

**A DIVINE LESSON TO SPIRITUALISTS.**  
Many of Them Greatly Need Humanitarian Feelings!  
Receiving Tests and Talking of the Good Angels Should be Supplemented by Good Deeds and Practical Work.  
Who Among You Have Cheered the Unfortunate, and Given Substantial Aid to Some Poor Mortal Attempting to Rise?

**OUR NEW BIBLE.**  
It Contains Divine Lessons.  
At the Corners.  
(TALK OF A TRAMP.)

A dreary, cold November day,  
The wind is whistling on their way  
Across the moor.  
He does not hesitate to wedge  
His shivering form within the hedge,  
A shelter poor.



Along the slippery, rutted tracks,  
High loaded with their bursting sacks,  
Farm wagons roll.  
They heed him not, nor seem to hear  
The tale of misery and fear  
That reads his soul.

The daylight fades, and with it hope,  
Again through cruel night to grope,  
His bitter words are through the storm.  
But stay! what sound comes through the storm  
(A little voice!) A child's wee form,  
Its way forlorn!

"Alas! poor comfort of my rest,  
Without a roof or shelter blest,  
What warmth is here  
We'll offer this shivering child—  
God! but the storm is howling wild,  
With wintry tears!"

"There, little one, I'll wrap this coat,  
Such as it is, 'bout arms and throat,  
Dear friend mine!  
Lord! can I think beyond the years!  
My babe—adrift and cold—in tears  
On such a night!"

"Rest, child; your head upon this arm  
Is safe enough from other harm  
Than wolfish cold.  
Don't cry! Till morning comes just sleep,  
Somewhere, we'll manage life to keep,  
You see I'm bold."

Along the slippery highways shine,  
Now high, now low, the footlights of pine,  
Worse eager rays  
Hunt out the shadows from the hedge  
And throw within the woodland's edge  
Their anxious blaze.

They're meeting at the corners now,  
Strong heads in tearful sorrow bow,  
For hope seems fled.  
When, from the hedge's gloom a man  
Comes faintly, and the light is thrown,  
A glow of red.

There, folded to a loyal breast,  
The child enjoys a troubled rest,  
No word of care;  
He's certain his poor ragged friend  
Will guard him till he's at an end,  
Though ill he fears.

The tramp, poor fellow, bent and cold,  
A piteous sight—gray haired and old—  
No word he said.  
They try to rouse him from his seat,  
But rest has come at last most sweet,  
The tramp is dead.

TO THE EDITOR—A gamine applying  
at the palace of one of the English bishops  
for something to keep him from  
starving, was met by the dignitary himself,  
who ordered for him a piece of stale  
bread. Then, bent on "doing his duty,"  
the Right Reverend asked the boy:  
"Can you say the Lord's Prayer?"  
"No. Never heard it."  
"Then I'll teach it to you. Say after  
me: 'Our Father,'"  
"What! your father and mine?" asked



NOT IN STEP WITH THE REST OF THE RACE.

not particular whether they are saved. A prison sentence changes a man. He comes out with different estimates of life from those normally held. His chief attitude is one of indifference. He goes into a world as utterly unlike the one in which discipline has trained him as it possibly can be made. For a time he simply exists. Ambition has been disused for so long a time that his spirit will not essay any flight. He is negative, neutral, without interest in this new world and quite untouched by any of its influences.

Now, that man may still have capabilities of good in him. Jean Valjean is not a creature of the imagination. He is an actual personality repeated a thousand times over. He lives here in America. He lives here in Chicago. The character may be idealized above that realized in all or in many of the cases. But that same man lives here. He has been in prison and has served his sentence. He is honest as the sun, and that under grievous temptation. He is generous, benevolent, wise and virtuous. More than that, he is guilty of the crime for which he suffered. Besides this rather ideal character, there are hundreds of men here in Chicago who have served prison sentences and are to-day in positions of trust and are proving by actual work the excellence of their character.

For it does not follow that the criminals all go to prison, nor that all men unburned by the ex-convict's experience are innocent of lawbreaking. Guiltier men are free than ever were sent to prison. Of course, that is aside from this question. But it is still a fact not to be overlooked that the ex-convict comes in contact with men whom he knows are beneath him in every essential, not excepting the fact of past guilt. It would interest you to know some of the stories illustrating this truth. There are thousands of these stories to be told. Ex-Alderman William S. Young can tell you some of them. T. W. Hedges has a fund of information. So has James Thompson, of the firm of Thompson & Taylor. So have a score of other men in Chicago. You may have been dealing with one of the ex-convicts for the past ten years; you may have one of them in your employ to-day. One of your most trusted friends may have a place held away in his memory which, if you could unfold, you would discover to be a record of bitter months in a prison.

These men I have mentioned have done a blessed work. In the incidents which shall follow I shall not mention any principal. It would not be fair to the man whom they have helped and it would not be of profit to them. One of the men who have helped in the work of reclaiming ex-convicts I will call Mr. A. Well, one day Mr. A. was sitting in his office when a man came to him and said directly: "I am just out of the penitentiary. I was guilty. I want to live right. Can you help me?" "What do you want me to do?" "Find me some work. I am a Christian man, and if you assist me you shall never regret it for a moment."

Mr. A. was and is a very busy man. But he took that ex-convict to a friend who was a millionaire. The millionaire was told all the story. He was asked to put the man at work. He opened the door of his private office and pointed to a dejected young man sitting in a chair, his white face and nervous eye telling of extreme trouble. "That young man," said the millionaire, "was my head bookkeeper. He has been robbing me. I must send him to prison. I cannot give this ex-convict a place in my employ. Perhaps I will feel differently in a few days, but just now I am in trouble. I cannot do it."

good woman's confidence, and he has been at work now fourteen years and has never made a mistake. He is married, is in business for himself and is respected and honored by all who know him. And many who know him—dozens of them—know that he has been in the penitentiary.

One time an ex-convict came to Mr. B. and asked for work—for any assistance in the way of employment. That was his first and most urgent need, and he knew it. So did Mr. B. The latter took him to a manufacturer on the west side. The manufacturer was just starting to the train for a trip east. Yes, he wanted a bookkeeper. He was glad Mr. B. had come.

"I will go on this young man's bond," said Mr. B. "All right," said the manufacturer. "Come over when I get home and we will fix it up. No, never mind. I have not a minute. Come over Tuesday." And he hurried out and took a cab to the depot. Mr. B. was troubled. He had not meant to impose, but he had had no chance to tell. So he went to the ex-convict and told him that there was any sense of duty in him to be loyal. The ex-convict understood it and went to work. Tuesday Mr. B. went over to the factory. The proprietor was there, but the ex-convict was not at his desk. Mr. B. was in sore distress. While he waited—the manufacturer was busy—the door opened and in came the ex-convict with four bundles of greenbacks with which to pay the hands. It was payday. He had been trusted to go to the bank. Mr. B. almost fainted. When he told his friend, the manufacturer, the latter was frightened as he had never been before. But he was a good man and he wanted to give the ex-convict a chance. Mr. B. tendered a bond and promised to come back next day with it. But next day when he came with the bond the manufacturer said: "I have been thinking of this case all night and I don't want your bond. I will take my own chances on that young man. He has more at stake than I have, and he looks as if he knew it."

The manufacturer is dead now, and that ex-convict owns a share in the business. There isn't a better business man, nor one more trusted, on the West Side. Mr. C. was approached one day by an ex-convict who bore a letter from Chaplain J. J. Walter, since removed by the political machine. The man had been city buyer for a Chicago firm, and had embezzled money. He had little confidence in himself and less hope. Mr. C. went to a firm that he knew, told the man's story, offered to give bond for his charge and secured employment for him. That ex-convict knew his business thoroughly; he was so attentive, so true to the interests of his employers and withal so brave and manly that he rose rapidly. He handled fortunes here and was at length sent to New York, where he is now representing his firm and where he has for ten years had unrivaled opportunities to steal. But he has never made one single mistake.

These men were all guilty. They were justly punished, and were all in hopes and dire extremity when help reached them. They are to-day as valuable members of society as any men with whom they come in contact. But there is a shadow which never will leave them. There is a wound which never will heal. They have made a fight which you can never imagine. Yet till death puts his



THE DOOR OPENED AND IN CAME THE EX-CONVICT.

everlasting seal of safety upon them they are in danger incessantly. They are exposed to shafts as light as feathers or as sharp as a sword, as cruel as a saber. And that shaft may be borne upon any breeze. It may come at any instant of the day or night. They can never barricade against it. They are never for a moment safe, and never for a moment at ease. Now comes the view of the blackmailer Major McLaughry, chief of police, tells of a young man who came to Joliet when the major was warden at that institution. He was a capable, intelligent young man, with a sensitive nature, and was roused by his sentence to the value of a correct life. He had not been positively guilty of the crime charged, but he was wilful, wild and in a logical way accountable. When he was discharged he went to work, through the efforts of the major, in a place in East St. Louis. After he had been there some time he met one night by a man who had been in prison with him. The latter was worthless and totally bad. He told the young man

he must have a portion of the wages earned or he would expose his record.

The young man paid almost half his salary till he could afford it no longer, then refused, was betrayed, and was discharged. He went to St. Louis and got another situation. One morning he was recognized and again laid under contraband. This time he escaped, left his work and found another situation. Again he was recognized and again blackmail was demanded. He wrote to the major, telling him the truth, and the major replied with a letter which was to be shown to the proprietor. That person was a Scotchman weighing about 200 pounds and of exceedingly vigorous physique. When the blackmailer came for his plunder the victim took him to the private office, and the proprietor kicked him down two flights of stairs and across Fourth street. The young man, the ex-convict with a desire to do right, finally left for the West, where he prospered and where he finally died.

That is a record repeated a thousand times. No convict can go back to the place where he has been known, where his record can follow him, and stand one chance in ten thousand of succeeding. A man sent from Chicago, if he return to Chicago, must be very strong indeed, or must have resources that will make him independent, or he will fall almost certainly. Joliet prison alone discharges an average of sixty men a month. Two-thirds of them are from Chicago and nine-tenths of that number come back to Chicago. From Michigan City, Ind., comes another constant stream. From the Iowa and the Wisconsin prisons come still more. Perhaps not a month passes but 200 ex-convicts come into Chicago. What chance has one of them to reclaim himself unaided when scores of others are ready to prey upon him, to ruin him, and to compel his return to crime?

Twenty per cent. of the number of men once sent to prison go back the second time. Fifty per cent. of those who go back a second term go again the third. After that the percentages are lost. The man who goes the third time will spend most of the remainder of his life in prison. More than 80 per cent. of those in prison for their first term are under 25 years of age. The five years from 25 to 30 is the danger



I AM JUST OUT OF THE PENITENTIARY.

period. From 30 to 40 the number is larger than from 25 to 35. But after that the number falls again. It is a little curious to study the records touching these convicts. At one prison, where more than a thousand men were incarcerated, 25 per cent. of the crimes were against the person, while 75 per cent. were against property. Some form of financial dishonesty compasses nearly all the offenses for which men are sent to prison.

Now, in view of the fact that each one of the ex-convicts has a right to life, and a provable right to liberty, and in view of the fact that numerically they constitute so large a proportion of our population, the question of what to do for the ex-convict demands the most attentive interest. Religion will not save them. The first thing they need is work. They want that before they leave the prison. They must know before the gates close behind them that there is a place to which they can go and where there will be safe if they deserve safety; where they will be comfortable if they earn comfort. It is not charity—it is cruelty to bestow gratuities upon them. Major McLaughry states a great principle when he says: "Labor is the keynote of the reformation." A lazy man cannot be saved. An idle man cannot save himself. But there is a virtue in continued industry which borders on redemption.

Why should religion rescue him? Suppose he joins church. Suppose he is really converted. Does his appetite change? Does his nature change? Can he resist his prejudice—his fancies? That attribute which was once sensitive to a certain impression—can he present it callous now? If the sunrise thrilled him, can he sneer at it now? If virtue was honorable then, can he flout it now? If truth were despised then, will he welcome it now? Scarcely. He will be what he was. If he changes it will be gradually. He must grow good much more slowly than he grew bad. So that if he is not converted before he is released, he will be a worse man when he is free than when he was in prison. You say you want to save him. You say it is better to keep him good than to keep him bad. You say a man is too valuable a thing to be needlessly ruined. (CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.)



**DR. R. B. WESTBROOK.**  
His Position Criticised by a Venerable Lady.  
A Lecture Delivered BY MRS. N. M. RICHMOND To the Readers of "The Progressive Thinker."

COOGEANT REASONS WHY THE WORLD'S FAIR SHOULD BE OPENED ON SUNDAY.

The very able, candid, conciliatory article on "Sunday Closing," by Dr. R. B. Westbrook, of Philadelphia, published in No. 155 of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, suggested the righting, which the writer begs to be justified, the ground that "Freedom of conscience must be allowed of important questions." "The Sunday Question," as it has been appropriately styled, is fairly before the people, and will have to be ultimately settled by the people. It is a question in which every citizen of the United States is interested, because it involves individual rights and personal liberty. Dr. Westbrook says: "Congress made the Commissioners of the Columbian Fair a present of \$2,500,000 on the express condition that the Exhibition should not be open on Sunday. The Commissioners subsequently accepted this gift with its conditions, and it thus became a valid contract."

The case, then, between Congress and the World's Fair Directors is closed. An attempt to break the contract now would undoubtedly be attended with the difficulties he mentions, and engender others still more perplexing. He speaks of the battle as lost, and compares those who are dissatisfied to General Taylor, in Mexico, "who did not know when he was whipped." All honor to the brave old General, who did not give up whipped, but instead, persevered in the fight, and came off victorious!

If there are people outside of the World's Fair corporation who feel aggrieved by this action of Congress, and who do not believe it is either final or constitutional, it is not only their privilege but their duty to petition and remonstrate. Having done this, if the case is decided against them, submit as loyal citizens, and see that the law is enforced.

They can do this, as law-abiding citizens, in favor of peace and order, but they should do this under an emphatic and open protest.

Dr. W. says: "There is an honest difference of opinion as to the expediency of this Sunday closing; but the great mass of so-called orthodox ministers and Christians are opposed to the Sunday opening. It is no more than fair to assume that these people are sincere, and it should be kept in mind that with them it is a matter of conscience." Again he says: "So far as has been shown, the majority are opposed to the opening on Sunday, and with them it is a sacred matter of conscience; but it is not a matter of conscience with those who are in favor of opening."

Now, there are in the United States several thousand persons who most solemnly observe the seventh day of the week, commonly called Saturday, as a sacred day. According to the Doctor's testimony, this observance is of great antiquity, "the custom having existed some 1,100 years before the Jewish nation had an existence." Are we to suppose that these Sabbatharians, who have antiquity, tradition and the Decalogue on their side, have no conscience? They are in the minority, but in this country as the conscience of one man is just as sacred before the law as the conscience of a million. These people are in favor of opening. They might urge with reason that this Government is based on equality of rights; that the \$2,500,000 which Congress so magnanimously "made a present of" to the World's Fair belonged to the whole people, and since Congress discriminated in this donation in favor of the majority, it should be equally discriminated to discriminate in their favor, and close the doors on the seventh day of the week! The millions of people outside of all the churches are as five to one in favor of opening.

way. On the other hand, if the millions who are in favor of Sunday openings should boycott the show, what kind of a Fair would you have left?

The Doctor observes: "Our Government is founded upon a compromise. We concede many things we do not like, for the sake of peace, unity, harmony, and general good-will." These concessions make the difference between natural and civil liberty, between barbarism and civilization. Men are willing to resign a certain portion of their natural rights for the sake of being protected by an enlightened Government.

Dr. W. remarks: "The several ecclesiastical bodies have a perfect right to pass rules requiring their members to observe the Sabbath day as a religious institution, but they have no right to enforce such laws upon others." Further, that: "To establish the Hebrew law concerning the Sabbath, would be to so far establish the Hebrew religion; and to establish the first day of the week as a religious institution would be to so far establish the Christian religion." This is true. Now let us reason. Sunday as a day of rest in this country, a day that can be "desecrated" by labor or pleasure, is a religious institution, or an institution of religion, and for Congress to legislate concerning it, is in the present case of the Exposition, is to so far legislate concerning an establishment of the Christian religion; yet the Constitution says: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion; therefore the action of Congress in this instance ought to be criticised in a loyal, friendly, candid manner."

First, Congress granted a charter to the Columbian Exposition; its directors were appointed and confirmed; its rules and regulations made so that it was an independent corporation. Other governments made their appropriations without limitations or restrictions, but when this Government was asked "to appropriate \$5,000,000," Congress gave half the sum in "sacred coins," and compelled the Directors of the World's Fair to close its gates on Sunday or lose the appropriation.

What was the object? Was this done in the interest of morality? The Doctor says: "The opening or closing of the doors of the Exposition on Sunday is not even a moral question." Was it done in the interest of business? The Fair Commissioners seemed to think it would be a great detriment to the Fair financially. Was it in the interest of the great mass of laborers who regard Sunday as a holiday, and who have cried out against the injustice of debarring them from visiting the Exposition the only day of the week they have for rest and recreation, without loss of wages, which to them means loss of bread? Since this was not done in the interest of morality, business or labor, what was the interest?

It was done, as all admit, at the instigation, and in the interest of the orthodox Christian churches of the United States, and as their prime representatives declared, "to show the world that this is a Christian nation!"

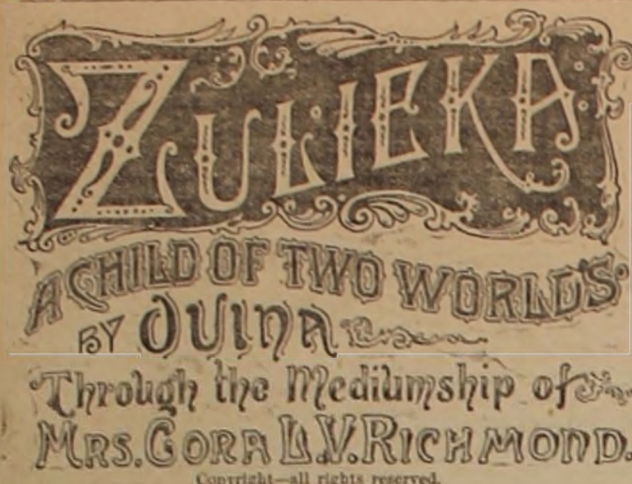
Since this is no more a Christian nation than it is a Jewish or an infidel nation, it seems somewhat partial and impolitic for Congress to appropriate \$2,500,000 for the purpose of placing the nation on a false record before the world!

This action of Congress has been called "very local and incidental." However this may be, it involves a general principle. The power which could make that appropriation contingent upon a partial recognition of the Christian religion could make other appropriations conditional. For instance, "a harbor appropriation" might specify that no vessel of any kind should enter or leave that harbor on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday. Thus it frequently transpires that a very slight infringement of constitutional authority proves to be a dangerous precedent. In a Republic, "the people" cannot guard their constitutional rights too jealously. The constitution is their protection against ambitious and unscrupulous officers. It is the "balance" that meter to all justice and equality, and in nothing is it more exact and impartial than in the matter of religion. By it all religions are on an equal footing, and are equally protected. What is more, the belief and opinions of Agnostics and Infidels are just as sacred in its sight as are the opinions of the most renowned priests and prelates.

Independently of the constitution, many concessions have been made in favor of Sunday. It is a day of comparative quiet; all orthodox religious bodies can assemble on that day or any other, and be protected in their services, while Jews and other "Sabbatharians" find it practically to assemble on Saturday amid the din and bustle of the busiest day of all the week. These do not ask the law to interfere in their behalf, and neither do they threaten to "boycott" people who do business on their sacred day.

Dr. Westbrook says: "If it be proper to number the hours of labor, it is proper (CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.)"





## PART I.

## CHAPTER I.

## AN EARTHLY PARADISE.

The rare scene spread out before us in the beautiful island of Ceylon; the most precious jewel in the crown of far-off India.

A confluence of waters is here—meeting, murmuring, ebbing, flowing like many pulses of a mighty heart; and there is a rare quality of atmosphere that seems to sparkle in its own translucent brightness.

On one side is the Bay of Bengal, bearing on its delightful bosom of waters the odors of a thousand flowers and of spicy groves; on the other is the gleaming and shining waves of the Arabian sea, while the most southern portion of the island vanishes in the iridescent waters of the Indian ocean.

The island is bathed in the refulgence of eternal sunshine; from the morning-kissed hills to the verdant and ever-blooming valleys, from the sun-crowned heights to the music-murmuring shore, all is brightness, bloom, fragrance, delight.

It would seem that Ceylon had been dropped from the clustering isles of stars in some far-off, wonderful constellation, where summer eternally reigns—a gem from the coronet of Urania loaned for awhile to earth to be absorbed one day into its native heaven.

The island closely nestles to the shore (cradled in a small gulf of embracing waves) as a babe to the mother's breast, and dreams, or seems to dream, of sky and seas, and sparkling air, and of the heaven that was its home; resting and forever enraptured and ensphered by the arms and bosom of the encircling waters.

Not always, nor everywhere, has nature been so lavish of her gifts as here; the tropic breezes are laden with the fragrance of ten thousand flowers, whose perennial bloom makes a more varied picture of brightness and color than the flora of any other clime on earth. The verdure, too, is of a more vibrant green; the dark masses of never-changing foliage, contrasted with the brighter emerald hue of the leaves of newer growth.

The waters, too, are more translucently bright; and the skies bend like a living dome of azure light, revealing the scenes of splendor nearly all the year.

What grandeur is there in the glorious panoply of suns and constellated systems at night—when Luna mounts her sapphire throne and whispers to the dreaming earth the language of the skies in syllables of silvery light. The days are very perfect here, but ah, the nights are divine!

Beautiful, beautiful Ceylon!

Upon the extreme southern portion of the island, a little to the westward, is situated the town of Galle—the Point du Galle—reaching from the sea to the hills, among which it nestles, and is lost to sight amid entangling vines and embowering foliage.

Following the road that leads from the town toward the north and east there is (or was at the time of this narrative) a pathway turning quite abruptly from the highway, and soon lost to sight by the masses of foliage and vines. Tangle and bloom are everywhere.

This pathway leads to an eminence overlooking the sea, and also commanding a view of the town, the hills, and the other sea beyond.

Upon this eminence, carefully hidden from the gaze of those upon the highway, beyond the observation of the town, yet open to all the breezes from either sea, to all the beauty of the hills and vales, open to all the enchanting loveliness of its own gardens, was a dwelling—part villa, part pavilion, wholly unique—literally embowered, enshrined, in its own gardens of verdure, bloom, fragrance; a paradise of beauty.

So lavish had been the work of nature and art, yet so careful the arrangement, that one was amazed at the luxuriance of growth and bloom even in this land of nature's unstinted prodigality.

At first it would seem no dwelling was there—only a garden; bowers of living bloom; pavilions of light; soft shadows melting into deeper shade, fitting abode for fairies and naiads to meet and dwell in forever.

Birds of gorgeous plumage ever flitted from shade to shade or bathed in the clear waters of the fountains, softly singing in the cool retreat, or with louder note resting upon, and bending, the graceful spray of the acacia or tamarind tree. Birds softer of note and less brilliant of plumage, chanting low notes in the silvery moonlight, blending with the monotone of sea and breeze and fountains in one symphony of rapture.

An enchanting spell hovered over and within this most beautiful place, for two at least, secluded yet accessible to all who held the right or privilege of entrance to the charmed spot.

Two lives, interwoven with the beauty of the scene, held by the double tie of home, and that other indefinable yet all-potent power—be it fate or Providence—that shapes the destinies of all lives, blends them each to each and to the universe.

## ARMAND AND ZELDA.

Seated in a pavilion overlooking the sea, Armand slightly started from the dream-like attitude that possessed him; his face grew bright with the light of love as he smilingly arose and held out both hands, while Zelda came half floating, half walking, and took her place close to his heart and by his side.

Her place—hers by the most royal of rights, love; hers by the most solemn of ties, marriage; hers by the rarest of possessions, mutual, perfect confidence, appreciation and trust.

The two seemed one, yet so unlike; and both seemed a part of this surpassing scene, seemed to have grown here from the very beauty of the place, or to have sprung from some anti-terrestrial sphere, and found themselves one, with groves, and flowers, and seas, and hills, and sky, and one with each other.

What speech could break the eloquence of such a scene?

Armand spoke softly, yet with a touch of anxiety: "Zelda, is my darling drooping? Is there too much solitude? Do the flowers oppress with their bloom and odors? Does my dove seek a new place of rest?"

Her eyes alone replied.

"Ah, no! I see that thou drinkest in the beauty of the scene, that thou art happy in our nest. Thou knowest, Zelda, that I dwell in the light of thy love. My flower, my star, I wonder if the world contains such happiness as ours? I often wonder if aught could come to mar our perfect joy. Thou art my wife, my life. If aught came to tear us from each other we would die."

"Armand, I love thee," said Zelda, scarce wishing to break the sweet spell of his words.

"If the summons came, that we sometimes fear will come from England—from my father's home, for my home has always been India, my soul home thy heart—if the summons came, then, would my Star of the East still guide me, would my heart's nightingale sing to me then?"

"Armand!" Oh, what a face was riled to his! What eyes,

fathomless in their depths of love. "Armand," she replied, "I love thee; I go with thee."

"And could'st thou leave these fair scenes; this land of perennial bloom; all associations of thy childhood; the sacred traditions of the past; these storied memories; all the warmth and color and delight to go to a land, strange, gray, colorless and cold; where all is forbidding and sombre; where the people gaze with cold, unresponsive looks, and society is formal, distant. Could'st thou go there, my Zelda?"

Again the voice of Zelda, sweet, low, but almost reproving in tone, spoke.

"Armand, I am thy wife; I love thee; I go with thee where thou goest."

With great emotion he folded in his arms, close to his breast, and imprinted a kiss upon her lips, so fervent, so lingering, that the vivid color overspread her face, and left her pale as a statue. Half retaining her waist in his encircling arms, he whispered a low word of endearment, and again the soft color returned, and tears of tenderness suffused her eyes. As she looked into the depths of his loving eyes, her gaze was more than love—it was devotion, almost adoration.

A little start and involuntary exclamation from Zelda denoted the approach of some one.

Armand's quick glance detected who was there; no one else could come so unceremoniously, and he spoke in a voice that was slightly stern: "Be more careful, Hiejoh, how you approach. Dost thou not see thou hast startled thy mistress? What is the errand?"

The crouching figure was strangely deformed yet as agile as a panther. He had come along the verdant walk half leaping, half creeping, using one hand as a third limb or staff. He prostrated himself before his master in his salaam.

"My lord, my master, will forgive me. A stranger has just arrived, and wishes audience with my lord."

Hiejoh's piercing, yet pleasant eyes, saw the whole beauty of scene, and he gave a little, gurgling sound of pleasure and satisfaction at seeing his master and mistress so happy—a sort of chuckle, as though he had brought it all about.

"A stranger to see the master at once," he repeated, and off he leaped toward the house to herald his master's coming, and make the stranger at home.

"Art thou tranquil, darling?" anxiously asked Armand. "Do not let that ugly creature startle thee again. I wish you would consent to let him go. I fear his presence and his hideousness may do thee harm."

Then he instantly repented having said these words, for a pained expression overspread her fair face.

"No! no!" she replied, with great earnestness; then, with more composure, added: "Hiejoh must not leave us; his presence is a protection. I am so accustomed to see him, that he does not appear ugly to me; indeed, he is sometimes almost beautiful."

Armand smiled so incredibly that his expression made Zelda laugh aloud—a soft, rippling laugh like the fountains close at hand.

Still smiling, Armand said: "I believe you think Hiejoh bears a charmed life, and that a spirit or Mahatma has touched him with a spell." The last sentence was spoken thoughtfully, almost reverently.

Zelda replied quickly, and with unusual brightness: "I do think so."

They had walked toward the house as they were talking, and as Zelda said this they were on the veranda.

"I do think so," she again said, "for you and for me, my beloved, and for—"

With the spell of her loveliness and love still upon him, Armand saw her vanish behind the screens and portieres that concealed the entrance to her own apartments, while he went to receive the stranger who had been the cause of Hiejoh's intrusion.

How beautiful they were in their perfect young life, in their perfect love.

## HE.

Older by seven years than Zelda, Armand was still young. Somewhat above the average height, his form was lithe, yet well rounded and finely built; his shoulders broad, indicating great strength, while his whole bearing denoted early athletic, if not military training.

When in repose a certain poise of the head denoted thoughtfulness and study.

His eyes were clear gray; changing in color with every change of light, and with every change of emotion now deep, like the evening sky; now iris hued, like the sea; now calm and clear, like a liquid lake in which all tints are mirrored, but ever revealing the clear soul that shone within their depths, ever giving expression to the thoughts and emotions within his mind and heart. A peculiar drooping of the lashes gave to his face a pensive and gentle expression. Features indicating great strength and calmness; but when his face was lighted by animation or by the smile that Zelda ever awakened, he seemed almost as tender as a woman.

His lower features were concealed by a waving beard, but one could trace in the outlines great firmness of purpose, and a delicacy of thought and feeling. Armand was handsome always; ever noble-looking. The high forehead, over which his hair clustered in natural waves of curls that refused to be trained, denoted an intellect equal to his beauty and able to justify the exalted position in which he had been placed.

A certain deliberation and dignity, that were quite natural, gave to Armand's presence an air of command. He was generous to all; pleasing to men of all stations. He was the delight of Zelda, and he adored her.

## SHE.

The charm about Zelda was an atmosphere; a loveliness that one could not define whether most of body or spirit, or both.

Beautiful she certainly was. Her beauty would have attracted and fastened attention anywhere, even of the most casual and indifferent observer; but her beauty was not in appearance merely. A loveliness pervaded and surrounded her of the spirit, as well as of the form that was its fitting expression.

Tall, graceful and unconventional in dress and manner; a tinge of the cream olive complexion, or the creamy-white of the lily-cups, known sometimes in the East; eyes so dark one would say they were black, without hesitation, but in another light, and seeing her in changing moods, one would discover they were dark violet, indigo or sapphire blue—eyes that cannot be described. Her hair was gold, not Titian, Venetian, nor yet the pale color of the Circassian, but pure, burnished gold. Features regular yet mobile; a mouth that seemed so childlike when her features were in repose, that one would almost question her strength of character, but on suitable occasions expressive of determination and endurance.

A face and form that seemed to vibrate and change with every emotion; person and eyes that dilated like the tropic stars above her home.

How rare and radiant she seemed as we saw her in the pavilion with Armand, her lover husband, or walking by his side, encircled by his strong, protecting arm.

Her beautiful form was arrayed in a robe of some gauze-like fabric, the product of that wondrous land; a robe that served to reveal the graceful outlines and movements of her lovely person. How beautiful she was! Her hair, swept back from her face and brow, partly falling in waving masses upon her neck and bosom. How beautiful when, throwing a kiss to Armand, she disappeared behind the screen that concealed and guarded the entrance to her own apartments! Beautiful, gentle, radiant Zelda!

## ARMAND'S ANCESTRY.

The father of Armand was English. He belonged to one of those families of ancient and honorable name, but whose fortunes had steadily waned for several generations, leaving little but the burden of entailed estates and a large accumulation of debts.

Armand's father sought to retrieve their fortunes in the then new Eldorado of Englishmen.

India became the scene of many ambitious struggles for fame

and fortune; and the proud Montrose family had the (to them) altogether ennobling satisfaction of knowing that the wealth which at last enabled them to live in a style befitting their ancestral name, was not won in any plebeian calling, but after the manner of the knights of old who returned from the wars laden with wealth and honors.

Armand's father was a valiant soldier, a hero, a successful commander, and finally was placed in a position of importance second to none in India. He was loaded with decorations and honors, Oriental and Royal.

The Earl of Montrose wore the titles of his ancient house, and those he had won, with becoming grace and dignity, yet with startling humility, and he seemed more to adorn his titles and position than to be adorned by them. Such was Armand's father.

## ARMAND'S MOTHER.

Ah! how sweet and bland the name ever seemed to Armand.

He knew very little about his mother; but this he ever remembered: she was beautiful, gentle, and her life was all too brief for the happiness of those who loved her.

As distinctly as though the words were spoken but yesterday, he remembered through all the years of his life her words when she was passing from the earth-form to the realm beyond, a realm to her revealed by faith and love, to him a long time unknown.

She said: "And my precious boy, my brave and gentle Armand, who will watch over and care for him?" Then looking towards heaven, her beautiful eyes suffused with tears but full of trust and faith, she added: "He who heareth the young raven's cry and noteth every sparrow's fall will guard and bless my child."

After a few moments, during the lapse of which all who were present supposed her gentle spirit had taken its flight, she again turned to Armand and said: "My boy, my Armand, if it is permitted by the all-wise and ever-loving God, Our Father in Heaven, that those who pass from earth may watch over and guide the loved ones who remain to battle with temptation, then will my spirit watch over and guard you, my darling. Remember this; and you, my beloved husband, I will be your guardian spirit if it is God's will."

As Armand, a slender boy of seven years, was taken nearer to kiss the already cold cheek, he threw his arms across her breast, in an agony of grief, and cried aloud: "O, mamma, do not die! Do not leave me!"

Never from that moment had he forgotten the words spoken by his mother; never had the pang of her early loss left his heart; never had he ceased to see in mental retrospect the almost holy light that illuminated her face and shone in her eyes as she breathed a prayer to heaven for her husband, her child, and for all who were near.

## HIS BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD.

Armand was born in India; and there his mother died—died to earth to live more fully in the lives of those two whom she loved.

His childhood was passed in the midst of sunshine, bloom and freedom; sometimes in the beautiful official residence or palace of his father near Bombay (named from Bomba, a goddess) overlooking the Arabian Sea; sometimes at the Presidency; sometimes at the fort, where he was allowed to play soldier and be drilled by the men when they were off duty; sometimes when official business called his father to Calcutta, the wife and son, and later Armand alone—nay, not alone, for the ever-watchful presence of the sainted wife and mother companioned them—bore him company.

Whenever they went in one of her majesty's convoys or transports or any ship in the royal service, Armand was the pet of all on board.

He became familiar with the entire coast of India in his boyhood, and in passing the island of Ceylon he would always exclaim, "This is beautiful! I would like to live here!"

Whenever they touched at Colombo or Point du Galle, Armand begged to go ashore and came back laden with gifts from the natives, who seemed to love him from the first.

Sometimes they journeyed into the interior provinces of India, escorted by the faithful Sepoys. These excursions were attended with much excitement and considerable danger; but the father could not bear to be separated from his boy and at such times always slept with Armand folded in his arms.

## PARTING.

But there came a time when the separation must take place.

Armand's boyhood was already passed,—the youth was taking the place of the child; and his education, although quite perfect, had only been such as his private tutors could give. The basis of a good education had not been wanting, but nothing beyond that rudimentary foundation, and such oriental languages as he had learned from his Moonshes and by contact with the varied population around him, had been acquired.

The son and heir to the titles of the house of Montrose must receive the highest education England could give.

At the age of twelve Armand was torn from his father, a parting second only in grief and tenderness to that great sorrow when his mother was taken away.

He recalled with a pang of great longing that never once in the years that had followed her mortal death, had his father spoken her name or encouraged a word from him concerning his beloved mamma.

The Earl of Montrose was one of those men whose love is for a lifetime, and if death or change come, there is no moan, no tears, but the silence of a love and grief that sets a seal upon the heart and lips forever.

So Armand was sent to England, accompanied by his English tutor, who was returning to his home and by his faithful ferash, who would not be parted from his young master, and whose exile rather than separation.

His father placed him under the especial care of an officer in the Indian service who was returning to England. And they sailed away in the Black Prince.

What unseen companion guided his voyage we well can divine.

## EXILE.

For eight years Armand's life and energies were immersed in preparation for, entrance into, and graduation from, the University.

Homesick and heartsick at first, he pined for his loving papa and for his beloved India.

His teachers and attendants seriously thought of advising the Earl of Montrose to change his plans with reference to Armand and allow him to return to India.

The indulgent love of his father, the freedom of his early life, the spirit of adventure awakened and fostered by the scenes of his boyhood and the irregularity of his early studies, all served to render the routine and discipline of the classes wearisome and almost unbearable. Added to this, the cold grayness of the English climate, the lack of warmth and color in nature and among the people, disheartened and oppressed him. Every thing and every person looked cold, faded and uninteresting.

The wife of one of the Prelates, a most amiable and motherly woman, finally ventured to write to the Earl, saying: "Your highness will pardon my presumption in seeking to offer advice to one who is so far her superior in every respect; but I am a mother, and accustomed to watch my boys. 'Your son is pining, and I fear we are not able to interest him, much less awaken his friendship for anyone in England, and his sincere desire to succeed is entirely overbalanced by his homesickness. He has evidently lived in an atmosphere of love, and here he loves no one except his faithful, although I fear still idolatrous, Indian servant.'"

In due course of mail there came a letter from the Earl of Montrose to his son; never did a mail-ship or bearer of dispatches leave India that did not bring a letter to Armand from his father. This time the letter produced the desired effect, and caused Armand

to bend all his energies to the accomplishment of his father's wishes.

## GUIDANCE.

Three times during the years that he was absent from his native India and from his loving father, was Armand most vividly reminded of the words of his mother in the supreme moment of her great change from mortal to spirit life.

I say three times, yet never did he kneel at morning or evening devotions, repeating the prayers she had taught him, that he did not feel an indefinable something, like her presence; something like a form of light bending over him; like the tender light of loving eyes upon him; yet he never tried to break the spell of this enchanting illusion by looking for the presence he felt to be near.

These three instances served to fix and fasten within his consciousness the conviction that his mother's presence and guidance were spiritual verities.

Once, while in the preparatory school, he had occasion to aid a younger boy, who was being mercilessly hazed by the older students; he was about to strike the one who was foremost in the assault.

Such a blow as Armand would have given must certainly have resulted in serious injury, if not fatality. Suddenly he heard a voice, as if speaking within his breast: "Armand, my son, what would you do? Stay your hand?"

He knew the voice to be that of his mother. His hand and arm dropped to his side; a sort of awe fell upon the boys who had gathered around, and they silently dispersed.

Upon another occasion, in later years, a great temptation confronted him. His companions had almost succeeded in inducing him to join their perilous pleasures, when the charmed voice and gentle presence were heard and felt as before: "Armand, my son, beware of the tempter's snare." And again Armand listened to the warning voice.

A third time, when his faithful ferash was set upon by some bigots, who called him "heathen," "idolator," and said it was a shame to allow a blasphemous wretch like him to remain within Christian walls or in a Christian land, Armand cried out: "And this is your boasted freedom!—your vaunted toleration! Rather than fraternize with such bigots, I would adopt the religion of my good Poulah."

Again the unseen mentor spoke within Armand's breast: "My son, my son, thou, too, art in danger of becoming intolerant."

Then did Armand know that wherever he might go, whatever he might be tempted to do, his mother's spirit, under the guidance of Infinite Love, would guide and warn him. This knowledge led him and held him to high resolves and most noble aims.

## MANHOOD.

Graduating with the highest honors, sought now on every hand by those who wished to recognize and bestow homage upon the son of the noble earl, Armand never once allowed himself to deviate from his path of duty to his father, nor from his studiousness and somewhat severe and sombre seclusion.

He returned with ardor to his anxiously-waiting father—to his longed-for, sunny land, India.

He entered into all the plans his father had made for him; and later, he undertook duties and labors that were the result of his own rare gifts and brilliant attainments. Studies congenial to his tastes; pursuits and investigations fostered long ago by the romance and mystery of the land of his birth.

Later we shall learn how these pursuits brought him to the goal of human happiness, to Zelda.

## ZELDA'S PARENTAGE.

Zelda was also born in India. Her mother, Margaret Melville, was the daughter of English parents residing in Bombay, where her father held a high official position.

Mrs. Melville was a lady of rare endowments, gifted by nature and perfected by education. She was as nearly a religious zealot as the Church of England and the social sphere in which she moved would permit.

When her husband, Col. Melville, entered the service in India, she also entered, heart and soul, into a self-appointed missionary work. Her object was to reach and elevate the women of India. At first this was impossible; the women were inaccessible; but at the present writing, after almost half a century of time, the work of Mrs. —, afterward Lady Melville, is very manifest.

Margaret, brought to the country when a child, had two kinds of training; the training of a good English governess, with the strict religious teaching of her mother as a foundation, and the training of a new country, strange scenes, rare visions of beauty—all taken into the young, impassioned nature with great avidity.

Mrs. Melville, absorbed in her work, sometimes only thought of Margaret as "safe at home," for days.

Margaret was learning various and wonderful lessons in her own way. She committed the almost unpardonable offense of falling in love with a Parsee—high enough in rank, as Parsees go—of unexceptionable moral and mental worth, and of pleasing appearance.

"As swate a hathon as one ever set eyes on," said an Irish maid to one of the English servants; yet none the less a "hathon" in all eyes except those of Margaret.

Margaret's governess was discharged and sent home to England in disgrace; Margaret was forbidden all communication with the stranger (who was, up to the time of the denouement, ever a welcome guest in the Melville mansion); yet so strong was this affection on both sides that the Parsee waited (nay, what can love do but wait forever?) until Margaret was of legal age, an age far beyond English customs of marriage, and when women are supposed, in India, to begin to fade.

Her Parsee lover waited, and then Margaret announced to her parents her intention to marry her heart's choice and take the penalty.

Whether the severity of English custom had been modified by life amid these Oriental races, or their love for their only child was such that they could not bring themselves to disinherit and disown her, we shall not decide. Margaret married the man of her choice, who became, to all outward intents and purposes, an English gentleman with fine Oriental tastes, instincts and culture, and she entered upon a life of love and larger sphere of usefulness among the native women (especially the Parsee women) than was ever dreamed of by her honorable mother.

When Lord and Lady Melville, somewhat laden with years, but more with honors and success, returned to spend the remaining portion of their days at their country seat in England, Margaret and the Parsee remained in India. In their beautiful home near Bombay Zelda was born.

Long before Lord and Lady Melville returned to England they had become reconciled to Margaret's marriage, and loved her husband almost more than if he had been of their own nationality and religion; for it was certain that, although a great scholar (and possibly because of that), although of a most exemplary and exalted nature, he would never become a convert to Christianity.

Lady Melville did not know the good that she had wrought in Bombay, but Margaret, and later, Zelda, learned of its fruition in manifold ways.

## THE PARSEE.

RAJAHATTI BOE was an exceptional character, even among a people who were and are exceptional in India—Dignified, and rather sedate in manner, rather too slender of form, a face of singular refinement, a great charm of presence and conversation, all combined with a something spiritual that won Margaret from the first. Added to this was the clear and direct interpretation of a religion that was not vague, like the Buddhistic, nor remote, like the Brahmanical, nor incomprehensible, and somewhat inconsistent, like the Christian religions.

With all her training, Margaret was a good deal of a pagan heart, if to be in sympathy with her Parsee lover and husband was pagan.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)











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