was this her departed spirit? My soul cried out in agony,—

Oh! not yet! not yet! I am not ready, and I cannot live on earth without her.

She came forward and laid her beautiful hands in mine. Her clear eyes pierced my soul like sword-thrusts. Her voice rang out sweet and clear like a bugle's call.

"Ernst," she said, "my soul has come forth to meet your soul. I am your ship. Behold me!" And the ship by some strange power seemed to merge itself into Oceanides and Oceanides was merged into the ship; and then, once more, it was Oceanides standing on the deck of her own ship, and many bright angels were standing or seated about.

Viola now appeared standing by the side of

Oceanides. A change had passed over Oceanides and the two forms now appeared like twins. Again a transformation took place; the two forms melted into one, then stood singly once more.

"Behold your Oceanides! as she will be when thou and she meet on the thither side of time!"

And Victor, — where was he? By my side? No. He had been; but now he was within me, and I waved my arms aloft and shouted, —

Victory! I have gained my Oceanides, — my ship all loaded with its heavenly treasures!

One by one the bright angels gathered about us, and there were little children foremost among them. A bright and beautiful boy came up and taking the hand of Oceanides, kissed it fervently.

"Through you, dear lady," he said, "I shall be able to converse with my father."

"Behold a friend," said Oceanides; and the beautiful boy gave me a loving glance and sailor salute. He led forward another little boy, — a fair-haired child with eyes of blue.

"This is my little midshipman," said the older lad, with a roguish eye and curving

smile. "He will do for a middy, will he not, dear Oceanides?"

Oceanides caught up the babe and kissed its rosebud fragrant lips.

"You are the sweetest little midshipman one could wish to see. This spirit is a little gem on board this ship," said Oceanides. "Kiss him, dear Ernst," and she laid the babe in my bosom. It clasped my neck in a fond embrace. I kissed the sweet lips reverently, for was he not a midshipman on board my spiritual vessel?

"He's the middy, and I second-mate," said the older boy, thrusting hands into pockets and throwing his head back.

I looked down into the roguish eyes and met their gaze in full. An awesome feeling crept round my heart.

If you are the second mate on board my ship, I said in measured tones, who may the first mate be?

"Oh!" said the boy, "he's not far off. Ho! there, shipmate! Come aft!"

And there glided toward us a familiar form. An introduction was not needed. He grasped my hand and shook it joyfully.

“Ernst, my dear brother,” he said, “I see you have not forgotten me. I am the same Edwin as of old, though sailing on board a spiritual ship. Thou hast not forgotten me and I will not forget thee.” And he caught up the hand of my Oceanides, laying his finger on a ring of gold that I had placed there as a token that our souls were united.

“Dost see this ring?” he said in solemn tone. He raised his hand aloft and placing Oceanides’ hand in mine he continued, pressing our hands firmly together, “Thus will I cement the earthly union;” and he threw the ring far out upon the waves. I watched the shining circlet—for it did not sink although of solid gold—with great interest, for I did not at once comprehend him. The ring rose and fell on the waves, and with every wave it neared the ship; at last I heard it strike with a ringing sound against the side of the vessel. Oceanides’ eyes looked eager and expectant.

“Who will rescue the ring?” called out the second mate through a silver trumpet.

“I!” and “I!” and “I!” was the answering shout, and a dozen or more stalwart forms leaped into the ocean. There was a scramble,

—some one had rescued the ring; a boat was lowered.

“Lower the life-boat!” called out the captain, and a boat splashed into the sea. The sailors got into her. She was hoisted and I saw the ring put into the captain’s hand. The captain came forward with a bow.

Father! father! I cried. Is it, indeed, you?

“It is I, dear Ernst, and not another. I have the honor to be the commander of this vessel, — the captain’s orders must be obeyed. Come forward, all!” he shouted; and there gathered a host. I had not thought there were so many on board. He held up the ring that all might see.

“Behold this ring!” he said. “It is a heavenly pledge, and heaven never fails to redeem its own.”

He threw the ring upward, and I watched the shining circlet as it whirled aloft, until it seemed for a short time to be at rest, and the eye of an angel was looking down through it directly into mine, and soft white fingers held it. Slowly the angel descended, still holding the ring, still looking through it, until the bright form stood between me and my father.



Mother! mother! I cried, and threw my arms about her. She laid her beautiful hand on my brow; she kissed the ring, then gave it to me.

"My son," she said in dulcet tones, "the time has come. Redeem thy pledge!"

Taking the ring I turned to Oceanides. She stood by my side crowned with flowers; a misty veil sweeping far out upon the deck.

"Who gives the bride away?" called out the second mate.

"I do," answered my mother in sweet and solemn tone. "I do; by natural right. She is my best and highest gift to my son."

"Is there any one to forbid the bans?" cried the captain.

A rustling was heard among the assembled company and a number of angels came forward.

"I do not know that we have anything to say against the marriage," said a voice; "yet we have never been consulted, or asked whether we liked it or not."

I looked up in great surprise. A form stepped out from the midst of those who had come forward and confronted the captain.

"Father!" murmured Oceanides.

The captain extended his hand in greeting.

"Sir," he said, "you are very welcome on board this ship, although to me a stranger; and whatever you have to say shall be heard respectfully and taken into consideration."

"Oceanides is my child," said the spirit, "and I thought it was customary for the father of the bride to give her away. You and your son Ernst are both strangers to me; then how can I tell whether I am pleased with this marriage or not?"

All the ship's company stood in profound silence.

"Come forward, Emily," said the father of the bride.

A lady in shining raiment glided forth and stood by the side of the spirit who had been her husband in the earth-life.

"Mother!—mother!" murmured Oceanides with outstretched arms. The spirit did not rush forward to embrace her child, but gazed at me with deep and searching eyes. At the same time I noticed a few tears roll down the father's cheeks; then the tall form of a very noble-looking young man came forth and stood by the side of the elderly man.

“Charley, my brother!” murmured Oceanides.

The queenly form of a radiantly beautiful young woman stood by the side of the mother.

“Anna, my dear sister!” murmured Oceanides.

“Ernst, my dear son,” commanded my father; “come forward and salute these friends, for your mother and myself have no more right to claim Oceanides for our daughter than they have to claim you for their son.”

I stepped forward, still holding the hand of my bride, and now we stood in two lines facing each other; my father faced her father, my mother her mother, my brother her brother, her sister wound her sweet arms about the two little boys, and again a profound silence reigned over the assembled company. We all joined hands and a chain or circle was thus formed, but the two little ones stood within the circle.

“The chain is complete,” said my father in solemn tone; “and if all heaven approve of this marriage, we shall see what we shall see,”—and he turned his gaze upward. The others of the circle did the same,—when we

all saw a lighted torch descending from the higher heavens, and a white hand appeared, holding and waving the torch. Slowly it descended and paused over the centre of the circle.

“Ernst, my son, step beneath the torch with your bride.”

I did so, holding Oceanides’ hands tight within my own. The circle closed around us; the heavenly torch lighted up the faces of all present as with holy fire.

“Behold,” said my father, “the true hymeneal torch. It must be lighted by angel hands and descend from the spheres above; for if no torch of this kind appear, the marriage is not of heaven, but of earth, and must perish.” And all the assembled company said, “Amen!” “Amen!” The heavenly hand then seemed to apply the lighted torch to the heart and brain of my Oceanides, and from thence my own soul blazed in living light; and then the voice of my father said,—

“The soul once lighted from the true heavenly fire of conjugal love can never more be extinguished.” And then all the company burst forth in an anthem of joy, and upon the

waves of sweet sound I was gently borne downward, and awoke in my own room.

This vision inspired me with hope. I knew it was prophetic. I felt sure Oceanides would be all my own before long, yet just how this was to be brought about I could not tell, for Rhombus had threatened us direfully. When I visited Oceanides the next day, I told her of my vision.

My darling, I said, I thought at first you were dead and in the spiritual world, but now I see it was merely a prophecy of that which is to take place on earth.

"Would you feel very badly, dear Ernst, if I were to die?"

Oceanides, I replied, I could not live on earth without you, and I am convinced that death will not separate us any great length of time, but I should like to hear what my father has to say to us to-day through you, my Oceanides.

She remained passive a short time, then the change came over her, and my father began to speak through her.

"My son," he said, "all things grow by being fed, commencing with the first germinal

point of a world. A person's body grows by constant feeding; a person's soul and spirit grows by being fed. This great law holds good throughout all nature's domain. Starve a man's body and it perishes; starve a man's mind and he becomes a fool. Take any natural right away from him and he suffers in consequence. A fool cannot rule a wise man, and if the thing is tried it becomes a failure. By natural law, even true conjugal love must be fed or it will starve or suffer with hunger; and the torch which you saw in your vision has a deep meaning. The meaning is this: Through Oceanides must your soul be fed, or starve; but she cannot feed you unless she is fed. You may feed her body, but by natural law you cannot feed her soul; her soul must be fed from the higher heavens, or she starves and cannot feed you. Her soul must be constantly lighted by a heavenly torch, in order that she may have the wherewithal to feed you; and I hope you will never lose sight of these great natural laws, for the time is rapidly approaching when you will wed."

Dear father, I said, there are other things that I should like to have you explain. Victor seemed to merge into myself in my vision.

“Yes,” he replied, “Victor and Viola are merely types of that which you and Oceanides are to be in the future,—your own beings reflected higher. Like this prototype you will be victorious, a conquering hero; your music shall become like that of heaven, your name and fame shall ring through the length and breadth of the land, your coffers shall be filled with gold, you shall call Oceanides by the sweet name of wife,—and in the day when these things shall all come to pass, do not forget the heavenly torch that lighteth up the way of hymen; do not forget that all things grow and live by being fed. And whenever Oceanides finds her spiritual enlightenment growing dim, she must call down the heavenly torch, that her soul may be quickened and relighted; or, in other words, she must be fed from heaven. And only she that feedeth her husband with the bread of eternal life can keep his soul from starving. He shall feed her body, she shall feed his soul; this is the unchangeable law of nature, and you will find all earthly marriages that are not based on this law are in reality null and void. If the law is reversed, true union falls to the ground

If a man fails in his duty to support his wife, and she reverses the law by trying to support him, the marriage falls to the ground; and if he reverses the law by trying to feed her soul, it is like trying to make water run up hill. That is precisely where the world has been standing in the past and where a greater part of it is standing to-day. Man has been trying to do the spiritual feeding, and the result has been and is darkness and error. The following is a sample of the spiritual food which he has manufactured wherewith to feed the soul of his wife: First, he invents a God very much like himself,—supposed to be of the male gender; he seats him on a throne within a golden heaven,—for man dearly loves gold; he makes this God very wrathful and revengeful,—a God that must be constantly praised and glorified or he will cast the culprit that does not minister to his vainglory into a burning hell of fire and brimstone, there to be burned and tormented forever by another being that has more power even than God. For man says there was a great war in heaven once,—man is by nature warlike, so he cannot even invent a heaven without a war in it,—



and God became so far the victor that he cast the vanquished party out of this golden heaven down into a burning pit ; but the captain of the seceding party now had greater power over all the earth than God himself, and all the people that did not bow down and worship God should be cast into the pit with the devil and his imps. This is the kind of spiritual food wherewith a man feeds the world ; but man became a little wiser, as time went on, and was a little ashamed of the kind of God he had invented in the past, so he thought he would mend matters a little. This time his invention was quite subtle ; he brought God down out of this golden heaven and crucified him, and now it is that all that do not believe in the crucified God must be banished into hell.

“Well, it is high time that woman should take her natural place and feed the soul of man. Be sure when she does, the man’s revengeful God and crucified Saviour will all vanish away into myths of the dark ages. That mother never lived who would cast her child into hell, no matter how vile or sinful he might be ; and there never lived a man

who did not have a mother. Heaven be praised for this one great truth! A mother may be ever so vile and sinful herself, but she never forgets her child; the mother love shines on when all else fades away. Love is the saviour of mankind and not a crucified God. But the parent of mother love is conjugal love. Conjugal love is the first, most holy, most powerful,—it is the creator of all other love; therefore, conjugal love is God,—the creator of heaven and earth. For conjugal love resides not only within man, but within all created things; for it is the creator of all things. It resides within each atom that goes to form a world. Conjugal love is the base of all things and upon which all other superstructures are reared; take this away and there is no God and nothing that can conceive of a God. The time is close at hand when woman will give a religion to the world; she will take her rightful place and feed man's soul with the bread of life. When this time comes there will be no revengeful God, there will be no golden heaven or burning hell, and the devil will have no existence whatever. Woman will kill his Satanic Majesty straightway, for

if she did not he might get one of her children ; she will put out the fires of hell, for the same good reason ; she will reach into the heavens for truth and feed her husband from thence, and together in love and wisdom they will feed their children. God, Heaven, Hell and the Devil will be banished from earth, and a beautiful natural religion will take the place of these, and the world will be nourished with nature's milk from the mother's breast.

“Dear Ernst, I do not wish you to take anything that I have said or written to you on faith ; not even the things that have been shown you in your vision. Have no faith in anything that will not bear the test of reason. Man's reason is given to him for the especial purpose of using it, and he must exercise his reason on all subjects whatsoever. It is silly and childish to believe fables, and it is a great error to inculcate falsehoods into the minds of little children. When man looks abroad over nature's domain and finds that without a single exception all things grow and come into existence from a little germ or seed, and that its development depends entirely on its being constantly fed, or in other words its power of

attracting and holding atoms together,—is it not in accordance with reason to think the globe on which he stands came into existence in the same manner, and the countless worlds which he can see when he looks at the sun, moon and stars came to be by the same great universal law? If man could find a solitary exception to this law, there might be a loophole of escape; but there is not one instance throughout nature's domain. When he examines a rock, he finds it a conglomeration of atoms. When he examines the soil or the sand, he finds the one pulverized rock and the other a compound of pulverized rock, decayed vegetation and animal refuse. When he examines the water he finds it a gathering together of drops or atoms. All vegetation, from the least to the greatest, springs forth from a germ and grows by being fed. All insect and animal life grows in the same way. Man, the highest result of earth, grows in precisely the same way. And here let me say,—if there were an exception to this great law it certainly would show itself in man. But is there a man on earth who did not spring forth from a little invisible germ? It is said there are excep-

tions to all laws; but this great law has no exception whatever. All things grow; all things come forth from a germ. This is plain, pure reason and not a fable; this is the first great natural law that has no exception. The second great law is, male and female, positive and negative. Here, again, there is not one exception throughout all nature's domain. Nothing in nature springs from one parent alone. There never was a man born on earth who did not have a father and mother. There never existed an animal that did not have a father and mother,—not an insect, not a worm, not a fish in the sea. Some of the very lowest reptile and insect life bear the male and female in one form; but the principle is precisely the same. The same principle holds good in all vegetable life, and the atoms that compose rock and the soil hold the male and female principle within each one. There is not one exception to this great law; and whenever man finds a law that has no exception he may commence at one end of the chain and follow it as far as his reason can go and he will make no mistake. This has been my method. This has been my experience; and

when a man uses his reason, fables fall to the ground. If all the rolling worlds come into being through the great unchangeable law of growth and development and one thing is gradually evolved from another,—for this is another great unchangeable law,—can man find anything on earth or in the air that has not been evolved from something that existed before it? He cannot. The law is unchangeable, and each evolution is higher than that which preceded it. Then is not reason's chain complete, when it commences with an atom holding within itself the male and female principle, positive and negative force, or, rather, magnetism and matter? Whatever the terms may be, the principle is the same; he follows the atoms up without a break until worlds are formed, water is evolved from the primary rock, air from water, ether from air; then, commencing with decaying rock, vegetation is evolved, animal from vegetable, man from animal, angel from man; the chain of reason is complete without a break. How pure and simple all this is, and yet how great, how grand, how vast; there is no beginning, there is no end,—the chain is a circle. And here

is another great unchangeable law: every world is round or egg-shaped, — a circle; every world moves in an orbit, egg-shaped or elliptical. An atom is elliptical in form; all germs are egg-shaped, and all germs are developed into eggs, whether within bird, fish, beast or man. Man's head is egg-shaped; man's brain is egg-shaped. Man's reason can commence with one link of the chain and follow the circle; but he can find no beginning, no end. When man says God made a world out of nothing, in six days, he is quoting a childish fable. When he talks about God making Adam out of the dust of the earth, he is right in one sense and wrong in another. Man was evolved from beast, and beast from vegetable, and vegetable from rock, — which is earth, or the dust of the ground, or the dust of the rock, or decaying or pulverized rock. When man talks of Eve being made out of one of Adam's ribs, he is right in one way and wrong in another; for it actually is by the separation of the male and female principle, which resided within one germinal form at first, into two forms, that the man and woman do exist in their present state; and so of all animals as

well. But that God made Adam a full-grown man in a very short time, then put him to sleep and took a rib out of him wherewith to make Eve, is a silly fable; and that Jesus had no earthly father is another silly fable. Hell and the Devil are partly true, partly false. Unhappiness is hell, and hell is unhappiness. Unhappiness is caused by error or mistakes, and mistakes are made for lack of wisdom or not fully comprehending truth. The more man uses his reason, the less he believes in silly fables, the nearer heaven he will be; for heaven is happiness, and happiness is heaven. God is wisdom, and wisdom is God. Lack of wisdom is ignorance; and ignorance is the Devil, and the Devil is ignorance. So Hell and the Devil, God and Heaven, do really have an existence; but not in the general acceptance of the terms. Man's reason is wisdom, and wisdom is reason; and the lack of it or not using it is error, and error is fable or falsehood. Therefore the fool exercises faith, or the belief in fables, without reason; for the lack of reason makes a man a fool. A fool is faith without reason, and reason is wisdom, or God."



## CHAPTER XXVII.

MONTHS passed on. Oceanides and I were as happy as it was possible to be under the existing circumstances ; but time tried my patience to the utmost. I longed to call her by the endearing name of wife. I longed to make her home my home, — or rather to have a home indeed with her alone, where the outside world might not intrude.

My patience became exhausted, my hope grew dim, as the long weeks and months rolled by without bringing any decided change in the state of affairs.

Rhombus had not been able to discover the whereabouts of Oceanides ; but I kept my mind and eyes upon him. He became more dissolute and reckless than ever, — he gambled, he was drunken, he drove and lashed horses to their death, as he would have done

by Oceanides if she had remained with him; and at last — at last! — when his own patience became exhausted, he entered a suit for divorce on his own account.\* When I learned this my heart bounded joyfully. I hastened to Oceanides with my welcome news, for this step on the part of Rhombus I had not anticipated.

And now, dearest, I said, we will not appear against him. Let him get his divorce; then you can get yours.

No one appearing against Rhombus, he obtained his divorce, and shortly afterward my darling was free, — free to wed the man who loved her, — the man who would willingly have lain down his life for her, — free to wed the man whom we both believed was her own true counterpart — her other self. All her past life had been one great misery. Was it not now time she should meet with her reward?

The wedding day was set, — oh, happy, joyful day! In another week Oceanides would be all my own — my own sweet wife. Since she had been separated from Rhombus she had become very beautiful — her form developed and became round and graceful, her face lost its sad, careworn expression, and a look of

sweet content rested upon it. Her eyes were as deep and far-reaching as ever, but they lost their sadness and seemed lighted by heavenly fires. Other angelic beings besides my father and mother would often control her to write and speak, and it seemed as though our earthly happiness was now complete.

We were wedded on the day appointed, and I clasped my sweet wife to my heart, nevermore to be separated while the eternal ages should roll onward; for were we not a completed whole? We felt that our cares and troubles were forever over, for with her nothing could ever trouble me more. If sickness assailed me her dear hand would soothe my brow, her deep eyes would give me hope, courage and strength; and it seemed to me that I could not be sick if she were near me.

I was not a rich man; but if I were to lose what little I possessed she would still stand by my side, a well-spring of hope and comfort which would give me energy to earn more.

As soon as we were married we started for Europe; for we intended to travel over the greater part of the Old World. A few days after we were half-way across the Atlantic.

As we were sitting on the deck one moonlight evening a beautiful ship sailed past us. We watched it intently as it slowly rounded to the breeze, — a noble, graceful, beautiful thing, instinct with life and motion, — and in the dreamy moonlight it seemed a heavenly ship sailing on the bosom of eternity.

I wound my arm about my sweet wife's form; I pressed her to my heart.

Thou art my Ocean-Diamond! For did I not find thee at first in the depths of the sea, and draw thee forth all wet and dripping? I did not then understand thy true value. I did not know that the wealth of heaven lay hidden within thee. Thou art my Spiritual Ship, all loaded with a precious freight of jewels and gold. One by one I find them: and the crew is made up of spirits and angels. Oceanides, my darling, I am now on board my ship, nevermore to leave her decks.

I am thine and thou art mine.

THE END.

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