

THE PECKSTER PROFESSORSHIP

*AN EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF
PSYCHICAL RESEARCH*

*Revised by
Phillips*
J. P. QUINCY



BOSTON LIBRARY
1794
SOCIETY.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1888

KD 5158



Copyright, 1888,
By J. P. QUINCY.

All rights reserved.

The Riverside Press, Cambridge :
Electrotyped and Printed by H. O. Houghton & Co.

CONTENTS.



PART I.

	PAGE
THE PROFESSOR'S PROPOSAL	1

PART II.

THE CRUCIAL EXPERIMENT	74
----------------------------------	----

PART III.

THE MATHER SAFE	167
---------------------------	-----

THE PECKSTER PROFESSORSHIP.

Mr. Quincy's interesting book is only one of many recent evidences that clever and thoughtful people are finding themselves attracted—not always willingly—by those occult problems which range in their nature and titles all the way from the not very creditable Spiritualism, through hypnotism, to the vaguer regions of "psychology" in general. Mrs. Souford, Professor Hargrave, the Rev. Mr. Greyson and Dr. Bense all make much less an impression of characters in a novel than of types of faith in the community, and Mr. Quincy plays them off one against another with a degree of skill that makes up for their lack of reality as living personages. A condition of things in which a professor finds himself in danger of losing his chair through devotion to the less conventional forms of psychology, is in these times only too probable, and the only inexplicable thing in Mr. Quincy's book is whether the writer himself has any belief in the reappearance to their friends of people who are dead, in the second sight or mental conditions akin to it, and in the mystic writings of that curious invention called Planchette. However this may be, Mr. Quincy produces quite a supernatural thrill in the scene which finds the lady waiting in Mr. Peckster's library, while the men are watching with the dying man above and trusting that his death will throw some light on their disputed questions. But Mr. Peckster does not die on that occasion, and much in the same way the writer several times leads up to the occult and then begs the question; but he has made Hargrave—possibly not quite meaning to do so—the most interesting of his group of people, and the tone of the book is constantly an insistence on the fact that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in most philosophy. Apart from all this "The Peckster Professorship" is a very local book, and many of its shrewd allusions would be lost on readers who had not some acquaintance with Boston and its daily life and the affairs of the neighboring university. *Post*

[*The Peckster Professorship. An Episode in the History of Psychical Research.* By J. P. Quincy. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1 25.] *London Post*

THE PECKSTER PROFESSORSHIP.

PART FIRST.

THE PROFESSOR'S PROPOSAL.

I.

THERE was a satisfied rattle in the beads which encircled the fair neck of Mrs. Clara Souford, as she finished the note asking Professor Ernest Hargrave to pass a night at her villa, on the north shore of Massachusetts Bay.

Mrs. Souford knew that a wealthy widow, in the ripe comeliness of her thirty-third summer, is as near being independent as is permitted to any specimen of the non-voting majority of her native State ; and yet she saw that it would be better to provide some little excuse before summoning to her side even so good a friend as the Professor. After long seeking, an excuse of the most unexceptionable sort had presented itself. He should be asked to repeat that paper

upon the Cervical Vertebrae with which, according to the statement of the Evening Gazette, he had delighted the Friday Club, when it met at Colonel Caffrey's last winter. Those seven little bones upon which we balance our heads — if balanced they may properly be said to be — did not seem very promising; but Clara knew that the distinguished Peckster Professor of Osteology could make even anatomy interesting. In these days accomplished personages are expected to show what they can do at a moment's notice: not only may we demand a sonata from the young lady whose piano practice has given her the ability of boring the unmusical portion of her race, but we may inflict the mistiest sort of a philosopher upon the adverse majority of a fashionable drawing-room.

“I think that the Professor can be furnished with as much of a summer audience as he ought to expect,” soliloquized Mrs. Souford, as she was sealing her note. “Let me see. There will be my city rector in the chamber connecting with the back stairs: I shall put him there, so that he can indulge his taste for early fishing without disturbing the rest of the house. Then there will be John Harris and the Langworth sisters: they don't amount to much, but will fill chairs as well as if they did.

Silas Pryndale will be at the boarding-house across the harbor : I will make him sail over to us. I may think of some others, too. Cousin Kate Dudley, of course, must be here, and I had quite as lief she were absent. I don't like her way of criticising Hargrave ; besides, she has a half-envious curiosity about my relations with him. I really should n't wonder if she objected to my plan. She is as independent in her way as I am in mine."

The latter reflection was perfectly true. Miss Kate Dudley was ten years older than her cousin, and had not one twentieth of her worldly possessions. But she had accepted spinsterhood seriously, for better and for worse, and felt all the satisfaction that comes from a definite conception of what life has to offer us. This showed itself in a jaunty style of talk, which at times came dangerously near flippancy. There was a suspicion of rasp in her voice which gushed forth like some bitter mineral spring whose sanative qualities must be taken for granted. She knew that her service at the seaside was that of a duenna, whose presence might temper any rude winds of censure from without ; all the more, then, might the softer zephyrs of criticism blow from within.

Miss Kate Dudley did not fancy some of Mrs. Souford's masculine friends. The rector,

for instance, was not a satisfying personage; she considered him so illogical that he might as well have been irreligious. He held on to certain ecclesiastical formulas, and then stood hat in hand to science, to ask what was the latest meaning to be read into them. He did not remonstrate when Clara's name headed the list of subscribers for the support of the Saturday Spencerian Lectureship, although he must have known that its views were in deadly opposition to those of the Monday Theological Lectureship, for which collections were taken up in the churches. Miss Dudley did not perceive that consistency, in this age of rapid dissolving principles, might result in that course of impious stubbornness which one of Shakespeare's characters finds so reprehensible.

Neither was this good lady confident that all was right about Professor Hargrave. She decided that there was something of mystery and management in his demeanor which needed clearing up. He seemed to be asking more of life than it had given him; and as it certainly had given him a surplusage of its higher privileges, it followed that he must be entertaining an unheroic yearning for some of its lower satisfactions, — probably for a proprietor's right in the upholstery and good dinners of Mrs. Souford's city establishment. And so when

this latter lady mentioned her little project for enticing a visitor, the anticipated objection did not fail to present itself.

“What do people want of science at the seaside?” cried Miss Dudley, with a decisive toss of the head. “Our winters are already stuffy with treatises which — because nobody wants to read — everybody must be compelled to hear. Rather let us have something in sportive accord with the free life of the beach and the cat-boat. What was that good thing Tom Stapleton said about the three M’s, — moonshine, music, and metaphysics? Well, I forget the point, but the amount of it was that these were always to be drawn upon, because they were adaptive and fluid and plastic; in short, all that Hargrave’s bones are not.”

“If you had come to my house on the evening when the Professor gave his lecture upon the Clavicular Arch, instead of running after those stupid private theatricals, you would have learned that bones are about the most plastic portion of the human mechanism,” rejoined Mrs. Souford, with some asperity. “Put them under pressure, and they assume abnormal shapes with a facility which is quite startling. Just compare the waist of the Venus with that of a young woman of the period, and we shall see” —

“Now you don’t mean to tell me that your Professor was reduced to that hackneyed illustration!” gayly remonstrated Miss Dudley. “Why, it has been in all the books of useful knowledge since we went to school.”

“*My* Professor, as you call him,” said Clara, “is neither hackneyed nor commonplace. Let me tell you that no one can hold the Peckster Professorship without some original genius. Did you happen to see what Huxley said about him the other day, at the Oxford celebration? I cut it from the paper, and you will find it pinned to the sofa in my dressing-room. Hargrave has a manly force in him that persons who skim the surface of society may not have depth enough to recognize. He is most honored by those who seek the highest knowledge. A woman may be proud to find herself sensitive to his influence.”

“If the influence were only reciprocal, there would be no harm in it,” observed Kate, who, as her cousin looked up, saw something darkly mirrored in her eyes which put trifling out of place. “I cannot help remembering that he refused to join the Society for Psychical Research last winter, though you begged him to do so. Influence between man and woman ought to be a matter of give and take.”

“Not when the connection between them is

truest," replied Mrs. Souford, "though I will own I was disappointed when Hargrave refused my request. Mind experiments were quite the rage in the autumn, and I thought he might give a little of his leisure to them, just to see if anything satisfactory could be found out. There was no wavering about his answer, and if I am to be put down I always like to have it done decisively. He declared that he would devote nothing less than a life to such investigations, and that his life was not at his own disposal."

"Which meant, I suppose, that he had a sister dependent upon him, and a reputation to be very carefully nursed," said Miss Dudley, in explanation. "You know it would never do to come to conclusions which some scientific Dr. Grundy, LL. D., D. C. L., F. R. S., and the rest of the letters of the alphabet, would not care to indorse! These learned professors have a sense of the horrors of nonconformity which would do credit to the imagination of a bud at her coming-out party."

"Ernest Hargrave is not influenced by sordid motives," replied Clara. "He has a right, after all, to decline to enter the kingdom of the *bizarre* and the nebulous, where the head soon swims and strong men have lost foothold. His science is concerned with the verification of

facts in this visible world, and by his masterly dealing with them he has won a fame which has reached across the ocean."

"Facts indeed!" laughed out Miss Kate. "I know how to throw the metaphysical lasso over his professorial head, and then, as it were, to pull him in with it hand over hand. What would become of his beautiful facts in that case? Ask him how much information about this supposed actual world those senses of his really convey? Why, they do not even intimate its existence. Let him give any good reason for thinking that the realities existing outside the sphere of consciousness correspond to the conceptions he chooses to have of them!"

"Oh, if you are reduced to one of your M's," said Mrs. Souford decidedly, "we will give up the discussion. I have just written to the Professor, and told him all about the music and moonlight of our summer retreat, and asked him to offset these dangerous fascinations with as much exact science as he thinks may be good for us."

And thus it came to pass that the evening mail was charged with the letter the completion of which, as we have seen, caused the happy rattle among the beads, as if in response to the movements of the heart, as its beats quickened beneath the soft Madras muslin.

Now there can be no doubt that Mrs. Souford did think of Ernest Hargrave as *her* Professor. And why should she not? He was still on the sunny side of middle life, as well as on the heavenward side of medium stature: a firmly poised man; not exactly handsome, to be sure, but probably as good-looking as a man can be without being conscious of it. Then there was a mystery surrounding him which might have a romantic interest. Although he had reached the highest eminence in his calling, there was an air about him as of one whose life purpose had been thwarted. It was not easy for Clara to account for this. Of course the man had no money, and there was talk of a sister somewhere in the West, who, added to the incumbrance of certain paternal debts, called for the greater part of his handsome stipend from the College. But, on the other hand, Hargrave had attained the great Peckster Professorship, with all that it implied; and Clara, who had been brought up under the shadow of this famous endowment, knew very well what it did imply. For not only did the salary cause it to be vulgarly spoken of as "the fattest thing in the gift of the College," but there went with it social advantages of a value not easily estimated.

There were still above ground certain descen-

dants of the endowing Peckster, a man who had been distinguished for his noble character no less than for his generous benefaction. He had anticipated the modern doctrine about the unearned increment of land by declaring that he considered the title of the College to this increased value much better than his own. But the cerebral tract, which the experience of Gideon Peckster had organized to this eccentric opinion, exerted no inhibitory influence upon the action of his descendants. They became a race of money-getters, or — to speak more correctly — of money-receivers; for the aureate tide that rolled in upon the family did not call for more exertion than was expended in seeking wealthy marriages, in employing conservative managers to look after their blocks of city stores, and in paying the shrewdest agents to conduct their speculations in Western territory. The doctrine of certain economists that there is only one generation between shirt-sleeves and shirt-sleeves was recognized by the Pecksters as the soothing fiction it generally is. Rhetorically indeed they had no objection to the fine figure of Labor bearing his golden bricks up a ladder and presently coming down again with an empty hod; but, finding themselves boosted to the top of that difficult stairway, they preferred to stay there, — even at the risk of injuring

so beautiful a metaphor. The precise number of thousands represented by the lands of the present Ephraim Peckster, the curious in such matters may easily ascertain; while as for his personal possessions, it is safe to say that the estimate of the rural assessors (when multiplied by about thirty) cannot be far out of the way. And this being the financial position of this worthy gentleman, the world generously overlooked the mediocrity of his abilities, and raised him to its consecrated caste. It elected him a member of various learned societies, and made him treasurer of a highly satisfactory corporation; providing him at the same time with a corps of skillful clerks to do the work, and with an assistant-treasurer to save him the trouble of signing checks for dividends. Above all, it had put him on a most friendly footing with the authorities of the College, who from time to time offered Mr. Peckster divers honorary positions connected with their charge, and conscientiously attended the choice entertainments which his descent from the giver of their osteological endowment was held to demand. For the family, if disinclined to gratify the College by a second donation, had always considered it a point of honor to make life brilliant and enjoyable for the occupant of the family Chair. So this distinguished Professorship not only represented

the pinnacle of scientific reputation among men, but it was regarded as a highly satisfactory asset among women who liked the *éclat* of moving in exclusive circles. The Professor was always welcomed to the houses of the wealthy who wanted to show something better than their money; indeed, no entertainment of the first class was held to be complete without his presence. European *savans* who visited America sought him out almost as soon as the steamer touched the wharf, and every rising Western college pestered him to accept its presidency.

Clara vainly tried to solve the puzzle of this want of self-satisfaction — of self-respect, she was sometimes tempted to think it — in one whose position before the world was so enviable. If an unassailable explanation occurred to her to-day, it seemed doubtful on the morrow, and absurd before the end of the week. At one time she suspected the trouble had some connection with the Psychological Research business, in which she had wished to interest him. For, not accepting the first rebuff, Clara had returned to the charge, and wanted to know why Hargrave's name was not on a certain scientific committee, which, the papers said, was giving some odd moments to inquire into these melancholy hallucinations. Every one must see that the results obtained by these men, who

were well known, intelligent, and honest, would be perfectly satisfactory.

“Just as satisfactory,” Hargrave had replied, “as would be the results of an investigation into the merits of Protestantism, conducted by a committee of the Pope and cardinals. These Roman gentlemen are well known, intelligent, and honest, and, this being the case, how could they be biased by the fact that, if the verdict did not confirm certain dicta to which they are committed, humiliating results must follow? Should these excellent ecclesiastics ever undertake such an investigation, be sure they will have the wit to insist upon conditions which will render their present conclusions inevitable!”

This speech was not quite intelligible to the fair patroness of the Saturday Lectureship; she could not see how science could have anything to do with the narrowness that one naturally enough credits to theology. But if she might not fathom the meaning that lay at the bottom of Hargrave's half-scornful manner, she knew it took no pathos from his clear and impressive voice, which seemed at times to lift her beyond the power of a weak and frivolous self that was trying to assert itself. She knew that the match — if it should come to that — would be a fair one, according to contemporary meas-

urement. She had the wealth, to be sure ; but then, as Mrs. Thomas K. Souford, she was merely a well-to-do woman, who might command at their current market prices certain desirable appendages to the sad condition of widowhood. As Mrs. Ernest Hargrave, Clara would enjoy the highest consideration in scientific and literary circles, and take a recognized place when she paid her winter visit to the capital of her country. Of course such calculations were not acknowledged to have any bearing upon the question ; but when did all the motives which determine our actions present themselves to the conscious reflection ?

After all, no offer of marriage had passed the lips of the Professor, yet what is vaguely called an understanding had established itself between them. There were precious moments when Hargrave had looked into Clara's eyes with an intense and concentrated intelligence, and both knew that their hearts vibrated in unison. At such times she received an impression of resource and power from the man which went far to deprive her of that right of self-determination which moralists assure us we may always exercise. Occasionally in his presence Clara had a strange feeling of mental dissolution, through which something within her seemed to be working for a better adjustment.

She fancied that it bore a resemblance to the budding of one of those variations destined to develop into a new organ, after the manner which the Lectureship had so eloquently set forth. Surely it was more than the common response of feminine sensibilities to the coherent thinking and accurate judgment of a superior mind. And then there would come over her a wild fancy that the Professor might be endowed with finer senses than those he had exercised so acutely on his way to the Chair of Osteology. Could it be possible that there was within his reach a better wisdom than old Peckster imagined when he left his money to the College ?

And now that Hargrave was to come to her, Mrs. Souford found the lawn-tennis and novel-reading of the seaside as little endurable as had been the sterile bustle of her city home. She doubted whether she were not more independent than any woman ought to be. If she could only put herself under guardianship — his guardianship !

She would sit alone upon the rocks till the vast irony of the ocean withered her life ; she would sicken at its mighty striving, without aim and without rest. At such times her mind oscillated between the views of the rector and those of the Spencerian Lectureship ; the

choice, however, was soon made. The former needed a background of organ music and surplined choir-boys ; but the breaking surf, flinging its spray over the rocks, accorded better with a conception of one's self as a product of evolutionary energy, — a victim of geological changes and planetary revolutions.

This was the state of mind in which Clara Souford welcomed the arrival of Professor Hargrave, on the evening when he was to give his scientific reading to her assembled guests.

II.

THE Reverend Charles Greyson, who for several days had been Mrs. Souford's guest, was an undersized gentleman of meagre physical development; but this, in the opinion of his feminine admirers, was counterbalanced by dark eyes of the rarest lustre, and a low-pitched voice of exquisite melody. He had long wished for something more than a bowing acquaintance with Professor Hargrave; he desired to come into intimate relations with this man of high scientific position who was understood to deny that the religious possibilities of the world were fairly on the way to exhaustion. For in an evil hour for his peace of mind, the rector of St. Philemon's had undertaken to examine (with a view to their thorough refutation) the arguments of certain scientists who impugned the dogmas of the Church, and contended that its doctrine of another life was a mere wail of egoism destitute of any rationality. But after he had taken their perilous books from the Public Library and given them an honest perusal, he shuddered to find himself inquiring for

certain other books of a character even more dangerous. These were publications prepared by the Reverend Messrs. Plausible and Smooth-it-away, and were designed to show how a priest might continue to administer at the altar, and therefrom proclaim propositions that he had ceased to believe. Volumes of this sort appear just now to be demanded; it will not be well to advertise them by mentioning their titles. But Charles Greyson was not the man to accept their twisted logic; he would not juggle with words, or deal in sentimental mystifications. He would never spread the sacred table with a Barmecide feast where sonorous assertion must supply the place of those nutritious meats of the Word that, in fact, were non-existent. No decision was demanded of him at present, yet there loomed a distant possibility which he was forced to recognize. His resolution, in such a case, to utter himself freely and take the consequences, was strengthened by the meteorological conditions of the seaside, where, rod in hand, he was fishing off the summer vacation.

He had angled through the sultry afternoon of Hargrave's arrival with a swarm of mosquitoes humming about the outside of his head, and another swarm of paradoxes and puzzles acting as counter-irritants within. No wonder

he felt attracted to the eminent Professor who — so it was vaguely rumored — had dared to doubt whether all the avenues of approach to supermundane life had been effectually barricaded after the death of the last Apostle.

For now the time had come when the doubtful experiment was to be made: the paper about the Cervical Vertebræ was to be tried upon a summer audience.

The fisherman rector had removed his heavy boots, and petitioned to appear in a pair of those worked slippers with which gentlemen of his profession are so generously provided. Now a man in any slippers was especially distasteful to Mrs. Souford, but a man in worked slippers, monograms wrought with colored beads upon a scarlet ground, — well, she wished that his benefit of clergy could have taken any shape but that! Her consent, which of course had to be given, was not graciously accorded; and she moved one of the lamps behind an alabaster vase, so as to throw disagreeables as much into the shade as possible.

The unmarried ladies were robed in white raiment of muslin or China crape, while the mistress of the establishment had seen fit to welcome her guest in a dress of artistically blended shades of gray. The garment was set off with a multitudinous flutter of bows, as if

a party of widower butterflies — whose delicate half-mourning showed that they were not inconsolable — had alighted upon various parts of the fabric. Blend with this carefully thought-out costume the flash of large brown eyes and a rich abundance of hair of similar color, and you should have an impression of a strikingly handsome woman who was content to temper her fascination with every recognized propriety.

John Harris, who escorted Miss Langworth and her sister to witness the regatta of the Eastern Yacht Club, had deposited those young ladies on the sofa, several shades browner than when they arose that morning. Others of the company were ranged in restful attitudes about the parlor, while Hargrave sat in the stately Mayflower chair, with Clara's favorite little table with the clawed feet whereon to rest his manuscript. The party awaited the arrival of Mr. Silas Pryndale, who had promised to be present.

“Well, Professor Hargrave,” exclaimed Miss Kate Dudley, breaking an oppressive silence in her briskest manner, “suppose you tell us what is the last roc's egg that is wanted to break into the College omelet. There's always one thing lacking to make the educational mixture just as it ought to be; what is it now?”

“I know of nothing later than the founda-

tion President Cooley urged so strenuously in his last report ; as indeed he has done in those of the past five years," was the reply.

"Oh, yes, I remember, a Professorship of Heredity. Well, why does n't Mr. Peckster just found it, and then we will promise to say no more about it?"

"Perhaps because he is the sort of man who in that case would like to have us say a good deal more about it," suggested Clara, reflectively.

"I am not in Mr. Peckster's confidence," said Hargrave, "but I certainly agree with the President that a liberal endowment for the Chair in question might do much to solve problems that are very perplexing. The professor would obtain results through the objective study of hereditary proclivities, and show what sort of marriages are likely to transmit those motor-adjustments of the brain that the College is at such cost to cultivate."

"In other words, you want to keep your precious Puritan stock at its topmost outcome," rejoined Miss Kate, sharply. "I want to know where this scientific meddling is to stop? I tell you the College did all our democracy can stand when it coquetted with the civil-service people who are trying to establish an aristocracy of office-holders. And now you

say that the President will take nothing less than a hereditary professorship!"

"I do not think that Dr. Cooley looks upon such an anomaly as likely to result from his efforts," said Hargrave with some surprise.

"Then he does not look for enough," asserted the lady with decision. "Of course we don't say that a great statesman is a failure because his son is not a still greater one. But with a Professor of Heredity the case would be very different. Once seat the most competent man in your Chair, and it must follow that his direct descendants will always be those most competent to succeed him. And so you introduce a principle that will excite the People to frenzy, and wreck the College!"

Clara knew that Professor Hargrave was not a naturalized citizen in the domain of pert persiflage where her cousin was trying to entice him. She threw a glance in his direction which meant he should decline the contest of wits to which he was bidden.

"I will call the President's attention to the danger you foresee," said Hargrave in a tone of deferential good breeding; "I cannot believe that it ever occurred to him."

"What meek downcast creatures your great professors are!" thought Miss Dudley. And she was endeavoring to fit this sentiment with

barb and feathers suitable for its projection into the company, when the curtains that had been drawn before one of the French windows were suddenly parted and the portly broker Mr. Pryndale presented himself. He was clad in russet shoes and duck trowsers of somewhat voluminous folds; these were continued by a blue yachting shirt with the word "Magician" worked in red silk across the breast.

"I won't apologize; you must let me come as I am!" he hurriedly exclaimed. "You see it was all I could do to work up to my moorings. If I had stopped for a change of clothes, I should have been late."

"But you should apologize for breaking in upon us like a ghost," said Miss Kate Dudley, giving her fan the Mikado flirt, expressive of comical terror. "Why, that fiery inscription you bear is enough to frighten a neurasthenic female quite out of her weak wits. Did Pluto attach that startling ticket-of-leave before permitting you to revisit the glimpses of the moon?"

"You refer to my lettering: well, it is a little too conspicuous," acknowledged the good-natured broker. "You see, my wife insisted that my new centre-board cat should bear that ridiculous name. Mrs. Souford happens to know all about my rescue of the deacon, and

I can assure her that Susan has not yet done chaffing me about it. The last domestic joke was to mark all my shirts in this elaborate fashion, on the chance that I should not have patience to pull out the stitches."

"And so you rescued a deacon! Whence? when? where?" demanded Miss Dudley, in terse monosyllables.

"The particulars would make too long a story, and your cousin knows them already," remonstrated Silas. "It is a sort of ghost story, too, or rather, perhaps, a tale of one of those queer psychical impressions into which ghosts vanish nowadays. Such a misty narrative would be a poor prologue to those solid realities of science about which the Professor will so kindly discourse to us."

"You must tell the story. I wish Professor Hargrave to hear it," said Mrs. Souford, with decision. "To me it is very mysterious,—a shadowy reflection of something preternatural. Of course he will give us some perfectly simple explanation of it."

"From which we shall of course dissent," added Miss Kate, smartly. "Then the Professor will dissent from our dissent; but our dissent from his views will be modest, while he, having a scientific reputation to look after, will dissent from our views with contempt. So we

shall have the advantage of him both in temper and tolerance."

"Now I demand every particular about the deacon," said Hargrave, smiling pleasantly. "I will cut my paper one half, or postpone it altogether, rather than remain under such a calumny as that. I believe, however, that Mrs. Souford knows me well enough to assure her cousin that if I am unable to accept a marvelous narrative — that is, to think that the marvelous element in it is proved — I shall mingle no scorn with its rejection. The fact that my studies may lead me to discover fallacies of observation or inference where Miss Dudley might not suspect them, I cannot help. But I can help that hidebound prejudice of caste which holds so many of our college men from giving its just weight to unwelcome evidence."

Clara felt the tide of life move more rapidly as Hargrave's imploring glance met hers. Evidently he did not quite relish the touch-and-go vivacities of her protectress. How should they be taken at their true value by one whose life was so withdrawn from the corrective touch of familiar feminine influence! Well, he must have the chance of vindicating himself, if he thought it necessary; and so the story should be told. "And be sure," she said, addressing Pryndale, "that you give us no once-upon-a-

time business. We want all the names and dates, together with the state of the weather and the degrees Fahrenheit of the thermometer."

"Weather, cloudy, with good expectation of snow," began the owner of the cat Magician; "thermometer, somewhere in the forties; place, the suburban town of Medville, in which I sleep and pay taxes; time, an afternoon in last November. Mrs. Souford, a schoolmate of my wife, was coming, as she often did, to pass a night with us. We are nearly half a mile from the station, so I drove my depot wagon to connect with the train she had promised to take. The cars reached the station soon after I did, and I experienced the disappointment of finding that our expected visitor had not come. I waited till the last passenger stepped upon the Medville platform, and then sullenly turned the horse's head towards home. If our guest arrived by a later train, I decided that she might take the public omnibus to the house. I had a batch of letters that were waiting answers, and could spare no more time for running after her; I would go home and stay there. But home I did not go, though when I left the station it certainly was my fixed purpose so to do. Let me mention that it is not my habit to drive for pleasure in our depot wagon, which is a

heavy vehicle, with the stiff springs necessary for the transportation of baggage. Even setting aside my letters, there seemed to be every reason why I should hasten home. Yet a sudden impulse, which I knew not how to resist, prompted me, on turning into Centre Street, to drive away from my own dwelling. Now, if you follow Centre Street for about two miles, you come to Fox Lane, which leads through the woods to Bear Pond. The pond is another two miles from the turning, and half a mile further you come to Turner's Point, which runs out into the water, and is a favorite spot for summer picnics. We are in the habit of taking the children there once or twice during the hot weather; but, however attractive in July, it is not a pleasant place to visit on a chilly November afternoon. Fox Lane, as Mrs. Souford can tell you, is one of those rocky, ruddy thoroughfares by which the farmers get to their wood-lots, and is by no means adapted to pleasure-driving. Now something riveted my attention upon Turner's Point, and soon this singular question was flashed into my mind: '*Suppose you were alone at the Point, and should meet with some accident that hindered locomotion, how soon might you reasonably expect relief?*' I am aware that it is not wise to give up one's brains for the lodging of a single idea, but this absurd and fanciful

inquiry, once admitted, would not give up its quarters. There it clung, a vague, indefinable, persistent presence. I could not help reflecting that the chance of November visitors to the Point was exceedingly small, and that in the event supposed the arrival of aid would be very doubtful.

“Pondering this matter, I reached Fox Lane, and, without any motive that was evident to my consciousness, I turned into it. Indeed, I may put the case more strongly by saying that all the motives I am now able to recognize were against a solitary visit to Turner’s Point. The recent rains had brought the rough stones of the by-road into unusual relief; it was late in the day, and I greatly desired to be at home. But the impulse to go on would not leave me: I had an insane desire to stand upon the end of the Point and there to consider my chances of attracting attention if some accident prevented my return. And here let it be observed that my sole desire was to work out a problem in which the interest was personal. No altruistic sentiment intruded itself; no imagination of possible usefulness to some person in distress impelled my movement in a direction which — all appearances to the contrary notwithstanding — I found to be that of the least resistance. While I recognized the fact that nothing could

be more unlikely than my getting into any situation of peril upon Turner's Point, I found that nothing could be more persistent than the presentation of some such catastrophe. I said to myself, 'This morbid and feverish action of the brain, which is taking me where I don't want to go, must cease!' But my order was as ineffective as one given in a dream. The machinery of logic ground out its unanswerable demonstration of my folly; but — what shall I call it? — a presence, a breath soft as a zephyr, yet compulsive as a hurricane, urged me on.

“After a goodly shaking upon the stones I reached Bear Pond. The bars of the fence, which in summer were taken down to allow driving to the Point, were replaced for the winter. It was still something of a walk to the picnic ground. I tied my horse, climbed the rails, and strode onward, with mingled feelings of amazement and disgust. I had not proceeded far before my ears caught faint cries, as if for assistance. I stopped and listened. Yes, there could be no doubt of it; somebody in distress was trying to attract attention. Now you see how my story is to end, so I will hurry the conclusion. In an open cellar which had been dug at the end of Turner's Point, I found Deacon Turner himself. He had visited the place to consider the feasibility of covering

the old cellar with a sort of summer restaurant, or lunch-house, which might be leased to visitors during the following season. In order to make some measurements, he had undertaken to climb down into the cellar, cautiously thrusting fingers and toes into the crevices between the stones. He had slipped, fallen, and sprained an ankle so severely that the foot was powerless. Getting out of the trap was beyond the old man's power; he had lain there seven hours when I found him. The chance of a rescue without a night, and probably another day, of cold, hunger, and misery was highly improbable. The deacon had left home in the morning, with the intention of spending the night at his brother's house in the city: there was, therefore, no reason why his absence should excite inquiry. This visit to the Point was not premeditated; it resulted from the sudden thought of a lunch-house, on his walk to the village.

“The Turner farm was a long quarter of a mile from the Point, and after supplying the poor man with water I hastened there for assistance. Ladders and men were necessary to effect a rescue, and it was not till after sunset that I had the satisfaction of seeing the deacon extended upon his own comfortable bed. I promised to stop at old Dr. Simpson's office,

on my way through Centre Street, — if indeed the perilous passage of Fox Lane, after dark, permitted me to reach that locality.

“It was raining heavily when, after several unpleasant adventures, I drew up before my own door. Susan and Mrs. Souford (who had arrived by the 5.20 train) rushed to the porch as the wheels stopped. And then came the high-pitched inquiries: ‘Well, where *have* you been? What do you *mean* by making us so anxious? Tell us right off *where* you’ve been!’ ‘Well, my dear,’ I replied hesitatingly, ‘I have been to — to — Turner’s Point.’ And then in chorus came the rejoinder: ‘*What upon earth* sent you to Turner’s Point on such a night as this?’ Now, that was a puzzling inquiry. What did send me to Turner’s Point? Was it, indeed, anything upon earth, or something to be more properly spoken of as a little beyond it? I could not answer the question then, nor have I been able to answer it since. One day I thought I would ask Dr. Simpson, and his reply was, ‘One of those morbid impulses which result from indigestion.’ ‘But my rescue of Deacon Turner?’ I objected. The doctor, who is one of the vice-presidents of our County Medical Society, swayed to and fro in his deliberative way, and at length replied, ‘Well, I think it will be best to call that a coincidence.’”

“I can testify that Mr. Pryndale’s story has not been magnified by repetition,” said Mrs. Souford. “The mystery has not grown an inch since I first heard it. It is now in order for the Professor to furnish his explanation, or to tell us whether he agrees with the vice-president of that medical society that the words ‘indigestion’ and ‘coincidence’ are the Open Sesames to this lurid cavern.”

Hargrave seemed troubled: he threw a wary yet searching glance over the company, and at length replied, “I should not dare to assert that they are not.”

“So much for the official opinion of the Peckster Professorship!” announced Miss Dudley, in her smartest manner. “Now, if quite convenient, we should like to have that of Citizen Ernest Hargrave, equal voter with John, Patrick, Peter, and several million more of the same sort. Perhaps this person may be willing to exhibit his freedom by differing with the learned Professor.”

“I will not resist your appeal,” said Hargrave, after a pause of indecision. “I merely meant to say that such testimony as we have listened to is of value only when correlated with a great deal more testimony equally unimpeachable. Take Mr. Pryndale’s narrative as an isolated experience, and Dr. Simpson’s

solution might be the best, — were it not the higher wisdom to attempt no solution at all. Taken separately, there is no experience of this kind which excludes a possible coincidence; taken collectively in their enormous multitude, they give another presumption a high degree of certainty. I refer to that moral certainty which, while falling short of mathematical demonstration, establishes a conviction as strong as those upon which we act in the most important concerns of life.”

“Our great Bishop Butler comes to the conclusion that ‘probability is the guide of life,’” interposed the rector in support; “and there is no maxim more profoundly true.”

“And yet I don’t think you could put the bishop’s discovery into a hymn with much effect,” said Miss Kate, slyly.

“There are parts of the service that the rubric permits either to be sung or said,” replied Greyson. “I grant that the bishop’s sentiment would not be impressive as coming from the choir; it should always be said.”

“Certainly,” acquiesced Miss Dudley; “it is one of those clerical admissions that are perhaps as well said on the sidewalk, just outside the church-door.”

“The truth is good enough to be said anywhere!” exclaimed the Professor, with sup-

pressed feeling. "Let us not forget that reticence, beginning in a wise prudence, easily passes into a craven timidity."

Clara saw that Hargrave's hand was nervously crumpling the manuscript before him. She seemed to share his consciousness of the painful throb of resolution which precedes a disclosure that is to affect our destiny.

"I ought now to say," he continued, "that I know there is a force in nature which, acting under conditions imperfectly understood, is able to manifest itself in exactly such results as Mr. Pryndale has given us. I say a force in nature, for surely I repudiate the misleading dualism of nature and the supernatural. The domain of nature is large enough to cover all that exists, — outside the mighty Source whence all proceeds."

There was nothing very startling in this avowal, and yet Mrs. Souford, whose eyes were fixed upon Hargrave, shuddered as its possible consequences flashed upon her. What would become of a reputation, now so well rounded and entire, were this confession known to the world? How great would be the scandal could it be said that the incumbent of the coveted Peckster Professorship held opinions which might lead him to examine seriously such delusions as spiritism, necromancy, prevision, and

other uncanny survivals of our primitive savagery! Clara had heard that President Cooley took a summary method of dealing with his professors when any little rift in their repute among the wealthy benefactors of the College made them incapable of continuing to advance its interests. A letter suggesting a resignation would be received by any subordinate who entertained the horrible heresy that uncultured spiritual mediums, of shady character and surroundings, might have stumbled upon truths which Mr. Herbert Spencer and his distinguished American expounders had not yet reached. To be sure, Clara herself entertained some highly unscientific doubts respecting the dogmatic assertions of the great physicists of her epoch. But then a woman was never expected to be logical; her company was sought, not for correct opinions, but for feminine warmth and cheerfulness. With a man the case was quite otherwise. He must have the intellectual sympathy of his fraternity; his honor in the larger world depends upon the recognition of his claims by the guild or clan in which circumstances have placed him. So thinking, Mrs. Souford determined to shake her head imperiously, and to change the subject; it might not be too late to prevent some of the evil she apprehended. But it was too

late; there seemed to be a mysterious clog upon her freedom. Pryndale, who was naturally interested in the Professor's views, was pressing him to impart them more fully. "If you would only give us an experience of your own," he suggested, "it would impress the company as nothing I have told can possibly do. Society has a great respect for the opinions of you scientific gentlemen about these matters."

"Provided we do not give them upon the wrong side, as Wallace, Crookes, Zöllner, Hare, Varley, and other castaways have done," said Hargrave. "Perhaps I could shock your conceptions of what is possible as much as the conceptions of our ancestors were shocked by the notion of the antipodes. 'Just think of it,' they said, — 'the idea of men living with their heads hanging downwards, and clinging to the earth like flies to a ceiling. Away with such insane tales! Give us demonstrable facts that our learned judges can pass upon, — like the powers exerted through witchcraft, for instance!' Yet I should not longer decline to share all that life has taught me: that fragment of my knowledge which the College pays me for proclaiming may not be the part of it most needed in this present time. I believe some of you know that I was principal of the

Chipworth Academy, at North Bilberry, for six years before my connection with the College. It is one of the oldest endowed schools in the State. Young men and young women, as well as boys and girls, were among my pupils; and no teacher ever had better opportunities for studying the problem of education, about which so much thin and shallow matter is written in these days."

"We know, then, in what quarter we may look for light upon a subject which so deeply concerns us," said Clara, in a desperate attempt to switch the Professor's talk upon some other track. "You will combine and assimilate all that experience in a book that shall be really authoritative; in the mean time, let us hear a few of its conclusions."

Hargrave looked amused. "Do you remember the story of the diplomatist?" he said. "Shortly after his arrival in England he inquired for a publisher, with a view to the immediate composition of a book upon Life in the British Isles. After he had lived a year in the country, he doubted whether he had quite mastered his subject; after a residence of ten years, he gave up in despair the plan of writing anything. My six years of study in North Bilberry have brought me to a like modesty. Columbus made his perilous voyage only to

discover an island before unknown. If my eyes have caught even the dim outline of such an island rising out of unfrequented seas, I am satisfied. The great continent that lies beyond it, others must explore.

“Every teacher has remarked the facility with which some of his pupils seize an idea, and this without appreciable connection either with habits of application or the general powers of the intellect. What I refer to is no parrot-like rendering of what has been learned by rote, but rather resembles a mental assimilation of principles and deductive reasoning from them. We sometimes encounter subtleties of observation and a reach of purely speculative thought which are only characteristic of a well-matured mind. One of the perennial puzzles of educational science has been to account for the fact that boys whose bright replies impress the visitor to the recitation room are precisely not those who afterwards make an impression upon the world. Look for these astonishing youngsters twenty years after their schooldays are over, and you will be likely to find them filling small clerkships, or in some way dependent upon others for direction, while the dunces of the recitation room are railroad presidents, influential divines, or are holding similar positions of social leadership.

“Of course this is not universally true ; but it is so often true that students of education have thought it worth while to offer several elaborate explanations, none of which can be called satisfactory. For a long time I worked over this problem, as so many of my predecessors have done, but without coming any nearer to its solution. At last I thought I saw light. I found many indications—none of them amounting to proof—that my own brain-action might be set up in the heads of certain of my pupils without a whisper or a sign ; and, stranger still, that such communicated action seemed upon some occasions to be below consciousness, — that is to say, outside any thought or volition of which the presence could be recognized. I adopted the hypothesis that much of what passed for intelligence and brightness in my young people was a peculiar faculty of receiving an impression from without ; and, furthermore, that the power of personal direction was lowered and absorbed by its existence.”

“But you confess that this was only a guess,” objected Miss Dudley.

“At first, yes,” assented Hargrave. “Guess is a shorter word than hypothesis, and expresses the fact quite as correctly. Physical science is nothing but the verification of guesses ; and

in exploring realms of cloud and shadow we must for a long time put up with these flickering lights. I made the guess, then, that some nervous thread might, as it were, be thrown from brain to brain, and bind them for a time into a community of life. Observation and experimental research at length satisfied me that my guess was right."

"And now you have only to bring the present company to the same conclusion," said Miss Dudley, with an emphasis which seemed to touch the core of the whole matter.

"It by no means follows that I can do so," replied the Professor. "I might relate certain occurrences which are unassailable by destructive criticism; but a conviction is a very complex product. We cannot impart it to others, nor, indeed, is it easy ourselves to recognize all the evidence which has gone to its formation. I could give you some startling facts, but these are only avenues to knowledge; they are beset with many difficulties, and it requires weary personal plodding to discover whither they lead. To tell those facts to persons who have never gone through the intellectual labor necessary to accept and to use them is to cast — well, I did not mean to run upon the discourteous quotation from Scripture, so I will say that it is to *be* cast in the part of a mere showman or wonder-monger."

“Mr. Pryndale has been willing to tell his strange story, at my request,” said Clara, bracing herself to meet a crisis which she would no longer try to postpone. “Professor Hargrave can scarcely refuse me the same favor.”

“Certainly not, if this is indeed your wish,” rejoined the Professor. “I misread your face; I thought you would have me pass to my proper subject, — that upon which the Peckster Chair is an acknowledged authority, despite the eccentricities of any mortal who may be temporarily sitting in it. You shall have the full particulars of an occurrence which for singularity — though not for suggestive import — is unparalleled in my own experience.

“I had been connected with the Academy for four years, when, one dull December evening, a letter, bearing a large official seal, called me to a service that I would gladly have avoided. The next sunrise would usher in the 15th, the great festival of the year in the town of North Bilberry. This was Founder’s Day, — the day upon which, far back in the last century, Reuben Chipworth had given himself the trouble to be born. I do not mean to say that it was celebrated with the wild Philistine energy thrown into the 4th of July; but it was an occasion more precious to the heads and representatives of the community. Being

an academic jubilee, the stately and reverend element came conspicuously to the front, and directed the rejoicings of the less instructed multitude. Now the particular year of which I am speaking happened to be a third year; and it had been solemnly established that upon every third year, in addition to the exhibition of the school and the dinner given by the trustees to themselves and to sundry invited dignitaries, a commemorative oration should be delivered in the Town Hall. It had generally happened that some gentleman upon the Board of Management was glad of the opportunity to show forth the virtues of Reuben Chipworth, as well as his own eloquence in narrating them. But my unlucky letter had come to say that the trustee who intended to give the morrow's address had been summoned to Canada upon pressing business, and that the principal of the school was requested to take his place. It was mentioned that, as the time was short, deficiencies in the body of the address would be overlooked, provided the winding-up were embellished with ornaments worthy of the occasion. For it was desirable to hit the taste of a North Bilberry audience, which liked its rhetoric somewhat more exuberant and florid than the severe canons of metropolitan critics might admit.

“An appointee, dependent for his place upon the favor of a close corporation of appointors, cannot be selected as a type of that freedom and independence which are held to go with American citizenship. In my position, the request was weighted with the authority of a command, and with a heavy heart I began to look up biographical particulars about the hero whose doings I must illustrate. I sat at my desk till late into the night, endeavoring to put into some order such materials as were at hand, as well as to think out comments to accompany them. At last I came to realize that I must give up all attempt at preparation; it was impossible in the time at my disposal. One thing only could be done: I must trust to the occasion, and launch out boldly upon the tempestuous seas of extemporaneous oratory. Suddenly I recalled my correspondent's suggestion about the peroration. Here was something to be considered. I decided to prepare and memorize a concluding paragraph; yes, and to embellish it with all the ornaments a North Bilberry audience could require. It was not an agreeable thing to do, but I thought it the best thing under existing circumstances. Our founder was an excellent man, and in all sincerity I could express my appreciation of his worth. The inflated sentences I might put together would

merely translate my real feelings into language acceptable to my auditors. No one sees more clearly than I do now that this excuse was sophistical. Suddenly thrust into a position of peculiar hardship, it was perhaps pardonable to stoop a little to get out of it. It is always better to stand erect, and to take all consequences. And now, if I am to give its full significance to what I have to tell, I should repeat the closing paragraph of my address as it was then prepared. The singular sequence fixed the words so firmly in my memory that I believe I can recall most of them even at this distance of time."

"Alternate elocution with philosophy, and you give us a perfect programme for a summer night's entertainment," quoth Miss Dudley approvingly. "But pray do not leave out the original pause and emphasis. Let it be done in action, as you would do it before the duke. Come, a passionate speech! as Hamlet says."

Hargrave looked anxiously towards Mrs. Souford, knowing how easily ill-considered audacities of utterance might imperil relations between them. A woman worth winning is sensitive to the smallest defect in taste. But Clara, whether wisely or foolishly, had asked for the story; and he would goad himself into giving it fully and honestly, at whatever cost.

The decision was made. The Professor rose from the arms of the Mayflower chair, and repeated, not without some oratorical glow in his manner, the following sentences: —

“ Reuben Chipworth, the man whose life we are commemorating to-day, has been a well-spring of benefits to this ancient town. His benign countenance glimmers upon us through the mists of years, and there needs no saint's halo to crown the head that thought so wisely in our behalf. He held firmly to the Puritan ideas, which were even then fading from the minds of men. Nature, society, religion, have been subjected to merciless scrutinies undreamt of in his simple time. The great generalization of Darwin which points to our animal ancestry, modern speculations in sociology, exhaustive and yet startling Biblical criticism, — how these have flung into new moulds that aggregation of shifting units known among men as the town of North Bilberry! But if our founder could not transcend the narrow limits of the community into which he was born, he would soften the path to knowledge for the community with greater opportunities which he knew must be its successor. By an heroic act of self-suppression he saved the money he was tempted to spend, and flung open for all the illimitable future the doors of the Acad-

emy. Brave Reuben Chipworth! We will not picture you as a slow-footed old man leaning upon a staff, as the artist has represented you upon his canvas. For us you are touched with the morning lustre of youth, as you offer a helping hand to generations which your eyes might not see. May eloquent divines, sagacious editors, independent statesmen, and matrons as noble as those of ancient Rome continue to issue from the portals you have opened; and may the simple certificate, '*He was educated at the Chipworth Academy*' (and be sure that no limitation of sex is intended by the use of the masculine pronoun), — I say, may our simple certificate of graduation prove a passport and a letter of credit, which shall carry its bearer triumphantly throughout the world!"

"Well, we never know what our friends may be capable of doing!" exclaimed Miss Kate Dudley. "Who would have thought that a man whose life has been devoted to furnishing the world with what it considers real knowledge could ever have soared to such a trance-medium rhapsody as that?"

"You must have felt like a bishop reading the part of Richard III, at a Shakespeare Club," remarked the rector. "Pray did your North Bilberry audience follow those winged words into the empyrean?"

“It never heard them,” responded the Professor gravely. “I wrote out some such matter as you have listened to, put the manuscript in my pocket, and, whenever a spare moment was to be had, tried to fix it in my memory. It was written early in the morning, after an hour or two of disturbed sleep. I studied the words while shaving, and during those fifteen minutes after breakfast which I usually devoted to the newspaper. But all too soon arrived the train bringing the trustees; and then the bustle of the annual examination began. The school-room was filled with visitors, before whom my pupils were put through their paces. At the word of command from Trustee No. I, they proceeded to rack their brains for such showy fragments of knowledge as might astonish the expectant rows of parents and guardians, who were accommodated upon settees to the right of the platform. As the principal took no part in this proceeding, I mentally employed myself in testing the grip of my memory upon that winding-up paragraph. I was startled from this occupation by the voice of Trustee No. II, who had put a question to one of the brightest of my scholars, a pale-faced lassie of fifteen. ‘Well, Sarah Jones, and what can you say about our founder, in whose honor we have met to-day?’ Now the answer

to this question was not to be found in any text-book, and Sarah began to blush and hesitate, as one who had been taken at a disadvantage. 'Come, come,' said the questioner, 'time is precious; we are all waiting to hear what you can tell about him.' This adjuration did not lessen the embarrassment of poor Sarah, who was ready to sink with confusion. 'Why, how is this?' said Trustee No. I, hurrying to the assistance of his fellow-examiner. 'There ought not to be a baby in this town who cannot say something about its greatest benefactor!' The girl's scattered wits were not brought to order by this additional turn of the screw. I saw how unfair it was to put a young person, at the most self-conscious period of life, into such a position. I was about to come to her aid with a mild remonstrance, when I observed a singular change in her expression. Sarah suddenly straightened herself to what seemed to be more than her natural height; she heaved a tired sigh, which placed her at a certain remoteness from the company, and proceeded to answer her cruel questioner by repeating verbatim the elegant conclusion I had prepared for my evening address. And more than mere words were given; they came salient with precisely the stress and swell of delivery with which I had mentally fitted them."

“And what did the company think of it?” asked Clara.

“I suppose they thought it was what in professional slang would be called ‘a marked card,’” replied Hargrave. “In other words, that the child had been crammed for the display, and that the trustee — possibly in collusion with the teachers — had drawn the marked card for the glory of the school and the astonishment of the company. Such proceedings are not absolutely unknown at academic exhibitions.”

“Of course you explained the nature of the singular occurrence?” said the rector.

“How could I explain what I did not understand myself?” inquired Hargrave. “No; I saw that I should make things worse by any statement whatever. Any isolated marvel coming into collision with our previous experience will be, and ought to be, interpreted in accordance with that experience. Either I taught the girl that speech, or in some way she obtained my manuscript and learned it without my knowledge. Say what I might, no third supposition could have been admitted as possible. The case was simply one for silence.”

“There comes in the superiority of the masculine intellect,” said Clara. “A woman would have compromised herself by telling the truth,

or, in other words, by exhibiting herself as a specimen of abject credulity or hysterical hallucination."

"*'Toute vérité n'est pas bonne à dire,'*" quoted Hargrave. "*'Mais toutes les vérités seraient bonnes à dire si on les disait ensemble.'*" Joubert's maxim may be easily abused, yet its essential soundness is indisputable. No one is bound to give facts which must cast an utterly distorted image upon the minds of his hearers. Psychological investigations were then unheard of among those posing as the representatives of sane opinion. I had a career to make, and a sister dependent upon my exertions. Why should I oppose my feeble resistance to the momentum of contemporary science? I must confine my activity upon those reputable lines of investigation which have since terminated in the Peckster Professorship. Then, too, it is most difficult for a man to effect a deep change in his own system of thought, no matter what weight of evidence may require him to do so. Any explanation, be it never so strained, will be clutched, if only it will serve to float us awhile longer on the stream of current belief."

"But what in the world did you do about that noble peroration?" inquired Miss Dudley. "'That aggregation of shifting units known among men as the town of North Bil-

berry ' should have enjoyed their rhetoric all the more after hearing its rehearsal by proxy in the morning."

"Perhaps so," said the Professor; "but their enjoyment would have been in inverse ratio to that of their orator. There was nothing to be done but to accept the situation, and omit the climax. I believe I stumbled through some sort of address, which was painfully below the performance of Sarah Jones in the morning. To go back to that young woman. I should tell you that she was thoroughly questioned by Trustee No. II, as to where she learned that prodigious lesson about Chipworth which she recited so gracefully. 'I never learned it; it came to me,' was her reply. And to this view of the case she persistently adhered, despite threats and cajolery. The trustees conferred together during the intermission, and summoned Dr. Brewster from the settees to assist in their council. The girl seemed perfectly truthful, and the good doctor could not, or would not, assert that she was conscious of uttering a falsehood. 'We must take a charitable view of this affair,' said he. 'The fact is, the settees were much pleased with her exhibition, and thought it very creditable to the Academy. Now do any of you gentlemen understand physiology?' Not a

trustee could say that he did. And so the doctor went on to explain that the agitation of nervous matter in the brain, which is popularly called memory, was sometimes unaccompanied by consciousness. And thus it seemed probable that they had listened to a fragment of the oration upon some former Founder's Day, which Sarah had learned as a child, without any remembrance of having done so. As analogous cases were to be found in the books, it was decided to accept this explanation, and to probe the matter no further. You see that if I had produced the remarks from my pocket, with the ink scarcely dry upon the paper, only one supposition would have been admissible: the girl must have stolen them, and lied. This was impossible, of course; but a theory which is consonant with an established way of thinking is not to be limited by mere possibilities."

"This doctrine of the appropriation of the results of thought without going through the labor of thinking is both unpleasant and dangerous," said the Rev. Mr. Greyson. "How are we to know whether a given mind is trained or merely impressionable; whether a man is competent to use his faculties actively, or can merely permit their use by somebody else? Is the nonconcurrence of the obstinate juryman in a righteous verdict owing to an

honest conviction, or has he been unconsciously psychologized by the lawyer who has the biggest fee in his pocket? Above all, if you admit this disturbing element in our mental action, must it necessarily come from an embodied intelligence? Given this wave of nervous influence, by which mind can work the machinery of a body foreign to it, how can we deny the possible action of an unseen world which the Spiritualists assert?"

The rector leaned eagerly forward to catch the answer to his question; but Hargrave made no reply. He was busy in selecting certain sheets from the manuscript before him.

"The Peckster Professorship of Osteology," said Miss Dudley, coming smartly to the rescue, "authorizes me to say, that, being above all things scientific, it consigns other worlds than this to the limbo of chimeras. It has high respect for the multiplication-table, quite an enthusiasm for the dinner table, a good-natured tolerance for the tables of the law, — though, of course, Moses did not get them where he said he did, — but for the tables of the rappers and tippers it has nothing but a sneer, born of its superior wisdom."

It was clearly necessary for Hargrave to say something, yet there was a tinge of painful indecision in his manner as he addressed Mr. Greyson.

“When some future benefactor of the College founds a Professorship of the Higher Psychology, and ties up his bequest so that no one committed to the mechanical theory of man’s nature can be put into it, science may reduce to order what is now chaotic, and your inquiries may be answered. I have told my story, as was requested, and have nothing more to say.”

“*Revenons à nos moutons*,—of course I mean to the osseous parts of them, of which Professor Hargrave may profess to know something without periling his means of livelihood, or bringing his sanity into suspicion!” exclaimed Miss Dudley. “He is making selections from among his papers, and it is not too late to hear anything he is willing to read to us.”

“A good suggestion,” assented Pryndale. “The Professor looks as if he would be as glad to get upon his beaten road again as I was to reach the macadamized surface of Centre Street, after my jolting upon Fox Lane. We will not pursue these dreary paths into the woods, where mortals so easily lose their way.”

“Yes, and sometimes encounter the Black Man,” added the rector with a shudder. “Our forefathers often met him in such leafy localities.”

The decision had an exhilarating effect upon Hargrave, who proceeded to the vigorous reading of his essay.

Clara breathed more easily. It is well to return to ground to which we have an undoubted title. Here it was certain that the high mental qualities of her Professor were accessible to the observation of the common sort of people one meets in society.

III.

HARGRAVE'S reading was so curtailed as to finish at ten o'clock, the latest hour to which sitting up was possible at the seaside. Silas Pryndale took a hasty leave, discovering that it was quite time to sail the cat *Magician* to her permanent anchorage across the bay. The rector congratulated himself that he was not obliged to pass an examination upon the matter of the paper; it certainly would have been discreditable. His understanding was not roused to the activity necessary to grasp the subject, yet he had a strange feeling that the passive condition from which he could not escape, absorbed other and better knowledge from the Professor than his spoken words conveyed. The minister felt that he had enjoyed a singular elevation of thought, which seemed portentous of some strange and varied development. A picture of marvelous splendor had been half concealed by a very misty atmosphere; he had seen faces that might have belonged to the saints of old, when, refreshed by beatific vision, they plodded their stony ways.

Perhaps the truth was that he was sleepy after a hard day's fishing. Although not satisfied with this solution, Mr. Greyson judged it best to accept it provisionally, as he joined the dissolving circle of listeners who were taking candles from the entry table.

Mrs. Souford was one of those old-fashioned housekeepers who make it the final duty of the day to descend to that lowest floor whence rise supplies for the higher departments of the establishment. She excused herself for not joining the chamberward tendency of her guests by declaring that the back door must have been left unlocked. Her servants had grown very careless, and she felt a current of air from the kitchen. Would Professor Hargrave bear the lamp by which he had been reading, and illumine her way to that locality?

And it turned out not only that the door required fastening, but that a certain creamy, bubbling composition, which the cook had prepared with a view to the morrow's flapjacks, ought to be removed to the ice-chest, lest it should sour. This receptacle being made after the box pattern, it became necessary to lift out several fragments of the day's dinner before a place could be found for the bowl of cereal mixture. Clara would allow no awkward masculine hands within the sacred precincts of her

refrigerator; so the Professor's business was merely to hold the lamp, and watch the pretty fingers as they lifted the blue pottery, and re-arranged the vessels of yellow earthenware upon their proper slabs of slate.

This and other household offices occupied some time, and the parlor was deserted when they returned to it. The moon was rising over the sea, and the piazza offered the attractive solitude which — if the solitude is *à deux* — is so full of emotional opportunities. By daylight we skim the surface of our minds, chattering for the most part below our real abilities. In the night what lies deepest in our nature more easily asserts itself; the possibilities of the imagination grow into necessities; there comes a spiritual productiveness which may make self-renunciation seem a matter of course.

The lady and her guest passed through the parlor and out upon the piazza. The nominal excuse was to draw the Fayal chairs under the awning, lest it should rain before sunrise. To be sure, the sky was cloudless, but the pretense would do, nevertheless.

The path to the beach shone out full and clear in the silver light; the undulating sand-heaps, the rocks jutting up in their naked grandeur, no longer required the relief of foliage which the prospect lacked during the glare

of noon. The hard, every-day substance of the scene had left it; the familiar objects seemed to belong to an enchanted world of illusion and phantasmagoric change.

“It is, doubtless, all as unreal as it is beautiful,” said the Professor, as if in responsive sympathy with an unspoken thought of his companion.

“Where, then, shall we find reality?” said Clara. “Surely not in those dimly discerned forces among which we have wandered this evening?”

“Were they thoroughly studied,” replied Hargrave, “it might be that they would reveal our true position as denizens of a world of certainties. The reports of these bodily senses are not wholly worthy of confidence; they stuff our minds with prepossessions which may prevent us from possessing our rightful inheritance. The progress of our self-satisfied century has contented itself with the discovery of the laws of visible matter; but there is matter just over the line of visibility, fine, subtile, spiritualized, — fitted, perhaps, for the apprehension of other senses than those we habitually employ. Clara Souford, the time has come when there should be truth between us, be the cost what it will. I have reason to know that I have special aptitudes of temperament for

pushing investigation beyond this dull, material plane. My life-studies have armed me with the methods of scientific research, and these should have given me a poise and sobriety of judgment sufficient to prevent that disturbance of equilibrium which has wrecked so many adventurers upon these mystic deeps. Why should I not do the work of which I am most capable, — the work that will lead to results useful above all others to this generation? There must come a reaction against the mechanical psychology which is all that modern science can at present offer us. Carried to a logical result, it kills those ideals which once stimulated our race to its noblest effort. Hence the social ferment and agitation which are surely preparing for our existing society. I would carry that critical sagacity, that faculty of right interpretation and inference, developed upon lines of physical research, among facts of higher concern than those which occupy the attention of my brother scientists. But to do this I may be called upon to sacrifice the good opinion of my fellows, my reputation for common sense, — perhaps even for common sanity. The learned societies which welcome me to their deliberations — knowing that my name will give importance to their committees of nobodies — may come to credit me with the credulous sim-

plicity of a fool, if not with the trickery of a knave. But what matters it? Others who have benefited their age have given a higher price for the privilege. My sister has been happily married, and no longer needs my assistance; at last my inherited debts are paid. I am what the world would call a free man. Yet not so: I look into the unsearchable depths of your eyes; I cannot tell whether they reflect Ernest Hargrave stripped of all his comfortable appendages, or only the occupant of that stately Chair established by the doughty Peckster of the past, and controlled by less chivalrous men of the present."

A man's emotion, suddenly breaking out like a pent-up force in nature, may well cause a woman to shrink with nervous dread. Evidently things were not going as Clara would have had them. She must be grateful for his plainness of speech, which disclosed a possible future before it was too late for her to avoid it. That was a part of his honest, manly character. She might now thrust him back, since his position among the honored leaders of scientific thought would soon be shaken to its foundation. How she had pleased herself with fancying that high position decorated with the wealth which it was in her power to bestow! She had imagined herself seated at the head of his table,

with Tyndall and Huxley as guests, and upon either side all the great ones and the fair ones of the city who had been asked to meet them. She had been caught by certain glittering facets of a character with many other sides to it. As is always the case before marriage, — else how could marriage come about? — she had confounded a drawing-room representation of Hargrave with the totality of the man. Could she love one who was content to live out in the cold with a hobby, to be ridiculed by the ignorant — and, still worse, by the learned — as a dealer in delusions, an expert in epilepsies and other whimsical vapors? Suddenly there flashed upon her mind certain words of the Spencerian Saturday Lectureship, an interpreter scarcely less respected than the master evolutionist himself. She did not intend to utter the sentence aloud; and yet, after naming her authority, she found herself quoting its august testimony: —

“We have not the faintest shadow of evidence wherewith to make it probable that mind can exist except in connection with a physical body.”

Some hasty comment upon these words of wisdom seemed to rise to Hargrave's lips; but he restrained their utterance, and paused before he said in a quiet way, —

“There are thousands of clear-minded men who would have the right to stigmatize the dictum you quote as a foolish dogmatism, born of ignorance or of insolence. If that right is not mine, it is because I have felt the force of the antecedent objection which prevents those trained in the school of modern science from receiving evidence which contradicts what they have proclaimed as its fundamental axioms. ‘Not the faintest shadow of evidence!’ Is this mighty Lectureship unaware of the fact that there is evidence which has brought conviction to hundreds of hard-headed men, to whose intelligence and honesty we trust our lives and our dearest interests? ‘Not the faintest shadow of evidence!’ Is there not something unpardonable in such a saying, when we know that such a competent weigher of evidence as the distinguished naturalist, who independently thought out the hypothesis of natural selection, has been compelled to accept the fact that mind does exist with which no physical body is connected? And this man is only one among the skilled observers who have been brought to a belief which has flatly contradicted their previous convictions. Evidence so abundant that it ceases to be cumulative has satisfied me that brain-action may be set up by a foreign intelligence. Is that active intelligence ever external

to the human bodies our senses recognize? My own investigations do not yet warrant the assertion that it is. I only know that there is a great weight of recorded testimony which tends to that conclusion."

Clara thought she had better say something, and so she remarked that, even granting the probability of invisible intelligences, there seemed no reason why they should impinge upon a mode of existence which did not belong to them.

"And yet we find that the perpetual intrusion of organisms on one another's mode of life is the law upon this planet," said the Professor. "Every species is pushing into new areas and striving to expand its sphere of being. If we consider the temporary changes of media which science recognizes, we shall find them little less wonderful than even a change from invisible to visible. Do you remember that Mr. Spencer himself, as an illustration of the possibility of the impossible, posits the case of a water-breathing animal with no efficient limbs, whose habit it should be to climb trees? Such a fact in nature is as clearly impossible as that sentences can be written upon slates without human agency. Yet science has come to accept the fact that the *Anabas scandens* performs this feat with no appreciable difficulty. The sharp

division between the animal and vegetable kingdoms has already faded to an indefinite and shadowy border-land: to the riper science of the future the boundary line between two worlds may seem equally uncertain and shifting. If the competent inquirer must still regard the existence of mind which is not the product of organization as simply an hypothesis, it is nevertheless an hypothesis which carefully verified phenomena have thrust upon us."

"But this agrees too nearly with the primitive hypothesis of ghosts," said Mrs. Souford; "and has not Mr. Spencer asserted that any primitive hypothesis must be untrue?"

"The schoolboys of the last century," replied Hargrave, "were taught to laugh at the hypothesis of the historian Livy that certain stones fell from the heavens. They were told that the great Sir Isaac Newton and his scientific associates knew the folly of such a primitive hypothesis as that. I am old enough to have known men within whose memory the fall of aërolites, long scorned by the representatives of science, was accepted as a fact. The scholarship of our fathers knew that the relations of Herodotus could not live in the clear atmosphere of their modern intelligence; but the time came when travelers from the East would insist upon reporting facts which established his accuracy,

until now we know that whenever the Father of History speaks from his own observation we have no reason to question his truthfulness. 'Fears of the brave and follies of the wise!' Who can forget Dr. Johnson's sonorous couplet? Yet he misses the real sadness of his theme; for these fears and follies are not confined to the last scene of life, where he places them. Think of Bacon denying the Copernican system; of Leibnitz fearing to accept the law of gravitation, lest it should overthrow religion; of Milton, the noblest apostle of tolerance, unable to tolerate Catholics! If you would have a humbler illustration, I can bring you a copy of the journal in which the brightest editor Boston ever had denounced a certain scheme as 'wild, preposterous, and idiotic;' and this madman's proposition was the connection of his native city with Albany by means of a railroad."

"Such recollections may uphold a man," said Clara; "but to a woman her petty social world seems so immense that it is with no joy born of emancipation from its slavery, but only with a listless consenting to circumstances, that she forces herself to leave it."

"There are times," said Hargrave, "when a man's world seems quite as limited, and yet quite as overpowering. How little we know

of it while the greatest problem it presents still awaits solution! But remember that the limitations of our exact knowledge do not agree with the limitations of our physical organs. Were it so, we should know nothing of the world of microscopic organisms which science has opened to us. We should not know that there are musical notes which, because they represent more than forty thousand vibrations to the second, can never reach the ear, or that there are light waves that will not operate upon the eye. Should there be states in which the retinal sensibility to ethereal tremors were increased, why should there not reach us what Tennyson calls 'a finer light in light'? Much of the human brain is never used; untaught save in one direction, it soon becomes rigid and metallic; the paths of easiest conduction to our volitional centres await discovery. The new epoch calls for its pioncers! They must accept obloquy from the age that is going out, for their work is to supply the cravings of the better age which advances upon us. Will you not be at my side while, standing upon the basis of scientific demonstration, I shall deliver the message with which I may be charged?"

And now Clara felt that her Professor had a motive power in that high purpose of his that must sweep her life before it. Yet she could

not all at once withdraw a longing, lingering look from what might have been. It was hard that the Peckster Professorship should fall away from him before he had time to taste the comfort that ought to go with the honor he had won. She started when she realized that it was of *his* comfort, not her own, that she thought.

Hargrave seemed to know what was passing in her mind. "Do not think of what I leave," he said; "remember where I go. I shall find my work in a department of knowledge at present in possession of feeble and ill-trained minds, but in which results may be obtained of the highest utility to our race. For to know what *we* are is far more important to our welfare than to find out what nature is. A toilsome, unwelcome labor lies before me. While there are forces of which the study may fill the greatest void in human knowledge, those forces are developed under apparently capricious conditions. Charlatanry and imposture have brought them into contempt with my associates. I think I do not underestimate the patience required to clear away this rubbish. The temptation will be to formulate a theory which must be supported beyond the measure of the evidence. How many have foundered upon that rock! It may be that for success in

this research the brain itself must develop new lines of organic structure; and, alas! the years are coming when it will no longer retain its plastic energy. If I see all these obstacles, what is the prize which urges me to grapple with them? I answer, that as Darwin established the relation between humanity and the lower animal creation by an irresistible logic which has compelled the world's assent, so it is reserved for some coming investigator to establish by methods equally exact our relationship with progressed beings worthy to inspire and to guide. But the question of the persistence of the individual is greater than that of the origin of species; it cannot be settled in one generation. Socrates, wisest of the ancients, could only affirm his *δαιμων*; I believe it is possible for science to prove it. Yes, I am ready to meet all the fraud and folly, all the strange vagaries of unbalanced minds, all the idle tales of the mere wonder-lover, which block the road to this great knowledge. The humiliating infatuation which has heaped these masses of fallacy in the way comes chiefly from bad observation. They will be swept aside by the methods of science, which, by keeping the head cool and the critical judgment active, enable us to apply common sense to uncommon phenomena. The path that opens before me is

one that man and woman may tread together. It leads away from social popularity and the elegant decorums of fashion; it leads towards an undiscovered order of facts and relations. Again I ask, Dare you walk by my side?"

There was manly dignity as well as feeling in the Professor's voice. Clara seemed lifted to a plane where only large and disinterested action was possible. The full implications of many things Hargrave had said during their past intercourse rushed upon her. He had always spoken as a man with vital force in him should speak to the woman he loved. He had never disguised himself in the way that others who sought her favor deemed excusable. There are moments when the growth or decay of the feminine character depends upon the ability to assimilate the mental life of a superior man. Such a supreme moment had come to Clara Souford. She was sure the test could be met. Let the Peckster Professorship be left behind, if its narrow traditions were outgrown! President Cooley might write his letter about unpleasant rumors and loss of usefulness to the College as soon as he liked. Rather tender the resignation before it was asked! To second-rate men, a first-rate man will appear to be third-rate. Was this an accepted aphorism? She could not remember having heard it, and

yet it was so true. So ran the course of things in this world, and perhaps the one thing needful was to find an escape from it. He should not venture alone upon ways which led down from the heights where he stood so fairly among the learned of his time. If he must be misunderstood, it was necessary that one should understand him. Hand in hand they would press forward to this strangely fascinating field of super-mundane labor. A better destiny than imagination had forecast was offered her. It might be given to Hargrave to effect that amalgamation of spiritual and scientific ideas which would create a new social era. The lawless affluence of her past life must be put in circumscription and confine; but she craved the restraint, and accepted it with awe and gratitude. Yet these thronging thoughts brought no words which did not seem below the level of what Clara would impart. Fortunately, it was not necessary that she should speak.

"I too," said Hargrave, as if in reply to what was unuttered, — "I too vainly grasp at this or that expression to measure the rich contentment your silence imparts. Thank Heaven that thought is transmitted between us in such perfection as our halting human speech can never reach."

How gently comes about the supreme un-

derstanding between man and woman! How the sentient fibre imparts its newly awakened emotion to familiar objects! Delicious was the advance of the incoming tide, which, after furrowing the beach with its little billows, began its musical ripple upon the stones. A charm was in the line of tremulous light which crossed the bay to the rocky island, and thence glittered off to the solitudes of the sea-horizon. Melting away from the conditions of time and space, they sat together in all the measureless felicity that their new relation gave.

Suddenly a vision came to Clara Souford, which she determined should take substance in the coming time.

“Would not that be splendid?” she inquired, after confiding the project to her companion. “Would not that be an advanced idea?”

“Too advanced to be realized just at present,” said the Professor, smiling. “Cooley and his corporation would think it a woman’s whim, and would contrive some sort of strait-jacket to confine your generosity. Many years must come and go before the endowment you propose would serve any good purpose. The College must have its *Quicunque vult* — its ‘war-song of faith’ — no less than the Church. At present, indeed, a man may do some thinking in a quiet way, and keep a respectable connection with either organization; but there is

always a point at which the body academic, like the body ecclesiastic, will purge itself of heresy."

"You forget that our American Church has removed the Athanasian creed from the prayer-book. Mr. Greyson may read it when he takes his vacation in England, but he would not dare to introduce it at St. Philemon's. Why cannot an American College make a corresponding expurgation?"

"We must do our best to hasten the day when it will do so," rejoined Hargrave cheerfully. "When Religion comprehends all that is good in the churches or outside of them, Science may include all phenomena, whatever assumed law of nature they may appear to violate. Just what may be brought to pass in our time, who can foresee? Let us do our best, and wait."

"To wait, Professor Hargrave," said Clara, archly, "is the last thing you should ask a woman to do. Let her light her candle at the stars, and have done with it! This blowing at dead brands, in the hope of finally eliciting a glimmering spark, is not in her line of business. And so, sir, let me tell you that my determination is fixed: we will live very simply, that I may put aside property. When I have taken a fancy, I am not to be pestered out of it; so no more laces, hot-house flowers, and old china. I intend to found the Hargrave Professorship for Independent Spiritual Research."

PART SECOND.

THE CRUCIAL EXPERIMENT.

I.

IT was ten minutes after the usual hour for the close of afternoon service at the church of St. Philemon, when the crowd passed the sexton as he stood guard at the principal entrance. An imaginative person might fancy that it was the duty of this functionary to deliver to each worshiper his private burden of cares, ambitions, and perplexities, as the doorkeeper of a picture-gallery surrenders canes and umbrellas on receipt of the metallic tickets which designate them. The dying December day was darkened with clouds which threatened snow; already the wind was active; the red and purple panes over the altar would soon be glazed with sleet. The stream of talk, pent beyond its usual limit, rushed with satisfaction to its week-day level. The janitor was sprinkled with some curious little sprays of it as he held his post.

"Was n't our rector just lovely this afternoon?" asked a stylish school-girl of her friend from the suburbs.

"Yes, he was splendid," was the reply. "Wish I could come to St. Philemon's every Sunday. My minister's married, you know; so he does n't seem to count. What a beautiful voice Mr. Greyson has, and how it trembled when he read the prayer for the sick! Do you know who was prayed for?"

"Mr. Ephraim Peckster, of course. Papa called at the house to inquire about him, on our way to church. They said he could n't live through the night. Oh, there's Mrs. Hargrave just by that pillar; no, I mean the one in the pink bonnet. Wife of the great Peckster Professor, you know. Isn't she handsome! Hurry for your horse-car: see how they're crowding into it. Come to our pew any time; we'll always make room for you."

"Eloquent, but highly injudicious," said the judge, referring, as the sexton guessed, to the sermon. "Of course it is good policy to make the Church inclusive; but it can't include mediævalism. Think what head-lines that stuff about Luther and the inkstand would make for the Morning Trumpet! Somebody must look after the reporter; I'll speak to one of the vestrymen about it."

The voice murmured further criticism, which was drowned by other voices more audible.

“Yes, he’s dying alone in that great house on Brandon Avenue: wife and daughter in Europe; son was killed in the railroad accident, you remember.”

“Will he leave anything to the College?”

“No; he quarreled with it. They would n’t dub Hargrave LL. D. last Commencement, and he resented it. I don’t blame him, either. All the Peckster Professors have had that degree, and Hargrave has done more for science than any of them.”

“You ought to tell Colonel Caffrey, uncle,” said a soft feminine voice, “that the College parchment would be a false representative symbol of my husband’s present views of science. He believes it to be a part of a wider and more deeply grounded system of knowledge than our endowed institutions of learning are willing to recognize.”

“He should have had the three letters for all that,” said the speaker, in a tone which brooked no contradiction. “Did not the Lisbon Academy send him its first gold medal, when he published his Centres of Ossification? Only one other American has received it, and he’s a Johns Hopkins man. Suppose Hargrave is doing extra work upon lines which the

sages say end nowhere! The College people should n't mind these contagious whispers. They get nervous much too easily, as they will see when Peckster's will comes up for probate. By the way, where is the Professor? I saw him in church."

"He followed Mr. Greyson into the vestry," replied Mrs. Hargrave. "I think he has some business with him."

The sexton was prevented from learning further particulars by the direct address of a lady who had lingered to speak with him.

"Where are those two seats that were advertised in the Saturday Evening Sunset?"

"Left-hand aisle, two from the door. But you're late, ma'am; they've been taken."

"Any others likely to be offered?"

"Can't say; but don't think it's probable."

Those last among the departing worshipers met the usual counter-current of sight-seers, who were entering to look at the church as one of the spectacles of the city. For the modern West-End, St. Philemon's, now twelve years old, was an edifice where wandering cosmopolitans of taste were wont to comment favorably upon architecture, frescoing, and carving; and where sincere though ill-informed Christians from the rural districts uttered exclamations of pious gratitude at the thought

of the self-renunciation and relinquishment of carnal indulgence which must have been necessary to defray the cost of the splendors about them. It was, indeed, true that when the present magnificent structure was in contemplation, certain impecunious sinners thought it would be a good plan for Mr. Ephraim Peckster, chairman and financial director of the building committee, to assess himself and his fellow-proprietors for the expense of whatever temple they might choose to erect. But it occurred to this astute gentleman that a much better plan would be to sell the tax-exempted land upon which the Old St. Philemon's had stood for nearly two hundred years: he would virtually sweep all the taxes that had been paid upon it by a rabble of Jews, Romanists, Calvinists, and Infidels into the pockets of his brother pew-holders; and thus he would provide them with ecclesiastical luxuries for which they must otherwise spend their own money or go without. It was little creditable to the business intelligence of the community that this admirable scheme was not received with the acclamation which its shrewdness merited. Not only was there a large dissenting minority of unpractical pew-holders, but outside bodies of Christians protested vehemently against the sale of the old

church. They asserted that the commercial value of the long-exempted lot did not justly belong to Mr. Peckster and his friends until all remitted tax-bills had been paid. They represented that the venerable building stood in the heart of the city, among the haunts of usurers and stock-gamblers, just where the gospel was wanted, if it were needed anywhere. They were unable to understand why a location which, on account of its accessibility to masses of the people, would be invaluable for a theatre should be abandoned by those who had in charge their conversion. Accordingly, meddlesome persons of his own and other communions besought Chairman Peckster that the voice of prayer might not cease within the familiar walls. The rebuke to these officious petitioners had the point and barb of an epigram. It consisted of a special provision in the deed of sale that the ancient church should never again be used for the worship of God.

Into the merits of this dead controversy we have no occasion to enter ; but, in view of Mr. Peckster's present situation, it will be charitable to remark, that, even if his proceeding came perilously near the margin of reputable value-filching, it did not actually fall below it ; and that, so long as the Church abstains from being

worse than the World, it is perhaps unreasonable to ask it to be conspicuously better.

Certainly no sensible persons will believe that the circumstance just referred to could have had anything to do with the surprising performance which, as was currently asserted, had been observed in the bust of the Rev. Dr. Richard Mardley. This distinguished divine, as is well known, was rector of St. Philemon's from the eighty-eighth year of the last century to the eighteenth of that which is passing. As a boy he had seen the last Royal Governor occupy the pew arranged for his reception on the side aisle, and as a man he had read the service when the voice of George Washington was heard in the responses. It was in reference to the phenomenon associated with the sculptured countenance of this worthy minister that one of the visitors now interrogated the sexton.

"Can't you make Dr. Mardley shake his head for us this afternoon? We may never be here again, and will give five dollars to see him do it."

What the custodian might have answered can never be known, for a belated vestryman, happening to pass at the moment, took upon himself the duty of an indignant rejoinder.

"You mistake your church, sir! This is not the place where pictures wink and statues

nod for a money consideration. What you refer to is an optical illusion that can seldom occur. It is seen only when the sun strikes the bust through the centre of yonder memorial window to the late Jonathan Peckster, father of the notable citizen for whom our prayers were offered this afternoon. The head-shaking appearance Science explains by double panes of glass, partial polarization of light, and an unusual angle of incidence."

As it was doubtful whether the stranger had heard of the other mystification associated with the similitude of the former rector, the vestryman did not think it necessary to account for a foolish story which never rested upon better foundation than the report of certain females of flighty sensibilities. Their delusion must have arisen from the fact that on a certain Sunday in the year, while the crimson of the window tinged the marble with a delicate blush, shadows from the waving branches of a neighboring elm caused the stone Dr. Mardley to appear to move his lips, as if in utterance of some scriptural truth which he had overlooked in his lifetime. Surely it cannot be supposed that an intelligent person would accept any other explanation of the tale; for it is obviously unlikely that, during the thirty years of his ministry, this excellent ecclesiastic could

have left unexpounded any essential doctrine of Christianity; and, even if such were the case, it is grossly improbable that he would now select this agitating way of emphasizing his omission. The weird dimness from the many-hued windows encouraged fancies which a beam of natural sunlight would have dispelled. There is no doubt that sacred obscurity may unduly stimulate the imagination; although Dr. John Tyndall has acknowledged that this suspicious faculty sometimes prefigures verities which are subsequently found capable of scientific establishment.

It was not until after the last loiterer had departed, and the sexton had swung the heavy doors into the arch between the sculptured pillars, that two figures issued from the small portal at the vestry end of the church. The rector leaned upon the strong arm of Ernest Hargrave as if he needed such an anchorage in the gusty weather. Those who had just seen him in the pulpit scarcely realized that his stature was below the average, and that he was thin beyond the thinness so common in the American scholar. The flash of the eye, the penetrative quality of the voice, had always been potent instruments of impression; but of late there had come into his manner an overpowering sincerity which seemed to require the good

physical basis which imagination was ready to supply.

“I wish that your selection of a second witness had fallen elsewhere,” said the Rev. Charles Greyson. “Surely my presence is not essential to the strange inquiry you have in hand.”

“I must have two representative men to testify to the success of my experiment,” said Professor Hargrave earnestly; “it is to be regretted that circumstances will not permit more. I have secured Dr. Bense, who has the confidence of the *Psychical Researchers*. Now you, my dear sir, are no less a social fact than he is. I must have you both.”

“Am I to understand that you are at last prepared to furnish a scientific demonstration of man’s spiritual existence?” inquired the rector.

“Yes, if my experiment succeeds; and I have good hope that it will succeed,” urged his companion. “But even if all does not go as I hope, we shall surely come upon matter for interesting study. Secrets are revealed by failure no less than by success. You gave us a noble sermon this afternoon, — true, every word of it; and yet one half of your auditors thought you were talking above reason and in excess of evidence.”

“Alas, I know it,” assented the rector; “and I know also that, of the less intellectual half who supposed they agreed with me, there were perhaps twenty who did not entertain a mental reserve, an *arrière pensée*, which held them from that absolute acceptance which can mould life in these unsettled times of ours. It is a consequence of the thralldom in which physical science at present holds the world. I know not where to look for deliverance.”

“‘Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius!’” exclaimed Hargrave with enthusiasm. “Science shall yet provide the demonstration to refute its own denials. I, who have been long schooled in its methods, will force upon it the knowledge from which it shrinks. That the proof I offer is not necessary for you and me—nay, that there seems something like degradation in resorting to it—I cheerfully admit. But surely there is apostolic authority for gaining souls by such approaches as the time demands.”

“You are right,” said the minister, after a pause of reluctance, “else had that ninth of Corinthians been unwritten. I shall not leave my study until you send for me.”

“It may be at any moment. Remember to bring a note-book and pencil, for whatever occurs must be instantly recorded. Memory is

more or less illusory ; a dressing of superimposed experience gets ploughed into it without our consent. Have you a stop-watch ? ”

Mr. Greyson replied in the negative.

“ Then wear this of mine,” said Hargrave. “ I have two more at home ; we shall want them all. Good-night for an hour or two.”

The wind had already a thickening of sleet in it as it struck the corner where their ways parted.

After a frugal dinner, Mr. Greyson sought the retirement of his library. His first act was to blow the dust from a scrap-book which was reposing upon the upper shelf of one of the bookcases. The volume was lettered “ Personal,” and contained newspaper notices of various sermons which he had preached, as well as of important weddings and burials at which he had officiated.

“ Just one year ago,” murmured the rector, glancing over the last cutting he had pasted in the book, — “ one year ago ; and what a renewal of mind has come to me, what fountains of knowledge have been strangely unsealed in my heart ! ”

The printed column which provoked this exclamation gave a florid description of one of those notable ceremonies for which St. Phile-

mon's was famous. The reporter had done his best to bring the world to a realizing sense of the fact that the distinguished scientist Dr. Ernest Hargrave, Peckster Professor of Osteology, had met at the altar the well-known society leader, Mrs. Clara Souford; and, furthermore, that the Reverend Charles Greyson had there united them in the holy bonds of matrimony. The usual wedding hymn had been sung by the choir, and the usual variations upon Mendelssohn's *March* had been played by the organist. There had been the usual show of French bonnets, together with an unusual shower of congratulations from men of learned repute. The head of the Smithsonian Institution telegraphed the good wishes generated beneath the eight bones of its cranium, while presidents of foreign academies and royal societies flashed felicitations under stormy leagues of ocean.

In these days of slack allegiance to ecclesiastical authorities it has come to pass that a man marries into his wife's church quite as naturally as into her family; and according to this usage, Hargrave occupied the vacant seat at the foot of the Souford pew.

"A royal couple!" whispered the worshipers as the pair walked up the aisle on the second Sunday after the wedding. The adjective

was not misapplied. The husband was strong and graceful in his movements, — a laborious man, with every sense pushed to its maximum of activity; the wife was grand as ever in her animal beauty, but with eyes now beaming that soft, satisfying light which certifies that one more woman has escaped from the confusions of modern feminine existence and come under the authority of a man competent to direct her ways. The pew-holders of St. Philemon's saw that the weekly presence of a Peckster Professor, capable of being pointed out to inquiring strangers, would be good for their church. Would it be as good for the rector? Mr. Greyson caught himself musing over this question while the choir were at work upon the *Venite*. He was disposed to answer it in the affirmative, though he could have given no reason for doing so. It was clear that his former pastoral relations with the lady must undergo a change: his conventional guidance to celestial regions would be rejected. The new experience that was saturating her mind would result in a different conception of things transcendental. With the world running so strangely as at present, it was not beyond credibility that he might come to sit at Mrs. Hargrave's feet for counsel. Even that, the rector felt, would not be impossible. After all, she was

an overpowering woman, full of rich and beneficent vitality. How her face gained in beauty as the fresher feelings of her new life shifted to and fro across it!

The sermon of that Sunday morning was one of the most eloquent the rector had ever preached. By an impulsion which was irresistible he threw aside his manuscript. He must leave reading for preaching; there were fresh upspringing thoughts which must be used even in their newest gloss. The freshness of youthful confidence seemed once more swelling through his veins. He saw that the congregation was rousing itself from its decorous sermon-stupor; the people were marveling that their minister had so much blood in him. Mr. Greyson seemed to himself as one riding upon an incoming wave of fresh life and glorious possibilities. An unseen influence was directing and controlling his words. These scientific illustrations of familiar truths, where did they come from? He could not remember to have read of the physical facts to which he referred; nevertheless, he knew them to be true. Does organic self-consciousness exhaust the individual, or is it but a limitation of a larger and truer consciousness through which he may be a partaker of knowledge unattainable by his own effort? Questions of this nature presented themselves

to the mind of the speaker, while well-formed periods, of which he could give no account, were issuing from his lips.

That evening Mr. Greyson passed with the Hargraves; it was the first of many evenings when he found himself attracted to their home. Clerical bachelors of a certain fastidiousness crave an atmosphere of gentle commiseration for their difficulties which the frigid sympathies of their own sex can never supply. For this he had been accustomed to look in the home of the former Mrs. Souford; but, as Mrs. Hargrave, Clara seemed to have developed a new quality of high-mindedness which was vivifying to the moral energies of her visitor. In the glow of her presence he felt comfortably at his best: the coarseness of the vulgar mechanism of life was spiritualized out of it. Her conversation, which had been merely bright with the artificial sparkle of society, now became a source of elevation, almost of inspiration. There was never wanting that most bewitching subtlety of feminine flattery, which implies that more than an equivalent of masculine wisdom has been received in exchange for those golden moments of unreserve in which a well-equipped woman reveals her pure and delicate soul. No unimportant factor this to the success of friendly intercourse between woman and man.

It is said that in these days nobody writes letters; but there are important exceptions to this hasty statement. Women of the little-to-do class frequently write them; they crave the pen-and-ink confessional. There are haunting and torturing fancies which, if a priest be not convenient, are wisely precipitated upon paper and gotten rid of. Clergymen of the much-to-do order likewise write letters; they have the instinct of making confessions no less than of hearing them. They long to stand face to face with such merit or demerit as may be in them, they want that sober judgment and direction which can come only from one who has fullness of knowledge.

In his youth Mr. Greyson had traveled through Palestine with an Oxford student, who, in after years, became chaplain to the embassy in a European city. A loving confidence grew up between them, and they believed that greater gain could be wrung from the life each might live if it were supplemented by an accurate knowledge of that lived by the other. Would it not be possible thus to escape an existence bounded by merely personal experience, — to enter a world that was something more than the reaction of one's own organism? And so their letters became channels for those emotions that are most easily poured out at a

point not less than three thousand miles from their source. An extract from this correspondence will give us the rector's impressions of Professor Hargrave's household some six months after the wedding that had so impressed the reporter.

“ What you say about the change perceptible in my letters is probably significant of a deeper change — or rather of a new development — which is working in my life. Hitherto I have been little more than the fashionable rector, — a minister to wealth and worldliness, who, upon being entreated to go a mile with the demon of compromise, has been too ready to make it twain. If I now struggle towards a higher conception of duty, it is owing to the stimulus of familiar intercourse with Professor Hargrave and his wife. I have made you familiar with the career of the former Mrs. Souford, — a brilliant ruler of society, who never diffused a moral temperature above that of the social parade in which she displayed herself. But marriage, which changes most women by elimination and suppression, has lifted this one to a larger self, — a self that was concealed by the trivialities her position was supposed to exact. You know my hatred of exaggerated language, and will believe me sincere when I say that what Madame Récamier might have been had she married a man who was not as the average Frenchman, that Clara Hargrave now is. Her very organism seems to have undergone a change ; it is balanced in such

exquisite equilibrium as to be sensitive to all that is greatest in the Professor. I am awed, yet fascinated, by her stately beauty, her noble grace of demeanor, her exquisite tact. You are guessing that there is something more to tell about this lady? Yes; and I shall reach it by the proper approach.

“Professor Hargrave, while giving the full instruction his department requires, devotes the rest of his time to that work of spiritual investigation which he thinks will be more useful to his generation than his famous achievements in science. To a few friends, among whom I am admitted, he has demonstrated that the fibres of the human brain vibrating to the waves of atmosphere may, under certain conditions, respond to the vibrations of alien brain fibres, and that this transmission and reception of vibratory energy conveys thought between man and man. My language is of doubtful correctness, but it will indicate the thing done. Well, Professor Hargrave has gone on to the collating and weighing of evidence which points to our susceptibility to impressions from superhuman intelligences. He is understood to believe that a way will be found of proving spiritual existences by those positive methods which have brought within our knowledge things quite as intangible as the disembodied soul. As strange as any of the strange things I am writing is the fact that our Professor has gained the sympathy of Mr. Ephraim Peckster in his new line of research. Indeed, were the case otherwise, it is doubtful whether he would still hold the Chair endowed by the great-grandfather of our notable millionaire.

“ Have I yet prepared you for the extraordinary powers which some magic touch has awakened in Clara Hargrave? I fear not. Well, then, let me say bluntly that she has come into that faculty of spiritual discernment which in these latter days enables some sensitives to see — or to believe that they see — the inhabitants of another sphere of existence. ‘ A flighty hallucination ! ’ you exclaim impatiently. As at present advised, I do not deny it ; neither do I admit it. For to admit your characterization I must reckon with facts that it will not fit. First, the allegation of this faculty is by no means confined to those whose nervous organization may reasonably be suspected of instability ; it is asserted by persons of sound health and scrupulous truthfulness. Secondly, circumstances are communicated and personal traits displayed by these shadows which could not have been known to their seers, but which have been verified by tedious processes of investigation. Now I claim no objective reality for these phantoms. Where I am absolutely ignorant, I prefer to make no assertion whatever. I say only that the hallucination theory put forward in the name of science is ludicrously inadequate to cover the facts of the case. Set aside the matter which a hundred periodicals devoted to ‘ Spiritualism ’ are laying before the public, there remains a mass of testimony which, though kept sacredly private, has yet been submitted to the scrutiny of a few persons of the highest competency. Some of this I have been permitted to examine, and I can assure you that it is not to be disposed of with

the convenient 'grin' with which the fops of Pope's time were wont to refute Berkeley.

"There is singular refreshment in the home I have mentioned. I never leave it without feeling that the truth that no man can live to himself alone is the statement of religion which overshadows and includes all its other teachings. We are far more receptive of foreign influences than is commonly realized. It is a dark moment when the soul stands face to face with this portentous fact; it may well paralyze one who has no consciousness of the power to repel allurements which would drag him down. Yet it is something to know the battle-ground upon which the higher life is to be won. Painfully incompetent to achieve the supreme victory, I yet assert the paradox that the more I feel the influence of the Hargraves the more I grow in such self-reliance as becomes a man. In the pulpit I am at times borne to a region in which individuality is so merged in the general soul that I partake of knowledge which raises my poor speech to a higher power. I despair of making you understand the nature of the susceptibility which I assert; it is as undefinable as an ear for music, as unknowable as the force behind nature is to Mr. Spencer.

"I know what you are thinking of all this, for I know how your stolid countrymen cling to old conceptions. You are certain that man as he is asserted to be in divers reputable British text-books in no wise differs from man as he is. You don't believe that any impact from without can lift our better

knowledge — if ours it be — to the surface! Well, I could show you by abundant instances that your unchangeable type of clerical character has varied greatly in America: I find such an instance in the paper which has just come in. Here is a letter from Dr. Hale, whose story of *The Man without a Country* you read aloud to us under the tent on Mount Hermon. He relates an incident in the life of the late Reverend Dr. Bellows, the distinguished head of our sanitary commission during the civil war. As my letter is already too long, I will use Dr. Hale's words, with some abridgment, in repeating the story. Dr. Bellows was to preach before an audience filling one of the largest theatres in the world. When it was time for the sermon he went forward with his manuscript. As he opened the pages a voice he had before heard in the privacy of his chamber said audibly to him, 'The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him.' He did not pause for a moment; he told that vast assembly that an intimation of a sort he was not in the habit of disregarding suggested a text; its precise place in the Psalms he was unable to state. He then proceeded to preach a sermon never planned nor in any way arranged. Many persons subsequently testified to the preacher that that sermon had recalled them to faith and worship.

"Well, there are the facts vouched for by an eminent gentleman whom you know by reputation as I do in person. What do you make of them? This, at any rate, let us hope: that weaklings in judgment are not the only ones visited by these im-

pulses. Do I myself understand them? Certainly not, — or only so far as not to mistake for my personal virtue that which goes from me. Let a true note be struck, and I care not whether it is responsive to the bow I move across the string, or is produced by vibration in harmony with a better instrument. What matters it whether I or another say the inspiring word? My sole concern is that such word be said. Yet I may well shudder in standing upon what my people believe to be a vantage-ground, for there I am open to possibilities of assault that were once unsuspected. I have become receptive of the influence of another attendant at St. Philemon's, from which at times a dominant pressure seems to creep up the sides of the pulpit. I was unconscious of it in the old days; now I know it, and know better than to affect to despise it. I recognize it as part of that urgency towards degradation always to be resisted — yet, alas, not always to be overcome — by such powers as are at present developed in man."

There is no need of copying more from a letter which an over-scrupulous editor might regard as too sacred and personal for publication. Doubtless, some future Mr. Froude will gratify the liberal curiosity of society with a sight of the whole correspondence. In the mean time it will be well to explain the allusion in the sentences last quoted.

Dr. Fairchild Bense, who occupied the pew

opposite that of the Hargraves, was not only a general practitioner of great popularity, but likewise a specialist in those feminine prostrations of which over-excitement and under-work are said to be the exciting causes. A lover of wholesome daylight and of strenuous common sense, he had passed that sixtieth mile-stone after which a man is apt to make up for his non-receptiveness of new ideas by clinging to the old ones with a tighter grasp. Such admiration as the non-voting attendants of St. Philemon's could spare from their rector was generally given to their doctor. In addition to his kindly manners and tender interest in their symptoms, he had the charm of a man of the world, who has observed and read beyond the narrow confines of a profession. Dr. Bense was a good judge of pictures, and also enjoyed the repute of a successful author. His excellent little monograph tersely entitled *The Body* had passed through several American editions, and had been republished at Berlin in a German translation. It was declared by admirers to be so conclusive in its reasonings as to render a statement of the conclusion arrived at quite superfluous. This was undoubtedly the writer's own view of the matter, for surely there are reticences which a gentleman with a large female practice will wisely observe.

The statements of the doctor's portable volume were well buttressed by quotations from Vogt, Büchner, Haeckel, Maudsley, Moleschott, and other authorities, and set forth that automatic and mechanical view of man's nature to which, in the judgment of the author, modern science was now fully committed. He told how he had made several interesting variations upon Professor Claude Bernard's neat little experiment with the brainless pigeon ; and any one with half an eye might see that the deduction that mind was a production of the cerebral cells was the only legitimate outcome therefrom. But then it was unnecessary to put this conclusion into so many positive words, — quite unnecessary. The dear lady patients, whether actual or prospective, would be sure to skip through the book in their hasty novel-reading fashion, without seeing what was in it. And as for that handful of masculine acquaintances who might pause over the pages long enough to absorb the teaching, there was really no reason why they should shock their delicate sisters by revealing just what Bense on *The Body* was designed to set forth.

If, indeed, they were worshipers at St. Philemon's, there were special motives for holding their peace. For Dr. Bense, if not exactly a pillar of the church, was an important unit in

•

the congregation. He was ready to serve on all the charitable committees, and took great interest in the music. If he knew that science declared it to be as foolish to posit spirit for thought as for digestion, he also knew that the dream of a post-mortem existence stopped the rush of work and pleasure for one day in seven, and—when not taken too seriously—operated favorably upon that class of disorders which came under his treatment. And so the doctor treated such sacred observances as yet lingered in the world in a very respectful manner, saying that none but fools would destroy what could so easily be utilized. Was not the Church the only barrier which had not yet yielded to the avalanche of democracy? Its dogmas and symbolic exercises had a soothing effect upon the nerves of the prosperous, and might be turned into channels of artistic culture for the less favored multitude who struggled into the free seats. Sensible men never neglect the outward observance of the contemporary cultus. It needed no Burke to tell us that there are decent draperies of life which are not to be removed with impunity.

Such being the views of Dr. Bense, judicious readers will readily perceive the completeness of his equipment for a prominent position in the service of psychical research, and will feel

no surprise that one of our American societies, about to paddle upon these dark waters, besought his name as chairman of its Committee on Obsessions. The doctor considered the application with his usual urbanity, and pleasantly remarked that, if he could only be sure the right men were behind him, he would take the presidency of a corporation for the manufacture of the Philosopher's Stone, or personally conduct a party to look up the Fountain of Youth. Upon the assurance that these "right men" would press steadily in the rear, the kindly gentleman accepted the office, with the observation that, although he had little time to devote to these fooleries, he thought he could do what was wanted of him; he would see that nobody else discovered anything at variance with the canons of scientific orthodoxy.

It is no wonder that the sensitive rector felt a depressing influence when he caught the glittering eye of Dr. Bense. The portly figure, made up of ponderous masses of flesh adequately supplied with blood and muscle; the gray head, holding sixty years of experience; the eminently respectable position of its proprietor, — these bore heavily against the hundred and thirty pounds of physical man which scarcely served to stiffen a surplice. It became painfully evident that the gaze of the

doctor contained little of the admiration which is so sustaining to a preacher. Therê sat the distinguished neurologist, supported by that iron scaffolding of reasoning erected in his work on the Body: it was clearly fire-proof; the burning appeals of the pulpit would assail it in vain. That the hortatory powers of the preacher had recently acquired fresh energy was clear to this worthy specialist in morbid phenomena of the nervous system. He went to church with increased interest. He watched the play of the rector's features, the outline and carriage of the body, — signs to his practiced eye of the abnormal condition of the nerve centres. "There will be over-fatigue after such excitement," murmured the doctor to himself; "he will be coming to me for a course of bromides before long. If we could only get at the mechanical equivalent for all this cell disturbance! We shall hit upon it yet. Yes, Huxley is right: we have discovered it for heat, and are bound to find it for consciousness."

Mr. Greyson winced a little as he felt himself the subject of this professional interest. It was an element of confusion; a blur upon the mirror which should reflect supreme truth. How humiliating to believe that spiritual power could attain its maximum only when some ill-understood condition was supplied by the audi-

tors! Yet notwithstanding the limitation of which the rector was so conscious, the fact that a fresh vitality had gone into the sermonizing at St. Philemon's was widely recognized. The hearts of the young and frivolous fluttered with a new sensation, while those which kept their beating into middle life swelled with a sense of higher realities than had hitherto touched them. The usual remoteness of the pulpit was removed. The sermon struck the level of the pews, and even the curiosity-hunters and strollers from the hotels were startled into a half hour of serious meditation.

As Mr. Greyson rose to preach on the Sunday afternoon when the petition for Ephraim Peckster had been inserted in the service, he perceived that Dr. Bense was not in the church, and that the Hargraves — who, coming late, found their pew occupied by strangers — had taken seats within ten feet of the pulpit. The penetrative energy with which the rector spoke that afternoon will not soon fade from the memories of those who heard him. The text (Eph. vi. 11, 12) has been taken for hundreds of evanescent discourses, weighted with commonplace which speedily sank them below the attention of their auditors. But a coercive power came into the familiar verses as they were now repeated; there was intuitive insight, some-

thing that seemed like the holy confidence of inspiration, as the speaker proceeded to develop the lesson they contained. The whole armor of God, — that is what we must put on before contending with the spiritual wickedness in high places with which the apostle asserts that man must wrestle. The rich emphasis of voice made every one shrink with a sense of the utter poverty of his personal equipment for this mighty strife. Whether mind be embodied or disembodied, — so ran the preacher's message, — it may cast a spell upon those about it. That influence may be strengthening, widening, elevating; or it may be degrading, perverting, poisoning. "We contend *not* against flesh and blood." The negative of the apostle clashes with that hypothesis, exclusive of spiritual existence, which is so favored by the science of our day. He knew that faith in the existence of agents of wickedness who assail man was a safer belief, because it was a truer belief, than the doctrine that our thoughts and actions express our uninfluenced individualities. And it was here that the rector, as his eye fell upon a party of returned tourists who had gabbled to him of "doing" the Castle of Wartburg, and of inspecting the stain upon its wall, was betrayed into that Luther illustration which caused such uneasiness. The great Reformer

had hurled his inkstand at — what? Science was ready with its glib answer: “A subjective hallucination arising from the eccentric pseudopia of functional disturbance.” Perhaps so; yet not necessarily so. Let it never be forgotten that the great fast of the Church identifies the Temptation it commemorates with an objective source. Modern investigation may yet prove, what ancient inspiration has asserted, that chaotic spiritual regions infest the neighborhood of human life. But those too dull to feel susceptibility to these influences declare that they do not exist! Suppose the metals which do not respond to the loadstone should meet in convention and pass a resolution that its power was imaginary! There have been periods of the world’s history when knowledge of the unseen was poured upon men with Pentecostal power; also there have been epochs when mortals were tempted into abnormal relations with the lower spiritual world. And then the preacher showed how materialistic prosperity, Sadducean blindness, and the pride of intellectual culture had darkened the faculty of supersensual discernment. The sermon closed with a glowing description of the tangible refutation of a doubter that had once been permitted in the room at Jerusalem when the doors were shut.

But it is impossible to give in shadowy outline words which swayed the listeners to and fro, — words as full of refinement as of fire. They came with the mighty rush of a river, which nevertheless yields to the graceful flexures of its bed. Truly the rector appeared to have risen to a sphere where realities behind appearances were laid bare. Certain medical pupils of Dr. Bense, whose slender purses necessitated the gallery, marveled that what seemed a towering spiritual ego should be no more than a secretion of that tremulous, half-effeminate organism. They puzzled over this great scientific verity instead of following the words of the last hymn, as it is clear they ought to have done.

That evening, as the minister sat in his study, awaiting the summons of Professor Hargrave, the reaction came. Fullness of life had been his a few short hours ago, yet his late elevation now appeared empty and deceptive. Why should a worn-out, good-for-nothing man arrest one momentary stage in a long series of bodily changes, and give that the name of life? This fidget of the nerves, these vaporous prognostics peeping at us from behind the curtain which conceals our destiny, — are not these also life? Ah, they are emphatically life, since according to our modern democratic notions they are the

ruling majority of our sensations. Ministers get no exemption from these doleful questionings, — puppets keeping step with the music of their physical nutrition, as in this world the best of us are in some sort compelled to do.

The ring of the door-bell started Mr. Greyson from his reverie. The message had come; a cap and ulster coat would be wanted, and the maid had thoughtfully brought them.

The rector shuddered as he passed into the street, but it was not from the snow-laden blast which struck him in the face; it was from doubt of the errand upon which he was bound.

“Add to your faith *knowledge.*”

There was comfort in recalling the apostle's words; they were repeated more than once on the way to that older part of the city where the Hargraves lived.

II.

WHEN Mr. Greyson entered the familiar parlor in Primrose Street, he found Professor Hargrave engaged in a perplexed walk up and down the room, eying the carpet the while with the anxious inquiry of one who was deciphering some oracular message that had been woven into its pattern. Clara occupied her low sewing-chair near the table; as usual she seemed begirt with a blessed feminine atmosphere of light and encouragement, — the *ewig-weibliche* which the dying lines of Goethe's poem point out as a man's best guide along the dusky highway of the world.

The rector had become so much a part of the family that the conversation was not interrupted by his arrival.

“No, I cannot leave this to Greyson,” exclaimed the Professor, making a sudden pause in his movement. “Now he is here, I had as lief say what I should say in his absence. The clergy are no better advisers than women upon matters which involve a certain disturbance of personal feeling and personal taste. They at-

tribute too much importance to petty social proprieties ; they do not see that the large interests of the social organization must at times overrule them. No, my dear, your opinion is formed from a point of view quite outside the mode of thinking applicable to the subject. I have already succeeded in lifting some portion of that fog of assumptions and guesses in which the spiritual nature of man is enveloped. I have done little, to be sure, but what I have accomplished has been by the methods of scientific research."

"You mean what you have accomplished for others," said Clara, quietly. "The information gained by yourself, and which you have enabled me to receive, has surely been obtained by other methods, and is as certain as it is priceless. What was my knowledge before you enlarged its boundaries? A parrot-like repetition of the creed of my Spencerian Lectureship mingled with that of my church. One taught me that matter passes from indefinite incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity, and that this ponderous passage is effected by evolutionary processes ; the other provided me with some phraseology equally mouth-filling, and both left me to the frivolous worldly life from which you raised me."

"And must all my time and study be lost?"

remonstrated Hargrave. "I mean all that have been given to the methods and instruments which promise success in this experiment! No, I am not justified in wasting such an opportunity."

"No honest work can be lost to the doer of it," said his wife. "I say only that you are not bound to make a vulgar demonstration upon the lowest plane of a fact which better ways of research have established for as many as can profit by it."

"Despite the Professor's uncivil remark about the clergy," said Mr. Greyson, "I think him the best judge of the value of this experiment; and if it is to be made, I cannot justify myself in withholding such assistance as may be found in my presence."

"And that settles it," said Hargrave, with a triumphant glance at his wife. "Greyson must pardon me for thinking that he might falter, that he might not be the large-minded man he evidently is. We shall convince Bense that there is a spirit in man which survives death. We can win such men only by a demonstration of positive science."

"I fear that nothing you can accomplish will move Dr. Bense," objected Clara. "There are conditions of organic density about him which will defy you."

“ Well, we can prove *that* fact, at all events,” rejoined the Professor. “ In the mean time, remember that the doctor has been put forward by the Research people, and heads one of their committees. My associations with scientific bodies compel me to provide him with the sort of evidence he is able to appreciate.”

“ Is it not useless,” said Clara, “ to provide more evidence for those who will make no fair use of the testimony now at their disposal; for men who claim to be the teachers of those to whom they should come with the humility of learners? Let them first show courage and candor in dealing with the mass of evidence now accessible. Grant that the delicate apparatus you have so labored to perfect does its work, Dr. Bense will believe you to be a conjurer clever enough to deceive so good an observer as himself. He has already decided that men whose achievements in science are equal to yours are either tricked or tricksters in these matters.”

“ I must try to bend knees even as stubborn as his,” rejoined Hargrave. “ I do not fear the legitimate skepticism of science, and have twenty reasons for thinking that I shall convert Bense. But there is his step upon the stairs, so it will be as well to reserve them until after the event.”

The sturdy, corpulent figure of Dr. Bense was now added to the party. Mixed with the good-nature which always beamed from his face, there was a subdued sense of the comical, such as might be detected in one invited to walk into a quagmire upon the assurance that good substantial footing was there obtainable. The doctor was willing to go as far as the edge, and watch those who had lost sight of realities flounder in the mud. Classification was a point of pride with him. He was acquainted with most of the deteriorated varieties of humanity, and liked to put them under their proper headings in the noble volume of medical science.

“Thank you heartily for answering my summons,” was the cordial greeting of Professor Hargrave. “I want you to witness an experiment which may result in giving you that evidence of a spiritual world which your society professes to be seeking.”

“I am not aware that any society with which I am connected makes such profession,” replied Dr. Bense. “We are seeking a remedy for that reversion to the delusions of our savage ancestors which the great forces of civilization are not yet able to prevent.”

“I hope to be able to show you,” continued the Professor, undismayed by this dash of cold water, “that what we call the soul is a distinct

entity, and does not depend upon organic structure for its existence."

"Ah!" said the doctor, in a long drawn-out exclamation, and raising his eyebrows as far as a contraction of the occipito-frontalis muscle would carry them. "I am aware that some persons assert a zone of spiritual being, and then posit in man a faculty competent to its cognition. I can have nothing to do with any such circular reasoning. Do you propose to proceed by the methods which have given us all that science can recognize as knowledge?"

"Had I had any other purpose, you would not have been sent for," answered Hargrave, proudly. "I ask you to join me in a scientific investigation of the phenomena of death."

"Who is your subject?"

"Ephraim Peckster."

The eyebrows of the inquirer went up again at this reply.

"I have been with him this afternoon," continued Hargrave. "His mind is clear, though the body is hourly weakening. We have often talked over this matter, and he begged me, should he be called first, to see that his passage to the other world was used for the increase of knowledge in this. I promised him that I would do so. To-day he sent me word that the time had come."

"I fear that our code of medical etiquette will prevent my intrusion," said Dr. Bense. "Who has the case?"

"Old Dr. Simpson, of Medville. Mr. Peckster's summer home is in that town, and he has unbounded confidence in its physician."

"Simpson was a good practitioner thirty years ago," remarked the doctor, "but he is far behind date. I'll wager he bled him!"

"He did," assented the Professor; "he declared that it gave him his only chance."

"The exploded practice!" muttered Dr. Bense. "No city physician would bleed for peritonitis, though our fathers thought there was nothing else to be done. *Veratrum viride* and the obvious antiphlogistics are now found to answer the purpose. Well, I suppose that although the disease has been conquered, the patient can retain nothing on his stomach, and is fast sinking from exhaustion?"

"You describe his condition as I understand it," said Hargrave. "At all events, Dr. Simpson has given him up, and is perfectly willing that you should assist at the experiment which Mr. Peckster has assured him he desires should be made. Mr. Greyson, the other witness I have selected, is now with us. Dr. Simpson may summon us by telephone at any moment."

"If you will explain the nature of the inves-

tigation you propose to make," said the rector, "we shall be all the more competent as observers."

"I will willingly do so," assented the Professor. "But in stating my hypotheses, — which are tentative, not dogmatic, — and in explaining why I hold them, I must ask permission to use the terminology of those who believe in spiritual life. I do this simply for convenience, without prejudice to the negation of such life to which the failure of my experiment may be thought to point. I propose then, reverend sir, to place some of your pulpit assertions upon a basis which will appeal to the modern mind; in a word, to strengthen pious apologetics with positive assurance. I shall employ, not indeed the best methods in this investigation, but those with which Dr. Bense is familiar. And, first, I hope to be able to show that, approximating the time when the soul leaves the body, there is an alteration in its weight which is capable of registration. I have caused the bed to be supported upon an exquisitely poised balance which will show any remission of the downward pressure. I can scarcely doubt my success here, — though I hope to go much further."

"Will you give us your reasons for this supposition?" inquired Dr. Bense.

“Certainly,” was the response. “A change in the weight of the body has often been observed in persons in the ecstatic condition. There are certain states related to the somnambulic when the human organism is subject to an unknown lifting force, which, to a greater or less degree, overpowers its natural gravity. There is good reason to believe that the energies of the soul may be awakened to such a pitch that in its transport it will bear up the material envelope. History and literature abundantly recognize this fact. We have accounts of the levitations of St. Theresa, Loyola, Savonarola, and many others. The experiments made upon somnambulists by Dr. Charpignon and Professor Kieser tend to confirm these older records. The phenomenon is well known in connection with religious revivals. The possessed children of Morzine and Chablais, who in 1847 flung themselves from the branches of the highest trees with the lightness of squirrels, scarcely outdid the record of our own Kentucky Climbers. Professor Alfred R. Wallace, to whom we lend willing ears when he speaks of the biographies of bugs and butterflies, asserts that at least fifty persons of high character can be found in London who will vouch for the fact of levitation, as by them witnessed. This testimony is on record, and

much of it is accessible to any serious inquirer."

"Assume my assent to the existence of this precious evidence, both come-at-able and uncome-at-able," said Dr. Bense impatiently, "and what follows then?"

"Then," answered Professor Hargrave, "I hazard the *a priori* supposition that a state bearing some resemblance to that which we know as ecstasy occurs at or near the moment of death, and that this condition is marked by a lessening of weight, which can be shown by proper experimental inquiry."

"If such a fact exists, it is capable of proof," said the doctor dryly.

"Undoubtedly," agreed Hargrave. "Now let me take you a little further. For the past three months I have been at work upon an instrument which is as sensitive to soundless vibrations in the atmosphere as the receiving disc of the telephone is to those originated by the voice. All the credit of its perfection belongs to my friend Professor Merlton, of our chemical department, who has discovered a substance which is both more delicate and more retentive than the tin-foil of the phonograph. I expect to show that when the body exhibits a decrease of weight, there are tremors in the atmosphere above it which can be detected at no other

time, and of which our present physical science can give no account."

Clara flushed a little at her husband's ardor, and could not help recalling that line of Wordsworth which intimates the existence of localities where it were not well to botanize, even in the high interests of scientific investigation.

"We have now," continued the Professor, with something of the authoritative manner he had acquired in the lecture-room, "a moving equilibrium as the point of merging between two existences. I am provided with six self-registering thermometers, and shall from time to time take that condition of its molecular changes which we recognize as temperature. We know that heat can augment only as there is expansion or change of position in molecules. Taken in connection with other parts of my investigation, I hope to establish a fair inference that we are here detecting the jar of the elements of life-stuff as they form the faint beginnings of the new envelope of man."

"That is your theory," interpolated Dr. Bense, with a slightly scornful emphasis upon the last word.

"It *is* my theory," assented the Professor. "It is my way of provisionally coördinating the series of observations we shall both record. If you are able to offer a generalized view of

the phenomena which is simpler and more intelligible, I shall gladly accept it. Having obtained success up to this point, it is my design to push inquiry by another instrument. You are probably aware that certain sensitives, who are above suspicion of imposture, profess to have seen the growth of the spiritual body as that which is mortal gradually assumes the *rigor cadaveris*."

"Oh, yes; we doctors recognize in such assertions a cerebral condition induced by febrile or other disturbance. Read Clarke upon Visions; it will tell you the precise part of the visual apparatus where functional perturbation causes these false conceptions."

"I am familiar with the book," resumed the Professor quietly, "and now take it from this table to remind you of other testimony which Dr. Clarke has left for us. Our distinguished countryman, Dr. O. W. Holmes, who writes the introduction to the volume, in speaking of a case which the author described to him, uses this language: 'At the very instant of dissolution it seemed to him, as he sat at the dying lady's bedside, that there arose "something," an undefined yet perfectly apprehended somewhat, to which he could give no name, but which was like a departing presence.' And Dr. Holmes then goes on to say that he has

received a similar statement 'from the lips of one whose evidence is eminently to be relied upon.' In this case he tells us that there was also 'the consciousness that "something" arose, as if the "spirit" had made itself cognizable at the moment of quitting its mortal tenement.' Now it is not impossible that the essence which departs with the final throb of life — that ascending *something* testified to by this person 'whose evidence is eminently to be relied upon' — is capable of being pictured by transcendental photography."

"Transcendental what?" demanded Dr. Bense, in a tone of utter amazement.

"Pho-to-gra-phy," repeated the Professor, carefully separating the syllables. "Take the word easily, by installments, and put them together when inside your head. There is really no need of the surgical operation whereby the Scotch brain is said to be made receptive. You never heard of it?"

"Never, outside the society of those I considered lunatics," said the doctor.

"Richter was right," remarked Mr. Greyson, "when he said that every specialist would do well to take a walk with some other specialist who had investigated in a different direction. In such a stroll Dr. Bense might be paired with Professor Aksakof, lately of the University of Moscow."

“I am told we are getting some very good romances from Russia,” murmured the neurologist.

“Yes; or with Wagner, Professor of Zoölogy in the University of St. Petersburg,” added Hargrave. “Either of these gentlemen could tell him, as a result of their experiments, that photographic plates are more sensitive than ordinary eyes. Wagner, I remember, used a stereoscopic camera, that double pictures of the unseen sitters might mutually check each other. But perhaps Dr. Bense would say that to photograph an invisible image would be scientifically impossible.”

“No, I am not going to walk into that trap,” said the doctor decidedly. “I am quite aware that sulphate of quinine has the quality of rendering visible the ultra-violet rays of the spectrum. ‘Fluorescence,’ Professor Stokes called it; though why it must bear the name of the spar I never could quite understand.”

“If we accept the researches of these gentlemen,” continued the Professor, “they certainly show that an unseen power can throw into form some principles of matter which, though invisible to our eyes, can reflect the chemical rays of light and impress the plate.”

“And so none of your infallible witnesses can be found outside of Russia,” said Dr.

Bense. "In the higher latitudes of that country, I believe, the inhabitants chiefly depend upon moonshine."

"Quite the contrary," was the decided reply. "There are the recorded experiments of Dr. William Crookes, whose honorable character no sane man has questioned. Add to these the attestation of Mr. Taylor, skeptic and expert, editor of the British Journal of Photography, who tested the process by which these pictures were produced with his own collodion and glass plates. Then there is the Beattie series of photographs, taken in London under very stringent conditions; these show a luminous mist — *Dampf*, as the Germans call it — gradually condensing into definite shapes. There is the record of the investigation of the claims of Mr. Hartman in Cincinnati, which was conducted by six practical photographers, who watched their marked plates through all their various workings without detecting any sign of trickery. I do not refer to my personal experiments, as their results have not yet been given to the public. It answers my present purpose to assert that any intelligent man who will examine the depositions I have cited must conclude that, even if insufficient to compel conviction, they are weighty enough to brand with folly and incompetence any inquirer who does

not try photography in such an investigation as is now before us."

Professor Hargrave threw a warmth of manner into the excited emphasis of the last sentence which rendered a pause prudent. This gave a little time for silent meditation.

"How handsome he is!" thought his wife. "What a fascinating mixture of the cautious calculations of the man of science with the imagination of the romantic adventurer!"

The rector noted the visionary splendor in Clara's eyes, and indulged in an odd speculation upon the source of the charm of personality. For instance, had Margaret Fuller possessed the gift of beauty, had Count Ossoli been intellectually her superior, could she have radiated this influence of perfect feminine development?

"Alas, the pity of it," thought Dr. Bense, "that the author of *Centres of Ossification*, a book imbued with the true scientific spirit, should revert to these old Eldorado dreams! Well, there are pathetic precedents. The mind which produced the *Principia* came to muddle over the prophecies!"

Having made this reflection, the genial doctor asked himself whether some covert implication, which stretched the bonds of courteous discussion, might not have slipped in among

his remarks. He feared this was the case; if so, it was the part of a gentleman to soothe sensibilities which had been unintentionally ruffled.

“Be sure, Professor Hargrave, that I shall do my best to make accurate notes of any novel manifestations of force which you may be able to exhibit. It seemed but fair to let you know that I do not think you or any man will succeed in — well, I will say in discovering perpetual motion or in squaring the circle. But I am aware that both these feats and others analogous to them may be attempted with an enthusiasm — nay, even with a genius — that should command our respect. I shall do you the justice to submit my memoranda, without comment, to my associates of the Psychological Society. It is possible that the united wisdom of their several heads may generate reflections whose pertinency we shall both acknowledge.”

The Professor bowed his head in token of satisfaction with this arrangement, and remarked that he had made preparations for getting his light from a battery current instead of that supplied by the dynamo. Although this was not commonly used, he was satisfied of its advantages for photography.

“One thing more,” said the doctor. “I

must ask that our proceedings be kept as quiet as possible. It would injure my professional standing to be caught in such a business; my position might be misunderstood, you see. Besides, here is our good rector; we must look after his reputation. The Bishop would be sure to make a fuss at this irregular peeping behind the curtain."

"It is more likely to be your medical bishop, masquerading as some neurological club or hospital committee, whose discipline is to be feared," said Mr. Greyson, quietly. "Remember that clergymen have one special qualification for these investigations which you physicists do not always possess: we can examine *without prejudice* other lines which lead to a conclusion we already accept."

Dr. Bense might have taken up the challenge conveyed in the words to which the rector had given special emphasis, but at this moment the bell-call of the telephone rang sharply from the adjoining room. Hargrave attended the summons, and immediately returned to say that Dr. Simpson thought no time was to be lost in getting to Brandon Avenue, and that a carriage would be at the door as soon as they could put on their overcoats.

"Runners or wheels?" asked Dr. Bense, going to the window.

"Wheels, of course," answered the Professor. "See how it's drifting!"

"That's good," said the doctor; "there will be more room in a carriage. Here are three of us; you will want one of the seats for the box of instruments."

"The driver must take it outside," said Mrs. Hargrave. "I wish to accompany you."

"You, my dear!" exclaimed the Professor. "It would not be proper to admit a lady to the chamber, under the circumstances."

"Under the circumstances," replied Clara, "it is the last place in which any lady would desire to be. I will stay below in the dining-room. In a crisis like this you will surely wish me to be near you."

"Only on your own account would I have it otherwise," said Hargrave tenderly. "But you do not realize the strain upon one who merely waits for a great result; it is far more serious than those know whose active energies are strained to accomplish it."

"You will have so much against you," said Clara quietly, "that you cannot dispense with the coöperation of a neighboring sympathy, which we both know may be an important factor in your work. You reject my advice to abandon this very delicate experiment; you cannot master all the conditions for success."

The state of the atmosphere is unfortunate. It is uncertain whether you can obtain from Mr. Peckster the active assistance you are looking for. I do not doubt his intentions; but his life has not been of the sort which enables a man to act from the transcendental consciousness the moment the normal one is lost. There may be a period of transition, during which the spirit will be likely to suffer great disturbance."

"There are risks of failure in all our undertakings," said Hargrave proudly; "our sole concern is to deserve success. I must vindicate my toil during the past year; I must confound Bense and the scientific sneer he represents. Yes, I may fail; but to try I am pledged!"

"Then, dear, I have received my orders," said Clara, with the soft voice of feminine acquiescence. "The carriage is at the door; let us go."

III.

THE carriage drove a little way in Brandon Avenue before it stopped at a decorated dwelling with heavy-browed windows, which seemed to scowl off the vulgar passers upon the pavement. The door was opened by an imported servant, who knew the standard of deference to be observed in the reception of visitors who could afford to ride. The party was shown into the dining-room, while the box received from the driver was borne up the stairs with noiseless tread.

Clara felt a shiver of reluctance upon entering an apartment with which she had been familiar when it was bright with flowers and wax candles, and merry with the talk of wine-warmed banqueters. The flare of a single gas-burner was sufficient to display the frosting and burnishing of some richly-chased silver ware, but did not dispel the sense of life's darker realities, which now pervaded the room. Not a book or a paper was flung about in easy negligence ; everything was ranged in prim and parallel expectancy of the coming event. The

puffy and fluffy achievements of modern upholstery were at exact right angles with the oaken desk-cabinet which had descended from the colonial Pecksters. The brass trimmings upon this latter piece of furniture were polished to a brilliancy which could not have been surpassed when it came from the maker's hands, two hundred years ago. Many different scenes had suffered distortion from the slight convexity of these reflecting surfaces; unless, indeed, we are disposed to assert that this very fact gave a truer report of the essential nature of some of them than the finest French mirror could have supplied.

"We can leave our coats here," said Professor Hargrave. "You, my dear, I am sorry to say, must remain with them, while we gentlemen go up-stairs. Dr. Bense, are you ready to accompany us to the chamber?"

"Certainly not," replied that personage. "I shall keep Mrs. Hargrave company until Dr. Simpson sends for me. You forget that my position is one of some delicacy. I have not been summoned to a consultation, but merely admitted to witness an experiment in which you are interested. Whenever the physician in charge thinks that the moment is approaching when my presence for this purpose is desirable, he must let me know it."

“Perhaps you are right; I am unlearned in the code of your professional decorums. Mr. Greyson and I will go to the chamber at once, and see that Dr. Simpson is informed that you are below.”

Dr. Bense, having signified that such a proceeding would not violate the proprieties of the occasion, removed an armchair from its place in the ranks, and settled himself in its comfortable embrace. He then took from his pocket a case of little vials, one of which he drew from its leathern socket and held against the light; he appeared to contemplate the contents with much satisfaction.

Some moments were passed in silence. Clara was in a shy and musing mood which did not court conversation. It was not until the ticking of the clock became awkward that the pleasant vivacity of the doctor broke through the constraint which was thickening between them.

“Well, Mrs. Hargrave, here we are, upon as sublime an adventure as ever allured Don Quixote! And I suppose we shall end by capturing some wretched utensil for hairdresser’s soapsuds, which our good friends who have just left us may mistake for Mambrino’s helmet.”

“Whenever the true helmet is won,” an-

swered Clara, "we may be sure that the sodden 'researcher,' Esquire Sancho, will discover nothing but a basin, which reflects his own brazen face as he looks into it. How shall the fat bundle of proverbs comprehend that a knightly longing to serve the world must in the end win the prize to which it aspires!"

"The Squire, with all his obesity," observed the doctor, "has common sense enough to understand that man's undertakings must bear some proportion to his capacities."

"And those capacities you presume to limit, Dr. Bense. You beg the whole question when you measure them by the Squire's standard. I say this of my own knowledge, and there is another here to confirm my words. Gideon Peckster, the dead founder of the great Professorship, stands at this moment behind your chair. I see him as clearly as I do you, and I mark the contrast between you. He returns in dazed and awkward plight to assume the cramped conditions of earth-life; whereas you, as far as you go, are an harmonious personage, on thoroughly good terms with this world as you know it."

"My dear madam," said Dr. Bense, in his soothing professional tones, "will you kindly permit me to feel your pulse?"

The lady rose, drew off her long glove, and

offered a perfectly modeled hand and arm to the physician.

“Nearer normal than I should have supposed,” thought that gentleman, as he withdrew his fingers from the wrist. “The breathing, however, is perceptibly quicker.”

“It is not the first time that I have seen this man,” continued Clara, on resuming her seat. “I have talked with him, though not as we are talking now. These beings need no sound or use of voice to make themselves understood; their methods bear little analogy to human speech. ‘Spirit to spirit, ghost to ghost,’ they signify the good they would have us do; they warn us from the sin for which they suffer. I say that I have often seen this person even as I see him now. He has told me of facts in his life which seemed most unlikely to be true, but which family papers preserved in that old desk proved to be correct. He has shown all those little traits of manner and carriage which give evidence of an individuality unimpaired; and these characteristics are found to have been those of the Gideon Peckster who died in 1785. Professor Hargrave will tell you that his inquiries into the history of this man have been minute and painstaking, and that in every particular they confirmed the evidence given by my senses, — *my* senses, remember, not your senses, or his senses.”

“My dear Mrs. Hargrave,” said Dr. Bense, in his kindest way, “I am old enough to be your father; I am a physician, not without some reputation. It is my duty to warn you that you are encouraging a morbid disturbance in the organs of the brain with which I am familiar. What you mistake for abnormal vision is to me the sign of a certain ebb in the tide of physical life. Your outward appearance is stanch and vigorous; yet, believe me, there is latent disorder which your friends do not suspect. There is probably chorea in your family, which appears in you under a slight form of epileptic hysteria. Don’t let my long words frighten you; I can write a prescription which I am sure will be useful. You have only to recognize these phantoms as subjective illusions indicating bodily disease. Any other course would be to trifle with health, and that is the first thing to be considered.”

“I confess to my full share of feminine weakness, but to no feminine invalidism,” rejoined Clara. “But even were the case otherwise, I do not admit that health should be the first object of our consideration. There is an inner personality, which must often be quickened at the expense of physical perfection. I have just been told where you passed the afternoon. It was in a house on a squalid alley in

the north part of the city. You were there for three hours, rendering gratuitous services to its miserable tenants. Stay a moment, I am promised the number! . . . Yes, it was Cranston Court, No. 18, fourth flight."

The casters of the doctor's chair here gave a sharp squeak, as if responding to a start of its occupant that was not otherwise perceptible.

"I see I am right," continued the lady, with the satisfaction of one whose freedom from color-blindness has been established by a stringent test. "Now I tell you, Dr. Bense, that your blood would be purer and your chance of longevity better if you abandoned these visits, and devoted the time to driving in the country. Your answer must be a confession that there are duties to be performed not always compatible with the best condition of the gray matter in those cerebral hemispheres about which you can talk so learnedly. I can make no other answer to you; but it is sufficient."

"It is something," said Dr. Bense, "that you agree with me that this — what shall I call it? — feeling for the dead in the dark is dangerous to health. I must now go further, and assure you I have reason to know that it is dangerous to character."

"I admit the truth of what you say," replied

Mrs. Hargrave; "there is no tree of knowledge without a serpent nestling near it. When the gates are ajar, a miscellaneous company presses for recognition; there are those who would degrade a human spirit as well as those who would elevate it. But to say nothing of the potency of my own will, remember that I am under the protection of a man who stands securely because his life is in harmony with the knowledge he has attained. His intellect is disciplined by the habit of scientific combination, and this gives stability to action as well as vigor to thought. It is my office to assist him in his work. I do not know how to use the chaos of scattered particulars which I am able to report. Professor Hargrave is able to crystallize them, and will at length give the world the results."

"You are a wonderful woman," said Dr. Bense, in a tone of admiration. "I dare say that your prettily covered skull-case has room for several worlds besides this; but the frontal suture closes in early life, and there is no way of getting them into it. I must repeat in all soberness that what you mistake for spiritual strength is only bodily weakness; we recognize these abnormal conditions of being as varieties of phrenetic, convulsive, or nervous disease. Science teaches us that there is no likelihood

of such ethereal entities as you imagine, and that, even if they existed, we could know nothing whatever about them. To be sure, if Professor Hargrave can prove it otherwise" —

The doctor finished his remark by a significant shrug.

"He will find that the brain-tissues of Dr. Fairchild Bense are not impressionable by transcendental facts, be the proof of them what it may!" added Clara, preferring to conclude the sentence in her own way.

"He will find that Dr. Fairchild Bense, being, as the testators say, of sound mind and memory, will not accept an order of relations which cannot be made evident to our senses."

"Whose senses?" persisted the lady. "You remember Sir John Lubbock's demonstration that animals are informed by vibrations which do not affect the eye or ear of average humanity. You believe, upon somewhat doubtful evidence, that there was a time when this exalted sensitiveness was differentiated — is that the right word? — in rare specimens of brute life. As a scientist you assert the innate tendency to new variations which was the fruitful conception of Darwin; yet you decline to consider testimony going to show that finer faculties are to-day being developed in selected individuals of your own race. Do you believe

that a sailor can see distant objects at sea sooner than a cobbler or a watchmaker?"

"Certainly; his eye is developed by training, and, if he were following the calling of his ancestors, he would inherit a special aptitude to look far into the foggy horizon."

"Then you admit that while the ship was running parallel with distant headlands he might be conscious of their proximity, while you were not?"

"Yes, I suppose so," assented Dr. Bense; "but occasionally we should meet a ship coming towards us. Now if he announced its approach before it was visible, he would substantiate his claim to exceptional power of sight."

"Not to all minds," said Clara decidedly. "Not to those who had committed themselves to the theory of some physiological Jefferson, who had announced what he called the self-evident truth that all eyes were created equal in their range of vision. When it was no longer possible to deny that a ship was cleaving the mist just where the sailor had pointed, this wise junto would cry, 'Coincidence.' And when the predicted vessels came so thickly that this was no longer possible, they would invent another hypothesis — never mind how incredible — that would excuse them from acknowledging that some eyes can see what others cannot."

Dr. Bense was conscious that there was an answer to all this, but, spellbound by his companion's musically incisive utterance, he felt unequal to the labor of framing it. He really hoped she would go on; he could of course crush her, — but then controversy with a woman is in such doubtful taste! So the doctor looked up to the ceiling, and tried to follow its geometrical pattern in brownish red on a buff background; finally he selected a vial from his case of medicines, and, tapping it with his pencil-case, tenderly apostrophized its contents: "With your kindly aid, my little friend, I can produce more ocular spectra than were ever counted by St. Anthony himself!"

The irrelevancy of this observation seemed to Clara to show signs of wavering: she was stimulated to continue:

"Do you remember Professor Silliman's account of his wotama, Dr. Bense?"

The doctor did not remember to have seen it.

"Well, there were two of these little cave-rats caught under the earth where light never penetrates. They glared at their captor with large and lustrous eyes which saw nothing. It was only after exposing them to a delicately graduated light for a month or two that they acquired a dim perception of objects. Have you any difficulty in believing the story I am telling you?"

“Not in the least. We know that eyes were originally created by the impact of light on the surface of an organism. First a tingling sensitiveness to day and night; at last the discernment of a spectrum of seven colors. Apollo’s touch awakes responsive structures,” said the doctor, lapsing, to his surprise, into something that sounded like poetry.

“And the want of this stimulus of light, which you phrase so prettily, would in time render such structures useless,” added Mrs. Hargrave. “You know that as well as I do. But you do not know, as I know, that there is a spiritual light, which, when men cease to burrow like these wotama, can stimulate responsive structures in the inner organism.”

“We are like Bunyan’s Man with the Muck-Rake, I suppose,” said Dr. Bense. “Our eyes are so fixed upon our honest work that we do not look up to admire the shadowy gentry that the imagination of idlers has no difficulty in discerning. But the comparison will not hold; for we form psychical societies, and glance up from our labor at odd moments to behold — just nothing at all!”

“The comparison is yours, not mine,” replied Clara. “Bunyan must have been dreaming indeed if he supposed that his industrious personage need only look up to see celestial

beings. Nature's analogies do not countenance any such raker's progress as that. Why, the wotama presumably looked up when taken from their cave, yet they saw no more of this wonderful earth than a committee of your researchers is likely to see of the wonders beyond it. But these little animals modestly trusted the development of their unused senses to those who had some experience of the sunlight. For weeks their dull organs received no impression, yet at last came a time when objects were plainly outlined before them. Here, if we had some Esop to take up their story, he might tell us how the elder of these wotama was much disturbed, knowing that his old cave companions would call him crazy for reporting these strange things. Thereupon he determined that the best use he could make of his new vision would be to find the way to his underground home. And once in the familiar burrow, he began to talk about 'subjective impressions,' 'collective percipience,' 'expectant attention,' and such learned matters; for was it not well known that the eyes of cave-rats were never made to see with? But the younger of the wotama, caring little for the prejudices of his former comrades, continued to submit himself to the guidance of those whose eyes had long been opened. So he came to see clearly, and knew

that the old cave-life was darkened by night whimsies which were well exchanged for visions of the upper world."

"Your story is not to be taken seriously," said the doctor, smiling, "so I need not tell you that no man is braver than the follower of science. Here am I, a lineal descendant of a Puritan who once met the Black Man, and was requested to exchange his autograph for the limitless wealth at the disposal of that potentate. My ancestor took to his heels, and lost a chance for which his degenerate descendant would have put his name even to an office-seeker's petition. 'I want none of your riches,' I would have said to my colored brother of the forest; 'give me the pen, and with this lancet I will draw the crimson ink. In return I will take — not the wealth of the Indies — only your temperature, and a cast in plaster of that peculiar foot.' You see it is a question of method."

"Yes," assented Clara, "I see that it is a question of method."

At this moment the servant appeared at the door, and with motionless features discharged the message entrusted to him: —

"Dr. Simpson's compliments to Dr. Bense, and he would be pleased to see him in Mr. Peckster's chamber as soon as possible."

“I must leave you, Mrs. Hargrave, in the company of — of your immaterial acquaintance,” said the physician, rising from his chair.

“You leave me quite alone, Dr. Bense. Gideon Peckster is at this moment preceding you up the stairs.”

“Ah! It would have been better manners to have given a stranger the precedence,” remarked the doctor, as he left the room.

The heavy curtains over the mirror looked still heavier, the time-stained oak of the Peckster desk took on a more sombre hue, as Clara found herself the sole occupant of the dining-room. In spite of philosophy, in spite of faith, yes, in spite of knowledge, death is always death. We may flatter ourselves that our convictions are formed from a point of view quite outside contemporary modes of thinking, we may amuse ourselves with the symbolism with which poetic fancy has draped the end of life; but when the pale presence is actually in the house, it is no other than Holbein's skeleton visitor whose bony fingers are pressing the life from a human heart. Clara Hargrave felt that she had made no empty confession in acknowledging all a woman's weakness.

Suddenly there came a tapping at one of the windows; it was followed by a voice which

said, "Please raise the sash, and let me speak to you."

The instinct was to retreat; but would she find any room in the house warmed and lighted save that dreadful chamber? After all, it might be something important. No robber would seek to enter a front window on Brandon Avenue, which was cheerful, prosperous, and safe, even on a stormy night. On the whole, it would be best to lift the sash, as requested.

The face of a young man, which appeared just above the sill, looked longingly into the luxurious room. It was a pallid, eager face, framed in a comforter that muffled ears and throat; the jaunty self-confidence in the features covered a certain remonstrance with fortune for not providing a situation where that quality was not required.

"What's going on inside here?" demanded this strange visitor. "I saw Dr. Bense and Professor Hargrave enter the door not half an hour ago. Tell me what's up, and I'll give you a dollar. See, here are my credentials."

A long arm was thrust into the room, with a card in the fingers at the end of it. The inscription was large enough to be read at some distance.

MR. DARIUS BICKBY,

Reporter to the Morning Trumpet.

Clara's cheeks reddened with indignation at this intrusion upon the sanctities of a private household. She could not command the words to tell the fellow to be gone. She would blight him with a look.

Mr. Bickby perceived the blunder he had made. She was no servant to whom his money had been offered; probably some relative or trusted friend of the dying man. No menial's eyes could shoot such scorn at him.

"Please to excuse me, madam," he said, in a voice which had now some tone of refinement in it. "I owe you an humble apology for my hasty speech. These costly surroundings cushion you off from us humble bread-winners of the street, yet I think your humanity will pardon one who has been over-zealous in his calling. Nature's first command is to get a living, — at least when social arrangements, which are open to much question, have not already provided one."

"I accept your apology," said the lady, mol-

lified, as women are apt to be, by the flattery of a deferential address.

"Then will you kindly tell me what the chances are that Mr. Peckster will die before morning, and whether anything is going on here in which the public would be interested?" inquired Mr. Darius Bickby, pushing his business with commendable energy.

"Much," said Clara with a shudder, in answer to the last part of the question, "yet nothing capable of record by your pencil. Of the probabilities of Mr. Peckster's condition I know nothing. You should be about better work than this eavesdropping."

"I know it," answered the reporter; "yet here I am, stunted like the great majority by the pressure of hard material necessities. I have some college learning, but found it utterly unexchangeable for food, clothing, and a small amount of comfort. For a sufficiency of the first I was forced to snatch such place as I could in the universal scramble; as for the comfort, just now I find very little of it upon this shaky trellis where I stand to reach the window. Under the circumstances, I thought a ring at the door would neither be in the best taste nor produce the best results. I saw a light in this room and supposed it must have been given to the nurse; they often put them

on the lower floor, for, being rather stout, they object to the stairs. Then I wanted to steal a march on the Clarion's man, who is in the rear of the house, waiting for the cook's candle. She promised to put it in the attic window as soon as he dies, but ten to one she does n't remember it. We want the obituary for our morning issue; there's a column of it all in type, and we shall delay going to press till half past three on the chance of printing it. There you have the situation. Now, my dear madam, will you give a young man who never injured you a lift in his profession? I know that Professor Hargrave and Dr. Bense are in this house; they brought with them a heavy case containing — something. What are they here for? It can't be an autopsy yet. The evening papers will of course have a full solution of the problem. Now it will be worth something to me if the Morning Trumpet can blow the froth off this news; that will create a demand for our one-o'clock edition, which will contain the latest particulars. Excuse my abruptness; you can help me; what do you say?"

Clara's hand, which rested on the Peckster cabinet, clutched it convulsively at the demand which closed this extraordinary harangue. She must take time to collect her thoughts. There was indeed a secret — she shuddered to think

of her husband's concern in it — and here was the press upon them at full cry! Then that incomprehensible obituary, — what could be said of Ephraim Peckster, one of the rank and file of wealthy, well-dining personages? One more life cast on the hecatomb of human failures; how dress up its nakedness for the gaze of Monday-morning readers? Yet there was good in the man who wished the world might gain new knowledge by his death. Or was the ruling passion, strong even now, still craving notoriety unpurchased by self-denial or any honest work? She would not inquire whether this final payment was of gold or pinchbeck; let it be counted in his favor. Mr. Bickby should be dismissed in the briefest words.

“I am going to shut the window. Go away, sir; I shall tell you nothing.”

The face in the comforter showed such misery at this announcement that it was not in woman's nature to withhold a ray of hope. There were other considerations. The suspicion of servants might be excited, and some distorted story might go into the papers. If the nature of the experiment came into the possession of these reporters — and they really seemed capable of getting at anything — Ernest should see them, and find out what they meant to print. It would be wise to modify Mr. Bickby's dismissal.

“I mean that there is nothing to tell you just now. When you see me raise the shade of that north window, come to the front door. Do not ring ; I will open it.”

With such promise as might be extracted from these words the reporter was forced to be content. As the sash was replaced, he scrambled to the ground, and renewed his weary watch upon the sidewalk.

Clara sank into a seat close by the Peckster desk, upon which her hand still rested. She wondered if there would be any other incident to break the anxious hours that might be before her. Anything would be welcome to divert her thoughts from that unwise yet absorbing investigation which her husband was conducting in the chamber above. Her fingers touched the worm-holes in the oak ; it was stained with the varying colors of human experience, and she seemed to be floating backwards among its shadowy associations.

Surely the desk upon which he writes belongs to the inner personality of a man by a stronger title than his other possessions. There are records with the pen which can be made only with our masks off. How many documents that registered human feeling at its fervid glow had in turn nestled in that cluster of little drawers : love-letters breathing death-

less attachment, marriage certificates promising unalloyed felicity, wills gratifying or disappointing to expectant heirs, tresses of hair, mourning-lockets, the bells and coral of the baby, — all the variety of musty rubbish we preserve so carefully, and which our successors will destroy so lightly to make way for equally tender trash of their own! It is a common figure to say that men's lives are continually shedding seeds destined to germinate in generations after they have ceased to be. And in the strange, eventful history written in these times of ours, we are told that certain sensitives, brought into contact with objects upon which these invisible seeds may be supposed to have lodged, reverse the experience of Rip Van Winkle, and awake in a world that has long gone by. Any one who has consulted the works of the late Professor Denton, or of the living Dr. Buchanan, knows much more about this wonderful phenomenon than the present writer can impart, and has reached such conclusion of its verity or emptiness as the books of these learned gentlemen are calculated to establish.

Acceptance of the doctrine may shed a dim light upon certain puzzling occurrences. Why did Mill carry away the furniture of that little room in the Hôtel de l'Europe, in Avignon,

where his wife died? A strange bee must have entered that severely logical bonnet, when good money was thrown away for such a fantasy. Can it be possible that there are certain persisting relations which the human soul establishes with surrounding objects, and which the philosopher's heart could feel, though his intellect could never explain? Then, there is that queer Lucretian theory of simulacra, εἰδωλα, coats of objects, which constantly emanate from surrounding things, and, striking the organs of sense, produce perceptions of what has been. It is strange that the brilliant skeptic, after delivering us from superstitions of gods and spirits, should dare to tax our credulity with these crusts and shells of dead *egos* which refuse to be put out of sight with the essential part of man. Can it be that the Latin poet knew of facts that would not fit into his system, and which could be disposed of only in this awkward fashion?

However these questions may be answered, there can be no doubt that to Clara Hargrave the wood of the Peckster desk seemed to throb with the pulses of past lives that had once beat upon it. Suddenly there rose before her an appearance as of Judge Peckster, the second in descent from the emigrant who brought this solid bit of furniture from his English home.

Man and boy, he had written for half a century upon the ink-stained slab, which now gave up an image of the magistrate by no means identical with that which his pastor, the Rev. Joab Brymm, had portrayed in his funeral sermon. It was painful to perceive that this eloquent discourse — from which the historians have elaborated their interesting character of Judge Peckster — was as little representative of the man as the obituary in to-morrow's Trumpet was likely to be of his descendant. Those who know that there is such a thing as soul-perception know that it never stops at the outside. Shakespeare tells us with all his mighty emphasis that as soon as the dress of nerves and muscles is thrown away, we find ourselves compelled to give in evidence of the self that was once draped with appearances. So teaches Swedenborg and the lesser seers. Any mind capable of absorbing this truth to the saturation point may safely dismiss the Oriental symbolism which has hitherto done police duty for the world.

There was a *sang-froid* of narrow legality about this progenitor of the Pecksters which gave a chill to the room. It was clear that he would condemn a woman to the whipping-post and the unregenerate to something worse, with absolute complacency. He was persuaded that

he was among the elect, though his windy religiosity made him no whit more salvable than the myriads of his kind who were to perish everlastingly.

It was a relief when this forbidding personage gave place to another figure which painted itself upon the airy canvas. As the magistrate faded from his seat at the desk, it was occupied by an image of his daughter, a slender, graceful girl of some twenty years. She held a goose-quill, which traversed the paper before her with passionate speed. The writing soon became as clear to the sensitive as the hand that was producing it. Yes, it was a diary; one of those sad recitals of woman's spiritual struggles which still exist in the attics of certain New England families. Judge Peckster, while personally holding his creed to a certain flexibility, never doubted that it was an heirloom which he was bound to pass on to his descendants without break or flaw. He would come out of the daily sunshine of his reputable vocation, and devote his evenings to the instruction of the female members of the household. The judge had neither the skill to do up his own ruffles nor the imagination to depict his theological tenets when carried to their legitimate conclusion; both came within the feminine department. Thus the passing Sunday mood of

the man became the settled temper of the week-day life of women condemned to the monotony of a single series of ideas. Clara shuddered as she saw that this unhappy maiden was writing down her fears that she had committed the unpardonable sin, and that a *dies iræ* more terrible than anything David or the sibyls had presumed to prophesy was hanging over her. The day was the one cheerful festival of the Puritan year; uncles and cousins, with after-dinner pipe and punch, would dare to take the edge off the curse which weighed upon created things. She trembled for them and for herself.

“Another Thanksgiving Day,” wrote the poor girl, “and behold I sink ever deeper in the Waters of Affliction. I cannot sufficiently hate my Sins. ‘In a day and an hour when ye think not!’—so said the Inspired Penman. What if this day of graceless rejoicing be the day chosen by the King for reckoning with Servants lost in Arrears to Him! Truly Wrath hath gone out against us, and the everlasting Payment which our Transgressions have merited shall presently begin. Last eve, about milking-time, I met Witch Tilton, who with her Blood hath signed herself forever to the Prince of Cozenings and Lies. Yet wherein is my case better than hers? The pages of this Book show that

for these two years past I have been manifestly out of the Conditions of Grace. My Religion hath consisted of Forms and Outsides, and this stubborn Heart of mine will not adore as it ought the wonderful Justice that for the Transgression of One hath delivered his Posterity to the Curse and Threatenings of the First Covenant. Yet this Doctrine is plainly delivered in the Scriptures, and only a mere Naturalist in Religion (so my pious Father saith) would have it otherwise. I gat no joy in the service of this Day; least of all when the Minister prayed so mightily for the Jews, that the Veil might be removed from their Eyes. My Tears stayed not when I remembered that Adam's Fall was mine as well as theirs, and that we are equally made Sinners by it. I find no Assurance that I am chosen and justified, while they are left to most righteous Condemnation! Most wretched Soul! how shall it be with thee when all the godly Propheysings of Lord's-days and Lecture-days cannot hold thy steps from the Fires of the Pit!"

And now by a strong effort of the will Clara Hargrave succeeded in banishing this wretched phantom. "One may believe in a spiritual world at too great cost," she murmured. "Better accept the negations of Dr. Bense than an alternative beset with such miserable entangle-

ments. Even the *bourgeois* heaven of the trance-medium, with its gingerbread palaces, picture-books, and sugar-plums, is a wholesome substitute for this gloomy cavern of despair."

Suddenly a young man appeared in the room. She knew him for Harry Peckster, only son of the house, killed in that fearful collision upon the railroad which for a week made the little shanty-settlement of West Babel more famous than London or Rome. It was difficult to separate the idea of life from a counterfeit so admirable. The ethereal visitants conjured from the desk wore the outlines of humanity, but this later presence seemed filled with its flesh and blood. There was a sad, anxious expression in the eyes, which appeared to borrow light as they met those of the percipient. Clearly it was not quite well with this young fellow, who had been wrenched from the scene where he was delighting his heart with all the indulgences the family wealth could purchase. "He had everything to live for!" was the honest remark when the news came, for men forgot their cant in the sudden shock. Everything? Of course: club and dinner luxury in perfection, pocketfuls of unearned money to buy the services of men and the smiles of women; no call for feats of bodily or mental prowess to win for Harry Peckster the cringing

deference of the world. In a moment this "everything" had vanished, and there came about him the silent shadow-land where he now dwelt. Clara tried to comfort this stripped and needy soul, who must painfully unlearn all that earth-life had taught. There was yet an outreaching future in which he might be permitted to reënter physical life, and renew the battle that had been lost. At length the eyes into which the sensitive looked grew more and more dreamy, the mobile features became fixed. A gossamer veil seemed to be let down between the living and the dead; it thickened, until the figure was concealed; then it floated up, and dispersed as light mist. Clara Hargrave was alone in the room.

The small hours of the morning were reached, but they passed very slowly. She must fix her mind upon something to keep it from the fateful chamber above. She would compare her late experiences with the hypothesis upon which Hargrave was pursuing his investigations. Had he not laughingly told her that while her beautiful eyes were seeing strange sights, she must borrow his eyes — which, though not pretty, were penetrating — where-
with to observe herself in the act of seeing? And now bringing the second sight of the intellect to bear, the conclusion was forced upon

her that the psychometric perceptions awakened by the desk were not sense-perceptions, though that term might properly represent the appearance of the young man. She was quite sure that the apparatus in the corpora quadrigemina (Mrs. Hargrave had come to take quite naturally to her husband's hard words) had responded to a stimulus from something about the old cabinet, and yet that this stimulus had not passed the retina of the eye. Then she remembered how Shakespeare, the most trustworthy of all psychical researchers, had set forth this whole matter with absolute clearness. Macbeth recognizes the air-drawn dagger as a percept without a corresponding neumenon. Energy-pulses from the real dagger, upon which his hand rested and which he was to use in the bloody business, informed thus to his eyes. The fatal vision is instantly known to be a psychometric creation; an internal kindling of the instrument of sensory consciousness without the usual external cause. But this clear-headed man, who perceived that the dagger was manufactured of mind-stuff, scornfully rejects the suggestion of his wife that the murdered Banquo is made up of the same flimsy material. "*If I stand here, I saw him!*" In this case the physical antecedents of sensation were present; the picture in the

mind was created by impressions received on the eye through the vibrations of light, although the finer nature of the light was adapted only to organs of exceptional sensitiveness. The commentators had missed this carefully marked distinction, as they had missed most of the subtler insights of the poet. Apparitions of those suddenly torn from organic existence might come with force enough "to push us from our stools." Would they ever start us from our comfortably upholstered Chairs of natural science? This also might be possible, when the times were ripe.

Three silvery rings from the clock marked the hour when footsteps were again heard upon the stairs. At last the painful suspense was to end. There was an alacrity and vigor in Hargrave's step which betokened release from a great weight of responsibility. The rector was first in the room. His face was that of a man who has escaped from some dire entanglement which circumstances netted about him. Last entered the doctor, rubbing his hands, the embodiment of gentlemanly I-told-you-so complacency.

"Well, well," said he, "you did your best, but fate was against you, as, in one way or another, it always will be."

"I shall yet succeed," said the Professor resolutely, "but it will be by other means."

“I have the pleasure of telling you, Mrs. Hargrave,” continued Dr. Bense, “that Ephraim Peckster has several more years of life before him. Perhaps if he tries his hand at posthumous photography on a future occasion, some of the present company may be induced to change parts with him. The case was not as desperate as Simpson supposed, though you will please not quote me as saying so. The stomach’s lack of ability to retain food was the serious symptom.”

“The presence of Dr. Bense was providential,” said Mr. Greyson reverently. “Mr. Peckster had certainly reached the last stage of weakness; even a teaspoonful of broth was rejected. By the suggestion of Dr. Bense, before attempting to administer food to the patient, he was given a sip of ice-water to which was added ten drops of — of — well, the name has gone out of my head. You mentioned the name, I think?”

“I think not,” replied the doctor; “there are secrets in my calling as well as in yours. The case is Dr. Simpson’s; it is for him to report it to the medical journals if he sees best. There is no harm in saying that the drug is well known, although this use of it is attended with risk. It allays the sensitive state of the mucous surface of the stomach by induc-

ing a condition dangerously resembling paralysis. Then there comes a moment of reaction, when the gastric force responds to alimentary stimulus. The difficulty of determining this happy instant permits the use of this agent only as a last resort. The reports give us but two similar cases where its exhibition was successful. I say two, because the Berlin *Heilkünstler* gave no adequate details of that mentioned in its September issue. As nearly as I can make out, the case must have been one of ascites, if not of anasarca; and this, you see, would furnish no precedent for a matter of simple peritonitis, like that of Mr. Peckster's."

Although the rector did not quite see this, he thought it well to imitate the conventional acquiescence with which the doctor received his own professional statements from the pulpit of St. Philemon's. He accordingly remarked that it was a wonderful dose which had enabled the patient to retain food given at short intervals, till, after three hours, he was pronounced out of danger. He also made bold to advise Dr. Bense to use especial caution lest so delicate a discovery should get into improper hands, for in these days our deepest secrets seemed to be at the mercy of interviewers and reporters.

The last word reminded Clara of her promise to Mr. Bickby. She raised the shade of the window nearest the porch.

There was presently a stamping upon the stone steps, as of one shaking off the snow. Clara opened the front door.

“I have good news for you, Mr. Reporter. Ephraim Peckster is pronounced out of danger.”

“That is not good *news*,” said Mr. Bickby, with a disappointed air, “though the fact may be good enough for Mr. Peckster.”

“Will you see that the obituary does not appear, — that there is no mistake made at the office?”

“I suppose I must; that is, of course, I will. Good-night, ma’am. You meant to do well by me, and I thank you. A long wait, and poor luck!” murmured the reporter to himself, as he went down the steps.

On returning to the dining-room Clara found the Professor busily engaged in arranging his apparatus in the packing-case which the servant had brought from above. She came to his assistance, and patiently fitted each article into its well-padded compartment.

“I will send for this box before ten o’clock in the morning,” said Hargrave to the attendant. “We cannot get a carriage at this hour, or I should take it away to-night.”

The man bowed his acquiescence.

“I fear we must foot it through the drifts,”

said Dr. Bense. "It will be a relief to us men, after the ether bottles of the sick-room. But I fear that Mrs. Hargrave" —

"Borrow no trouble about that lady," interrupted the Professor. "She takes as kindly to all weathers as a duck or an Englishwoman. She can outwalk me, who have been called a good pedestrian, and this with the detestable impedimenta of the feminine wardrobe."

Clara found in that walk down the avenue all the refreshment which Dr. Bense had predicted. The storm was over, and there was robust pleasure in pushing through the virgin drifts. A wild, whirling dance those merry flakes must have had of it! Every balustrade and corner of the architect's fancy was exaggerated in preposterous outlines of white. The street lamps winked knowingly from beneath their towering mufflers. The Hargraves, brisker walkers than their friends, were soon far enough in advance for private talk.

"You will promise me now," said Clara.

"Certainly," replied the Professor, "I will make no attempt to renew this experiment, though I am sure that under favorable conditions it could be pushed to success. The transition of a human spirit to its next environment, though probably the least critical moment of its existence, is an event which the mass of

mankind still regard as of awful importance. Your instinct was true in perceiving that nothing connected with it should be exposed to the criticism of the psychical investigator, with the average incompetence for his quest. I will yet get the scientific proof ; but I fear there is no short cut to it. It must be picked up little by little on those long and roundabout ways which lead to knowledge."

"You may be right," said Clara, "yet I sometimes doubt whether the sort of proof you want to carry conviction to a mind like that of Dr. Bense will ever be forthcoming. In such cases the latent faculty of spiritual apprehension cannot be reached ; it is overpowered by the organic body."

"My colleagues in the College," objected Hargrave, "have a right to ask me to show them step by step any reasoning process which I claim conducts to demonstration."

"Are you not assuming that the higher processes of reasoning can be imparted to men upon a lower plane? No one of our day has given us saner conclusions than Emerson, yet he could never show the contemporary intellect how he reached them. The best reasoner may be he who works with such absolute ease and rapidity that the process fades from the memory, leaving only the reliable deposit which we falsely call intuition."

“A pretty fancy, I confess,” rejoined the Professor; “yet those who may be reasoning on the exalted plane you talk of should never cease their efforts to sink a shaft into the dark academic strata beneath their feet. If Dr. Bense claims that the methods of modern research have settled the nonexistence of spirit, I must use the same methods to show him the inadequacy of his conclusion; in short, I must confront him with a ghost.”

“And here is one made to order!” exclaimed Clara, pointing to a figure upon a pedestal. “See what the snow has done for Governor Etheredge!”

Their way had led them through a public park, in which stood a life-like statue of a distinguished diplomatist and magistrate. The eminent gentleman posed hatless, in double-breasted Prince Albert frock, and with arm uplifted to the skies. But the merciful snow had now robed him in a spotless toga appropriate to the Ciceronian oratory which the bronze commemorated. The effect was startling; it bore a wonderful resemblance to the old-fashioned apparition known to our ancestors.

The wind had swept the snow from the ground before the statue, and heaved it in pathless billows on the right and left. For

some moments the Hargraves stood spellbound by a spectacle that would never be repeated.

“So we’ve overtaken you at last!” cried the cheery voice of Dr. Bense. “I must stop a minute; I—I’m really out of breath; I don’t skip over these drifts as easily as you young people. Why, do look at Etheredge,—preaching in a surplice, I declare! At last we have a ghost worth turning out to see.”

“An extraordinary display,” said Mr. Greyson. “Look at the crystals upon that outstretched arm, how they glint in the electric light! We are in the presence of a prophet. And see, the hand points to that rift in the clouds through which shines the winter sparkle of the stars!”

After the teusion of those hours of waiting, Clara Hargrave felt all the lift of the keen, buoyant air. The witchery of manner once so familiar in fashionable circles returned to her, as she addressed the doctor with the lively banter of the past:—

“Come, come, Dr. Bense, you and I don’t believe in the rector’s poetry. If he cannot give us a good practical proposition to go to sleep upon, he had better be as dumb as Mr. Etheredge. Our ways part here; and before saying good-night, it would be well to find something to which we can all assent. Let me

see, what can I think of? Ah, I have it! A triangle is a rectilinear figure having three sides. Do we all agree about that? But no, the doctor ought not to commit himself without a vote of his Psychological Society."

"For the first time to-night you are talking good plain prose," said Dr. Bense, entering into the fun; "and we have a special by-law which permits every member to help himself to that *à discretion*; always provided there is enough of it to steady the chairman of his committee with a double portion."

"It's poetry, then, you must run away from," rejoined Clara archly. "Yet some things have been put into verse which are as believable as Mr. Peckster's bank account. Take, for example, this stanza from Omar Khayyám:—

'There was a door to which I found no key,
There was a veil through which I could not see;
Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee
Thère was; and then no more of Thee and Me.'

"The last couplet is thoroughly scientific," said the doctor approvingly. "But how could so sensible a writer put up with the inadequate metaphors of the first? There are locksmiths who can open doors without keys to them, and there was never yet a veil which could not be seen through if there glimmered any light to

speak of behind it. If the poet had only lived later, he would have found that Bishop Berkeley had provided him with the comparison he wanted. Our friend Greyson — who knows, or ought to know, our greatest churchman at first hand — will remember the ‘wall of brass a thousand cubits high’ with which his imagination once encircled the British kingdom. Well, just such a wall as that shuts us in. Do we think we look beyond it? We see nothing but the distorted image of our own faces as they peer into the burnished surface. Do we imagine that we hear voices? They are only our own cries echoed back from the clangorous metal. If we would express our limitation by a metaphor, let us take the bishop’s brazen wall.”

“Faith will ever soar above its thousand cubits,” said the rector.

“Science will yet make a breach in it!” exclaimed Ernest Hargrave.

Both men spoke with the energy of absolute conviction.

The statue pointed with unmoving finger to the rapidly clearing heavens, as the mortals who had paused beneath it took their different ways through the snow.

PART THIRD.
THE MATHER SAFE.



I.

IT is barely possible that some citizens of the republic who are now voting — as well as their fairer contemporaries at present restrained from that manly exercise — may not have read the numbers of the Atlantic Monthly that were issued before they were born. Only persons of this defective education can be ignorant of Miser Farrel's bequest to one of our New England centres of the higher education. For in the good old times, when Plancus was consul and Fields was editor, the writer who now guides the stylograph — then driving the less tractable pen of the period — was at pains to give the particulars of that posthumous donation which is to-day the source of a revenue so comfortable to the College. And now, standing in fear of that accusation of plagiarism preferred against the appropriators of unacknowl-

edged material, he thinks it well to begin with a handsome confession of obligation to the ancient author some of whose researches he may find it convenient to adopt.

The well-known Mather Safe, which for three quarters of a century has been a conspicuous object in the Library of the College, was the bequest of one Isaac D. Farrel, more popularly known by the sobriquet which still clings to whatever may be left of him. As a collateral descendant of the author of the *Magnalia*, he had inherited the huge oaken cabinet that was once the property of that voluminous divine; and this it was that he bequeathed to the College in lieu of those titles to solid gold and silver with which its civilities to the wealthy bachelor ought to have been rewarded. Having caused the door of the Safe to be secured by two massive locks, the testator enjoined that their respective keys should be forever held by the President and Treasurer of the institution, to the end that neither should have access to its contents except in the presence of his brother officer. He further required that this bulky receptacle should be opened for the deposit of such packages as their owners desired to keep from the world for at least fifty years. It is needless to say that no sane corporation would have endured this posthumous fussiness, had it

not been for certain mysterious papers which Farrel had caused to be let into the wood in one corner of the structure. These occult documents — which must remain untouched for one hundred years — were supposed to indicate the locality of buried treasure, or to point out some means whereby immense wealth would finally accrue to the College. Now, as it turned out that this eccentric benefactor, however penurious in most respects, had saved nothing in lawyers, there was really no way of disregarding his wishes except by relinquishing all claims under the will. So it came to pass that the Mather Safe was opened to the public under the conditions which its donor had prescribed.

The number of persons who appeared to claim the privilege of the Miser's singular bequest excited the amazement of the academic authorities who had it in charge. Carefully enveloped parcels, containing manuscript or other important matter, were constantly confided to the Mather Safe; these were usually addressed to the specified descendant of some living person, or to the future occupant of some professor's chair or metropolitan pulpit. There were wild rumors of secrets borne by this messenger between the generations. It was said that journals and letters had been deposited which would change the current gossip of his-

tory, and explode bubble reputations that had glittered before the world. There were hints of deadly sins committed by those high in Church and State, which the perpetrators lacked courage to confess to their contemporaries, but which, in the bitterness of remorse, they had recorded in the Mather Safe; thus taking a ghastly satisfaction in the thought that they should not always appear as whited sepulchres before men.

It is to be regretted that the advantages of the Safe were occasionally abused by those unbalanced persons who unhappily are to be found in all centres of culture and propriety. A poor crank of this description once insisted upon depositing certain strands of a rope which an outraged public sentiment had placed upon the neck of a foolish prater called Harrison; at least, if this were not his name, it was certainly something very like it. Now the talk of this fellow was highly offensive not only to the College officers of his day, but to their numerous friends among gentlemen of property and standing. In view of this fact, it was a violation of the decencies, no less than of the probabilities, of life when the follower of this fanatic decreed that his hempen trophy should be given to the president of an historical society (whom he absurdly supposed might be some person then

living) on the day when a colossal statue of this pestilent Harrison should be placed on the most fashionable thoroughfare of the city. Yet in spite of a few such melancholy perversions of the Farrel gift, it was considered — a quarter of a century ago, when the writer made his last report of it — an interesting and, on the whole, a useful bequest. Of its present condition and estimation there is no need of citing the many accessible sources of information; the fact that the Mather Safe was connected with an occurrence about to be related must justify this brief notice of its former history.

It has been already hinted in these pages that the publication of the *Life and Letters of the Reverend Charles Greyson* will give the future pew-holders of St. Philemon's considerable information, of which those at present listening to this stimulating rector are profoundly ignorant. The uncalculating openness of his correspondence with the chaplain of the British Embassy in a noted European capital will reveal the shady recesses of an epoch that had more in it than the glare and clamor now chiefly perceptible. It is certain that the singular connection which existed between the clergyman and Dr. Ernest Hargrave, Peckster Professor of Osteology, will be more intelli-

ble to our successors than it can be made to the majority of existing readers. While it is easy to understand that a man may inherit a brain which he lacks the energy to put to full service, it is hard to see how this power can be supplied from the vehement vitality of another person. The experiments of Dr. Liebeault, proving the possibility of ameliorating character through hypnotic suggestion, may dimly enlighten certain passages in the following extract from one of Mr. Greyson's letters. We shall, nevertheless, do well to pass lightly over difficulties, confident that they will be satisfactorily removed by some theory of ganglionic friction familiar to the future annotator of this correspondence.

“Of course it was a good idea to send you the photographs; how could I have done better when a sudden rush of work kept me from entering the epistolary confessional at the usual time? Never fear that I cannot spare them; they come to me in great numbers. The maidenly zeal for ecclesiastical personages, which used to work itself off in slippers, suspenders, and penwipers, now keeps me supplied with specimens of amateur photography. This is a great gain; they may be packed in a small compass, and are not attacked by moths. Some of the objects represented seem to have puzzled you. I did not write their names on the backs, because it would

have subjected the parcel to letter-postage. I will now supply the information for which you ask.

“‘The iron bound clothes-press, wide enough to accommodate a summer Sunday-school,’ is your irreverent designation of our famous Mather Safe. Extensive additions to the original cabinet have been contrived by the present authorities of the College, who have discovered that Miser Farrel made a more valuable bequest than their predecessors imagined. They perceived that a repository so well advertised, and exciting such general interest, had — figuratively speaking, at least — a good deal of money in it, and that this could be extracted by demanding a heavy payment for all packages consigned to its keeping. This sort of parlor-car arrangement has undoubtedly some disadvantages. Had it not been for the fortune of his wife, Professor Hargrave scarcely would have been able to place in the Safe the important contributions to history and philosophy which he has dispatched to an age that can make use of them. Still it must be admitted that the price of admission has brought old Farrel’s strong-box into high fashion. There are always persons who like to show their wealth by buying some privilege from which their less fortunate neighbors are debarred. The anticipated revenue has been fully realized; it comes from that natural selection of the richest whose law some moneyed Darwin should give us with proper explicitness.

“It is much to be regretted that the income from the Safe cannot be accumulated to create that Pro-

fessorship of Heredity which President Cooley considers the most pressing need of the College, and which Dr. Hargrave places next in importance to the Professorship of the Higher Psychology, not to be hoped for at present. For the function of human brain-matter, according to the view of the latter gentleman, may be compared to that of a bank: it must be so managed as to preserve all valuable ancestral deposits, that they may be loaned upon good security for the needs of the passing generation. 'Although there are many points upon which the President and I do not agree,' he said to me the other day, 'much of our work is in the same direction. When I can establish my ideal Chair of Psychology to train the organist, Dr. Cooley's Chair of Heredity will see that the best instrument is provided for his touch.'

"To return to the pictures. At last you have a photograph of the bust of Dr. Mardley which occupies a niche on the left of our chancel. It was taken by the instantaneous process, and this has avoided the strange blur noticed in former attempts at its reproduction. To those blessed with normal organs of vision, the head is perfectly stationary; and yet the negatives have hitherto appeared as if it had shaken during the exposure of the plates, and really required the steadying tongs used for living subjects of the art. I need not say that Science has given a satisfactory explanation of this persistent fogginess of outline. A few ladies of my flock — unhappily attracted by the superstitions of Romanism — prefer to think it was the result of a repentant or expository gesture on the part of the ancient rector!

“Here let me tell you that what you designate as ‘the indefinite portrait of a lady’ was taken from a painting by Hunt, and represents an individuality no less definite than that of my friend Clara Hargrave. Yes, I am prepared for your comment: ‘The face is handsome and intellectual, to be sure, but there is nothing to justify the ardent admiration you have so often expressed for this woman.’ This is easily explicable. The likeness was painted before her marriage, and shows no trace of the efflorescence of mind and soul which Professor Hargrave has called into being. The soft radiance of eyes that have pierced the supposed barriers of the knowable, the charm of feature moulded by impressions more delicate than those which reach us through the senses, you must cross the ocean to see. And why not do this? Why not come over to our College Centennial, which takes place in about six weeks? You shall preach your most stirring sermon at St. Philemon’s, and look down upon better dressed women than can be found in any London church.

“Let us get through with the photographs. ‘The anatomical picture,’ as you call it, was taken from the bones of the Glyptodon discovered by Professor Hargrave during his recent visit to Brazil. The shaded portions, about one third of the bones represented, were exhumed; the skeleton is completed by plaster casts modeled by the discoverer, — a wonderful example of scientific inference. It was this specimen which suggested the paper upon Ankylosed Vertebrae which keeps the Professor in the leader-

ship of his department of science. It is acknowledged that his work in the limestones of the São Francisco basin is well abreast of the study of those bone-caverns by Lund, the Danish osteologist. I mention this to show that you were mistaken in supposing that the Professor's article in the *Columbian Review* — published just before his three months' absence — would have direful consequences. Why, he simply indorsed the position of Alfred R. Wallace that phenomena, explicable only by the existence of spiritual powers, were real and indisputable, and were proved as well as many other facts are proved in our mundane sciences. I can assure you that I was more struck by the reticence than by the freedom with which he wrote. You will find no hint of the mastery of transcendental forces which he has achieved by methods utterly unknown to academic lectureships. No man more fully recognizes the folly of revealing the higher psychic laws to a society absorbed in the cynicism and push of the materialism in which we live. The work which Professor Hargrave believes to be especially assigned to him is to influence his generation by the implantation, through mystical processes, of some part of the knowledge it so deplorably lacks. He will not attempt to reveal the experimental proof by which this knowledge has been reached to an age that wavers in a maze of vacillation and doubt, — an age when those who devote themselves to psychical inquiries are unable to deal with phenomena above the level of thought-transference in its most material

aspects. I have said enough to make it clear that the College authorities have no way of getting rid of this man, as it is very probable they would like to do. To put one of inferior scientific reputation in the Peckster Professorship is a responsibility they dare not assume. They must accept the situation. 'Another of his fathom they have not to lead their business.'

"It is pleasant to see the Professor once more in his pew at St. Philemon's, though of course I miss his admirable letters from the South. He agrees with the opinions of Agassiz, expressed more than twenty years ago, that there are elements of high progress in Brazil, and that the inhabitants are unusually susceptible to lofty impulses and emotions. Some of Hargrave's former pupils are now leading men of the empire, and are pushing inquiries into the supersensual world, as well as into that which lies beneath them. He finds them surrounded by climatic and other influences so favorable to success that, were he free from obligations which keep him here, I think he would make his home in that country. Fortunately for us, he is tethered by a sense of obligation to the College, and this he is not the man to repudiate.

"Let me see; what were your other questions? Yes, I remember one of them: you asked why Mrs. Hargrave did not accompany her husband. Well, because she dreaded the sea voyage; and if that answer is not sufficient, because the fact of his absence necessitated no real separation even for a day. In-

deed, there was probably no hour when some flag-signaling did not pass between them. How do I know this? By the word of a woman who is incapable of deceit. 'But not of delusion,' you remark in a whispered aside. Then I must tell you, sir, that I assert only what I have verified; nay, what in some measure I can give you the means of verifying. Mrs. Hargrave has repeatedly told me that the Professor was writing; and, after detailing the events that were passing about him, has assured me that I should find them recorded in the letter. I inclose you my notes of what she said, taken as the words fell from her lips, and with them I send copies of her husband's letters bearing the same date. Please to read the two accounts of the chaffering with the Indian for the bones of the *Dasybus*: you will find them identical, even to the absurd incident of supplementing two hundred milreis with four buttons and a tobacco-box.

"Shall I go on to still stranger things? Well, then, this sensitive lady is at times able to throw the focus of consciousness upon the future. No, I am telling no tale of Sindbad or the flying carpet. Quite the contrary. I simply claim with Cicero and the Greek philosophers, to say nothing of the Christian seers, that the vision of what shall be is not above the powers of the human soul. I say that there are wide and deep sources of knowledge that occasionally engulf the petty occurrences of life which are too ready to monopolize our consciousness. Goethe, who is held up as the sanest man of the century, tells

us that his grandfather had the power of prevision. Schopenhauer, emancipated from all ecclesiastical prejudices, is at pains to relate an instance of the possession of this faculty by his maid servant, and asserts that our 'dreaming omniscience' is always striving to come to the aid of our waking ignorance. Look through the Memoirs of Baroness d'Oberkirch, and you will find sufficient evidence that the prophecy of Cazotte, detailing so minutely the horrors of the Reign of Terror, was known and commented upon before the occurrence of the events that it revealed. Take down your Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers, and read of the prevision of the assassination of Chancellor Percival, of your British Exchequer. But I have no space to cite even a tithe of the evidence which goes to show that our branch of the Church has been too hasty in limiting the faculty of beholding the future to Scriptural times. We know that Elisha established a school of prophets near Jericho. What do you suppose he taught in that transcendental seminary? You may say that it was something analogous to the process by which science foretells an eclipse; and I must grant that — given an intelligence adequate to grasp the complexities of the problem — it would be possible to compute what shall be from what is. But I think it more probable that Elisha's curriculum, if we may reverently speculate concerning it, was so arranged as to bring his pupils into temporary relation with that mastering and pervasive Intelligence to which the future is as the present. For there is a second

consciousness in man, of which dreams sometimes give us faint suggestions ; and this may be so stimulated to coherence and intensity that we may share the Perception that sees 'within the green the mouldered tree, and towers fallen as soon as built.' All this is written to put into your prosaic British pate the fact that your friend is not necessarily a fool or a shadow-hunter because he believes that under rare conditions the veil which conceals the future is as penetrable now as it was in the time of Daniel. It is certain that Clara Hargrave occasionally touches a state in which events are not arranged in succession as we see them, but appear in vivid coexistence. She penetrates some shy recess of time we have not yet reached, and describes the figures that await our coming. This she has done with an accuracy that no theory of coincidence can be stretched to explain.

"To bound off to matters sociological: I agree with what you say in criticism of the doctrines of Mr. Henry George. 'Monstrous' is indeed the word for his scheme of confiscating the deposits of the poor in the savings-banks, which, by legislative decree, are loaned chiefly upon land-values. As Lincoln said of slavery, if that is not wrong, then nothing is wrong. Yet I share the widespread dissatisfaction with our present type of social structure. Why should this plethora of material prosperity be confined to a handful of not very deserving people? Here in our democratic America we have our growling crowd of lack-alls, and our obsequious company

of lackeys,—and I know not which is the sadder sight. I was startled, the other day, when a newspaper, which does not exclude such religious statistics as may be likely to interest its readers, announced that I preached every Sunday to fifty millions. (Please do not mistake this for a pathetic exaggeration of the numerical attendance at St. Philemon's!) Well, I go among these possessors of the earth's fatness to find too many of them deadened by worldliness and the selfish philosophies of the post-Darwinian epoch. At the Friday Club I meet those who are said to be the perfect flower of scholarly and scientific culture, only to be struck with the vacillation and inconsistency of their attitudes to the questions of the time; all agree in the destructiveness of contemporary criticism, and apparently can agree in nothing else.

“And yet, disheartening as the situation is, I shudder when I think how much worse it might be made by ill-considered attempts to mend it. Our social perplexities must be approached with the leisurely deliberation of the thinker; not with the passion of those who are struggling for bread; not with the cynicism and envy of the unsuccessful wealth-worshippers, who bear upon their foreheads George Eliot's fearful inscription, *Sold, but not paid for!* I am troubled in spirit as I stand before a congregation dominated by conceptions radically opposed to those of which I profess to be the exponent, and find myself compelled to read the Scriptures by the golden light which the gorgeous Peckster Window

throws upon the lectern. It is not until sermon-time that I fully escape the pressure of my surroundings. Then I meet the calm, intelligent eyes of Ernest Hargrave, and the fifty millions relax their throttling grasp upon my throat. My life is uplifted as I share this man's tender sympathy with the troubles of his age, his perception of the historical processes of human thought, his knowledge gained by rigid experimental inquiries into a supersensuous world. I feel a persistent *ego* in every nerve. I care not if Dr. Fairchild Bense regards me as a puppet, mothing and gesticulating as the strings of inheritance and circumstance are twitched by some misty Unknowable whom I foolishly personify as master of the show. Bense is a good physician, a capable art-critic, or he would not be director of our metropolitan picture gallery; but of the meta-organic consciousness, conversant with the secrets of time and space, he is as ignorant as was his supposed arboreal ancestor who struggled up from monkeydom.

"This leads to a confession which I think will interest you. When the Professor was absent in Brazil, I felt his presence in the church as if he were bodily in the familiar seat. He told me that it would be so; he said that his thoughts would be fixed upon St. Philemon's during our weekly services, and that I should be conscious he was with me.

"Do you want an illustration? Well, he was at Rio,—it was the second Sunday he passed there. On the previous Saturday evening, I had been meditating upon Ezekiel's vision of the dry bones in the

Valley of Jehoshaphat. It suggested my morning's text: 'Can these bones live?' I selected this question as representative of modern inquiries which religious men must recognize. Can this luxurious society accommodate itself to the claims of the coming democracy? Can these dry bones take upon themselves new life without breaches of law, *coup d'états*, violent subversions of existing relations? I assumed that the bones, dry as they had become, were the necessary props of the social order, the foundations upon which a better State must somehow be built. As I rose in the pulpit, a cool wind seemed to blow past me. Influence acting from the distance — we have no word to express it like the German *Fernwirkung* — took possession of me. Complementary material was drifted into my mind; I saw the capabilities of my subject from the standpoint of science. Those bones which I had assumed to be the basis upon which the social organism was reared were by analogy only a secondary formation, a deposit from the growing tissues, and were not to be mistaken for a framework about which the body politic must be built. Bones were virtually formed by the casting off of waste material; their excessive production resulted from a failure of vigorous vitality. To a practiced sermonizer like yourself, I need go no further. You see how shallow was the thought I had brought into the pulpit compared with the scientific truth upon which I founded my discourse. Can you believe that much of what I said came from my friend in Rio, speaking with the immediate power of my living voice?

“ I cannot see why you should have difficulty in believing this ; for you tell me that you are following with interest the publications of your Anglican Research Society, and have grappled with the bulky volumes it has put forth under the title of *Phantasms of the Living*. They claim to prove by direct testimony — which is reiterated to the point of tediousness — that there is no mundane distance at which effects may not be produced by the action of mind upon mind ; they show that messages may be flashed between zones, even when their senders are under the disturbing processes of death. And if this is so, how much more easily shall a man under the conditions of bodily and mental soundness make himself felt by those who require his service ! It need not be said that a patient student of nature like Professor Hargrave has had no difficulty in mastering the processes by which the constructive force liberated from his mind becomes an impinging impact upon his friend under other skies.

“ This reminds me that, if you make us a visit, I may be able to show you something better than the fine dresses which I jestingly mentioned. I would try to induce the Professor to let you see some of the earlier chapters of his great book on the Will. These have been put in type-writing, and constitute the introduction to a work which will scarcely be completed, and certainly not published, during the life of the author. You would admire the ease with which he brushes through the metaphysical brambles which make Will a mere self-deception, and which

caught the skirts of so sturdy a traveler as our great Jonathan. The chapter on Conjoint Motives, followed by the Exercises for Will-Practice (designed to assist volition in exciting its proper potency of motor outcome), will give you some idea of the regions of mentality, hitherto unexplored, which this man has discovered and developed. Did you ever think how the normal force of the Will is neutralized by conflicting motives before it issues from the mind? Beaten hither and thither by these multitudinous impulses, it finally escapes, torn and bedraggled, for a feeble flight. Now Professor Hargrave has formulated a process by which the discordant motives are made to work — if I may so express it — with the same push, and thus to effect a result precisely equivalent to their united energy. No, I am not getting beyond my depth, though I feel the constraint of our English terminology, which is inadequate to represent just what I would say; German might do better, but, unfortunately, I do not write it with any facility. As the treatise is systematic, there is necessarily a fundamental tone which no statements about it can make audible; you should come to it after comparing the achievements resulting from the trained volition of the Professor with the haphazard performances of those who are absurdly said to have a will of their own. A large and free conversation with this man — at least I could promise you this — would impart a sense of what he is and does, and show you that the Centres of Ossification, by which he is known in Europe, is a poor fragment from the sum of his accomplishment.

“Your account of Mr. Peckster’s son-in-law, the Duc de Fleuron, is not inspiring. I feared he was the meagre and frivolous personage that you represent him. The match was arranged by Mrs. Peckster, who has been in Paris nearly three years to see what could be done for the daughter. Since the son was killed on the railroad, she has been the presumable heiress to the family millions. It was rumored here that the Duke required a certified copy of Mr. Peckster’s will as the consideration-in-chief for his condescension. If this was the case, the consequence to the College of its failure to give Hargrave his well-earned doctorate of laws may be more serious than its authorities apprehended.

“Although Mr. Ephraim Peckster rallied from his inflammatory disorder of two years ago, he is at present very feeble. He is the last representative of his name, and I am sorry to say — for there is much that I like about the man — that there will be no loss to the world when it dwindles to eight letters of mortuary sculpture. A hundred years ago the family flowered in Gideon Peckster the benefactor of the College, and has since been gradually falling, from the aristocracy that was, to the plutocracy that has succeeded it. The Peckster Pasture made its proprietors so rich that they were compelled to devote their energies to schemes for becoming richer. I forget whether I have ever mentioned this bit of ancient meadow-land which has retained its name since the son of the emigrant purchased it for the necessities of his cow. The huckleberry bushes were long ago replaced by stately

dwellings, and these, again, by the lofty stores and warehouses which now pay their quarterly tribute to the poor sick gentleman on Brandon Avenue. A study of the influence of this territorial possession upon the character of the family would be a valuable contribution to social science.

“And this reminds me that you are wide of the mark in your surmises about our new novel. The character of Euripides Texter in Counterstrokes is emphatically *not* ‘Ephraim Peckster rouged for the footlights’! A similar jingle in the names is the only resemblance. Texter makes his millions by wrecking railroads and buying patents; Peckster’s rents admit him to the councils of railroad-builders, and his agents are sent out to buy land wherever stations are to be established. Texter’s connection with the Institute of Erudition is a gross caricature of Mr. Peckster’s relations with the College. The novelist seems to have taken the remark of our second President Adams, about the sycophancy of learned bodies, without the ocean of salt water that should dilute its asperity. The learned pate does not nowadays duck to the golden fool, in the coarse fashion in which Shakespeare put it. There is only a state of exquisitely good manners on both sides. Our millionaire undoubtedly has a dim consciousness of the obligations, as well as of the satisfactions, of his descent from Gideon Peckster; while the College has a proper appreciation of the riches of the great-grandson of its benefactor, and a general sense of the desirableness of effecting a confluence between

the streams of wealth and science. In the slang of the period, 'that is all there is to it.'

"As for Texter's purchase of the senatorship, I assure you that there can be nothing resembling it in the biography of Ephraim Peckster. The instinct of accumulation would have prevented such a scandal. Indeed, there is a club story that Mr. Peckster was once visited by a committee of political managers, who complimented him upon the soundness of his principles, and intimated that there was no office within their gift to which he might not aspire. 'Why, as for principles, gentlemen,' said the host, who seemed gratified at the prospect presented, 'I think you may be sure that a man who has twice married mill-property will sustain the party of high tariff from the bottom of his heart.' '*Et jusqu'au fond de la bourse?*' whispered the latest Mrs. Peckster, who found it expedient to cross the room at that critical moment. Whereupon her lord perceived what the committee wanted of him, and pronounced his *Nolo episcopari* with unwavering emphasis. The legend has undoubtedly some sort of foundation, but surely nothing that can support the absurd parallelism your fancy has invented.

"Enough of this. I am provoked that your mistaken notion has led me to mention some traits in Mr. Peckster's character that are as well forgotten. I am often at his house, and assure you there is more in him than the sordid money-craving that has so narrowed his life. He has come to feel the mockery of fate, which denies us any adequate view of

the goal we are striving for until it is gained, and discovered to be a vaporous illusion, not having even the substance of paint and tinsel. He told me that he had several times drafted a letter to President Cooley which might inclose a check sufficient to establish the much-desired Professorship of Heredity; yet, when it came to the point, he could not bring himself to subtract from the accumulating millions the number of thousands necessary for the purpose. And then the poor man sighed; feeling, I am sure, how much worthier his life might have been had he heeded the teachings of his never-founded professorship instead of furnishing one more illustration for its use.

“For after speaking very tenderly of a certain ‘Juno-like girl,’ the daughter of the clergyman of a Berkshire village, he exclaimed, ‘Suppose I had come forward in a manly way, and brought it to pass!’ And there were sequent suppositions and interrogations, which I think I read correctly, though he did not utter them. Were those two feeble, frivolous Mrs. Pecksters worth taking, even with all the money they brought him? There was poor Harry Peckster, son of the first, and the Duchess of Fleuron, daughter of the second: both of them with more or less of that ‘Nero-like physiognomy’ which Professor Cope discovers in those spoiled children of luxury whose only study is to expend wealth in sensuous gratification. Suppose an old-fashioned family of children, whose numbers compelled unselfish action; suppose them brought up by the ‘Juno-like’

woman under conditions that would have given the latent good in the Peckster blood a chance to assert itself! Ah, well, suppose and suppose; there is no end to it. Heaven grant that you and I may be spared the pain of discerning, when it is too late to rectify!

“Do not understand me as implying that Mr. Peckster has not done what fashion expects from a gentleman in his position. His subscriptions to our church charities are perhaps up to the average standard. In the paper I sent you last June, you will find his name among the smaller donors to my seaside home for the diseased and stunted children of the tenement-houses. We have bought an island, you know, where we strive to keep these wretched little beings alive, until — well, I suppose I must write it — until they are of the age to provide a posterity to sustain the State. The irony is in the situation, not in the heart that feels it; not in the hand that must do the nearest right, even though some distant wrong should be the outcome.

“To go to a pleasanter subject, I can assure you that Mr. Peckster appreciates the high ends to which the studies of Professor Hargrave have been directed, no less than he enjoys the distinction that has come to the family Professorship. The order he has lately given to the young Brazilian artist, Affonso Varella, was certainly sagacious. Thus it happened. You may remember that the Professor’s friends have long wished him to sit for the portrait that should adorn the great banqueting-hall of the College, and

that any proposition to this effect was so distasteful to him that nothing could be accomplished. Hitherto I have acquiesced in letting the project drop. It was a case where the spiritual *ego* was so far above the organism that such dull record of racial or family traits as might be within the capacity of our living artists would show a feeble shadow of the man. It would be little more than the picture of a tub, with an inscription beneath it signifying that Diogenes was inside. Well, there are artists and artists; and in Varella we have found one to whom the spiritual processes that make life are not masked by the body. Mr. Peckster has commissioned him to work into oil some sketches of Professor Hargrave which, unknown to the original, he has taken in his lecture-room. I am satisfied that this young Southerner has genius; he has seized just the movements which convey character, and will show the bold and elastic spirit of his subject upon a plane far above the level of any passive sitter.

“This completed portrait will be one more sight I can promise you when you come to America. Should pecuniary obstacles bar your visit, let me mention that we are absorbent of lectures to an extent which is quite incredible. I could arrange a course for you that would more than meet expenses.”

It may be well to mention that the portion of the letter above given was not selected to illustrate the character of Charles Greyson, but for the light it throws upon events with which

he was connected. Is it wrong for a minister to receive with exceeding joy testimony to beliefs he has accepted on the authority of records upon which an incredulous age has fixed an ugly interrogation-mark? "I want more," asserted that good Churchman, Samuel Johnson, when the virtuous Dr. Adams opined that Scriptural evidence concerning an immaterial world ought to be sufficient for him. The excellent logician, Archbishop Whately, — perhaps just because he *was* a logician, — also seems to have wanted more; and he did not scruple to look for it in the region of phenomena into which the rector of St. Philemon's had been led. What if Mr. Locke's experience-philosophy, Philistine as it has been thought, should provide new armor for religion, after all!

II.

HAMLET was right in maintaining that there are features connected with the decline of life which should not be pictured with minuteness. That Danish Zola, who brought his detestable realism to bear upon the venerable sage of the story-books, got off all too easily with the epithet "rogue" which the prince applied to him. While making a duty call upon some moneyed patriarch of the Avenue, let us be satisfied with contemplating the social importance that his millions will give him to the last; it will be well to crowd into the limbo below consciousness any rising sense of the plentiful lack of wit, the most weak hams, and other characteristics of the boozy and incapable life which awaits even Dives ere the curtain is rung down.

The above reflection will excuse us from considering too curiously the languid and shadowy remnant of existence which was being meted out to Mr. Ephraim Peckster. Any reader who may insist upon fuller satisfaction has only to ask his family doctor how much

will be left of a man who has been bled for peritonitis in the sixty-seventh year of his pilgrimage, — remarking, by the way, that the subject was not distinguished for heroic qualities before the phlebotomy. “Such a person as you describe,” the average practitioner will be likely to answer, “has probably outlived himself.” If, however, the question is addressed to a physician in the front rank of his profession, — to one like Dr. Fairchild Bense, for example, — you may get a less conventional response: “It is probable that the person you speak of has come into what we have a right to call his true and essential self.” And the doctor, if not pressed for time, will go on to tell you how different portions of the ancestral substratum are turned up to the light as the ploughshare of circumstance is driven through our lives, and how the hard pan upon which they all rest is not among the loveliest products of nature.

Indeed, any sensitive person, accustomed to dine at the great house on Brandon Avenue while its proprietor was enjoying the “health and wealth” which the British Prayer-Book peremptorily demands for the sovereign, cannot be advised to visit it under present circumstances. The disposition of the property has been made, and the most assiduous attentions

will profit nothing. And surely the spectacle of Mr. Ephraim Peckster, with shaking head, and limbs shuffling their slippered feet over his costly carpets, has small attraction for the lovers of the good things of this present world. The evolutive changes are over with him; the degenerative changes have set in. Organic processes of digestion, circulation, and respiration are continuing a feeble attendance upon the retrograde metamorphosis of mind, which, like a spent teetotum, is wabbling discursively to its final rest.

Whatever may be thought of his fate in the next world, the man of millions has certain palpable advantages in taking leave of this. The most eminent doctor calls to comfort his body with medical sedatives, and the soft-speaking clergyman who happens to be in fashion will apply ghostly anodynes to his soul. It were hard indeed if the clerical assurance of admission to the Blessed City, which gives murderers their glowing dismissal, should be withheld from a gentleman of whom all audible voices speak praise. As for any chance of — Well, a minister is not worth much who cannot explain away these dead men's symbolisms. If there should turn out to be such a locality, it must be a sort of summer resort, just warm enough to supply the sanitary thermal springs

adapted to relieve those maladies which overfeasting will unhappily produce.

But even if the future can be so pleasantly disposed of, the past is still troublesome; at least it was troublesome to Mr. Peckster, as he sat in listless expectancy in the magnificent solitude of his drawing-room. The exquisite specimens of art which he had collected gave him no pleasure. He could not remember that table of their values he had once been at pains to learn. Did two Ruysdaels make one Constable, or was it just the other way? He looked inquiringly at the curtains of Chinese silk, in shades of blue and gold, which covered the windows, and then at a structure of little shelves bearing vases of rare china and antique pottery. The medicine bottles and tin boxes of pepsin tablets, that were mingled with these latter curiosities, reminded him that Dr. Bense, who was momentarily expected, knew all about picture prices, and would solve his difficulty.

On the table before Mr. Peckster had been laid two newspapers; both were unopened. The large folio sheet was the Daily Adviser, the matutinal counselor of Mr. Peckster from his youth up; the counselor also of his father and of his grandfather. The proportions of objects change as we proceed on life's journey; even the Adviser was not quite what it had

been. Yet among all the vicissitudes of its existence the journal had maintained its identity. If exigencies had compelled it to put off one set of respectable opinions and take up another, it had never changed suits with careless alacrity. It had retired, as it were, to its vestry, re-robed with due decorum, and appeared again as guide and philosopher to the prosperous portion of humanity, and friend to whatever had gotten itself established. The Adviser had always been the recognized organ and laureate of the College. Its leaders upon the claims of the higher education were written in subdued and weighty English: they gave one a sense as of huge beasts chewing the classical cud under the shade of the tree of knowledge; they imparted a confidence that the croaking *isms* — as radicalism, socialism, and the rest of their shabby family — would never puff themselves into precedence of their tranquil solidities. Yet there was the colossal Harrison statue visible from the parlor-window! The representatives of culture and property had given the fellow no quarter, yet there he sat firmly upon his granite base, while the fancied immobilities of forty years ago were upon their trial, or perchance already condemned. The latter view of their condition was taken by the Weekly Adventurer, a labor organ of very advanced

views. A copy of this waspish journal lay by the side of the Adviser, and, strangely enough, enjoyed the right of entry to the sumptuous house.

“Why does Mr. Peckster take that miserable Adventurer, and worry himself to death over its absurd prophecies of things that can never happen?” inquired a collateral offshoot of the family, who had called on Dr. Bense during office hours in order to obtain his professional view of the situation.

“It is just as natural,” said the doctor in reply, “for a man with a debilitated heart to worry over something unreasonable, as it is for a consumptive to comfort himself with the expectation of joyful activities in which he can never take part. Quantitative blood deficiencies establish melancholic conditions; that is all we can say about it. The feeling of anxious distress gathers about any object which presents itself. In Mr. Peckster’s case it is Socialism; but it might just as well be the dread of collision with a comet, or of the coming unfashionableness of stove-pipe hats. To your other question, about an application for money, I can give no encouraging answer. Mr. Peckster has always been close, and senile dementia is notoriously characterized by penu-

riousness. Not that I attribute that condition to him at present; still there are indications of what may be which we cannot quite overlook. The childish satisfaction he took in the legal opinion given by Ex-Judge Hensleigh, the other day, was certainly ominous. You heard of it? No? Well, the great lawyer had called to recommend the foreclosure of a mortgage, by which a valuable piece of land might be added to the family estate, and in the course of some trifling conversation advanced the opinion that the Courts, being bound to respect the maxim, *Cujus est solum, ejus est usque ad cælum*, must sustain Mr. Peckster's title to territorial possessions, not only in the sun and moon, but in whatever planetary or stellar bodies might be found to lie between the Pasture and the ever-retreating *cælum* of modern science."

"If Hensleigh gave that opinion, there can be no doubt that it is sound law," said the visitor, smiling.

"So sound," rejoined the doctor, "that I told Mr. Peckster it could be adequately paid for only by giving his counselor a deed of his entire domain above the altitude of a hundred feet. Well, there was something portentous in the excited manner with which he repudiated my suggestion. 'Doctors know nothing

about the value of real property,' he said. 'Hensleigh will send his bill, and I shall pay the usual fifty dollars for his opinion, but not one cent more, sir, I can assure you!' It was easy to catch the idea that was cloudily shaping itself. Why might not a syndicate of landholders exact payment for daylight, which can reach the community only by concession of right of way through their ethereal possessions? That is a floating straw, to be sure, yet it shows the direction in which the stream is running. You might visit him for a week, and not notice anything to indicate that the dissolution of what we call mind had begun. Nevertheless, an occasional incident, like that I have mentioned, testifies to irregular action in one of those little nerve-tracts which, taken together, make up the complex unity of the brain. There is a broken string in the harp, though of course simple tunes may still be played without touching it."

The unconscious subject of these medical opinions, which were being delivered a few blocks off, was absorbed in listening to voices that had uttered their last sentences more than half a century ago. There was Joseph Russell's description of the Terror as he had seen it in Paris. Ephraim was a college boy when

the ghastly story was told at his father's dinner-table, yet he could remember every inflection and emphasis of the narrator; the continuous fall of the guillotine, severing the necks of aristocrats, then seemed a horror of yesterday. Certainly it was but yesterday when, open-mouthed, he had received Mr. Russell's recital. Two yesterdays had passed, and the centennial of that dire holocaust was close upon us. Where were the intervening hundred years? Mr. Peckster had assisted his friends on the Avenue in commemorating the various Church and State Centennials with which recent decades have been so plentifully besprinkled. Perhaps his health would permit him to occupy his reserved seat upon the platform during the College celebration, now two weeks off. Then would come the centennial of the great Revolution. The Adventurer announced that a committee had been already appointed to attend to its suitable observance. Chairman Lazarus would come from the slums, and set himself down before the rich man's door; not in supplication, as of old, but in menace. A grimy and sordid procession, marshalled by leaders whose hot enthusiasm might make up for their lack of wisdom, would demand an account of the stewardship of the product of their toil. Those Celtic faces, pale,

immitigable, as Russell had described them, — were they not represented by a progeny in this new America? Here too they professed to discover *droits de seigneur* that were usurping might, and not rights at all. Had they not already abolished that most ancient and comfortable *droit de silence des grenouilles*, which a generation ago had been measurably enforced? The clamor from the unwholesome marshes of democracy was now permitted to disturb slumberers upon the well-drained Avenue, and the remonstrances of the Daily Adviser were powerless to put things back to their old position. As Mr. Peckster contemplated his copy of that venerable journal, there arose a doleful foreboding that the anarchists would some day supply it with an editor, without going through the formality of purchasing the stock. How would the familiar heading look printed in letters of red ink? What hope was left for the awful and lawful respectabilities of Church and College, if this Samson of the decorums were compelled to grind in the mills of the Philistines?

Here Mr. Peckster, remembering that he had not taken his morning glance at the news, adjusted his spectacles and unfolded the paper. Had his late tremors solidified into the letters that met his sight? They were printed in ink of the usual sable, yet no anarchical printer

could have arranged his type in an order more startling. Could it be that his glasses were dim? They were removed and carefully wiped, but the capitals which headed the fifth inside column would combine no other reading. There it stood in black and white: **ABOLITION OF THE PECKSTER PROFESSORSHIP.**

The heading preceded a report of a meeting of the Council of Regents, the governing board of the College, which had been held on the previous evening. It had there been solemnly voted that the money of Gideon Peckster, which had so long supported the Chair of Osteology, should do so no more. Then followed a preamble and resolutions, which had complimentary reference to the work done by the present Professor, and declared that his *Centres of Ossification* was a book highly creditable to American science. After these resolutions had been unanimously passed, the Council adjourned.

This was not all: there was a significant editorial paragraph, given, as it were, in collusion with the report of the meeting. It was probably inspired by the collective Council, and put in writing by some discreet unit of that body. As it seems worth the wear of scissors and cost of paste to any one making an historical scrap-book, there is no harm in preserving it here:—

“The announcement that after the approaching Centennial celebration of the College the most famous of its professorships will cease to exist will be a surprise to many of our readers. It has generally been supposed that the terms of the benefaction made the maintenance of the Chair of Osteology a perpetual obligation. This, however, is by no means the case. At the request of the Council of Regents, Judge Hensleigh, Bulder Professor in the Law Department, and *ex-officio* counsel of the College, has made an exhaustive examination of the original deed of gift. This he finds to be so loosely drawn that the donor, whatever may have been his intentions, did not succeed in limiting the College to any one method of advancing his favorite study. To inquire what Gideon Peckster may have wished during his lifetime is no longer pertinent; we have to consider what he would wish to-day, were he conscious of the minute subdivisions in every branch of science which have become necessary for its successful prosecution. This question the Regents have answered in a manner which will commend itself to the intelligence of this community. The funds which have so long sustained the great Professorship will now be devoted to minute tutorships of the ribs, the spine, the fibula, and other fragments of animal anatomy. It is by diligently searching the microscopic corners of nature that we can successfully add to the multitudinous facts, or factlets, with which Science must now equip itself. The distinguished scholar whose last moments were embittered by the regret that his life had not

been devoted to the exclusive contemplation of the Dative Case, showed a true sense of the contraction of outlook which is imperatively demanded of the modern investigator. While, therefore, we do not claim that the young gentlemen who will hereafter divide Professor Hargrave's department are likely to produce a work of the mental grasp of the *Centres of Ossification*, we are confident that for the reasons which have been given, as well as for others which it may be inexpedient to mention, the action taken by the Regents at their meeting last evening will be heartily welcomed by the wisest friends of the College."

For a time Mr. Peckster could only gaze at his paper in speechless astonishment. A shudder ran through his frame, as he grasped the fact that the gentle Adviser, whose coos were as those of a sucking dove, had suddenly turned into a bird of prey, swooped down, and caught him in its talons. The tinglings of impotent indignation ran up and down his veins; then these were deadened by the crushing consciousness of defeat, from which there was no rallying. Finally the old man relieved his feelings in a bitter cry: "What does it mean? What does it mean? What is the Daily Adviser doing?"

"Doing!" echoed the Rev. Charles Greyson, as he entered the room. "Why, it is setting

springes to catch woodcock, traps into which the devoted friends of Professor Hargrave are politely invited to walk. I tell you that one man — I need not name him — is at the bottom of this miserable business. The stupid fowls of the Council, roosting in their sleepy innocence, can be driven into any snare he sets for them. Those resolutions — bah! As if nobody were bright enough to read what is written between their lines!”

“Perhaps I am not bright enough,” said Mr. Peckster sadly. “I am not the man I have been. Please read them for me.”

“Let me begin with the preamble then,” assented the rector, with somewhat more heat than is prudentially advisable for a gentleman of his calling. “We will burrow through these pretty phrases, and get at the central fact, — unmask these formal *whereases*, and show what is behind them! Listen while I give them to you in the revised version: Whereas, Dr. Ernest Hargrave has brought scandal upon the College by departing from that exclusive basis of physical research upon which the Peckster Professorship should rest; and whereas, he has presumed to declare that the spiritual nature of man is scientifically proved, notwithstanding the most eminent scientific authorities have decreed otherwise; and whereas, we recognize

that there are difficulties in the way of asking Dr. Hargrave to resign a professorship to which his investigations have added new lustre; and whereas, Ephraim Peckster — Perhaps I had better not go on.”

“Yes, do go on; I am not afraid of what you were going to say. Besides, I do not seem to be properly myself this morning, so it cannot trouble me.”

“Well, then: Whereas, Ephraim Peckster, the last bearer of a name once influential in New England, is in feeble health and not likely to give anything to the College; now therefore, Resolved, that instead of asking Dr. Hargrave to resign the Professorship, we will slip the Professorship from under Dr. Hargrave.”

“I see it, I see it,” murmured Mr. Peckster; “your way of putting it makes everything clear to me.”

“The matter might be made plainer still by adding one more to the world’s stock of aphorisms,” continued Mr. Greyson. “When a man climbs too high upon the tree of knowledge, avoid the scandal of pulling him down by quietly sawing off the branch upon which his feet rest.”

“But how if he refuses to drop?” exclaimed an invigorating voice, as the door was suddenly opened. “How if some good angel bends a

higher branch within his reach before the familiar foothold falls away?"

The presence of Ernest Hargrave filled the room with the rich outglow of an October morning; it seemed to collect the scattered rays of energy, and focus them into one cheerful point of light and heat. Only a man whose aims are as noble as they are clearly defined can attain the passionless serenity which of necessity is radiated upon those about him.

"Ministers of grace indeed there are," assented the rector; "and they will help us do our work among the world-wide changes which are threatening. I was going on to assure our friend that only some poor sham sphinx need fear burial from the drift of these scientific sands. One who knows the answer to the riddle may charm their arid surface to bear corn and wine for the sustenance of man."

"I accept the encouragement of your words," replied the Professor. "The task appointed me remains; but my presence in this northern latitude is no longer necessary for its prosecution. We have talked together of the forces which threaten that splendid material fabric of civilization of which the College is a conspicuous ornament. No one has a more painful consciousness of their existence than our friend in whose parlor we meet. Change, great change,

there **must** be. Shall it come by revolution or evolution? I answer, By both; yet it is possible to mitigate the one by bending the higher energies to help forward the other. My work for the College is not over. I shall command new means of widening the narrow nest that has cast me out. I shall extend it upon lines which are not those of the Regents, for I have mastered powers of which they know nothing. My effort shall be to broaden its science, till it can again take that spiritual leadership of the community which Gideon Peckster prayed it might always hold. Here is a letter I received this morning from Brazil: read it, both of you, and give me your sympathy in accepting the golden opportunity I am offered."

"Come nearer to me," said Mr. Peckster; "just now there was a heavy weight upon my chest, but you are removing it. Somehow, you brush away my confusions. Let Mr. Greyson read the letter aloud; very slowly, if you please, sir, or I shall not be able to take it in."

The letter was dated at one of the provincial capitals of the Brazilian Empire, and signed by certain persons of the highest enlightenment. These gentlemen, some of whom Professor Hargrave had met during his recent visit to the South, had perfected an organization for the noblest educational object; namely, the awak-

ening and perfecting of those mysterious inner senses for whose existence in a small number of persons there is a daily increasing mass of affirmative evidence. These students of Nature in her higher aspects had been joined by a few well-equipped scholars from Germany, France, and India. The association had come into possession of an ancient monastery of the Benedictines, and proposed to succeed the worthy ecclesiastics who had there taught such lore as they could master. Of this distinguished body Professor Hargrave was invited to assume the direction. The opportunity was indeed exceptional. The brotherhood would push investigation in all directions; emphatically in *all* directions, above as well as below. There were limestones packed with the bones of animals of high antiquity; this extinct fauna might be reconstructed, almost revived by the genius of the Peckster Professor. It was believed that the subjective activity, which sought insight into the nature of the Absolute, and wiser appreciation of the needs of the human race, would be most successful when balanced by studies in the objective world. The members were all married; but their marriages were those rare and exceptional unions which must be recognized as spiritual matings for time and eternity. They held that a combination of the male and female

mind is essential for the highest work of which man is capable; it was a neglect of this great truth that too often had filled convents with hysteria, and made monasteries the retreat of pulpy idleness. Briefly, the objects of the brotherhood were these: first, to give the well-born children of the community the all-round education that should fit them for the intellectual and moral leadership of their generation; secondly, by the exercise of occult influence, as subtle as it would be effective, to save society from the effusion of blood which has hitherto accompanied great political and social changes.

“Although the Peckster Professorship is lost, you see that the battle of life may still be won!” exclaimed Hargrave, when the reading was finished.

“I shudder to think of your acceptance of this exile,” said Mr. Greyson. “Surely every man is born into a bondage of local obligations which he may not lightly repudiate.”

“But their fulfillment has no necessary connection with locality,” replied the Professor. “Distance has no effect upon those actions and reactions which take place between the inner states of men. Your better judgment will tell you that I can do more for the life which centres about the College than if I remained to be disturbed by its dissonances and hampered by

its prejudices. Have you forgotten how easily you were set right in your sermon based upon the phenomena in the Valley of Jehoshaphat? If so much can be done to prevent a harmless misstatement of a fact of science, what may not be accomplished when nobler objects stimulate to supreme mental effort! Society is propelled by agencies that the superficial overlook. The great results are not obtained by those who employ direct methods, and blow the trumpets which lead the march. The work of this Southern society as a generator of social momentum will be felt among you; we can send modifying contributions to the rush of energies now making for revolution. New historical characters, yet lingering in the green-room, await the signal to appear upon the stage. They are from the class that feels most acutely the evils of the present, and knows nothing whatever of the history of the past. Hence there will be no comprehension of the inexorable law of social progress among those who are thrown to the front. Now do you think it will be impossible for us to radiate intelligence that shall tend to give direction to their crude thought?"

"I have reason to know that this is not impossible," replied the rector. "But you have not thought of the enervation of a tropical

climate; you forget that man makes his noblest efforts in the colder latitudes."

"And you seem to forget where the great religions came from," rejoined Hargrave, with a smile. "The surrender of the coat to him that would take the cloak, the prohibition of thought for the morrow, — were these precepts generated over a stove, with the outside thermometer below zero? Man is by nature a tropical animal, and if he is to find more than temporary and one-sided elucidation for his difficulties, it must come from lands where the sun is nearer the zenith."

"And yet it is there that the errors of Romanism flourish with peculiar exuberance," said the minister doubtfully.

"Are not some of the beliefs you are thinking of false only from the point of view of the Scotch Presbyterian, or from that of the money-getting Agnostic who has been evolved out of him? You Broad-Church rectors might widen in other directions besides that of rationalism; you might inquire whether some of the errors you have officially repudiated were errors, after all. The Roman Church has rightly recognized the life of being as well as that of doing, and has understood that the former may be active in the more efficient way. Her monastic institutions may sometimes have been centres of

laziness and spiritual pride; yet the theory of the cloisters was correct. It posited the infinite value of right thought; it asserted that great law of human sympathy by which holy aspiration and self-denying study may do more for the world than all the plasters for its sores that your fullest contribution-box can purchase."

"I must provide such alleviations for those wounded in the competitive struggle as our collections will permit," said the rector sadly. "Yet I well know that the most we can do at St. Philemon's is to send out a few poor skirmishers against the forces of evil. You who have received the ten talents may be permitted to sit apart as commander, — not out of danger, however, — and direct the battle."

"Please to compare my work with healing, rather than with fighting," suggested the Professor. "When did a sick man's introspection cure his disease? It is the diagnosis from the outside that finds the remedy."

Mr. Peckster had been moving uneasily, as if desiring to take part in the conversation, although the paths by which it could be entered seemed closed to his present capacities. He felt conscious that any remark he could make would have a quality of second-rateness, when interpolated in the talk that was going forward. Still there was a tradition that a man should

be something more than an auditor in his own house.

“I think your society should establish itself in India,” he said at last. “Yes, Professor, you should go East. I am told that there are remarkable persons who live upon mountains somewhere in Asia, and that they know enough to teach all the colleges in the land.”

“Not East, my dear sir,” answered Hargrave, with the kindly humor of one who adapts himself to a child. “Why, the East is where the wise men come from; to find where they go, we must consult the authorities. ‘Westward the course of empire takes its way,’ declares our great bishop. ‘Go West, young man,’ responds the practical philosopher. If we are to lift up our eyes unto the hills, according to the Psalmist’s admonition, let us look to the Andes. Let us maintain that there are beings living upon their slopes to whose society no adept from the Himalayas would be admitted without a competitive examination which it is scarcely possible he could survive. Ah, Mr. Peckster, in these days a man must do something more than boast of his country; he must stand up for his hemisphere!”

An impressive step upon the staircase prevented any rejoinder. It marked the gradual ascent of a person of some dignity, and the in-

terest of the invalid's day reached its climax as Dr. Fairchild Bense was ushered into his presence. There comes an end to banter and controversy when the practiced eye of the physician ranges over the possibilities of life and death, and is selecting one of them which he will adopt as a probability. The gentlemen representing Science and Theology held their peace, and scrutinized the doctor's movements as, tenderly bending over his patient, he applied his ear to different points of the chest. Was he detecting some valvular lesion, or listening to the doleful *bruissement*, as the medical vocabulary designates a certain vibratory fremitus perceptible in the arterial trunks?

Whatever may have been the result of the examination, nothing could be gathered from the doctor's face as he recovered his erect position. He was familiar with the resources of mind-cure, and indeed had used them with good effect long before the exaggerated claims of that practice were mouthed by ignorant adventurers. No man was more conscious of the dispiriting flatness of things than was Dr. Bense; but he recognized the professional necessity of appearing to stand on a pedestal of health and cheerfulness, and he had drilled himself to do this with remarkable success.

“Well, Mr. Peckster,” said this wise practi-

tioner, "everything seems to be going on finely. I can prescribe nothing more suitable than a drive in your carriage, and that I need n't write in Latin. Go in the sunny part of the day, and avoid the pavements as much as possible. As to diet, — I have really no change to suggest. Pigeons to-day, I think your man told me as I came up stairs: yes, they are unobjectionable, if plainly cooked. If you really want the claret, I suppose I must n't object; but I would n't take over half a pint. I see you've been reading the papers; you had better not do it, — they are too exciting."

"I — I think I shall not want to go to the College Centennial, doctor," said the sick man, slowly forcing out a remark which he felt had better be made.

"A very wise decision," replied the doctor approvingly. "These centennial exercises are apt to be tedious; there's too much advertising about them. I just met Tom Stapleton, who told me he should n't go. He said that, after what the Regents did last night, it would be like celebrating one's mother's birthday when she was in the penitentiary."

It was the pleasant custom of Dr. Bense, when visiting well-paying patients for whom nothing could be prescribed, to retail for their entertainment any brisk saying that he had

picked up on his rounds; or, if visitors happened to be present, he would set in motion a conversation that might lighten the pressure of the silent seclusion which oppresses ailing humanity.

“There are some good pictures here, Mr. Greyson,” observed the doctor, after looking about for some topic that was free from any medical savor; “still, I must criticise Mr. Peckster’s last acquisition. A fine Scriptural subject, — Balaam’s adventure on his journey with the princes of Moab, — but I have seen it better treated in the foreign galleries. Do you know that to me the angel has a bleached, anæmic appearance, and the foreshortening of his left wing is not quite correct? On the other hand, the rage in Balaam’s face is perfect, and the invincible obstinacy of the ass is well suggested. Look at the terror in the position of the hind legs; I have seen just that petrified immobility in cataleptic patients. Yes, the picture might be called a good one, if we could only get rid of the angel; but I don’t see how that could be done.”

“Nothing is easier,” said the rector quietly. “The artist has only to paint out the celestial presence, and then to paint plenty of ‘expectant attention’ into the eyes of the animal. You must agree that this would be a truer representation of what really occurred.”

“Or, better still, let it be painted as a trick-donkey, such as they show at the circus,” added Professor Hargrave. “Then our sympathies would be with the prophet, who is plying the cudgel with the zeal of a Seybert commissioner.”

Dr. Bense was an honest man. Honest, that is to say, with the smouldering, quiescent variety of the quality which does not consume a surplusage of tissue, or materially injure one's prospects of getting a living. He had met these gentlemen before in that very house. He had then used certain expressions about the studies of Professor Hargrave which it would be impossible for him to employ again. He perceived that these slurring words had been remembered by his companions, and that they were a barrier to these cordial relations which it was pleasant to maintain with contemporary organisms. The eminent neurologist was now constrained to acknowledge that he had caught a glimpse of an unknown sea the existence of which he had once stoutly denied, insisting that it was a mere mirage of hysteria and epilepsy. Yes, there it was; though whether the Professor had found any plummet-line to reach its bottom was of course questionable. Yet as the turbid waters could no longer be denied, the attempt at scientific sounding

was not the folly he had once supposed it to be. As much as this it would be the generous thing to acknowledge.

“There is a tone in your remarks, gentlemen,” said Dr. Bense, “which indicates that you recall my manner of speaking of a certain attempted investigation into things outside this visible scene of earth and sky that was undertaken two years ago in this very house. I then believed that you mistook the common phenomena of hysteria and human mendacity for an impossible manifestation of an extra-mundane force. I then thought—as the most sensible men now think—that Professor Hargrave’s transcendental pursuits were all froth and fancy-work. I have had reason to change my opinion.”

“Is Saul also among the prophets?” asked the rector.

“Not a bit of it,” replied the doctor decidedly. “He particularly wishes to keep out of their company. Like the later Saul, he is busy at his trade of tent-making,—or rather of tent-repairing, as I suppose his physicking might more properly be called. He is simply willing to confess that he no longer considers the prophets as necessarily knaves or fools. His vertebræ—not being ankylosed, like those of the Glyptodon which formed the subject of

the Professor's paper — are willing to assume the proper curve for apology."

"May I ask how far your testimony goes?" inquired Mr. Greyson. "I can scarcely suppose you are prepared to admit anything which contradicts the automatic theory of man."

"Not as at present advised," responded the doctor after slight hesitation; "and as to my testimony, it goes nowhere, — I shall keep it to myself. But I am willing to make the honorable amends to you two gentlemen by telling you experiences which I should have to admit, were it wise for a man in my position to admit anything, as it certainly is not. Stay: perhaps I can show you another's statement that with insignificant modifications I can adopt."

Hereupon Dr. Bense produced a large pocket-book, and selected a newspaper cutting from its miscellaneous contents.

"Yes, I thought I had it," he continued. "Now here is something written by a minister, the Rev. Minot J. Savage. I do not know the gentleman. If he is a believer in miracles, like the rest of his cloth, this of course diminishes the value of his evidence. Yet I must do him the justice to say that the substance of his deposition, as here printed, my personal experience compels me unwillingly to confirm."

"Unwillingly?" repeated Professor Hargrave, in order to give opportunity for correction.

“Most unwillingly,” reiterated Dr. Bense with firmness. “What am I to do with facts which seem to negative positions which modern researches have made impregnable? I am not one of those parlor lecturers who cater for the pious vote with their unscientific muddlement of soul and body. Man’s nature is either wholly natural or wholly spiritual; no thinker entitled to the slightest respect has discovered a compromise. The truth lies with Berkeley or with Büchner, — and it does n’t lie with Berkeley.”

“I see that Mr. Savage knows why the circulars of your Psychical Society are like to find repose in the wastepaper basket,” remarked the rector, looking up from his reading. “He says it is because the recipients of unusual experiences prefer not to be pitied as lunatics, or even treated with the blunt brutality which says, ‘You may mean all right, but you’re a fool!’”

“Well put,” acquiesced Dr. Bense; “and in view of this objection you cannot wonder that I have withdrawn from the Research Society, and propose to keep what I know to myself. The position of a medical man in the great bread-struggle is always critical; it may be lost by the slightest indiscretion. There are those pressing behind me who would like nothing

better than to circulate the report that I had gone crazy over 'Spiritualism,' and was consequently unworthy the patronage of my patients on the Avenue."

"You are mistaken in supposing that the conditions upon which a successful doctor holds his place are in any way peculiar," remarked Hargrave. "Everywhere competition is so intense that some microscopic advantage is sufficient to keep the victor in his place, or to assign it to a rival. Since my article in the *Columbian Review*, men whose names are familiar to you — actuaries, bank presidents, treasurers of corporations, and the like — have opened their minds to me, and related facts which the common sense of the street, as well as the common science of the College, would regard as evidence of mental weakness which must relieve the narrators from all moneyed responsibility."

"It is not the bread-question alone," replied Dr. Bense. "The fact is, I am too old to reëxamine the fundamental principle upon which my studies have been based. I have concerned myself with man as a vertebrate animal. I have dissected him, experimented with him, and arrived at certain conclusions regarding his mechanism. These conclusions are the capital with which I work, the axioms from which I start; it is impossible for me to change them."

"Yet you confess that certain facts have been thrust upon your attention which go to show that your axioms are unverified hypotheses, and that the supposed certainty of your inferences may be delusive."

"You are too hasty," resumed the doctor. "It is true that I have encountered facts for which I have no place in my catalogue. If I believe them, it is with the *Credo-quia-impossibile* swallow of theology. I don't digest them; I only gulp them. I cannot interpret them otherwise than in harmony with my ideas and my temperament; that is, I have no interpretation to offer. They are true; and yet the probabilities against their truth are as a hundred to one."

"Perhaps if you will tell me one of these facts which are crushed into nothing by the weight of the hundred which oppose it, I may be able to supply ninety-nine similar facts which I have verified, and even go on to reverse the probabilities."

"I don't want them reversed," said Dr. Bense decidedly. "My book on the Body demonstrates that there is no possibility of showing an *ego* outside the organism, and that every new observation renders the existence of any such thing more and more unlikely. 'My siege is made,' as the Abbé Vertot said. I want to

get rid of facts with which I can do nothing. I will bestow them upon you; but you must promise not to return them."

It is not necessary to give the doctor's narrative in detail. The scene was a parlor on the Avenue, just two streets nearer the country. A casual meeting of five acquaintances. No instability of cerebral equilibrium; no constitutional infirmity of mental structure; no stream of nervous exaltation running through the well-fed company; all was health and merriment. Dr. Bense was entertaining his friends with the exhibition of a little heart-shaped table, supported upon two wheeled legs and a leadpencil; it had been captured somewhere by a brother researcher. Placing the instrument upon a sheet of paper, he proceeded to show the facility with which it could be operated. He could push it about and make it write anything; and with considerable effort he certainly did succeed in writing several sprawling words. Then a young-lady teacher in Mr. Greyson's Sunday-school, saying that she had never seen the thing before, and would like to try it, placed the tips of her fingers upon the narrow shelf. The little apparatus now ran about the paper as if it were alive. Muscular direction, of course! After a time the pencil began to write in a clear, round hand.

“I am not forming these letters; I do not know what it is writing,” said the lady, in a tone of which the truthfulness was apparent. Very likely not; there are certain nervous states in which the muscles act without consciousness. “Dr. Bense may ask a mental question,” wrote the pencil. The physician smilingly complied. An answer, unexpected, but singularly pertinent, was promptly written. Extraordinary coincidence! Out came the professional notebook, almost automatically, and the incident was confided to its pages. “Let the doctor write some questions in his book; we have unusual power to-night,” wrote the pencil. Again there was compliance; but not until Dr. Bense so arranged a screen that no alien eye could see the motion of his hand. “In what month of the year does Christmas come?” The mind-reading theory came into the doctor’s head, and he thought he would test it by making a vivid mental picture of the word *December*. “A trifling question; look in the almanac for your answer!” wrote the pencil. Why, this was no thought-reflection; the banter was like that of a person. The pencil was suddenly agitated, and wrote a name unknown to any one present. It was written that a man bearing this name had certain specified transactions with an ancestor of Dr. Bense who had lived

in the last century. After a moment it was added that a record could be found in a certain public building that would prove the truth of the assertion. (The next day, after much searching, the document was discovered, and the truth of the statement established.) The perambulatory power of the pencil was withdrawn for some moments. Then, with a series of jerks, it scrawled a sentence containing vulgarities of expression and gross blunders of grammar for which it seemed impossible that the conscious mind of any one present could be responsible.

The stuff was followed by a name, *Enoch Dodrey*; then an obscure town in Maine was given as the mundane residence of Mr. Dodrey, and the words "killed by a kick" were added as signifying the mode of translation to his present abode. ("Has a person called Dodrey ever lived in your town?" wrote Dr. Bense to the postmaster of this rural settlement. A negative reply was promptly received; the oldest inhabitant had never heard the name. A month later came another letter; the postmaster chanced to be looking over some old records of the almshouse which had been undisturbed for forty years; he had there found the name of Dodrey prefixed by Enoch. It was entered as belonging to a negro who was killed by the

kick of a horse, September 29, 1832.) Puzzling enough! Another name,—this was written with a rolling progression of the pencil, of a character not before observed,—*Gustave Bernville*. No; Dr. Bense had never known such a person. Stay: had he not met a medical student of that name, forty years before, in Paris? “Yes, it must have been at Madame Eugénie D’Uvert’s *pension*,” thought the doctor, as he wrote a question that might elicit that answer, and fixed Madame D’Uvert’s name before his mental vision, as if it were chalked upon a huge blackboard. “I met you at the *crémerie* on the Quai des Augustins, where we breakfasted together for a week.” The blackboard business evidently did not work. When, later in the evening, the perplexed researcher consulted a bundle of old letters, he found that “Gustave” was right about the place of their meeting, and that he was wrong.

It may be well to add a single specimen of another class of perplexities. Dr. Bense, while passing through Charleston two years before the war, had been summoned in consultation during the last illness of a noted citizen. A rough imitation of the signature of this gentleman was unexpectedly written. “Can you identify yourself,” asked the physician, “by giving the name of the mulatto slave who was

your personal attendant?" Abraham Mountain was an appellation so singular for a person of this class that it had lodged in the questioner's memory, and he willed vigorously that the letters forming it might now be written. But the power that moved the little table scribbled a silly counter-interrogation in which the doctor could discover no significance. "What a simple conundrum planchette is asking us!" exclaimed one of the company. "What is higher than a hill?" Why a mountain of course; but that has nothing to do with your inquiry!" A thrill of sudden comprehension was experienced by the eminent neurologist. Yes, *A. Mountain* was the name he had demanded. Was it given in this roundabout fashion to show that his own mind was not concerned in the revelation? While the intelligent sensorium was active in one direction, was there beneath consciousness a more potent activity which gave counter orders? One might assume, of course, that certain nervous substrata were engaged in abnormal functions while the work of the nerve-tracts which appeared to be busy was coincidentally suspended. Alas, the pressure of this ponderous phraseology would not attenuate the difficulty! The longer Dr. Bense peered into the darkness, the thicker it seemed to grow; even

the jack-o'-lanterns of the metaphysicians threw no ray into its pitchy bewilderment.

There is no need of relating other phenomena, quite as unassimilable with the previous experience of the doctor, which took place that evening. Cognition so strange, so conclusive of something unrecognized by presidents of colleges and superintendents of hospitals, may be rare; may be as rare, if you like, as the fall of a hundred-pound meteor. Nevertheless, — unless the testimony of men of high intelligence is to be rejected, — it occurs. We may not like it, nor see the use of it; but there it is. Chemist Lavoisier, of the French Academy, once told the world that, as it was certain there are no stones in the sky, it must be equally certain that none can fall to the earth. The logic is so perfect that one may well feel provoked with foolish Brown or Smith, who sees a mass of iron descend in his back yard, and dares to find it red-hot in the six feet of earth into which it has burrowed.

Dr. Fairchild Bense was in a maze. Frogs with their brains taken out were sensitive to sensory stimulation. The case of St. Catherine of Siena was simply one of hystero-epilepsy. Brown-Séquard had shown that cell-matter may draw unusual powers from contiguous nerve-cells, — all, of course, being inclosed by

the same skull. Jugglers could beat Slade at his own tricks. All these were undeniable propositions, and had done good service in their time; but turn them over as he might, the doctor could not torture them into shedding the faintest glimmer of light upon the facts set down in his note-book.

“There,” said the excellent gentleman, giving a sigh of relief as he finished his story of occurrences which have been only hinted at in this narrative, “if all that had not been written down at the time to stare me out of countenance in black and white, I should deny my own experience as confidently as I now assert it. You have had the facts to which, were it worth while to say anything about them, I should be willing to make oath; and yet—and yet—as the Irish bishop said about Gulliver’s travels—I don’t believe half of them.”

Professor Hargrave evinced no surprise at the doctor’s paradoxical conclusion, but quietly remarked that he had now a request to make which seemed to him reasonable.

“To admit the world to the confidence I have reposed in you!” exclaimed Dr. Bense. “Impossible! I tell you that I do not admit to myself what clashes with all my antecedent knowledge. To do so would be to paralyze effort upon lines of research which I un-

derstand, and to which I owe all that I am. Would the Philadelphia neurologists send their summer patients to a man who had paltered with doctrines of which charlatans should enjoy the monopoly? No, sir; my position is peculiar; you do not know what you ask."

"I think it is you who do not know what I ask, seeing that as yet I have asked nothing," said Hargrave, with a smile. "My proposition is only that you shall do what other men of your delicate social relations have done at my request. I want to prove that the testimony you have just given is not that of a weak, untrained mind, led into inaccuracy through love of the marvelous."

"I think I have not that sort of mind," said Dr. Bense decidedly.

"I think so, too; and I want others, whom neither of us will ever see, to come to the same conclusion. One of the causes of our slow spiritual development has been the fact that successive generations do not succeed to the knowledge acquired by their predecessors. Results do not reach us in a form in which they can be unreservedly accepted. Thus we are compelled to spend useless years in verifying what has been already established before we can push on to new work. At certain periods of the world's history, the spiritual forces,

which are always behind matter, are manifested with unusual power. It is so in our own time; it was so in New England two hundred years ago. Many of the manifestations were then, as now, mixed with the grossest fraud. Some of them were stupid, coarse, and wicked; others seem to have been dignified and valuable. Clergymen, scholars, and magistrates have left us their records of these unusual phenomena. Now, supposing their testimony, instead of coming to us in the loose and traditional form in which it exists, had been taken under rigorous conditions; in that case, can there be any doubt that the beliefs which determine conduct at the present time would be other than they are?"

"It was impossible, at that day, to make a thorough sifting of the evidence," remarked the doctor.

"Impossible then, perhaps, but not now. I believe you know Judge Hensleigh, of our law department?"

"I meet him occasionally at the Friday Club. A very bright man, but what I call a *bigoted* Agnostic. Why, he does n't even go to church!"

"Perhaps not; but he is the best cross-examiner in America, which is more to our present purpose," responded Professor Hargrave.

“ Now I ask you to submit what you have just told us to his probing methods of inquiry. He will handle you as a lawyer retained by the other side ; one, moreover, with a persistent sense of the *a priori* objections to your story. His examination, as taken down by a shorthand reporter, who is sworn to secrecy, will fix the precise evidential value of what you assert. Later, we shall want an attested copy of your note-book, and a photograph of the page in the almshouse record containing the entry about Enoch Dodrey.”

“ But to what end does this strange scheme tend ? What is to follow my compliance ? ”

“ The reporter’s document will be copied out, and consigned with others of the same character to the trusty keeping of the Mather Safe. When at length it returns to the light, you will be out of the way of injury ; but you will have left that contribution to the knowledge of posterity which every generous nature must wish to make. I have already an engagement with Dr. Cooley and the Treasurer of the College. They are to open the Mather Safe immediately after the President’s reception on the evening of the Centennial. There is my plan ; you will not refuse the necessary coöperation ? ”

Dr. Bense was much relieved upon learning the moderate nature of the proposal. He had

been imprudent in departing from his rule of silence ; but having broken it, he had been let off easily. The Professor's will had of late come to have something of the character of an inexorable fate which it was impossible to resist. Here was an acceptable compromise. A man's knowledge may be said to belong to the world, but surely he may select the time for communicating it ; he may prudently minimize his personal concernment in its reception.

"I shall comply with your request," said the doctor graciously. "When can Judge Hensleigh do his part of the business?"

"Have you any engagement for next Thursday evening at ten o'clock?"

After consulting some ivory tablets, it was signified that the hour was unappropriated.

"Then come to my house," said the Professor. "Hensleigh is to be there all the evening. Do not fear keeping him up ; he is a late sitter, and will be well paid for his work. I am sorry that the earlier hours are engaged. He begins at half past seven with the actuary of a great trust company ; at quarter before nine he takes a popular trustee, who holds a million or two, and hopes to get as much more. Perhaps you had better make your hour half past ten ; by that time we shall be sure to have finished with the trustee, who has exacted a pledge that he shall meet no one coming in or going out."

“Ah, I see,” said the doctor, with a significant sniff of comprehension. “Some of my office patients have the same feeling, and I humor them, if I can. Well, then, at half past ten you may look for me. . . . And now, Mr. Peckster, I must bid you good-morning. I wonder if you have followed our talk? Nonsense, — or something like it, — from beginning to end; but then, for a person a little under the weather, it may have been none the worse for being so. Take a nap after your drive, if you can, and look for me early to-morrow.”

So saying, the medical gentleman departed, to carry his good manners and cheerful presence into neighboring sick-rooms. He was conscious that a certain self-defensive energy upon which he prided himself had been notably lessened while in Professor Hargrave’s company. But the October air would be sure to set him to rights again, and revive the breezy confidence with which it was desirable to meet the fever-mists he daily encountered.

“There is something responsive in the man, after all,” said Mr. Greyson. “I hope that he may yet recognize another domain than that of physical forces and chemical substances.”

“The first step towards an enlargement of our conceptions,” said Hargrave, “is to come to some appreciation of the fact that others

have gone beyond us. So far Dr. Bense seems to me to have traveled. That a man laden with his social and professional fetters should penetrate to the truths underlying the mere surface phenomena he has encountered is scarcely to be expected. He is affected very much as the protozoön is affected by sound and light; he blindly feels them but can develop no organs giving better methods for their apprehension. It is much that his active opposition to us will cease. Yes, he is under conviction, — the conviction that the automatism of man, which logically kills him as a moral being, is open to question. Perhaps he has also reached the suspicion that others may do better work for the world than he can, simply because they have reached a higher stage of development."

The tall footman suddenly filled the doorway. He bore a telegram, which summoned the Professor to meet a gentleman just arrived from Brazil, who had important business with him. No excuse for departure was necessary. Both millionaire and minister comprehended the crisis in their friend's life, which compelled a prompt obedience to the summons.

As the door closed upon Hargrave, an intensity of expression came into Mr. Peckster's face, and lifted for a moment the brooding vapors of his invalidism. An impetuous an-

central quality, long overlaid by the languid features, now asserted itself. An idea which called for action waved aside the dream-shadows which had held the stage of consciousness with such persistence. The voice was shot into the room with the force of a projectile.

“The picture! Varella’s picture, that I was to give the College upon its Centennial!”

“I had not thought of that,” said the rector. “It is to be finished next week. You must make some other disposition of it. It cannot be placed next Copley’s Gideon Peckster, as you proposed. Indeed, it is now clear to me that the authorities will not hang it at all.”

“It is clear to me,” asserted Mr. Peckster, “that the College will hang the portrait next to that of my ancestor, and value it as a priceless possession. I shall want but one assistant to compel this recognition of my gift.”

“And who is that?”

“*Time!*” exclaimed the sick man, rising from his chair, and speaking as if giving a word of command. “Did you not hear that the Mather Safe is to be opened on the evening of the festival? The portrait of Professor Hargrave shall be consigned to its keeping for a hundred years!”

III.

THE literary exercises in the Thatcher Theatre had been of unusual interest ; the honorary degrees had been bestowed upon celebrities, great and small, with the usual accompaniment of whispered criticism ; and the attending crowd had retired for such meditation as the Centennial festival might excite. The Library was closed for the night, when the janitor received the order to open it for visitors, and to illuminate that corner of the building in which the Mather Safe guarded its precious deposits. The rocket-sticks lay upon the trampled grass ; the lamps, arranged in colored letters to form the names of Peckster and other dead benefactors of the College, had twinkled their two hours of encouragement to future testators, and gradually flickered out. All the reporters save one had left the scene, and were writing up the festival in the offices of their respective journals. Only the young gentleman who was to "do" the Centennial for the Daily Adviser had been commanded to remain upon the ground until the small hours of the morning.

Something might yet happen that should go into that fullest account of the proceedings which must appear in to-morrow's issue. Not that this respectable director of opinion was invariably more wakeful than its contemporaries, but, being widely recognized as annalist of the College, this was an occasion for special vigilance. Soon after the electric light had flashed forth in the interior of the Library, the lingering reporter saw the Rev. Charles Greyson enter the building, with a lady upon his arm. They were followed by two porters bearing a wooden box, of the pattern which is used for the transportation of pictures. It evidently contained a heavier burden than could be made up of canvas and gilding, for the bearers staggered as they passed up the steps.

"It is quite impossible that the Professor should be with us to-night," said Mrs. Hargrave. "We sail from New York to-morrow afternoon, and it was necessary that he should precede me, to make the final preparations for our voyage. I shall deposit the manuscripts in his name."

"His absence is not to be regretted," replied the rector. "Varella's work can now be exposed to view before consignment to its coming century of darkness. Mr. Peckster will make a great effort in coming here. It is right that

he should see the portrait before paying the heavy cost of its storage, and this would be prevented by the presence of its subject."

"Certainly," assented the lady, with decision. "Nothing could be more distasteful to my husband than the mode of expressing their love for him which his friends have chosen. In a less degree it is repellent to me also. Dr. Hargrave's great work has been the discovery of means whereby man's soul may get the better of its clog the body. Any map of the features — be it drawn never so deftly — must resemble Guido's masterpiece with the triumphant archangel left out."

"Wait till you see what the artist has done!" exclaimed Mr. Greyson, in a tone of confidence. "His work gives subtle recognition to the fact you mention. The soul of the man is seen behind the features; or I might almost say that the body has been transformed to spirit by the imaginative genius of the painter, and then precipitated upon the canvas. The College will one day prize it far above the Copley portrait of old Gideon, for it represents the very flower of his benefaction."

"The last flower," sighed Clara, — "the last before the great Professorship was cut down and left to wither."

"You shall make it blossom again in the

tropics, where the very weeds are brilliant and spicy. Perchance it shall there bloom to some gorgeous wonder that might pass for preternatural in our temperate zone ! ”

Mr. Greyson’s rhetoric was kindly meant. Empty he knew it was ; yet what better balm can ministers find in cases of feminine trouble ? Clara Hargrave felt all a woman’s shrinking from a sphere of action other than that into which she had been born. She dreaded the exchange of old lamps for new ones, even though Aladdin’s talisman was to be gained by the bargain.

The lady and her companion passed on to that part of the building where a cluster of electric lights threw their radiance upon Miser Farrel’s cabinet. It was the choicest corner in this granary of brain-sustenance. Broad-seated chairs here stretched out arms soft and elastic with the deftest mixture of spring and padding that upholstery could devise. Here Culture — personified with a capital letter — might select its book, and loll away the hours in measureless content. The cases on the right of the Safe were devoted to publications of a highly reformatory character, which radiated the glow of their Utopias upon the frigid institutions of the past. On the left, the theological shelves stretched away into an obscurity

resembling that of the "den" where Bunyan consulted dream literature to such excellent purpose. One sometimes fancied that this cavernous alcove was festooned with the metaphysical cobwebs spun by our Puritan divines, and that the buzzings of Scripture texts caught in their subtle meshes was faintly audible.

The bearers of the picture were told to set down their burden, and begin the work of once more exposing it to the light. This must necessarily consume some moments, as the packing had been arranged to offer the best defiance to time. The inner case of zinc, which immediately surrounded the canvas, had been imbedded in dry sand, like that which after eighteen hundred years gave up the mural decorations of Pompeii as fresh as when the artist left them. No word was spoken. Clara Hargrave needed all the comfort that her luxurious chair was capable of affording. She had a constant sense of recoil from the exile before her, while her eyes were fascinated by the tomb-like structure which was presently to add new treasures to its many trusts.

The Safe had been enlarged, with some degree of mercy for its dead contriver. It had, indeed, been suggested that a modern decorator should be let loose to play his Gothic pranks upon the exterior; but better counsels had

finally prevailed, and the simple oaken panels had merely been extended twenty feet on either side of the original inclosure. The new wood had been darkened to the time-stained hue of the older work, and even mock worm-holes had been inserted by dexterous twistings of the gimlet. It was sad to look upon this sepulchre of recorded human experience for which, could it have been audibly uttered, our time would be the richer. Clara had met women who had here buried knowledge wrung from the bitter subjection of their lives, — knowledge vital to the welfare of the race, but of which the code of social usage forbade their living lips to hint. Might it not be that some of these precious deposits were withheld from use for too long a period, so that when at last produced they would appear as ancestral babblement, with which a better-behaving age had no concern? Doubtless the sardonic sagacity of Farrel had contemplated such miscarriages; yet growths and fructifications from valuable seeds were certainly more probable when these were scattered upon the better soil which the years would prepare for their reception.

These musings were interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Ephraim Peckster, who, leaning upon the arm of Dr. Bense, advanced tremulously from the darker portion of the Library.

“ You must sit down at once, my dear sir,” said the doctor, as he bent over a chair to deposit his patient with the least possible jar. “ Remember you are not here with my approval. If I am to take you back again to Brandon Avenue, you must obey orders. There, don’t try to talk; it will tire you. See, they are just ready to show the portrait.”

The last handful of sand had been removed, and the zinc case was being lifted from its wooden envelope. The cover was next slid from the front, and the image of Ernest Hargrave was exposed to view.

“ Tell me that I have not praised this work too highly !” cried the rector eagerly. “ Am I wrong, Dr. Bense, in saying that it puts Affonso Varella in the front rank of living artists ? ”

The doctor returned no immediate answer to the question. His gaze was fixed upon the canvas. He made a sign to have it placed at a slightly different angle; then he rose and advanced towards it, shading his eyes with his hand. Seeming to recollect himself, he moved a little to the left, in order not to obstruct the view of the sitters. There was silence for several minutes; then Dr. Bense started, gathered himself together, and appeared to fumble through his memory for some laudatory phrase

of art-criticism. It was of no use; the conventional eulogy had as false a ring as the conventional epitaph. There was no label to attach to such a surprise as this.

“Yes, you *are* wrong in saying that this painting places Varella in the front rank of living artists,” was the reply that at length was slowly uttered. “It places him well in advance of that front rank. It is a great piece of portraiture; done in a manner somewhat sketchy, to be sure, but the work of a master-hand. A face to be studied like a book; yet what book can teach all that is to be learned from such coloring! I say that only a genius can so bring before us the essential man. Why, there are touches here that entice the spirit through the flesh.”

Considering that the doctor's little book on the Body proved that there was no spirit capable of this liberation, the reader may inquire whether this last remark has not been misreported. Not at all. May not a Professor pen a sonnet to the rising sun, and then hurry to his class-room to demonstrate the stationary position of that luminary? In dressing our ideas in language, we must put up with the poor fit of ready-made clothing, or — to change the metaphor — we shall find it difficult to serve up the wisest proposition without a few sprigs of folly by way of garnish.

Clara Hargrave felt all the fascination of the portrait. To show a great man, who was so great as never to imagine himself to be one, — that she conceived to be the gist of the problem presented to the young Brazilian. And he had solved it; this was the leading idea that his work conveyed. What a supernatural light he had thrown about the head! The eyes and forehead glowed with the masculine intelligence which had lifted her out of a frivolous past, and strengthened those wonderful faculties that had lain dormant and unsuspected. There was a majestic simplicity in the pose of the figure; there was a characteristic energy in the action of the hand. Alas, that a century must elapse before this picture could take its place among those of the honored sons of the College! Here had her husband's work been done; here, until recent years, had his name been held in reverence. She knew the value of his later studies; she believed that his future fame was secure. Was not this enough?

No, it was not enough. How shall a woman's passionate heart wait through the lagging years to see its hero crowned! Clara longed to project her being far onward in the path of time, — onward, even to that next Centennial station, when the Mather Safe would yield up its deposit to a grateful world. Under the guid-

ance of Hargrave she had made short, wavering flights into the future, but never had she traveled beyond the decade of years which were next approaching. There was a sudden cry of the spirit, inaudible to those about, yet audible above the loudest uproar to ears that were trained to receive its vibrations. "Would that I could be swept forward to that moment of satisfaction which lies beyond the stretch of any mortal life! Would that I could be transported to the elevation only to be reached by those unborn, after the race has climbed a hundred weary steps! Might I stand there but for an instant, to look back upon this distant present-time as a mere limbo of dead fashions and falsities! But no; the wild desire is baffled by the nature of things. I must crush down this craving for the impossible!"

"Nothing is impossible to the human soul when, emancipated by knowledge, it wills to exercise its highest prerogative."

A familiar voice uttered the words. Clara raised her eyes, and saw the figure of her husband. She knew that it was not in his mortal body, but in its astral counterpart, that Ernest Hargrave was with her. Yet he was present just as really as the Thibetan Sage was present to Colonel Henry S. Olcott in New York, on that memorable occasion when the stranger

condescended to puncture the hallucination bubble of psychical societies by leaving his turban by way of a visiting-card. But perhaps we ought to reject the evidence of the President of the Theosophical Society, because he is not a specialist in some branch of natural science! What, then, are we to do with the testimony of the eminent professor of anatomy and biology, whose ornithological works are so confidently commended to students? Is it not a little awkward to require them to bow to the authority of Dr. Elliott Coues upon the flight and migration of birds, and then to reject the narrative of his own flight and migration in gasiform duplicate of his physical body from the house of Mrs. Flower in Chicago to that of an accomplished lady in Washington?

“There is no distance between us,” continued the shadowy Professor; “whatever you wish is as clear and lucid to me as if I were yourself. Not in vain have I sought orderly intercourse with beings of another sphere, — never for an instant permitting them to command me; always commanding them to do my pleasure. The sublime Brotherhood over which I go to preside will succeed in experiments far more difficult than that which you rashly pronounce impossible. Know that there are forms, rites, invocatory, processes, by which the soul

may be separated from the frail tenement it inhabits, and for a moment be absorbed in grand and exalted entity, to which there is no *then* and *there*, but all is *now* and *here*. Your desire is indeed born from the weaker part of your nature; yet if its gratification will strengthen your hands for our future work, I dare not withhold my assistance. Give me steady coöperation. As you feel the pressure of my hand upon your forehead, will that your will shall merge in mine. Will that the yielding and intuitive characteristics of the feminine mind shall have absolute supremacy. Fear nothing. Have you forgotten that physical science testifies to the existence of ethereal undulations whose ever widening waves bear all human history to those who have eyes to see? Riding upon the crest of one of these billows — as you presently shall do — it is no more difficult to discern the future than the past. I speak in metaphor, for not otherwise can there be human speech on these high themes. There must come a rocking motion that shall stir the pulse and make the heart beat high. The frail bark will meet stormy weather, but it will have plenty of sea-room. What you are to see and hear must be crowded into a few moments of earthly time. The limit of resistance wavers; the ideal expansion will presently be reached.

Be self-possessed ; I confide you to those who will be faithful. There . . . there . . . let the head fall back upon the cushion — so — now you are off !”

A hot intensity of inward life, a sense of being covered only by the thinnest film of matter, a consciousness of dashing onward at headlong speed, and the sensitive knew that her wish had evoked a power able to gratify it. A tide of life richer than mortals know pulsed through the veins. Old memories, perchance of former lives, which the soil of earth had covered but not extinguished, were sailing by her side. Only a gossamer thread held the spirit to its late habitation ; there was a shudder in the thought !

Presently there came a dreamy Lethæan influence, as if one were swinging through masses of gray vapor. Whiter and whiter grew these dingy mists, till at length they lay along the path like huge snowbanks. Presently they broke, revealing chasms, from whose sides blew stormy blasts that beat and blustered about the fragile traveler. Movement ever quickening, without sense of whence or whither ! When the propulsive powers faltered, a hail of pelting atoms — ultimate atoms, eternal, uncreated, indivisible — renewed its energy. Off beyond time limits ; the personage with the scythe

and hour-glass panted in the rear as vainly as in Dr. Johnson's prologue. There was a confusion of little units rushing to cohere into units of more complexity; and these in their turn clashed together, perchance to form one of Mr. Mill's possible worlds, where five shall be the product of two and two, where bodies shall move in the direction of the greatest resistance, and where little boys shall be kept after school to demonstrate that the angles of a triangle must always exceed two right angles.

The flying voyager knew that what she saw was not reality, but the best available expression of reality. The truth must be given in symbol and shadow, because it can enter the human spirit only by the use of imagery with which it is acquainted.

And now the line of travel ran beside a headlong-dashing stream. Might this not be the Current of Events, which was posting madly to the ever-widening ocean of the past? It was evident that many startling experiences were dancing by in the rapids, each one of which would in its season be caught and put in capitals for the latest intelligence column of the newspapers. Alas, the photography of memory was not instantaneous enough to snatch the least of them as they darted on.

Presently, as the interminable succession of

barren spaces were sweeping by, a withering inquiry presented itself. Would it be possible to stop this fearful journey upon that petty bank and shoal of time upon which Clara Hargrave had wished to stand? There appeared to her to be incalculable chances against so successful an issue to the flight. Yet what might not be accomplished by those intelligent forces to which Ernest had confided her!

Far in the distance flashed out a beacon light. Brighter and brighter it blazed, until it dazzled like a sun. Then clouds drifted before it, and the beams were tempered to the mellow noon of an autumn day. There was no consciousness of shock, and yet the forward rush had ceased. Again the sensitive seemed to be clothed with her full physical personality; again she was a finite being among other finite beings. The walls of the Thatcher Theatre shut her in, but the seats were filled with strangers, with whom she could enter into no relations of action and reaction. A little fragment of her nineteenth century was all that she was permitted to affect for good or for evil, and that lay dim and faded in the historic past.

Strange that there was no color in the scene! A sombre grayish texture seemed to be cut into the outlines of men and women who were listening to the orator as he pronounced the com-

memorative address. On the left of the speaker stood two easels bearing portraits, each covered by a curtain emblazoned with the seal of the College.

“All, all are strangers,” sighed Clara, looking about her; “alas, there is not one familiar face that might brighten at my greeting!”

No, she was wrong; for there on the extreme right of the platform—that is, on the speaker’s right—sat President Cooley, clad in the academic robe in which she had seen him announce the honorary degrees from this very place, upon that very day, a hundred years ago. How pleasant and natural it was to find him here, to know that one person from her century had been permitted to bear her company! It was like the Professor’s thoughtfulness to have so arranged it. But there was something strange about it, too; for Dr. Cooley appeared to have grown to gigantic proportions, and there was constraint in the motionless attitude in which he absorbed the eloquence that was poured upon the air. Only a concentration of attention, such as is sometimes seen in the hypnotic subject, could keep a man so still. Not a motion, when the speaker turned to compliment him upon the broad and liberal spirit in which he had administered the affairs of the College. Surely a slight inclination of the head would

be only decent after the delivery of this passage. But the President had been hurried off suddenly, and perhaps found no time to pack up his manners. Still, it was provoking to see him sitting there as if he had been carved out of stone. The explanation could no longer be avoided: how stupid she was to have missed it! Of course it was no living President Cooley upon whom her eyes rested. Hargrave, when differing most with his superior officer, always acknowledged the wonderful impulse he had given to the College, and declared that posterity would see that he had a statue. Well, Ernest was as right in this as he was in everything else. There, to be sure, sat the President in "glory's marble trance," as that last-century poet, Dr. Holmes, had called this chilly reincarnation.

The sensitive started, as one of the rhetorical periods that were falling from the platform culminated with the familiar name of "Peckster," — a vocable that seemed to stick in the trumpet of fame as badly as Byron's Amos Cottle. Yes, the orator was speaking of that ancient family so long extinct, of their once famous Professorship, and of the eminent men who successively had filled its Chair.

"It is the last and greatest of these," continued the speaker, "whom to-day we hold

in especial remembrance. No man did more than Ernest Hargrave to establish that science of the Higher Psychology which the learned of his time appear to have regarded as another name for cerebral physiology. In contrast to the teaching of the mechanical biologists who were then in the ascendant, he showed that mind was imperishable, and that the specific activities which seemed to accompany it were really wrought by its influence upon a basis of inferior vitality and lower organization. The ancient doctrine that nature made no leaps received from him its final quietus. He pointed to the leap in the development of protoplasm, to the leap in the manifestation of intellectual faculty, and then proved a third leap from a visible to an invisible plane of existence. The proof he offered, which we now recognize as strictly scientific, was rejected by those then controlling academic endowments; the Peckster Professor shared the fate of Kepler in astronomy, of Harvey in physiology, and — to go back only thirty years — of George B. Farbut in aërial navigation. It is needless to speak of the work subsequently done by the Director of the Brazilian Brotherhood of Psychologists, for its value is recognized by all educated men. While our Northern scientists seemed bent upon proving the utter dependency of

what passed for the spiritual part of man upon his physical organization, their banished associate demonstrated that the power of the spiritual over the physical was supreme and absolute. A mastery of his Advanced Exercises for Will-Practice is to-day required by the College as a condition for the doctorate of laws. It is scarcely credible that former recipients of this degree knew nothing of laws higher than those which were lobbied through legislatures, or devised by the standing committee of a club. I need not remind you how the sobering influence radiated from that Southern Brotherhood tempered the fury of the Social Revolution, the close of which, it is said, our oldest graduate can dimly remember. History tells us how the vibrating psychoplasm supplied by Professor Hargrave ever tended to communicate its rhythms to the heated heads which for a time controlled the State, and threatened the very existence of this College. But I dare not longer detain you from the event which is to render this day memorable. The Mather Safe has at last given up a portrait by Affonso Varella, whose death, at the age of twenty-six, was the saddest loss that art has ever sustained in this Western hemisphere. The great Professor, who a century ago looked upon a world half puzzled and half scornful, now meets a later

generation which sends its choicest representatives to do him honor. In your name, in the name of your successors,—yes, even in the name of those who once rejected him,—I welcome Ernest Hargrave back to this venerable Hall.”

As the last word was spoken, the curtain fell from one of the pictures, and Copley's Gideon Peckster, surrounded by a frame of exquisite workmanship, was disclosed to view. A sunbeam, which for the first time brought color into the scene, fell upon the features of this ancient benefactor, whose lips seemed to smile approval as the noblest result of his foundation was at last recognized. As the veil was removed from the second picture, a murmur of delight ran through the theatre. Was the canvas translucent? Surely its opaque texture was penetrated by a lustre not of this world. The spiritual ingredients which the artist had mixed with his paints were potent, after their century of seclusion. The excitement swelled to a tumult of homage; an enlightened generation knew and honored Ernest Hargrave even as his wife had known and honored him in the time gone by. What were exile, what were martyrdom, now! Cheerfully, gratefully, she would fling away the comfortable surroundings of her life, since she had been permitted to see

the light of that spirit reflected in increased splendor from another age.

Now that the great desire of Clara Hargrave had been gratified, another feminine instinct promptly asserted itself, and she directed her gaze upon the ladies' dresses with insatiable curiosity. She had time to perceive that a modification of the Greek costume, whose keynote was liberty, was generally worn; it offered no restraint to the organic functions which give free play to the nobler powers of the mind. How could she go back to the absurd constructions with which her contemporaries were accustomed to fetter themselves? She would seize the opportunity of making an exhaustive study of fabric, cut, and pattern. But as she bent her mind upon this very practical investigation, the Theatre began to waver and twinkle like the wick of a candle that has reached its socket. Indeed, nothing was fixed but the statue, which, doubtless from the solid nature of its material, seemed disinclined to partake of the general instability. Yet notwithstanding this satisfactory distinctness, it appeared to diminish in size, and to grow more lifelike. Was that a flicker of intelligence in the eyes? Why, the sculptor must have had the genius of Varella; he had actually cut speculation into those flinty orbs. Clara could only look won-

deringly on, while the hands gradually assumed the color of living flesh, and then moving upwards, whisked off the graceful academic drapery, and disclosed Dr. Cooley clad in all the ugliness of the contemporary swallow-tail.

“My dear Mrs. Hargrave,” said the President kindly, “you have been a little faint; let me take you into the air. Or stay; if the Treasurer will open that window, it may do as well. Here, drink this water; you will feel better presently.”

“I am quite myself, thank you,” replied the lady, after a brief pause. “I was somewhat confused. Yes, I—I have been away—far away.”

“Ah, that is very true; you are indeed going far away,” assented Dr. Cooley compassionately. “I am sure no one can wonder that you feel a little hysterical at the thought of leaving your friends in the North. But think what opportunities to win distinction Professor Hargrave will be offered! I still call him Professor, because once a professor, always a professor. I believe that’s the rule,—unless we except professors of religion, eh, Mr. Greyson?”

“We have many backsliders who forfeit all right to the title,” said the rector.

“That is sad enough,” responded the Presi-

dent. "Let us hope that if any professors of science have been tempted to stray from the narrow path, they will take warning before it is too late. Do you know that I want your husband to send us the bones of a *Toxodon*, set up as he would know how to place them? Please use your influence, Mrs. Hargrave. You may tell him that if the College received such a gift, I should feel bound to mention it in my quarterly report."

Clara could not help smiling at the naïveté of the inducement. Ernest might have his price, but it was no longer to be reckoned in such currency as this. She sobered herself sufficiently to assure the President that the *Toxodon* was likely to be forthcoming, as Dr. Hargrave had no intention of abandoning his science, though for a time it might be subordinated to other work.

"I must ask President Cooley to open the Safe at once," interposed Dr. Bense. "We have been waiting here more than half an hour for his arrival, and every moment tells against Mr. Peckster, who ought to be in bed in his own house. The stimulus of an unusual excitement keeps him up; but if the emotional strain should be carried beyond a certain point, I cannot answer for the consequences."

"Is that box, which these men were screw-

ing up as I came in, the only deposit?" asked the President. "The bulk is larger than we usually accept; but for Mr. Peckster we have voted to stretch our regulations. We are to keep it for a hundred years, if I am rightly informed."

"That is the understanding," said Dr. Bense. "It is then to be opened, and its contents given to the College. But to answer your inquiry, there is one other consignment. I hold in my hand a parcel of manuscript, which Mrs. Hargrave, in the name of her husband, adds to the other writings he has placed in the Safe. All are to be kept for fifty years, and are then to be given to the last minority candidate for the Gorley Professorship of Psychology, — a man who, in the judgment of Dr. Hargrave, is likely to be freer from the trammels of precedent than the actual winner of the Chair."

"There need be no delay beyond the necessary formalities of registration," said Dr. Cooley. "Mr. Treasurer, will you try your key in that lock? Thank you. Now it is my turn. There! our wizard's cave is open, and ready to lay its enchantment upon whatever is offered. A storehouse rich in potential energy that shall one day become dynamic! Fortunately, we are exempt from taxation, so there is no assessor's estimate of the worth of its contents."

The doors, which swung heavily apart, disclosed only a small portion of the dusky prison, from which no executive magistrate held the right of pardon. A suppressed rustle seemed to come from the interior. Possibly it was the Past brushing by the Present to confer with the Future; or it may have been the whispers of dead men, who confided their secrets to a posterity as non-existent as themselves.

The heavy portrait-case was now lifted by its bearers, who, preceded by the Treasurer, bore it into the Safe. The President then received the package from the hands of Dr. Bense, and placed it in a certain iron pigeon-hole numbered 249, and marked with the name "Hargrave." Then the doors were closed; the keys of the proper officials threw the bolts of their respective locks; and the bequest of Miser Farrel held its new consignments with a clutch that only Father Time might relax.

During these proceedings, Mr. Greyson had been writing in a huge folio, whose covers were decorated with the Farrel arms quartered with those of the College. It contained a list of the deposits in the Safe; each being provided with a number, motto, or other device to insure its certain identification.

"All is now ready for the signatures," said the rector at length. "Mrs. Hargrave, will

you come first? Please put your name there, on the second line from the bottom. That is quite right. Now, Mr. Peckster, we will turn the page, and make ready for you. You need not rise, sir. I will bring the book, and here is a pen full of ink. Write just after the words, 'And my will is that the above-described deposit remain in the Mather Safe for one hundred years, and that it be then presented to the College in the name of my ancestor, Gideon Peckster.' "

The representative of the last-named personage appeared to find some difficulty in placing his autograph just where it was wanted. It was, however, approximately accomplished, being finished with the assistance of Mr. Greyson, who guided back the uncertain hand in order that the *t* in the last syllable might receive its proper crossing.

"There is one other little ceremony that belongs to the occasion," said Dr. Cooley in his blandest manner, "and as soon as it is performed we will all escort Mr. Peckster to his carriage. The College is, unhappily, forced to ask for payment in advance, for really we can have no guaranty that the consignees will think that they have received treasures worth the accumulated fees for freight and storage. Thank you, Mrs. Hargrave; the usual check

payable to the order of our Treasurer: yes, that is quite correct. By the way, did you see the sonnet upon the Mather Safe that was printed in yesterday's Adviser? The poet compares it to an aqueduct that carries living waters through a stretch of underground darkness, till at length they rise to refresh a city far below the horizon. Unfortunately, the analogy is only partial, for we are without the means of collecting rates from the distant takers."

"Please to help me rise," said Mr. Ephraim Peckster. "I am provided with a check for the necessary payment, and—perhaps I can say a few words before the lights are put out."

Grasping the hand of the rector, the invalid lifted himself from the luxurious padding of his chair, and then straightened to a figure with more of the stiffening of manhood in it than had lately been apparent. He advanced towards the President, and handed him a slip of corn-colored paper.

"I fear we must trouble Mr. Peckster to add one more cipher to the amount written here," said Dr. Cooley, after a little hesitation. "The Regents voted that our keys required an unusual lubrication before they could open the doors of the Safe for so large a deposit."

"Then I am very sorry that I did not bring

my check-book," replied Mr. Peckster courteously.

"Give yourself no uneasiness on that account," rejoined the President. "I carry check-blanks upon all the banks, a habit of mine which, I can assure you, has been of much advantage to the College."

"It is growing dark," said Mr. Peckster. "Dr. Bense is a good friend of the higher education, and he may write whatever you wish. Let him fill the blank on the Mellin Trust Company, and I will sign it."

"He may write whatever I wish?" repeated Dr. Cooley interrogatively. "Ah, my dear Mr. Peckster, I fear you do not quite mean that. For if I were to have my wish, I think it would be that you would give Dr. Bense permission to square the initial figure as well as to annex the missing cipher."

Ephraim Peckster, although in an unusually giving mood, recoiled at the enormous liberality of this proposition. The ancestral light faded from the features, while the brows contracted to the peculiar knot known to the sheep of the Pasture when they were tardy in presenting themselves for the shearing of quarter-day. The shrinking was only for an instant; and then the attributes of old Gideon broke through the countenance more strongly than

before. It was a symptomatic fact which the doctor noted with uneasiness.

"I accept your amendment," said a voice which seemed too vigorous for the feeble invalid from whose lips it issued. "I shall only ask the Treasurer to delay presenting the check for three days: I have no such sum at present on deposit."

"He shall delay for three weeks, my good sir, if you say the word," was the cordial response of President Cooley. "Believe me, you will never regret this pious benefaction. In one way or another, we are able to make good returns for what we get. Had you come earlier in the evening, you would have seen rose-colored lights arranged to form the names of those who have remembered us: they were symbolic of the hue in which our College chroniclers are accustomed to set forth the facts of their mortal pilgrimage."

A look of stern decision, which darkened Mr. Peckster's face, repelled this kindly meant suggestion. Words came slowly and with effort: "My being, attenuated of much of its mortal substance, is even now assuming relations with a state where a man's thoughts of himself are the only life-history which need concern him. As the nerve of sense is paralyzed, a second consciousness, long overlaid,

rises to clearness, coherence, intensity. Let no one be bribed to mask for others the fearful shadows that must there haunt me! . . . But let me sign the check that Dr. Bense has written. Give it to me at once, for I know not how soon the play will be over."

"This is the passing humor of a tired man, for which a good night's sleep is the certain remedy," said the President tenderly. But he made a sign to Dr. Bense to write what was wanted with all speed; for if the play should be indeed near its ending, it was clear that the College Library was no place for the catastrophe of the fifth act.

"Here, my dear sir," continued Dr. Cooley, as he held out the check upon which the physician had written the result of the little sum that had been set him. "Try this quill, — there is no metallic pen that writes so easily, — and accept the privilege of the situation. Ah, it is a strange privilege, after all! To think that years of honest labor shall not so earn the gratitude of the College as the few dots and pothooks you are to put upon this paper! Yes, we have here a notable contrast."

"The contrast is awful," murmured the old man; "it is mockery to say that reason and religion will never find a way to avoid it. I am humbled, nay, crushed, with the thought

that I, who have stumbled and seen so dimly, am yet permitted to do something to give others a better guidance."

All weariness went out of the hand as the name was written; never had so bold a signature been seen upon the paper of Ephraim Peckster. It was observed that the family name bore a wonderful likeness to the strong-featured autographs of ancestor Gideon: there was the swirling loop to the *k*, and the dashing wave which followed the concluding *r*. This was not surprising to Dr. Bense, who knew that there are certain inherited substrata which may function for the first time after some special bodily failure; these testify to a kinship from which all the active life has grown away.

"Everything is pleasantly finished," said Dr. Cooley, rubbing his hands with pardonable satisfaction. "Now we will get Mr. Peckster into his coat, and into the fresh air, where the carriage is waiting. He will feel like another man when once outside our musty Library, and will ride home happy with the remembrance of the good thing he has done for us."

But the black moment could no longer be postponed. A New England family had spent or wasted such force as was in it, and local history would know its members no more. The last representative of his name perceived that

the *Satis lusisti!* had been spoken. There was an instant of painfully acute consciousness, a fearful throbbing in the ears, a convulsive movement of the throat, as if some one thrust back the cry which fought for utterance. The solid walls of the building seemed to fall and bear something to the earth. Dr. Bense caught something in his arms — but it was not Ephraim Peckster. The wrench was over, and the great transformation — which was no transformation — was accomplished.

No transformation. Clara Hargrave saw the group about the thing that had been laid gently upon the floor; she saw Dr. Bense on his knees beside it; she heard him murmur something about the “inhibitory cardiac apparatus,” — and there was Ephraim Peckster standing before her, clothed as when in the body!

Yes, gentlemen of the Society for Psychical Research, in spite of the ponderous dress difficulty, the fact can be given to you in no better words than those that have just been written. Of course they are inadequate — absurdly inadequate. Go to the arctic regions, and use the forms of speech belonging to the climate in lecturing upon tropical forests or electrical communication. A garden becomes a dirty snowdrift that breaks into colored spots, like a man with the small-pox; the telegraph is a

fishing-line stretched between two huts, along which runs a little animal with a bit of blubber in his mouth. Such grotesque adumbration we must put up with in conveying the facts of one zone to the inhabitants of another. Shall we do better in attempting to translate spiritual perceptions into forms of language unfitted to receive them? We can only reverse the fable, and show the lion in the hide of the ass.

It is improbable that Ephraim Peckster subsisted in noumenal existence precisely as he appeared to the sensitive. Consciousness can never give us a complete representation of the sensory impulse which occasions a perception. It concerns us only to know that, as the man had lost no quality that was really his, the modification of character given by clothes persisted. Take the lawn sleeves from your bishop, and compel him to officiate in a fancy bathing-dress, and you strip him of an important part of his personality. Now the fact to be conveyed is, that death deprives a man of no essential part of his being. The form upon which Dr. Bense was trying the resources of his art never had any life of its own; the glazing eye had never seen, the dull ear had never heard. Sensation is of the spiritual body. If the form and moving of the machine had been express and admirable, it was because a visitant

from another range of being had animated it. No transformation. There stood the feeble residuum of the Peckster family just as inheritance, circumstance, self-indulgence, had made him; or rather, just as he had made himself by offering no efficient resistance to these witchcrafts of the flesh. The face, which in earth-life bore traces of the nobler living of old Gideon, was now absolutely symbolic of character. It showed the man exactly as he was: not what he had persuaded himself that he was; not what his money had bribed others to represent him. Vainly might rose-water religionists promise their patron Dives a higher life and a happier future. The sensitive shuddered as she perceived that to such as Ephraim Peckster there opens a lower life and a darker future, long, terrible, — perchance, neither hopeless nor endless, yet who shall say?

The bustle and buzz of excited murmurs which succeeded the shock were scarcely heard by Clara Hargrave, whose nerves of outer sense were numbed as she gazed at the mystery before her. It was not until what had happened was understood by her companions, and their hasty exclamations had been duly uttered, that Mr. Greyson's voice came to her almost like that of one who is speaking an unknown tongue: —

“Should we not send for a coroner, or for the officer who represents him?”

“Absolutely unnecessary,” said Dr. Bense, with decision. “The matter is perfectly simple — the sudden stopping of a long debilitated heart. The books are full of just such cases.”

“There is a question,” said Dr. Cooley, with some hesitation, “which, under the circumstances, should be considered without delay. I regret to thrust it forward at this painful moment, but the fact that I am here in a fiduciary capacity leaves me no alternative. What is the value of that check? I call you all to witness that Mr. Peckster signed it with a full knowledge of what he was doing. Added to the funds I have been slowly accumulating, the amount here written is sufficient to establish the long-desired Chair of Heredity, — a focus from which light, spreading in divergent rays, shall increase the efficiency of every department of the College. I speak only such words as the tenderest friend of him who lies there might utter, when I inquire whether the life that has just vanished like a dream has left something behind it which may be of substantial benefit to the world. Again I ask, what is the value of the check?”

The Treasurer, who seemed to be appealed to, waited for a moment, and then, extending

his arm, drew an ellipse upon an imaginary blackboard.

“Then we must appeal to the moral sense of the Duke; we have the strongest claim upon him!”

The Treasurer shrugged his shoulders, as if to intimate that the moral sense of that eminent aristocrat was probably overgrown by the weedy harvests he had been at the pains to cultivate.

“Cannot you get special legislation?” inquired Dr. Bense. “Surely there are ways in which the College can bring pressure to bear upon the average country member!”

“*Ex post facto* law-making happens to be unconstitutional,” replied the Treasurer regretfully. “I don’t think we can provide a lobby potent enough to surmount that obstacle.”

The little council was somewhat soured by this final checkmate. It was marvelous that a scheme of the universe, which the College had always patronized as on the whole well arranged and agreeable, should have such fatal flaws in it!

“I see the solution of our difficulty!” exclaimed the Treasurer suddenly. “I was stupid not to have thought of it. Although the check has now no value as a money-order, it may be worth much as evidence of a claim

against the executor of the estate. As a gift to the College it is nothing ; but how if we can show that it was an intended payment for value received ? The consideration was, of course, our pledge to give a century of storage in the Mather Safe to a most unusual and cumbrous deposit. This view of the matter will bring the case into court ; and, once there, Hensleigh will take care of us. If we go to a jury, there will be a chance for his rhapsodic stop. What an opportunity to make an eloquent plea for letters ! Why, there has been nothing like it since the trial of the poet Archias !”

“I cannot take your hopeful view of the situation,” said the President sadly. “I have had bitter experience of the resources of legal zig-zagging, and of the prejudices of twelve average citizens. If justice were done, this check would be good for the amount Mr. Peckster intended to convey to us ; but I should sleep more easily to-night if I saw a name which meant money written across the back of it.”

“I fear it would have no legal significance, under the present circumstances,” said the Treasurer doubtfully.

“It would have a moral significance,” replied Dr. Cooley, with decision, “and that would be sufficient with the class of benefactors who in time past have aided the College.”

“You shall have a name, then,” said Clara Hargrave, rising in response to the imploring gesture of a being visible to her, — but now not visible to her alone. “Give me the pen. . . . There! What I have written means that if the courts fail you, the Professorship shall still be founded. For some time past I have set aside property to endow a Chair of even greater importance than that which is so near the heart of the President. Well, the time is against me. It appears I was born too soon to enrich the College in the way I should like. I accept the conditions of my age, and will do for it what I can.”

“Your action is worthy of a well-balanced masculine mind!” exclaimed Dr. Bense; “and what better can I say of it?”

“Say that it is not unworthy the wife of Professor Hargrave, and I shall be fully satisfied,” replied the lady, as she resumed her seat.

Not visible to her alone! There was another who had suddenly become conscious of the presence of a living Ephraim Peckster. The years of elevating intercourse with Professor Hargrave were not without result; the Reverend Charles Greyson was permitted to see the reverse side of the phenomenon of death. Surely it was no subjective vision! The face before him was more living than that of any of the

little company : there was molecular aggregation and movement in the agony of the clenched teeth, in the forehead wrinkled with pain, in the hands clutching at the wealth which had forever escaped their grasp.

Talk learnedly, if you will, of a highly complex action of mental states which transmitted the vision from the brain of the woman to that of the man. Assert, if you like, that a stimulus was applied to the nerve-centres of perception which produced the same vibration that would be occasioned by an external object. After you have decorated the fact with the last phrase-drapery the psychical modistes have invented, the certainty persists that to the Rector of St. Philemon's there had come an extension of the region of the positively known : to him there was one more luminous point upon the vast background of mystery.

The pecuniary shadows having been dissipated by the generous action of Clara Hargrave, the flutter belonging to the situation was resumed. A messenger was dispatched for functionaries who lie in wait for such occasions, and who often seem to be affected by an astonishing polarity which attracts them to the spot where their services are wanted.

The excited reporter telephoned to his journal that the obituary, so long set up, might see

the light in the morning's issue, and then proceeded to write out the particulars that were to bring a thrill of sensation to many breakfast-tables.

There was a hurried, informal consultation held with Mr. Greyson by the two College officers. The funeral would certainly take place at St. Philemon's; any day but Thursday would suit the President. Seats must of course be reserved for the Council of Regents: some of them would have gone in any case, but, under the peculiar circumstances, it was imperative that they should go as a body; they should be conspicuously present.

"These changes come home to us all," remarked Dr. Cooley in a strain of pious reflection. "We shall star one more name on the Catalogue, and your calls at the great house on the Avenue must cease with to-day, Dr. Bense!"

"No, I shall go there again to-morrow," rejoined that gentleman decidedly. "By the way, is there a telegraph office in the neighborhood?"

"There is one just round the corner of Delphi Street. The janitor shall take any message you wish."

"Thank you; let him telegraph Dr. Simpson of Medville to meet me under the Harrison statue to-morrow at twelve o'clock."

The officer was summoned and received the order.

“Some of you will remember,” said the doctor in explanation of his despatch, “that two years ago Mr. Peckster wished that his death might be useful to — to — Science. Well, he is likely to be gratified, — though not quite in the way he then contemplated. I have said that the case was simple ; and, in one sense, so it was. Yet I have all along asserted that the condition of the coronary arteries pointed to a complication with what we call interstitial myocarditis. Simpson would n’t admit this : so to-morrow I hope to show him that I was right !”

After all that it was indispensable to do had been done, Mr. Greyson found himself between the two College officers upon the steps of the Library. Mrs. Hargrave and Dr. Bense had just driven away, and the rector, coveting the refreshment of the elastic air, was ready to begin a three-mile walk to his residence.

“Talk of your Lauras, your Beatrices, your Clotildes de Vaux,” exclaimed the President as the sound of the retreating wheels died away ; “there goes a woman who is peeress to them

all! Hargrave may have had his disappointments, but he is a man to be envied notwithstanding; he does not drag after him the ball and chain of a foolish marriage, the clanking whereof must be heard through many lives. Ah, it is sad to remember that this handsome and liberal lady sails for Brazil to-morrow afternoon! Yes, gentlemen, that is a proposition we shall all accept as indisputable."

"Not, however, in the form in which you put it," objected the Treasurer. "The Professor is to sail *this* afternoon, for it is after twelve o'clock."

"I must accept your correction," rejoined Dr. Cooley, looking at his watch. "Monday, the twenty-fourth — our long prepared-for Centennial — is now only one among the myriad days of the past; we must do what we can in Tuesday, the twenty-fifth, which is already sweeping by us!"

"There is one thing we can do in it without delay," responded the more matter-of-fact money-keeper. "We can spare our friend and ourselves the trouble of coming here again in the afternoon. We are now at liberty to reopen the Mather Safe and release the Rev. Dr. Mardley's parcel from its seventy years of retirement. Let us return to the Library and discharge this duty."

“Do you mean to say that yonder oaken sepulchre contains anything addressed to me?” asked Mr. Greyson anxiously.

“Nothing addressed to *you*,” answered Dr. Cooley; “but, as the Treasurer well reminds me, we are guardians of a consignment to the Rector of St. Philemon’s, whoever he may happen to be on the twenty-fifth day of October, 1887; and this we shall speedily produce from the depths of Miser Farrel’s cabinet.”

“I fear it may be like raising a drowned body from the depths of the sea, where it were far better it should remain,” murmured the rector. “But why was I never told that this bequest awaited me?”

“Simply because it is our rule never to notify the possible recipient of a deposit until the arrival of the day of delivery designates him as the actual recipient,” explained the President. “If the solemn summons of an hour ago had come to the pastor instead of to his most conspicuous parishioner, remember that the heirs and assigns of Charles Greyson would have had no more claim upon our trust than those of John Smith or Peter Robinson.”

Again the party returned to the building which had just been quitted. The official keys again turned in the locks of the Safe, and a parchment envelope, bearing seals of red and

black wax, was put into the hands of the clergyman. Fortunately a breast-pocket fashioned for the conveyance of Sunday manuscripts was capable of its reception. The form of receipt which was printed in one of the great books was filled out and signed almost mechanically, and with some scanty ceremony of leave-taking Charles Greyson hurried to the air.

He was glad to be out of the Library. The protecting ægis of the night would shield him from the assault of questions that its interminable shelves proposed. Their contradictory solutions of problems historical, biological, or sociological might now wrangle together as they pleased. He was at length at liberty to form theorems whose premises were derived from no physical experience, and to reach conclusions valid only within the sphere of the world invisible.

The rector strode into the darkness, feverishly conscious that he bore upon his body a communication from the dead Richard Mardley. The imperious ascendancy of the pulpit, after dwindling to a mere moral self-possession, had finally faded out. There was small ministerial impressiveness about the man who now slunk into narrow streets to avoid the electric brilliancy of the main thoroughfare.

IV.

THE city clocks were striking two when the rector entered the familiar study where no womanly sense of order gave tasteful disposition to the furniture, or arranged the papers that lay scattered upon the desk. The nervous excitement which rapid walking through the deserted streets had diffused through the organism again centred in the brain. The package in the breast-pocket of the coat was every moment bulging to huger proportions. What a relief to place it on the table and be rid of it! A rim of light upon the gas-burner was gradually raised to the usual glare, and the room, long associated with the varying depressions and aspirations of a human soul, was revealed to its master. There was something of a foreign aspect in the accustomed surroundings. The crayoned head of St. Philemon, which the vestrymen had presented on their minister's last birthday, had a look of anxious expectation in its upturned eyes. So might the convert of the great Apostle have awaited the conclusion of the inscrutable world-drama which it was believed the living generation should behold.

The miserable remnant of the night was not for slumber. Nerve-commotion — or *neuro-kinesis* as the doctors prefer to call it — coming as recoil from a sudden shock is liable to take on perverted action. Although sleep was impossible, a craving for the relief and comfort of unconsciousness possessed Charles Greyson. He must dull the senses that had sharpened themselves to such painful acuteness to receive the message awaiting him. A longing for deep draughts of wine, mingled with soothing clouds of tobacco, rose to an intensity that was terrible. To the rector, who had never accustomed himself to the use of stimulant or narcotic, it seemed as if Satan had devised one of those grotesque and unnatural temptations with which he was wont to assail the virtue of holy men of old. Yet there can be no doubt that the pitiless law of heredity furnished all necessary explanation. The fatigue and excitement of the evening were favoring circumstances that developed germs of tendency which had long lain latent: the consolidated memories of the brain had taken into their structure the sensual indulgence of ancestral lives.

Presently the trial assumed a form slightly different. There came a tormenting yearning to test a certain fashionable hypnotic which Dr. Bense prescribed for nervous patients with

the most gratifying results. Hydrate of amy-
lene: there was something somnolent in the
very name, and the desire to awaken the neigh-
boring apothecary and procure an emulsion of
the drug was wellnigh irresistible. Happily,
however, the volitional power acquired by in-
tercourse with Ernest Hargrave gained ascen-
dency over this morbid impulse. As the incen-
tive to unworthy indulgence was withdrawn, a
freakish humor was substituted. Despite the
grotesque element in the new craving, there
was no sin in letting it have its way.

Accordingly Mr. Greyson rose, drew aside a
curtain which concealed an alcove, and took
therefrom a surplice which he proceeded to put
on. The relief was instantaneous: the well-
laundered robe strengthened and extended the
personality of its occupant. It gave the indi-
vidual the moral support of an association. If
the cowl does not make the monk, as the pro-
verb assures us, it is nevertheless no unimpor-
tant factor in the production of that evil-resist-
ing personage. What remained to be done
might now be undertaken with confidence.
Yet the rector was tremulous with painful
shivers of curiosity, as, seating himself at the
table, he broke the seals upon the parchment
envelope. What message would be wafted
over the chilly gap that lay between Dr.

Mardley and his latest successor? What precious gift was now to be released from the dark imprisonment of seventy years?

Nothing but a sermon! Among all the possible consignments which fancy had bodied forth, was there anything so utterly commonplace as this? The title was written in the boldest penmanship of the dead Richard Mardley, the heavy downstrokes looking as fresh as when they grew beneath the pressure of his quill.

THE CAMEL AND THE NEEDLE'S EYE.

*A sermon preached at the Church of St. Philemon,
October 12, 1817;
being the Sunday succeeding the Death of
Mr. Zachary Peckster.*

Following the sprawling letters of the title were sentences formed under an agitation that was plainly reflected in the written words.

“A lie! This sermon was never preached: yet when I wrote what you have just read I meant that every syllable should tell the truth. These pages are for you, my Reverend Brother, doubtless now unborn. After more than two generations of men shall have passed, the faithful Mather Safe will put this discourse into your hands; it may then be preached at St. Philemon's. For surely in your day

must be measurably accomplished that human equality upon which President Jefferson has builded our democratic State. In your happier time selfish rapacity may be called by its proper name without detriment to those ecclesiastical and social interests which, for the sake of Religion itself, we are now unwilling to imperil. Do not judge me harshly. The sermon before you was written under stress of conviction: I fully intended to read it before my people. And yet when it came to the point I pleaded the headache which my sleepless Saturday night had cost me, and told my assistant to take my place in the pulpit. I need not say that he illustrated his text (Ps. xii. 1) with the conventional allusion to the sad event of the previous week. It was done in the same innocent, matter-of-course way with which he would have subscribed himself 'your most obedient and very humble servant' at the end of a letter. He said no more than one is expected to say after the decease of a wealthy pew-holder upon whom all eyes were turned, and about whom there was no tangible scandal. And yet, what a relief to me when the service was over! Zachary Peckster was my friend, as he was the friend of whatever seemed fair and prosperous; useless friends, those who could in no way contribute to his pecuniary or social advancement, he did not keep; he died a very rich man, leaving, it is said, nearly ninety thousand dollars. Was it for words of mine to imply that this decorous gentleman was a parasite drawing sustenance from the labors of a community for which he rendered no equivalent

service? You will see my difficulty as you gather from this sermon — what from contemporary obituaries and commemorative resolutions you would never suspect — that his career was a constant decline from the simple and honorable living of his father Gideon, the benefactor of the College. As a young man Zachary strayed from the narrow way by marrying a vulgar widow, whose land, adjoining the well-known Pasture, was to help him in the accumulation of money to which he had consecrated his life. While manifestly inheriting worthy tendencies, he was content to exchange the honor which his father won by their cultivation for the lip-homage the world is ready to give to the appropriators of its wealth. Yet his life was well coated by such varnish of respectability as Church and College might put upon it. While his gifts to neither were large, they were always judiciously conspicuous, — having the air, indeed, of mere installments of benefactions that might one day be expected. And now the connoisseurs in the decorums he cultivated speak through their accredited organs a ‘Well done, good and faithful servant!’ and hold up the life that has just gone out as an example for the imitation of youth. Ah, Beloved Brother in the priesthood of the future, these things ought not to be. Should I not say that tested by the precepts of the Saviour this man was no Christian; that his punctilious church-going gave him no spiritual force; and that his life tended to deaden that force in others? Surely it is due to our juniors in the faith that these truths be plainly

spoken ; perchance, due also to Zachary Peckster himself ; for did not he of the purple and fine linen beseech Abraham that his brethren might be warned to avoid his fate ? And yet matter of this solemn import cannot now be uttered ; I can write the fitting sermon, but, alas, I must send it to you to be preached. After the changes wrought by the three-score and ten years of popular sovereignty which separate us, you need not shrink from applying to the life that is about you the divine words chosen for my text. And so I commit to you the easy discharge of the responsibility with which I find myself overburdened. You, who will stand upon the hill-tops, have charity for your predecessor, who sees not his way amid the mists of the valley ! Read this sermon at St. Philemon's ; or if you find other words better fitted to convey the verities here taught, cast aside these old-world phrases of mine and speak according to the promptings of the Spirit in your own heart."

"Poor, simple Dr. Mardley ! His very rich man — worth nearly ninety thousand dollars ! In the name of the Profit — figs ! Why, grandson Ephraim must have cleared ten times that paltry sum by his agent's purchase of the land upon which the city of Delford now stands !"

So thought Charles Greyson as he hastily turned the pages before him. Truly, such light as might once have been in them had become somewhat obscured by the dusky years of their

seclusion. Full of feeling no doubt they were ; but there was small imagination, and a literalness in the interpretation of Scripture that appeared quite out of date. No name was mentioned, but this would have been unnecessary when the decease of Zachary Peckster was the event of the previous week.

To the rector it seemed that the substance of what Dr. Mardley had written might be preached — should be preached, perhaps ; but the form was hopelessly archaic. Sermons must take some color from the passing day, or at least they must maintain a certain happy equilibrium between the terminology of the pulpit and the governing ideas of the pews.

Mr. Greyson arose and walked the room, anxious, puzzled, unresolved. Ideas and recollections, vivid with a vividness not normal, crowded upon him ; there was neither order nor proportion in their appearance ; a mob of unconscious cerebrations struggling for an outlet into consciousness. Dead memories that should have stayed dead awoke to life, like the slain Huns in Kaulbach's painting, to renew their conflict in the air. The rapid currents of thought were confined by no barriers of language ; their nature must be inadequately indicated by words.

“That awful solidarity of the family ! Pro-

gressive metamorphosis culminating in the benefactor of the College; then retrogressive changes ending in his great-grandson. Yet Mr. Peckster's standards were not measurably different from those of his neighbors. The craving to absorb value for which he had given no equivalent was, as it were, melted into him; neither Church nor College made any audible objection. And so it has come to pass that the people of Delford are forever bound to support the extravagance of a foreign duke and his pampered offspring because Mr. Ephraim Peckster's agent purchased forest-land at a few dollars an acre!

“The accession to the Pasture bought by marriage with the vulgar widow, — there was the prologue to the life-drama of the descendant. The most important act in the existence of a human being determined by the groveling passion of avarice! Had the female element been wisely chosen, the seed of selfishness could not have produced its miserable fruitage in succeeding lives. Or if Richard Mardley had dared to preach the sermon he could not help writing, the stewardship of Ephraim might have been other than it was. Nothing is lost; even that poor seventh-day homily would in its little measure have modified the action of forces that have brought us to where we stand. And

how much easier to have preached it then than to preach it now! Miserable delusion that the workings of Jefferson's airy *equality* would in my day provide a more sympathetic medium between the stern requirements of the Gospel and the carnal hearts of men! The sermon must go back to the Mather Safe indorsed over to whomsoever shall be St. Philemon's rector at the end of seventy years yet to come. He will be able to use what is unavailable in this sad present time when the temperature of belief is falling towards the freezing-point, and the minimizing of irksome tenets and the bedecking of religion with social allurements is the work committed to our hands.

"As in Adam all die, so also— Seventy years ago the sonorous voice which tradition attributes to Dr. Mardley repeated these words over the body of Zachary Peckster, — repeated them in the presence of mourning associations of men who believed that Adam, being created perfect by the Most High, brought death into the world by his transgression. And now, in the opinion of the learned societies that will send delegations to the funeral of the grandson, it has come to pass that this Adam was a semi-simian personage whose arboreal propensities brought him into no relation with any tree of knowledge. What, then, was the value of the

Apostle's antithesis which followed the proposition about Adam, and seemed in some sort to be dependent upon its truth? For generations that sequent assurance sustained the good in their trials and struck with salutary terror the unrepentant sinner. What was now to be said of it? Speaking after the manner of men of culture and scientific reputation, it was best not to say much about it; speaking according to the proprieties of wealth and fashion, it was still worth while to cultivate an emotional assent to it — for the sake of the women, and the laboring classes."

Suddenly the rector was visited by that extreme exaltation of memory in which a past scene is actualized, and forgotten talk rings clearly in the ears. He was present at a certain dinner given by Mr. Peckster during convention week. A tropical profusion of hot-house flowers; the air was heavy with their perfume mingled with the aroma of wine. A dazzle of feminine apparel, the outcome of toil squandered upon frivolities which were to be tossed to the void as soon as fashion could invent new fripperies equally valueless. A buzz of emulative talk upon the possible and imaginable in luxurious living. Guests vied with one another in the invention of some new

and unnatural want, some fresh superfluity that might waste in extravagant consumption whatever of improved method the inventor's labor should give the world. The merry competition was at its height when the eyes of Mr. Tom Stapleton, who was leading the strife, happened to meet those of a certain clerical delegate to the convention. He was a young man belonging to a holy order whose members were vowed to poverty. Mr. Greyson brought him to the house late that afternoon, and the host — who had just received notice of two vacancies at the coming banquet — insisted upon filling his empty chairs with the clergymen who had so providentially presented themselves. There was something in the look of the stranger which showed that the conversation had gone far enough, and that a sharp turn in its direction was desirable.

“I see that the convention took up the subject of liturgical enrichment this morning,” observed the ready Mr. Stapleton. “Now can you tell us, Father Croyce, whether there is any special enrichment your experience would lead you to suggest?”

“I would make no addition to the prayer book,” said the priest with decision. “Those among whom the service grew and shaped itself breathed a different air from ours. We receive

their words from times aglow with zeal and devotion ; we must transmit them unchanged to a better age than that in which we live. Were the case otherwise, I might find an answer to your question."

" Well, if the case *were* otherwise, what enrichment do you say would be especially adapted to the day that is now passing ? " persisted the inquirer.

" I would add to the creed a confession of faith in those precepts of the Master which condemn our wealth-worship and the social standards it supports ; I would have *this* confession of faith repeated no less frequently and reverently than our affirmation of belief in the wondrous miracle of His parthenic birth."

Evidently here was the man to whom Dr. Mardley should have forwarded his perplexing sermon !

" And yet this Father Croyce " — so ran the obvious comment upon the fading scene — " was an innocent enthusiast who could make no allowance for that ancestral atmosphere of wrong-doing which practical persons are compelled to breathe under penalty of dying of asphyxia. His devoted labors in the New York slums left him no time to perceive the emergence of the intellect from the fast-ebbing spiritual wave. He knew nothing of the nice

limitations, the qualifying propositions, with which wiser heads deem it prudent to drape the uncompromising teachings of Christ. He could not understand that the rector of St. Philemon's must preach the Gospel on the line of the least resistance, as the necessary condition of preaching it at all."

It was not Charles Greyson who thus dallied with evasions, equivocations, and the subtleties of self-excuse. They welled up from the automatic organism while its tenant lay atrophied.

In the Mass which Gounod has composed for the cathedral service at Rheims, he has introduced a solo for the violin with *obbligato* organ accompaniment. The music is intended to represent those interior utterances which were heard by the Maid of Orleans and directed her course. It would be well to borrow, if that were possible, the higher art of harmonic composition to convey the quality of the spiritual voice that now appealed to the wearied clergyman. It came as if borne on a current of energy operating through indefinite space; it proceeded from one whose affluence of resource was no less remarkable than his broad outlook and sober judgment.

"There is no such puzzle, my dear friend, no such incompatibility of duties, as your tired

brain seems to suggest. You must preach Richard Mardley's sermon, — perchance in better words than those in which he has written it. There is one obligation; but there is another no less imperative. For six days in the week bend yourself to work here as I shall be working for you in Brazil. Labor to bring in the new without violence to the old, or the sudden rupture of existing relations. Join heartily in every effort to provide a working compromise between the social injustice which is, and the social equity which ought to be. Let the sense of balance and proportion, which the College is so anxious to cultivate, govern your week-day utterances. Lines of limitation are drawn about the citizen; he must often prefer the second best to the best. But on Sunday, when you stand before the people as priest of the Church Catholic, make no abatement from those teachings of its Head which condemn what is now held in honor among men. In the divine ordering of things a rare knowledge has been vouchsafed to you. Your eyes have been permitted to see Ephraim Peckster as living man after the life manifested in muscle and nerve had ceased. One more fact has been shown to you in the day when the reign of facts is supreme. But how communicate the assurance of this non-physical certitude to

those who have never left the physical plane of consciousness? I see how this question is troubling you. Let your head lie easily upon yonder cushion, and receive for answer an image of events that are to be."

As the voice ceased the rector passed into a condition which — as we have at present no better name for it — may be called semi-somnambolic; it is the condition which the researches of Dr. Charcot and other medical savans have so clearly established, and so imperfectly explained. In this singular state it appears that the cerebral hemispheres, which normally work together in harmony, may set up separate activities. The personality is sometimes cloven in twain; while each part, like the sections made in the protoplasm of the amœba, is capable of living as a separate unit. Groups of ideas, disassociated from their relations with other groups, are rearranged as distinct *egos*, each with a different moral and intellectual machinery.

Gradually arose out of swimming mists the interior of St. Philemon's. In every tint and sculpturesque detail the church was as clearly defined as it could have been to bodily vision. But it was in a new point of observation, as well as in a new personality, that Mr. Greyson found himself. He was no longer at the altar

end of the building, but just inside the great doors which admitted to the broad aisle; he was no longer the honored minister, but a mere nobody in the pewless company which had come in from the street. He gazed admiringly — almost as one who had never seen it before — at the great *oriel* which, supported by gilded corbels, projected over the chancel. There was the sacred triangle colored in ultramarine, which rivaled in purity the blue of the prismatic spectrum; it typified the mystery of the azure void that the roof concealed. Far beneath it was St. John's eagle bearing up the lectern on outstretched wings. A little to the left was the polygonal pulpit with its heavy canopy and oaken sides bulging into marvels of pious iconography. Emblazoned on the windows stood the Apostles in radiant robes; the rich crimson of their backgrounds being symbolic of that martyrdom for the faith which, if need were, their successors are doubtless prepared to encounter. The florid vestments worn by these holy personages met a cordial response of color in the ribbons, feathers, and velvets of the sinners who crowded the pews. If the Church no longer guides the World, it is still a capital place in which to receive and exhibit it! No such cynical aphorism originated in that portion of the brain which served the con-

scious life of the rector; it belonged to the inferior personality that was taken from him in his mysterious slumber.

And now the attention of this *alter ego*, this detached fragment of dream-self, returned to the pulpit in which arose the figure of the Rev. Charles Greyson. He stood in that perilous eminence, as he would stand there, after five days had passed, on the Sunday next succeeding the death of Mr. Ephraim Peckster. He stood there to preach the sermon which the Rev. Richard Mardley had failed to preach seventy years before. And now the responsibility of putting the message into fitting words weighed heavily upon the minister. How could he hope to reach that tremulous equipoise between the delicacy of the cultured gentleman and the sincerity of the Christian priest from which he might most effectively penetrate the souls of those before him?

Scarcely was the inquiry formed before it was answered. Suddenly a sense of solitude spread itself between the preacher and the multitude below; as suddenly appeared before him the face he had seen in the College Library. The countenance was that of Ephraim Peckster; the same upward strain of the eyeballs; the same furrows and corrugations of the forehead; the same wrinkles about the mouth, as

of one who pleads for mitigation of a punishment from which there is no deliverance. There was nothing shadowy, nothing supernatural; simply a fact more terrible than the symbolism of the fire and the worm; simply the knowledge of a state in which there can be no indulgence of selfish propensities, and no breaking away from them. No breaking away from them; for greed and the love of sensuous life must be vanquished by the soul when clothed in a body, or they persist forever. Where there is no money to be clutched, the sin of avarice cannot be overcome; where there are no social forces that may be perverted to the ministration of personal luxury, the desire so to pervert them cannot be annihilated. How can victory be won when there is no longer a possibility of conflict? Then all uncertainty vanished. The words to be spoken were given to the rector: they were absolutely descriptive of what *was*.

“*And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment!*”

The voice was resonant with the thrill of an irrepressible emotion.

The strange nobody by the door knew that never sermon from that text had yet been preached before the fifty millions. Every nerve in the great assembly was painfully strained to catch what was to follow.

“The language I have repeated to you was uttered by Him whose words were of the essence of Truth. Do you ask me of whom they were spoken? I answer, of *a certain rich man*.

“‘A hard scripture,’ you murmur. ‘Was *that* all he was?’

“Yes, dear brethren, that was *all* he was.”

After this manner the truth contained in Dr. Mardley’s sermon was preached at St. Philemon’s.

The solemn temple faded like the insubstantial pageant of a vision, which indeed it was. Charles Greyson came into contact with mundane surroundings: the unraveled strands of self were again bound together in a single cord. He threw open the window to admit the pallid twilight of the morning. He welcomed the blast of chilly air and the rattle of early wheels upon the pavement.

V.

How strange is the craving to see newspaper accounts of sights or transactions concerning which we happen to be much better informed than the reporter who chronicles them! There must have been many things in the morning issue of the Daily Adviser of which Dr. Bense was ignorant, yet he passed them by to read the narrative of last night's scene in the College Library, about which his information was perfect. It seems as if we could not fully realize what we have done or witnessed until we get it into type, and are instructed how to regard it by the editorial pronoun of multitude.

"Yes, my dear, the Adviser gives the facts with a fair amount of correctness," said Dr. Bense, when released from the fascination which the morning paper exerts upon the masculine mind. "Here are the comments, cut up into little paragraphs of some dozen lines each, as the fashion now is. If we can persuade little Dora to keep quiet for a few minutes, I will read them to you."

The doctor addressed Mrs. Bense, who was sitting at the waiter-side of the breakfast-table. He referred to a flaxen-haired child, whose six summers of experience had been filled with alternate visions of vivid joys and sorrows, with fairy intimacies, and with silly conclusions. Her presence was a joy in the house; out of office hours she was allowed to frolic even in the doctor's basement consultation-room, and she managed to charge that crypt of the diseases with some portion of her radiant jollity.

"Come, little Dora, leave off rattling the shovel, and sit upon grandpapa's knee, and hear him read all about poor Mr. Peckster."

"Does the story end with a question?" asked little Dora doubtfully. She had been bewitched by a certain tale of a barbaric princess, which a version of her grandfather's had brought within the grasp of the childish imagination. "Does Mr. Peckster's story end with a question, just like Mr. Stockton's?"

"There are few stories that do not, my dear," replied the doctor sadly, "and it is generally easier to see the question than to come at the answer."

"Then I will find out the question, and you shall tell me the answer!" exclaimed the child, shaking her curls, and laughing at her own suggestion of this happy division of labor.

“Well, then, attend to the reading; and remember to keep quiet even if you don't understand it.”

So saying, Dr. Bense adjusted his spectacles, and proceeded to give the wisdom of the Adviser all the advantage of a good voice and correct emphasis: —

“The death of Mr. Ephraim Peckster, whose obituary will be found in another column, will produce a profound sensation in this community. He was Treasurer of the Lucullus Land Company, Trustee of the Demas Institute for Distressed Travelers, Vice-President of the Metamora Club, and held other offices of responsibility and trust. He was an honorary member of the National Osteological Association, a body that will now add one more to the interesting collection of memoirs in which its associates are celebrated. Mr. Peckster was likewise connected with several dining-clubs, and the sumptuous hospitalities of his mansion on Brandon Avenue will long be remembered. His relations with the College have always been most friendly, and the rumor that they had of late become somewhat strained should be treated as idle gossip. It is gratifying to state that the famous Pasture has been much enlarged by the operations of its late proprietor in Western lands, and that its productiveness was never greater. We had forgotten to mention that Mr. Peckster was at one time talked of for the gubernatorial chair, — a position for which, it is needless

to say, he had very important qualifications. Had his friends been permitted to bring forward his name, we regard it as more than probable that we might to-day be called upon to mourn the Chief Magistrate of the Commonwealth.'

"The Adviser is equal to the occasion, as it always is," remarked the admiring reader. "I think Peckster held a good deal of its stock. The sudden recollection of a contingency which permits winding up with that sonorous chief-magistrate business is a fine touch of journalistic art. But, stop! here is something else that concerns us: —

"The abolition of the Peckster Professorship, followed so immediately by the death of the last bearer of the name of its founder, is an impressive circumstance. We understand that the occupant of the late Chair of Osteology sails from New York this afternoon for his future home in Brazil. We need not enlarge upon the opportunities for legitimate investigation that will there be open to him. It is to be hoped that he will give his exclusive attention to those gigantic bones of the palæontozoic age which belong to the field of research in which he has already acquired such high distinction. We advise him to confine himself to the scientific coördination of the laws and phenomena of osseous deposit. Would that it were unnecessary to emphasize our friendly counsel! But the communication signed

“Regent,” on the fourth page, coming from a source entitled to the highest consideration, justifies a plainness of language that we would gladly have avoided. It is now unnecessary to deny that the impairment of Professor Hargrave’s usefulness to the College was a leading consideration in abolishing the Peckster Professorship. His unhappy reversion to those forms of thought which in our savage ancestors characterized the earlier steps of the evolutionary movement separated him from the exponents of modern science who have given the College its present high position. Fortunately, Dr. Hargrave has now an opportunity to abandon the chimæras which have deprived him of the Professorship. His power of combining and coördinating the facts obtained in his legitimate sphere of observation is unquestionably remarkable; he may yet give the world a book worthy of the author of *Centres of Ossification*, and receive the doctorate of laws which the College would hasten to bestow. We advise him, then, to renounce at once and forever those vaporous mysticisms which tend to culminate in the perilous doctrines of Rousseau. Let him remember that our highest medical authorities regard this aspiration to work in the void as a sign of a mental deficiency, which may at any time increase to positive mental disorder. For the initial degeneracy having set in, its morbid development is certain to follow, and the end is not difficult to prefigure.’”

“That seems to be very judicious advice,”

said Mrs. Bense, after the pause that followed this dismal vaticination.

“It probably comes from the same pen that writes the Regent communication,” observed the doctor. “Of course it is the only view of the situation which can justify the action of the Council. Luckily, a man of Hargrave’s consciousness of inward strength has no occasion to lean upon the College.”

“But surely you agree with that fine-sounding editorial?”

“Well, not altogether,” answered Dr. Bense. “The truth is, Hargrave has got at facts — and they are facts — which cannot be forced into relation with the facts of physiology and pathology with which I am familiar. He is sustained by a wife who absolutely trusts him, and who knows — or thinks she knows — that his work in the transcendental sphere will not only build up his own character to the noblest poise of manhood, but will bestow an infinite blessing upon the world.”

“And who will be right, the Lady or the Adviser?” suddenly broke in little Dora, seizing the only question that seemed to flicker out of the sombre discourse she had imperfectly understood.

“Ah, I cannot answer that question, dear Dolly; so you must jump down and let grand-papa go to his patients.”

"But can nobody answer it?" persisted the child.

"Well, I can't think of anybody just at present," responded the doctor reflectively. "Though, to be sure, we might apply to a gentleman who lives many miles off, and who has written a very nice book about astronomy, which you shall read when you're a little older."

"Oh, do let's ask him!" cried Dora, catching at the suggestion.

"Very well, then: if you can manage to write down the question concerning the Lady and the Adviser, we will mail it to this good gentleman, who, as I was saying, knows about astronomy, and political economy, and so many other things."

"Do you really think, grandpapa, that he knows more about *the other things* than Professor Hargrave?"

Dr. Bense started; he doubted if Judge Hensleigh himself had ever put a more searching interrogation. Fortunately, there was no Court to commit him for contempt if he declined to answer.

"You must ask no more questions, Miss Dolly Bense. See, here is an envelope: I will address it to the learned gentleman we were

speaking of, and perhaps he will refer your inquiry to the wise association of which he is the chief. There, now ; I have written very plainly, so that you can read it : *To the President of the Society for Psychological Research.*"

NOTE.

In answer to the inquiry of a correspondent, the reporter of the foregoing scenes begs leave to say that he does not think it probable the Council of Regents will ornament their banqueting hall with a memorial window in honor of Dr. Hargrave much before the year fifty-seven of the next century, and that he must decline to offer any advice touching the allegorical figure which should be blazoned on the panes of this coming casement. He has no objection, however, to make a suggestion for the inscription in German text that will be required to go beneath it. The sentence is taken from the writings of one of the broadest thinkers who, in our time, has honored the College by accepting its doctorate of laws.

"There are strong minds, acute minds, profound minds; but a really candid and open mind is the rarest form of mental life."

Works of Fiction

PUBLISHED BY

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY,

4 PARK ST., BOSTON; 11 E. 17TH ST., NEW YORK.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Story of a Bad Boy. Illustrated.	12mo	\$1.50
Marjorie Daw and Other People.	12mo	1.50
Marjorie Daw and Other Stories.	Riverside Aldine Series. 16mo	1.00
Prudence Palfrey.	12mo	1.50
The Queen of Sheba.	12mo	1.50
The Stillwater Tragedy.	12mo	1.50

Hans Christian Andersen.

Complete Works. In ten uniform volumes, crown 8vo.		
A new and cheap Edition, in attractive binding.		
The Improvisatore; or, Life in Italy		1.00
The Two Baronesses		1.00
O. T.; or, Life in Denmark		1.00
Only a Fiddler		1.00
In Spain and Portugal		1.00
A Poet's Bazaar		1.00
Pictures of Travel		1.00
The Story of my Life. With Portrait		1.00
Wonder Stories told for Children. Illustrated		1.00
Stories and Tales. Illustrated		1.00
The set		10.00

B. B. B. Series.

Story of a Bad Boy. By T. B. Aldrich.		
Captains of Industry. By James Parton.		
Being a Boy. By C. D. Warner.		
The set, 3 vols. 16mo		3.75

William Henry Bishop.

Detmold: A Romance. "Little Classic" style. 18mo		1.25
The House of a Merchant Prince. 12mo		1.50
Choy Susan, and Other Stories. 16mo		1.25
The Golden Justice. 16mo.		1.25

Björnstjerne Björnson.

Works. <i>American Edition</i> , sanctioned by the author, and translated by Professor R. B. Anderson, of the University of Wisconsin.		
Complete Works, in three volumes. 12mo. The set		4.50

Alice Cary.

Pictures of Country Life. 12mo \$1.50

John Esten Cooke.

My Lady Pokahontas. 16mo 1.25

James Fenimore Cooper.

Complete Works. *New Household Edition*, in attractive binding. With Introductions to many of the volumes by Susan Fenimore Cooper, and Illustrations. In thirty-two volumes, 16mo.

- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| Precaution. | The Prairie. |
| The Spy. | Wept of Wish-ton-Wish. |
| The Pioneers. | The Water Witch. |
| The Pilot. | The Bravo. |
| Lionel Lincoln. | The Heidenmauer. |
| Last of the Mohicans. | The Headsman. |
| Red Rover. | The Monikins. |
| Homeward Bound. | Miles Wallingford. |
| Home as Found. | The Red Skins. |
| The Pathfinder. | The Chainbearer. |
| Mercedes of Castile. | Satanstoe. |
| The Deerslayer. | The Crater. |
| The Two Admirals. | Jack Tier. |
| Wing and Wing. | The Sea Lions. |
| Wyandotté. | Oak Openings. |
| Afloat and Ashore. | The Ways of the Hour. |

(Each volume sold separately.)

Each volume 1.00
 The set 32.00

New Fireside Edition. With forty-five original Illustrations. In sixteen volumes, 12mo. The set . . . 20.00

(Sold only in sets.)

Sea Tales. *New Household Edition*, containing Introductions by Susan Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated. First Series. Including —

- | | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| The Pilot. | The Red Rover. |
| The Water Witch. | The Two Admirals. |
| Wing and Wing. | |

Second Series. Including —

- | | |
|----------------|--------------------|
| The Sea Lions. | Afloat and Ashore. |
| Jack Tier. | Miles Wallingford. |
| The Crater. | |

Each set, 5 vols. 16mo 5.00

Leather-Stocking Tales. *New Household Edition*, containing Introductions by Susan Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated. In five volumes, 16mo.

The Deerslayer.	The Pioneers.	
The Pathfinder.	The Prairie.	
Last of the Mohicans.		
The set		\$5.00

Cooper Stories; being Narratives of Adventure selected from his Works. With Illustrations by F. O. C. Darley. In three volumes, 16mo, each 1.00

Charles Egbert Craddock.

In the Tennessee Mountains. 16mo	1.25
The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains. 16mo	1.25
Down the Ravine. Illustrated. 16mo	1.00
In the Clouds. 16mo	1.25
The Story of Keedon Bluffs. 16mo	1.00
The Despot of Broomsedge Cove. 16mo	1.25

Thomas Frederick Crane.

Italian Popular Tales. Translated from the Italian. With Introduction and a Bibliography. 8vo 2.50

F. Marion Crawford.

To Leeward. 16mo	1.25
A Roman Singer. 16mo	1.25
An American Politician. 16mo	1.25
Paul Patoff. Crown 8vo	1.50

Maria S. Cummins.

The Lamplighter. 12mo	1.00
El Fureidis. 12mo	1.50
Mabel Vaughan. 12mo	1.50

Parke Danforth.

Not in the Prospectus. 16mo 1.25

Daniel De Foe.

Robinson Crusoe. Illustrated. 16mo 1.00

Margaret Deland.

John Ward, Preacher. 12mo 1.50

P. Deming.

Adirondack Stories. 18mo75
Tompkins and Other Folks. 18mo	1.00

Thomas De Quincey.

Romances and Extravaganzas. 12mo	1.50
Narrative and Miscellaneous Papers. 12mo	1.50

Charles Dickens.

Complete Works. *Illustrated Library Edition.* With Introductions by E. P. Whipple. Containing Illustrations by Cruikshank, Phiz, Seymour, Leech, Mac-

Works of Fiction Published by

lise, and others, on steel, to which are added designs of Darley and Gilbert, in all over 550. In twenty-nine volumes, 12mo.

The Pickwick Papers, 2 vols.	Dombey and Son, 2 vols.
Nicholas Nickleby, 2 vols.	Pictures from Italy, and Oliver Twist.
Old Curiosity Shop, and Re-printed Pieces, 2 vols.	American Notes.
Barnaby Rudge, and Hard Times, 2 vols.	Bleak House, 2 vols.
Martin Chuzzlewit, 2 vols.	Little Dorrit, 2 vols.
Our Mutual Friend, 2 vols.	David Copperfield, 2 vols.
Uncommercial Traveller.	A Tale of Two Cities.
A Child's History of England, and Other Pieces.	Great Expectations.
Christmas Books.	Edwin Drood, Master Humphrey's Clock, and Other Pieces.
	Sketches by Boz.

Each volume	\$1.50
The set. With Dickens Dictionary. 30 vols.	45.00
Christmas Carol. Illustrated. 8vo, full gilt	2.50
The Same. 32mo75
Christmas Books. Illustrated. 12mo	2.00

Charlotte Dunning.

A Step Aside. 16mo	1.25
------------------------------	------

Edgar Fawcett.

A Hopeless Case. "Little Classic" style. 18mo	1.25
A Gentleman of Leisure. "Little Classic" style. 18mo	1.00
An Ambitious Woman. 12mo	1.50

Fénelon.

Adventures of Telemachus. 12mo	2.25
--	------

Mrs. James A. Field.

High-Lights. 16mo	1.25
-----------------------------	------

Harford Flemming.

A Carpet Knight. 16mo	1.25
---------------------------------	------

Baron de la Motte Fouqué.

Undine, Sintram and his Companions, etc. 32mo75
Undine and Other Tales. Illustrated. 16mo	1.00

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.

Wilhelm Meister. Translated by Thomas Carlyle.	
Portrait of Goethe. In two volumes. 12mo	3.00
The Tale and Favorite Poems. 32mo75

Oliver Goldsmith.

Vicar of Wakefield. *Handy-Volume Edition.* 24mo, gilt top \$1.00
 The Same. "Riverside Classics." Illustrated. 16mo 1.00

Jeanie T. Gould (Mrs. Lincoln).

Marjorie's Quest. Illustrated. 12mo 1.50

The Guardians.

A Novel

Thomas Chandler Haliburton.

The Clockmaker; or, The Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville. Illustrated. 16mo 1.00

A. S. Hardy.

But Yet a Woman. 16mo 1.25
 The Wind of Destiny. 16mo 1.25

Miriam Coles Harris.

Rutledge.	Richard Vandermarck.	St. Philips.
The Sutherlands.	A Perfect Adonis.	Missy.
Frank Warrington.	Happy-Go-Lucky.	Phæbe.
Each volume, 16mo 1.25		
Louie's Last Term at St. Mary's.		16mo 1.00

Bret Harte.

The Luck of Roaring Camp, and Other Sketches. 16mo 1.25
 The Luck of Roaring Camp, and Other Stories. Riverside Aldine Series. 16mo 1.00
 Tales of the Argonauts, and Other Stories. 16mo 1.25
 Thankful Blossom. "Little Classic" style. 18mo 1.00
 Two Men of Sandy Bar. A Play. 18mo 1.00
 The Story of a Mine. 18mo 1.00
 Drift from Two Shores. 18mo 1.00
 Twins of Table Mountain, etc. 18mo 1.00
 Flip, and Found at Blazing Star. 18mo 1.00
 In the Carquinez Woods. 18mo 1.00
 On the Frontier. "Little Classic" style. 18mo 1.00
 Works. Rearranged, with an Introduction and a Portrait. In six volumes, crown 8vo.
 Poetical Works, and the drama, "Two Men of Sandy Bar," with an Introduction and Portrait.
 The Luck of Roaring Camp, and Other Stories.
 Tales of the Argonauts and Eastern Sketches.
 Gabriel Conroy.
 Stories and Condensed Novels.
 Frontier Stories.
 Each volume 2.00
 The set 12.00

✓

By Shore and Sedge. 18mo	\$1.00
Maruja. A Novel. 18mo	1.00
Snow-Bound at Eagle's. 18mo	1.00
The Queen of the Pirate Isle. A Story for Children. Illustrated by Kate Greenaway. Small 4to	1.50
A Millionaire of Rough-and-Ready, and Devil's Ford. 18mo	1.00
The Crusade of the Excelsior. Illustrated. 16mo	1.25
A Phyllis of the Sierras, and A Drift from Redwood Camp. 18mo	1.00
The Argonauts of North Liberty. 18mo	1.00

Wilhelm Hauff.

Arabian Days Entertainments. Illustrated. 12mo	1.50
--	------

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Works. *New Riverside Edition*. With an original etching in each volume, and a new Portrait. With bibliographical notes by George P. Lathrop. Complete in twelve volumes, crown 8vo.

Twice-Told Tales.

Mosses from an Old Manse.

The House of the Seven Gables, and The Snow-Image.

The Wonder-Book, Tanglewood Tales, and Grandfather's Chair.

The Scarlet Letter, and The Blithedale Romance.

The Marble Faun.

Our Old Home, and English Note-Books. 2 vols.

American Note-Books.

French and Italian Note-Books.

The Dolliver Romance, Fanshawe, Septimius Felton, and, in an Appendix, the Ancestral Footstep.

Tales, Sketches, and Other Papers. With Biographical Sketch by G. P. Lathrop, and Indexes.

Each volume 2.00

The set 24.00

New "*Little Classic*" Edition. Each volume contains Vignette Illustration. In twenty-five volumes, 18mo.

Each volume 1.00

The set 25.00

New *Wayside Edition*. With Portrait, twenty-three etchings, and Notes by George P. Lathrop. In twenty-four volumes, 12mo

36.00

New *Fireside Edition*. In six volumes, 12mo

10.00

A Wonder-Book for Girls and Boys. *Holiday Edition*. With Illustrations by F. S. Church. 4to

2.50

The Same. 16mo, boards

.40

Tanglewood Tales. With Illustrations by Geo.

Wharton Edwards. 4to, full gilt 2.50

The Same. 16mo, boards	\$0.40
Twice-Told Tales. <i>School Edition.</i> 18mo	1.00
The Scarlet Letter. <i>Popular Edition.</i> 12mo	1.00
True Stories from History and Biography. 12mo	1.25
The Wonder-Book. 12mo	1.25
Tanglewood Tales. 12mo	1.25
The Snow-Image. Illustrated in colors. Small 4to75
Grandfather's Chair. <i>Popular Edition.</i> 16mo, paper covers15
Tales of the White Hills, and Legends of New England. 32mo75
Legends of Province House, and A Virtuoso's Collection. 32mo75
True Stories from New England History. 16mo, boards45
Little Daffydowndilly, etc. 16mo, paper15

Mrs. S. J. Higginson.

A Princess of Java. 12mo	1.50
------------------------------------	------

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Elsie Venner. A Romance of Destiny. Crown 8vo	2.00
The Guardian Angel. Crown 8vo	2.00
The Story of Iris. 32mo75
My Hunt after the Captain. 32mo40
A Mortal Antipathy. Crown 8vo	1.50

Augustus Hoppin.

Recollections of Auton House. Illustrated. Small 4to	1.25
A Fashionable Sufferer. Illustrated. 12mo	1.50
Two Compton Boys. Illustrated. Small 4to	1.50

Blanche Willis Howard.

One Summer. A Novel. <i>New Popular Edition.</i> Illustrated by Hoppin. 12mo	1.25
--	------

William Dean Howells.

Their Wedding Journey. Illustrated. 12mo	1.50
The Same. "Little Classic" style. 18mo	1.00
A Chance Acquaintance. Illustrated. 12mo	1.50
The Same. "Little Classic" style. 18mo	1.00
A Foregone Conclusion. 12mo	1.50
The Lady of the Aroostook. 12mo	1.50
The Undiscovered Country. 12mo	1.50
Suburban Sketches. 12mo	1.50
A Day's Pleasure, etc. 32mo75

Thomas Hughes.

Tom Brown's School-Days at Rugby. Illustrated.	1.00
Tom Brown at Oxford. 16mo	1.25

Henry James, Jr.

A Passionate Pilgrim, and Other Tales. 12mo . . .	\$2.00
Roderick Hudson. 12mo	2.00
The American. 12mo	2.00
Watch and Ward. "Little Classic" style. 18mo . . .	1.25
The Europeans. 12mo	1.50
Confidence. 12mo	1.50
The Portrait of a Lady. 12mo	2.00

Anna Jameson.

Studies and Stories. New Edition. 16mo, gilt top . . .	1.25
Diary of an Ennuyée. New Edition. 16mo, gilt top . . .	1.25

Douglas Jerrold.

Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures. Illustrated. 16mo . . .	1.00
---	------

Sarah Orne Jewett.

Deephaven. 18mo	1.25
Old Friends and New. 18mo	1.25
Country By-Ways. 18mo	1.25
The Mate of the Daylight. 18mo	1.25
A Country Doctor. 16mo	1.25
A Marsh Island. 16mo	1.25
A White Heron, and Other Stories. 18mo	1.25
The King of Folly Island, and Other People. 16mo . . .	1.25

Rossiter Johnson.

"Little Classics." Each in one volume. 18mo.	
I. Exile.	X. Childhood.
II. Intellect.	XI. Heroism.
III. Tragedy.	XII. Fortune.
IV. Life.	XIII. Narrative Poems.
V. Laughter.	XIV. Lyrical Poems.
VI. Love.	XV. Minor Poems.
VII. Romance.	XVI. Nature.
VIII. Mystery.	XVII. Humanity.
IX. Comedy.	XVIII. Authors.
Each volume	1.00
The set	18.00

Joseph Kirkland.

Zury: the Meanest Man in Spring County. 12mo . . .	1.50
The McVeys. 16mo	1.25

Charles and Mary Lamb.

Tales from Shakespeare. 18mo	1.00
The Same. Illustrated. 16mo	1.00

Harriet and Sophia Lee.

Canterbury Tales. In three volumes. The set, 16mo \$3.75

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Hyperion. A Romance. 16mo 1.50
Popular Edition. 16mo40
Popular Edition. Paper covers, 16mo15
 Outre-Mer. 16mo 1.50
Popular Edition. 16mo40
Popular Edition. Paper covers, 16mo15
 Kavanagh. 16mo 1.50
 Hyperion, Outre-Mer and Kavanagh. 2 vols. crown 8vo 3.00

Flora Haines Loughhead.

The Man who was Guilty. 16mo 1.25

D. R. McAnally.

Irish Wonders. Illustrated. Small 4to 2.00

S. Weir Mitchell.

In War Time. 16mo 1.25
 Roland Blake. 16mo 1.25

Lucy Gibbons Morse.

The Chezzles. Illustrated.

The Notable Series.

One Summer. By Blanche Willis Howard.

The Luck of Roaring Camp. By Bret Harte.

Backlog Studies. By C. D. Warner.

The set, 3 vols. 16mo 3.75

Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant and T. B. Aldrich.

The Second Son. Crown 8vo 1.50

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

The Gates Ajar. 16mo 1.50
 Beyond the Gates. 16mo 1.25
 The Gates Between. 16mo 1.25
 Men, Women, and Ghosts. 16mo 1.50
 Hedged In. 16mo 1.50
 The Silent Partner. 16mo 1.50
 The Story of Avis. 16mo 1.50
 Sealed Orders, and Other Stories. 16mo 1.50
 Friends: A Duet. 16mo 1.25
 Doctor Zay. 16mo 1.25
 An Old Maid's Paradise, and Burglars in Paradise 1.25
 Madonna of the Tubs. Illustrated. 12mo 1.50
 Jack the Fisherman. Illustrated. Square 12mo50

- Marian C. L. Reeves and Emily Read.
 Pilot Fortune. 16mo \$1.25
- J. P. Quincy.
 The Peckster Professorship. 16mo 1.25
- Josiah Royce.
 The Feud of Oakfield Creek. 16mo 1.25
- Joseph Xavier Boniface Saintine.
 Picciola. Illustrated. 16mo 1.00
- Jacques Henri Bernardin de Saint-Pierre.
 Paul and Virginia. Illustrated. 16mo 1.00
 The Same, together with Undine, and Sintram. 32mo .75
- Sir Walter Scott.
 The Waverley Novels. *Illustrated Library Edition.*
 Illustrated with 100 engravings by Darley, Dielman,
 Fredericks, Low, Share, Sheppard. With glossary
 and a full index of characters. In 25 volumes, 12mo.
 Waverley. The Antiquary.
 Guy Mannering. Rob Roy.
 Old Mortality. St. Ronan's Well.
 Black Dwarf, and Legend Redgauntlet.
 of Montrose. The Betrothed, and The
 Heart of Mid-Lothian. Highland Widow.
 Bride of Lammermoor. The Talisman, and Other
 Ivanhoe. Tales.
 The Monastery. Woodstock.
 The Abbot. The Fair Maid of Perth.
 Kenilworth. Anne of Geierstein.
 The Pirate. Count Robert of Paris.
 The Fortunes of Nigel. The Surgeon's Daughter,
 Peveril of the Peak. and Castle Dangerous.
 Quentin Durward.
 Each volume 1.00
 The set 25.00
- Tales of a Grandfather. *Illustrated Library Edition.*
 With six steel plates. In three volumes, 12mo 4.50
- Horace E. Scudder.
 The Dwellers in Five-Sisters' Court. 16mo 1.25
 Stories and Romances. 16mo 1.25
 The Children's Book. Edited by Mr. Scudder. Small
 4to 2.50
- Mark Sibley Severance.
 Hammersmith: His Harvard Days. 12mo 1.50

J. E. Smith.

Oakridge : An Old-Time Story of Maine. 12mo . . \$2.00

Mary A. Sprague.

An Earnest Trifler. 16mo 1.25

William W. Story.

Fiammetta. 16mo 1.25

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Agnes of Sorrento. 12mo 1.50

The Pearl of Orr's Island. 12mo 1.50

Uncle Tom's Cabin. *Illustrated Edition.* 12mo . . 2.00

The Minister's Wooing. 12mo 1.50

The Mayflower, and Other Sketches. 12mo . . . 1.50

Dred. New Edition, from new plates. 12mo . . . 1.50

Oldtown Folks. 12mo 1.50

Sam Lawson's Fireside Stories. 12mo 1.50

My Wife and I. Illustrated. 12mo 1.50

We and Our Neighbors. Illustrated. 12mo . . . 1.50

Poganuc People. Illustrated. 12mo 1.50

The above eleven volumes, in box 16.00

Uncle Tom's Cabin. *Holiday Edition.* With Introduction, and Bibliography by George Bullen, of the British Museum. Over 100 Illustrations. 12mo . 3.00

The Same. *Popular Edition.* 12mo 1.00

Octave Thanet.

Knitters in the Sun. 16mo 1.25

Gen. Lew Wallace.

The Fair God ; or, The Last of the 'Tzins. 12mo . 1.50

Henry Watterson.

Oddities in Southern Life. Illustrated. 16mo . . . 1.50

Richard Grant White.

The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys, with the Episode of Mr. Washington Adams in England. 16mo . . 1.25

Adeline D. T. Whitney.

Faith Gartney's Girlhood. Illustrated. 12mo . . . 1.50

Hitherto : A Story of Yesterdays. 12mo 1.50

Patience Strong's Outings. 12mo 1.50

The Gayworthys. 12mo 1.50

Leslie Goldthwaite. Illustrated. 12mo 1.50

We Girls : A Home Story. Illustrated. 12mo . . . 1.50

Real Folks. Illustrated. 12mo 1.50

Works of Fiction.

The Other Girls. Illustrated. 12mo	\$1.50
Sights and Insights. 2 vols. 12mo	3.00
Odd, or Even? 12mo	1.50
Boys at Chequasset. Illustrated. 12mo	1.50
Bonnyborough. 12mo	1.50
Homespun Yarns. Short Stories. 12mo	1.50

Justin Winsor.

Was Shakespeare Shapleigh? A Correspondence in Two Entanglements. Edited by Justin Winsor. Parchment-paper, 16mo75
--	-----

Lillie Chace Wyman.

Poverty Grass. 16mo	1.25
-------------------------------	------

60
4
3/19/11
470