HIERO-SALEM:

The Vision of Peace.

A FICTION FOUNDED ON IDEALS WHICH ARE GROUNDED IN
THE REAL,
THAT IS GREATER THAN THE GREATEST OF ALL
HUMAN GREAT IDEALS.

BY

E. L. Mason.

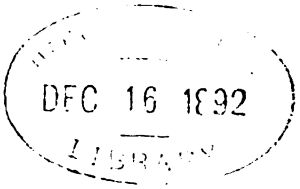
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J. G. CUPPLES COMPANY,
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PREFACE.

THE world seems to be made up of fighters and peace-makers: of uniters and separators.

At certain stages of mental and moral development, fightings and friction aid growth. But at a more advanced epoch in the development of man as an individual, and of society as a whole, there comes a stage at which fightings against, fears of, and desires for What-might-be are advantageously supplanted by an intelligent acceptance of What-is.

But this acceptance of What-is must (in order to be advantageous) be full of a recognition that What-is *can* be developed into What-might-be. It must be *full of a recognition* of this, I say, not *full of a desire for it.* And I make this distinction because an individual who has attained to a stage of development at which fightings against or desires for What-might-be are supplanted by a faith in and acceptance of What-is has then but to attain the sweetest of all gifts of grace in order to be, in all ways, perfectly happy and perfectly powerful.

Now then: —

This story foregleams not only the struggle of individual and family toward this last attainment, but also it foregleams the result which accrues to those who are even partially successful in this struggle.

A crowded, overloaded story it may seem, and because it attempts almost too much.

Yet, if the reader is interested enough in this novel to read it as one part of a whole, the other parts of which may follow interpretingly in future novels, then the story of HIERO-SALEM may prove to be not a bad thing, nor devoid of interest to the age we live in.

E. L. M.

BOSTON, Sept. 3, 1889.

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LETTER TO PUBLISHERS.

DEAR SIRS, — You ask, Shall there be an inscription under the frontispiece-picture of the Valkyria? I answer, in fact the picture is not a frontispiece; and that to place it at the beginning of the book will be to riddle a riddle before the riddle is proposed.

The picture is a climax.

Now I know there are certain accepted methods of book-making which should not be seriously disarranged. Yet the meaning of this volume, the very soul of the sense toward which I have striven, will be better declared if this picture is placed on the page with the last words of this part of the Vision of Peace, that is, placed *instead* of the word "Finis."

Of course it goes without saying, not all persons will understand the purpose of this, as I do; but that may be true of the rest of the volume also. Still, you know I only agree with myself to furnish, not understanding, but that which may be understood by him who cares to understand what Artist, Poet, and Prophet have age-long preserved in painting, poem, and prophecy for this, the on-coming Golden Age.

So, then, place the "frontispiece" on the *last* page, where it shall picture the triumph of a Victor, not "dead on the field," but *in transit to Valhalla.*

Those who read may understand; while those who do not understand yet may read. Sincerely,

E. L. MASON.

BOSTON, 1889.

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"THE TRUTH IS, A GREAT MIND MUST BE ANDROGYNOUS."
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"As for that, beginnings of things are rooted in the dark."

It was the speaker's evident repose on the facts of the case as they were known to himself which had arrested Miss Eloi's attention, concentrating her forces in her regard of him. Next, she noticed that not only she, but also the Reverend Braum and others were absorbed in this man's thought, and that a youth, crossing the greensward, had set down his baskets, and was saying with a too easy air of good comradeship, —

"He is a queer fellow, Miss Eloi."

"Who is he?" she deigned to ask after a haughty pause.

"He is Daniel Heem, a world-wanderer, crazed with much learning, they say. I am in danger of nothing of that kind, but I can put these dainties on the table for the children, if you will help me?" was the ingratiatory reply.

It was more than forty years ago, at a picnic in a wood near a town of Massachusetts; and it was a breezy day, when children's hats and voices, as well as the tree-boughs and table-coverings, seemed blowing about inextricably. And to this hurly-burly there was now added the click of a hammer as, failing to retain Miss Eloi's attention, the young man had proceeded to tack the cotton sheeting on to the boards set for the festal spread amid that rural scene. Just then, up came Arthur Braum and Daniel Heem, clinging to their hats and talking high above the noise of the rollicking boughs and children.

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As they approached, they were both looking at Althea, who stood like a statue of a wind-tossed goddess, but with warm fires moving in her lustrous eyes, and with the white line creeping round her mouth sharply defined against the color of cheek and lips. For with quickened pulse she was waiting to hear what next memorable thing the man from the Indias would say. To her, it was as if this picnic, nay, the forest itself, had had its being for no other purpose than as a background to the introduction which now took place.

Daniel Heem, arrested three feet away, with a mounting glow on his clear face, stood as she stood, in silent gravity of gaze, when an old acquaintance came up boisterously, and, declaring he had not seen Daniel for twenty-five years, took him away, barely giving him time to make adieux.

"Twenty-five years since he left this town. Since then he has become a Hindoo, a world-wanderer, and a woman-hater," ejaculated the young man, with his mouth full of tacks.

With this account of Daniel's doings ringing in her ears, Althea, turning to Arthur Braum, remarked with definite purpose, —

"Twenty-five years ago? Then I was not born."

"But your Aunt Judith was," said Arthur, with meaning, adding, however, hastily, "and I was a boy who half-worshipped Daniel Heem. But he had set himself against social conditions and was thought hardly of by most people. He was and is a queer fellow. Yet I don't forget that it was he who taught me that the tendency of all life is good and for good only. In those days, New Englanders were taught almost anything rather than that."

Althea Eloi was not one of the Reverend Braum's parishioners. She was known as a recluse young heiress whose family — old residents of this town of Alford — was under the cloud of that social doubt which is the lot of those even of noblest Hebrew blood who chance to dwell in a Christian community. Added to this, there was the further fact that the Elois did not even stand well with their own synagogue. There was in this family intelligence, wealth, exclusiveness, and love of truth-seeking, but Althea was practically a stranger among the young people of the town. Arthur Braum, in the goodness of his heart, had gotten her out to this picnic, and was trying to make her feel at her ease.

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But curiously now it was not she, but he, who needed to be set at ease, as Althea, with a certain sturdiness of manner, impatient of his pause, said, brusquely: —

"New Englanders were taught almost anything rather than what? I don't understand. What was it about him that made people think hardly of him?"

An element had come into the affair which gave piquancy to Arthur's interest, as he answered: —

"O, to begin with, on his father's side there was the blood of that O'Connel who, with faith in all things high, knew no law stronger than that laid on him as 'liberator of his people,' and his mother was a believer in the 'inner light of the Quakers.' So, what with his love of personal freedom and his inspirational religious notions, he was a host in himself. Besides this, he had no little mechanical and artistic ability. Yet, with all this, he has only succeeded in ruining himself in his efforts to reconstruct society. There is too much of him. He has practically spent the last twenty-five years running over the world trying to get at the basal principle of the world's great religions or religion."

"Has he found it?" said Althea.

"He thinks so," said Arthur, laughing at her curtness. "And he thinks it is very simple and practical. And that it would bind us back to such a sweet, refined, and satisfactory life as would result in the evolution of quite a new order of power and — "

"Who has ever proved it will not?" interrupted Althea.

"O, no one; but it would take more than fifty years of combined effort to put it to the test. And you see, a man who has done nothing with his own life but theorize, hardly gets a hearing when he claims to be able to reconstruct the world and the devil. For this is about what he expects to do."

"Fifty years of combined effort to test it? Haven't people been more than fifty years testing *your* theories? Have you folks evolved any new powers? And isn't that what all you ministers do? — theorize and be good, I mean?"

Arthur laughed good-naturedly; then answered: "He's an entertaining idealist, but he is impractical to the verge of insanity. The world has no use for him, nor he for the world. Yet that practical aunt of yours believed in him.

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If he had been rich, as he would have been if he had married Judith, he might have tried his plans himself."

"Ministers try to *reconstruct* the world, and they are not rich," said Althea, flushing, but with a gaze as steady as ever.

"I pity those who try that," said Arthur, laughing again at this girl's bluntness. But he laughed as laughs one who, having made a success in life by throwing aside the utopian theories of his youth, has little patience with the intangible virtues the idealist wishes to foist on people who have no desire for anything so exalted.

Daniel was now the centre of a group of people, from the midst of which one of the Reverend Braum's deacons had snatched a listening child and was now getting away, angrily thudding the ground with his stick.

"There! You see how solid-going people treat his notions? They call him crazy. *I* don't say he is. He is a believer in something the opposite of what he calls 'dark, passional religion,' of which I suppose he thinks that old man is an image and outcome."

"But is he a woman-hater?"

"He has curious theories about all that, too. He worships woman too much and at too great a distance," was hurriedly answered; for Daniel Heem was swiftly approaching, with his eyes on Althea, as if he were scrutinizing a problem to which he was glad to return.

From that time, that long summer day became to Althea a day in a new world. For whether walking or resting, Daniel Heem was with her, telling her of India, Egypt, and Palestine, and of what was yet more to her mind, — the then new and undeveloped Western States of this country; talking of them, as if all these lands were but adjacent streets of a town, and philosophizing concerning pre-Adamic races and on-coming civilizations as though a view of that past and this future were outstretched before him as he talked.

They kept apart from others all that day. Daniel was content to have so good a listener, and was fully aroused as he saw her interest in his theory that the new Western country would be an admirable place in which to test his ideal reconstruction of society. And so sharply did Althea question him point by point as to the prac-

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ticability of some of his visionary schemes, that Daniel found himself suddenly saying, "O, if two people should agree to do so, with a very little money they could there secure plenty of land and of time to put my theory of home-making to the test! O, yes indeed! The jewels on your fingers would buy the place, with the nice little house and implements from which I just came away. One who was once a townsman here owns that place in Wisconsin and wants to sell it. I told him if I wanted it he would see me back there, with the money in hand, in a month or two. He gave me what he called 'the refusal' of it for three months' time."

Daniel had said this quite gravely, noticing meanwhile, that this young recluse, in her intention of being very impressive on the occasion of this picnic, had bedecked herself with a ring quite familiar to his sight. There was some valuable jewelry, a Houndsheath-heirloom, in the family. This ring was part of it. The jewelry all belonged to Althea, who had recently come of age. And on this jewelry Althea had lately habituated herself to look as on a possible friend which might be made serviceable by her in time of need. And now with a swift summing up of the result of many hours spent in groping among difficulties, she said, "Well then! These rings shall buy that place if you will make the purchase. I am of age and these diamonds are mine." And the young man, who for the last time flits into this story, saw Daniel Heem put these jewels in his pocket, as he said he would do it. Reserving for a while that part of the story, the young man contented himself with saying to one and another on the picnic-ground, "It would be a poor stroke of business for the Elois if their heiress should throw herself away on a man who, at forty-eight, has done nothing and has nothing."

Of course this soon reached Althea's ears. And its effect on her was to fix her in her purpose to do as she chose. But even that long summer day — that day of days to her — at last drew to a close; and though she tarried till the last, yet at last, home she had to go. But they went together, Daniel and she, through the purpling twilight.

The floating glow of the sky 'mid which the moon came buoyantly up, the wind so soft and still, were to her, this night, a revealment of a new wonder, as looking from it

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back to Daniel's eyes she sensed that which to her seemed to fill the hour. That was, an all-pervasive revelation that life is good, true, and beautiful, and only beautiful, true, and good continually. New meanings of the great things which he had that day told her took hold on her soul, crowding it with an indignant wonder that the world had ever laughed at him; yet whelming that wonder in a pity at something in him which evidenced self-neglect and self-misuse. But even as this pity whelmed her, it was met by something else comparable to nothing other than a chivalrous determination that she, the niece, would do for this man even yet that which the aunt's indeterminate timidities had kept her from doing in those days before the niece was born. And then it was that there came upon her the utter devotion of that primeval love which is devoid of thought of self or of consequences. A love full of the will and the blind impulse to do what must be done for the good of the loved one. It was well that such love of such a woman was given to the keeping of only such a man as he who walked at her side, looking into her soul. For this man had watched the stars on Chaldean plains and believed that he now lived amid peoples as bright as those star-beams; and this man knew that for him the chance of peace in the pursuit of his spiritual philosophies lay in keeping himself to those pure flights of vision in which contact with all strifes and passions is avoided. He knew that if, at this epoch in his advancement, his spirit should sink into the bondage of flesh and sense, it would droop, wing-clipped, and would become a crippled, bedraggled thing. So he turned from her eyes as a free man turns from chains. Yet he looked back again, telling himself, with a weird interest unguessed by her, that what he saw looking out of this girl's eyes was the spirit of that Rabbi Eloi whose death had been so dire a horror.

When Daniel Heem the next day called at Althea's home, she plainly perceived that the meeting between him and Judith was not the first which had taken place since his return to town. The look on Judith's face did not help to put out of mind that which Braum had said of old matrimonial possibilities. "If he were rich, as he might have been if he had married Judith when he was young, he could have tried his philosophies for himself." There was that in

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this sentence which not only had stung the family pride of the Hebrew maiden, but also had determined her that what might have been should now be accomplished for Daniel under circumstances in which she herself would figure. So she watched, like a lioness between her young and a foe, saying little or nothing, but thinking with a ferocity of regard that turned Daniel's seer-like gaze upon her studiously.

The result was, by the end of the week it only needed one piece of attempted opposition to climax the matter. And this opposition met Althea in the person and words of the Reverend Arthur Braum, as she was returning from a visit to Daniel's little parlor which she had twice before visited that week as some young women go to the study of the minister whose teachings best meet their mental hunger. Arthur Braum had just left the Eloi mansion, full of sympathy for Judith and a lively recognition that even now a marriage between the old friends might secure to the working force of his parish a sobered-down Daniel and the pleasant old Eloi mansion, as well as be a fitting climax to the old romance. So he turned, and walking a little way with Althea, rushed merrily to the fray with the words, "What? Been up to the lunatic asylum again? Look out. Don't throw yourself away on old Daniel Heem, Althea." With suppressed wrath in her deep contralto tones, "O no! that is not my plan," she said. "What I am to do is to win all that he *has* or *is*. He is personal integrity, pure blood and brain, and no woman-hater. He is a hero in the dust: but a hero still;—and is the father of my future children."

"Well, he is in luck," said Arthur, with a convulsion of laughter at the ease with which this youthful ignorance had thrust aside social interference. Then, under the look of thrilling savagery that met his laugh, he clutched at his chin, with a mature man's kindly doubt as to "whether she knew what she was talking about." Whatever he saw, he gave her his hand, and wishing good luck to them both, got away round the next corner laughing himself almost into Daniel's arms; and under the shock of this concussion Arthur bolted out "the joke of the thing." Then finding it still too good to keep, took it home to his wife and a few other friends. Next the town seemed buzzing over the way the niece had taken possession of the aunt's old admirer or of the object of the aunt's old admiration, whichever was the

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case in hand. Last of all "the fun" reached the Eloi mansion. Then the aunt set herself to make the niece tell what she had said that had excited such a furore. Althea, suddenly frightened, would not open her lips, and then Judith in wrath had said, "You may well keep still. You have said enough in one breath to last a lifetime." At this Althea had ejaculated, "Yes, just enough to last a lifetime, as you will see,"—but not another word could the aunt or the invalid mother get from this girl on that or any subject.

Meanwhile gossip took form in the question, "What right has a man who has made a failure of life to saddle the remains of it onto the shoulders of a young creature such as Althea Eloi, with her expectations?"

This came to Daniel's ears like a pleasantry. He, condemned as a fortune-hunter, because of the words of the child who had listened so eagerly to his philosophies? True, he had told her that he believed all delight in time and eternity was conditioned on participation in that "real marriage which really does flow forth from Heaven Heights." True (he inwardly confessed), she had carried away with her the paper on which he had drawn the 47th problem of Euclid, illustrative of his philosophy! True, he had told her, this figure was identified with his philosophy under the name of "the nuptial diagram of Plato's Commonwealth!" True, he had distinctly recognized that no teaching concerning any symbol had ever taken the hold on this impetuous woman-child that his talks about the mystical triangle had done. True, he had seen that, even the one day's care which he had bestowed on this maiden had allied her to his ideals, known and unknown, as if they had been the sum total of wisdom. True, since the first day, he had, day by day, seen coming to this child a sort of a fury for the havoc of shackle or custom which stood between her and some expectancy that had gained a hold on her. And true, this, her enthusiasm, had thoroughly aroused him, to save her from herself, by finding the keynote with which her character was set in accord, and by starting her to sing in that key her own song of life! He had perceived that "love of possession" was the keynote of her character; and, *knowing all that he did know in regard to the Eloi affairs*, he had promptly aided her to exchange her finger-rings for real estate in the new West, where land was then to be had for

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the homesteading of it. "Hence the tempest in the tea-pot," thought Daniel. Then with a whimsical light on his countenance, he fell into a reverie of the way he had always lived, homeless, and, in a way, purposeless, among rich and poor, with no ties, yet bound to every living creature by an ability to give incidental aid: of the way he had lived between two worlds, with less hold on either world than each had on him. A Seer he had been, to whom all disorder had ceased to be a puzzle because of the real order which he saw underlying all the contrary seeming of the case. King of himself he had been, for he had clung to the royal-purple of a poverty and isolation self-chosen, which had yet left him free of the world, that after all loved him well.

"I have been among people too long. I must get away," he said, arousing himself. Then, with a laugh, he thought of the commercial precision with which Althea had summed up the advantages that would accrue to the parties to a marriage-contract, if (as he had suggested) each *parti* would but cling to his and her special ability, while stimulating the other to do the same. And while musing on, he found himself skirting the town on his way to the old Eloi mansion; though that was just two doors away from his temporary domicile.

The result was, when the sun's rays were falling aslant through the forest, he was still sitting there, musing on this new work in his old home: — musing, till presently, bird air, nodding flower, yes, and the universal system of things were all to him intoning the melody of the words, "the father of future children."

He sprang to his feet, and hastened to the old Eloi mansion.

"— are all asking why you, with your expectations, should do such a thing? As to the 'expectations' — if I were pleased with your choice, I would take care of the money part of it, Althea."

"Save your anxiety as to my future! See, this is a philosopher's nuptial diagram! My future is all arranged, Aunt Judith."

"You are as crazy as Daniel Heem himself."

This was what Daniel heard as he came up the garden to open doors and windows; and what he saw at a glance was Althea holding up the paper with the 47th problem of Euclid upon it.

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At the next instant she had intercepted him at the door, with extended hands and eyes like those of a hunted creature, and with the color washed out of her face. And his hand had closed on hers. For, like uttered words, there had come to him from her soul, the confession cry and promise, "It was a lie! Help me, and I will bless you for a lifetime:" — while almost at the same moment she had said aloud, with her back to her aunt, and for that aunt to hear, "Judith calls us crazy. Do you see? You are just in time to help me to show her what that diagram means."

And half-dazed at the onslaught, yet holding tight that firm young hand, he, trembling, whispered to the pallid aunt, "She is speeding under commands that must be obeyed."

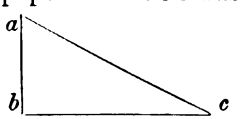
Then pushing forward, he walked, with the girl, to the table, near where lay the invalid mother, — the table on which were the papers with the figures illustrative of the diagram of his ideal of nuptials.

Althea held them up with one hand, while with the other she still kept hold on his hand, saying, —

"It was this which gave rise to the battle cries that you heard. Yet you said it was a type of — of true harmony, did you not?"

"Of true harmony," he responded, trembling at the proximity of this woman, who was, unconsciously, like a surcharged battery brought to bear upon him to make him support her now in all that she should say or do. He looked up, then down again, alive to the fact that he was being forced to throw himself into the tempestuous current that surged through and about him, dazing him with voices — whether true or false he knew not — voices that were telling him, "not by the other, but by *this* path winds your road to the future."

On the table was a paper on which was this figure: —



At his side was Althea, pointing at it but looking two yards away, at Judith Eloi, who was watching in breathless wrath and wonder.

"See? Here is the triangle. The perpendicular line, *a b*, is Althea Eloi. The horizontal line, *b c*, is —"

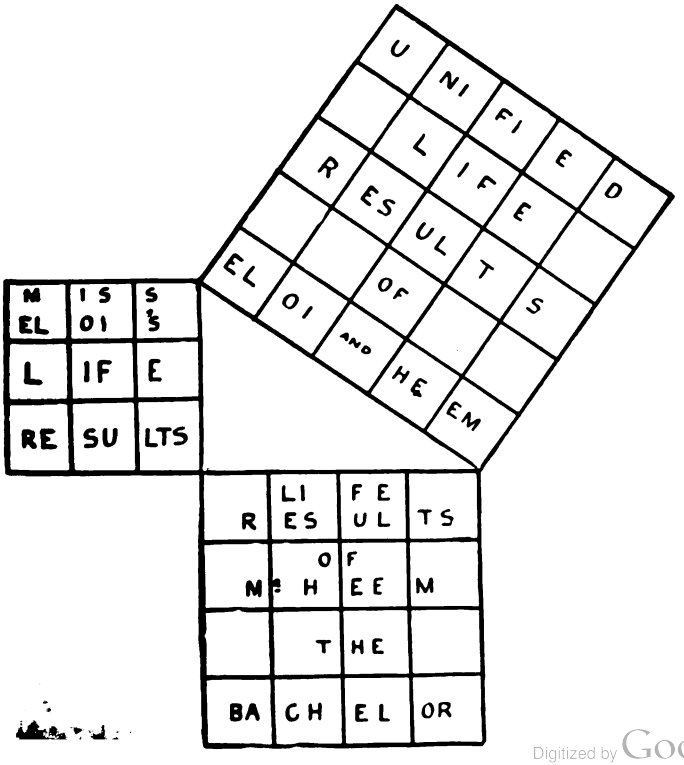
"— is old Daniel Heem."

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Prompt as fate his words had come, startling Althea as though every nerve had not been strained to hear them. Half-blinded with a torrent of triumph, she yet said hesitatingly,—

"We can call it so for now." Then with a half-sob she went on rapidly, "Take it as a lesson in geometry, Aunt Judith. See? It is a right-angled triangle. This is the hypothenuse of it: and you know the square on the hypothenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides, — and — and we have agreed that the perpendicular line *a b* is I, and that the line *b c* is Daniel Heem. Now wait till I fill in something on this other paper!"

In a moment she put before their eyes this figure, with these words in the squares of it: —



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At the sight, an inflow of life's universal wave baptized Daniel Heem with an immortal purpose.

"It is, it is the Eloi and Heem nuptial diagram," he cried. "It is the solved problem of life-results to which poor Malchi may contribute through his child! O, Madame, behold the prophecy in it. The name of Eloi blended with Heem, and placed first for euphony, gives the name Eloi-Heem, or Eloihim, Gods."

"Madame? Judith? Do you not both see? We — this child and I — we will become children of the creative Eloihim, — we, creative Eloiheems, ourselves, will fashion sons and daughters, who, incarnated under one roof shall be among the hosts of on-coming society builders. Children full of the best fire of the Elois and full of the seer-ship of the woman-worshipping Heems! O, a wonderful maiden is your daughter. She knows that true marriage is a noble activity of brain and being, which makes no compromise with low moral standards, but which seeks congruity with the law of pure reason and pure love! Sweet Madame, sweet mother of Althea, I ask for marriage with your child."

Radiant with the rapture of some ecstatic Eden-thought, he had absorbed into his ecstasy every soul of them all. Even Judith, with parted lips, leant forward for one strange moment. Then in affright at — she knew not what — cried out, —

"Clotilde, Clotilde, tell him no! No Eloi shall marry a heathenish mesmerizer! Don't you see? He has already made her — us all — like wax in his hands! This is heathenism!"

"Then what is pure Hebrewism? This Pythagorean teaching produces lofty serenity of soul, and raises its votaries above the level of mankind. They dispense with animal food and are charged with being aristocrats, as you Hebrews are, Aunt Judith!" cried Althea proudly.

"Then if it is in the Hebrew teaching, why go to the pagans to learn it? The idea of making a geometrical puzzle of yourselves! I tell you it is all madness!"

"Not so bad as that of you religionists who do nothing but quarrel," cried Althea. "I shall cut loose from them all and — "

"Surely not, dear heart," said Daniel, taking her hand again. "No, no! For years you will be distinctly 'Althea

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Eloi,' freely fashioning 'Althea Eloi's life results'; none the worse for having your knight in field with lance in rest! O, Althea, we will make a home indeed. We will — will — "

"Man, you will go to the madhouse; that's what you will do, with only that child to help craze you," cried Judith in desperation, leaving the room.

Daniel flinched.

Yet it was no new accusation. "A mad man of genius," "a vagabondizing crack-brain," he had long heard that of himself and had cared nothing for the name heretofore: so sure had he been that, not he, but those who, in their animalism, could not understand his ideals, were the insane parties to the affair.

But now he asked himself, like one half-dazed, "What is this thing which I have done?" And he told himself that he had swept this girl into his life as a *religieuse* is swept into a church to do and die for it.

He knew Althea's only religious article was that taught her by Judith; and that this had taught the child to scorn in man all things not worthy of a possible father of the on-coming Messianic child for whose incarnation this Israelitish Judith, and now her niece, were ready to sacrifice all else as dust in the balance. Daniel believed it was Althea's faith in some such expectation which had made her so enthusiastic concerning his ideals. And he thought now that her strangely fired-up faith in his ideals, reacting on him, had made him sure that the time had come for him to actuate his theories by marriage with this child of Rabbi Eloi; and had made him sure that he could beget in their children a development of such spiritual power as should furnish, at least, new material for the upbuilding of an on-coming Eloiheemistic social state.

"No, I am not mad!" he cried in a frenzy of excitement; and seizing Althea's hand, he knelt with her beside the broad sofa, where was pillowed the feeble mother. And as if addressing an unseen host, in profound avowal he said, pantingly, —

"This is Althea, child of that Rabbi! This is I, Daniel Heem. And I desire, leaving all other hopes behind me, to take Althea and to serve her, and through her the age she lives in, as best man like me may do."

The mother, so near to death, looked into space, as

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those look who listen to things inaudible, sobbing with a catch of her breath as Daniel, with eyes distended, eager, daring, and fiery-firm, like one aroused to a high emprise, the dire cost of which had been counted out to him by deterring voices, rapidly whispered, —

"I know all that! I know he was read out of the synagogue and 'laid under the ban of both laws, earthly and divine.' I know that then, as if the terrors of God had gotten hold of him, the poor soul fled before the lash, into daringest deviltry. I know — "

A cry from Althea brought him to earth. Bewildered, he looked at her an instant. Then his hand passed tenderly down her white face, as he whispered still, but with infinite pity and reassurance, —

"Yes, yes! Fear not, young heart. I needs must tell them that you — his child, you, neither Jew nor Christian, shall not be trammelled by the prejudices of the Jew nor of the Christian who persecutes the Jew! Some of each are crowding in, dear, fighting together as they did on earth. Some are praising Judith who has suffered so much for clinging to Malchi in his search for truth, the same as their father and mother suffered before them in trying to slough off traditions which no soul can stand under."

He was looking into space, alertly.

"But — they are a cruel, ferocious company of disputants. Some blame, some praise, and all seek to terrify *me*, because of what is coming to us — to us! They hate our coming marriage. O, fear not, dear! Wait!" He stopped. Then —

"I have told the poor souls that, ostracized as both of us are by Christians, and banned as you will be by the Jews — I am telling them once for all, the joy of it, Althea, that the bonds of error are weakened, and that you, born in a freedom which dares think and act for self, will have no part in sustaining anything not in itself good and true. And — "

He halted, bending forward, with eyes on space, listening keenly, then sharply turned, looking at Althea as one might look who had discovered himself in an erroneous attitude toward another.

And the girl, in awe and faith, met his eyes, wondering, as she had wondered at the one time in her life when she had seen a minister talking with shut eyes to some being unseen

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by her. This, she thought, Daniel was doing now; — this, that she had once been told was "praying." So she listened with beating heart, kneeling by him, while Daniel whispered as if in soft, self-assured tenderness toward some mistaken one, —

"O, then, do your worst! Yes, show her if you can, that by marriage with Daniel Heem she loses all, and has nothing but the father of those who are coming to us."

Had the living man effaced himself? Surely, if ever form of flesh held itself erect while the spirit went on some eerie journey, such a form it was which met the eyes of the girl kneeling in betrothal to it. The pallor of death was on his face, his breath seemed suspended.

With a cry, she shrank from the awesome sight. Next, she was in his arms, for crimson currents had coiled up cheek and brow, and dark splendors blazed in the eyes, while a voice, not Daniel's, but passion's own, cried, "God! I am here! I am coming again, and coming to stay!"

"Malchi! Malchi!"

Love and terror was in this cry of the invalid as she fainted.

"— coming to stay!" came that other voice again, as Daniel's form, with a wrench of limbs and lineament, fell convulsively forward.

When Judith reached the scene, Daniel Heem, pale and silent, stood in the midst of the room, looking gently at Althea, who, in self-forgetful wonder, was gazing at him, while the cry, "Malchi! Malchi!" filled the air. For, as it had been the dying mother's cry before losing consciousness, so, returning thereto, she had uttered it again. And at it, Daniel dropped his gaze like one studiously seeking to discover a connecting link in the chain of events by which he suddenly seemed to find himself bound again within the limits of time and space. Then, with a catch of his breath, he fell on his knees by the feeble, frightened mother, whispering,

"Was it so? *Is* it so, that, taking me, she will lose all, and have nothing but the father of possible devils?"

"Yes, yes. No, no. I mean — Malchi wishes it!" faltered the sinking invalid.

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CHAPTER II.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

THAT something mysterious, if not uncanny, had taken place at the time of the betrothal, every one who heard about it felt sure, though what it was not even Daniel seemed now to know. Next, notwithstanding Arthur Braum's kindly interpretation of the affair, Althea figured in popular gossip as not unlike one of the banditti who in other climes used to swoop down on, and bear away, unarmed travellers.

Mrs. Braum had an unusual budget of things to tell in those days, for the sudden betrothal had been swiftly followed by a private marriage at the bedside of the dying mother, and her death had been followed by the announcement that, in consequence of this marriage, Althea was cut off from her uncle's wealth, and also that the settlement of her father's affairs showed that his possessions had dwindled to a very few thousand dollars. Next, the story of the rings which Daniel had turned into money, and of the letter which he had written, purchasing the Wisconsin land and house, came to light. Then it was said that Althea had "a long head on her shoulders," and was already owner of half a township of Western land, to which she meant to carry off Daniel Heem.

And last, but not least, Mrs. Braum had reported Althea as saying, that, though Reverend Braum might read the marriage service over them, she should continue to live where and as she had till her mother should have passed away, and that now, since the mother had died, Althea had claimed to so distrust the validity of the church-marriage that she had refused to see Daniel Heem.

But the Reverend Arthur Braum had said that Daniel showed very good sense in conceding to Althea's notion, for that Daniel had gone sheer off his head at the time of the betrothal, and that Althea had become so utterly terrified at

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the blood-chilling, second-sight sort of things said by the mother and Daniel, that the longer the consummation of the marriage was delayed the better. In reply to this, Mrs. Braum, who was a thrifty sentence-maker, took in hand Judith's relation to the matter, ending with the statement: —

"You know she comes of the stock of 'the virtuous, God-intoxicated Spinoza' family. By the way, have you ever read about Baruch Spinoza? You know he had a lively time of it in the old country trying to follow his convictions, in the early part of the seventeenth century? About as hard as New England transcendentalists are having to-day. So *I* say, if Miss Eloi is to be *not* a Jewess, she may as well occupy herself with some of the hundred good things which need doing, and which our little church can't do for want of more workers and money. So my idea is, to give Althea and Daniel a good send-off, and then return to our own business in peace of mind."

Meanwhile Althea was a frightened, chagrined, and grieved child; yet her instincts kept her from letting go her hold on what she had done and obtained. But however proudly Judith carried herself in public, she had not tamely endured what Althea had done. And when she saw Althea repel even common kindness on Daniel's part, strange anger waxed into stranger questions as to the value of "Braum's words" compared with the value of her own twenty-five years of faithfulness to Daniel and his ideas. And as, in her mind, she more and more heaped scorn of the "farce of this marriage," she at last uttered aloud to Althea the scorn she felt of it, and her disbelief in it as a binding marriage. What she thus said in passion, Althea remembered in terror and perplexity, hiding away, half numb and dumb, as she had been ever since her mother's death.

But thanks to the pressure of circumstances and Mrs. Braum, one day Althea found herself in the old parlors, with Judith standing on one side of her and Daniel on the other, and with hosts of friends gathered about them.

Then when, fully aroused, Althea had inspected the scene, she had discovered that these guests were all old friends whom Daniel and Judith had known when they were young and she was not even born. And, too, Judith was doing the talking and looking far more radiant than was the girl whose reflection in the mirror opposite next caught Althea's eyes.

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Suddenly she realized that people were merrily discussing her "estate in the West," and were saying things which, if true, would be vastly important to "a Western landholder," and that was what they were calling her.

"You are just in time for the newly consolidated New York Central, that terminates at Buffalo, you know, Daniel. There you have to take the line of steamships on the Great Lakes, and make your way so, to Chicago, — which they do say is getting to be something of a place," one man had said. And then there had followed a tumult of prophecy as to the future of the West, and the venturesomeness of an expedition to a spot "so far from the safeguards of civilization," as the term was in the last of the forties of this century.

Althea's eyes had met Daniel's. In the next moment she had summed up the situation at large, had estimated what these people had done and what the times and circumstances of which they were talking could be further made to do in response to her demands upon them. Then, ablaze with some new torrent of life, and with pallor gone and indrawn eye dilated lustrously, sweeping the room with her glance, she had gathered to herself the attention of them all, as if with an uttered challenge. And Braum, somehow warned of the change, had pressed up, saying, "I don't know as we ought to let Daniel bury *you* in the wilderness, Mrs. Eloi-heem?"

"We are not to bury but to plant each other there," came the cold, proud answer. "In our new home, with our new name, we are to marry our philosophies to a new ideal of what a real humanity shall be."

Timidities, or sense of accountability to persons such as these gathered about her? Nothing of the kind troubled Althea now. She had faced the room, suddenly infilled with an inflexible certainty that she alone had rightly estimated Daniel; and that he, and he alone, had properly recognized her, — her purposes and her ability to fulfil them.

Such was the exaltation of self-assurance and of self-assertion in her now radiant, strong young face that it laid hold on the people, suddenly assuring them that these two, the new Eloi-heems, and not the gossiping provincial town, had rightly recognized the methods befitting that era with its widening national life.

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But this self-glorification of Althea did not thus affect Judith. It seemed to her simply diabolical. She glanced at Daniel. It seemed to her he was awaiting the end of a beginning which he had not himself inaugurated.

And so it had afterwards seemed to her, when one day after this wedding reception Daniel had come to the house, and Althea, full of the same spirit, had said, —

"Anything about the house that would be worth carrying so far, of course take, Daniel."

"I should think it was Malchi himself," thought Judith, with some weird terror upon her. Daniel had but smiled strangely. But when, privately, Judith reiterated the invitation which Althea had given him, he selected the rich and rare coverlet that had been on the couch beside which he had knelt at betrothal, and the heavy curtains that then had hung at the windows; also the dainty tea-set that had been on the mother's tray near at hand. Besides these, he asked for bulbs and seeds of the flowers that had then bloomed at the window through which, looking, Althea and he had seen each other while she had stood with the nuptial diagram in hand. Judith noticed that Daniel privately put these things away. So the gift seemed to be a little affair that they had between themselves, an assurance that they had been friends from the first, and that now they would both but be truer friends to each other in so much as they nobly watched over this child of the man recently dead, but whose ardent personality seemed overwhelming the atmosphere of that home. It was to Judith as if Daniel had said in words, "Our youth is gone. Hers remains with its portentous possibilities."

Judith was not a philosopher, and though all this seemed to satisfy Daniel, there were tears of passionate pain in the proud eyes of the handsome woman, even when she one day privately unpacked Althea's trunk, and placed at the bottom of it a few more things, among which were some large bank-bills.

Soon after that the good-bys were said.

Then Judith found herself alone with her memories of this man who had made her kind almost against her will.

As days went on, Althea, now partially deserted by the strange afflatus which, for a second time, had swept her out

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of herself, again relapsed into amazement at what she had done. Theirs was not a wedding journey, in that Althea had determined not to consider herself married till a Hebrew priest had sanctified the nuptials. As they had pursued their way Daniel had grown increasingly preoccupied and silent. Althea had regarded him with a frightened, yet antagonistic and critical air, which, in turn, had spiced his manner with an effort at self-control, new to him. But it was the effort that was new, not the self-control.

To the world-belittling Daniel, the things over which Althea was tormenting herself had no existence. But one day, after they had left the cars at Buffalo, and were on the Great Lakes, he saw her privately studying over the figure that she had named "The nuptial diagram of the *Eloi-Heem* Commonwealth," and this gave him the opportunity he wanted.

"I have a little motto here that we could take as a companion piece to the 'nuptial diagram,' if you like the words of it. See? It reads, 'Each individual is a unit, and has to execute in life a part characteristic of his cause of being. Each is an absolute idea and identity. But when needful, each may unite with others equally self-conscious and independent, for the creation of the greatest good for the greatest number.' How do you like that for a marriage motto, Althea?"

"What do you *mean* by it?" she said at last.

"If we adopt it as the law of the Eloiheem home, it will mean my full recognition of your right to do as you choose and —"

"Really, — do you *really* mean *that?*"

"Yes," said Daniel, steadying himself under the fiery suspicion of him that blended with her ardent gaze. "Yes, I do mean that. For you have a part to execute in life characteristic of your being the Althea Eloi you are. And it is only as you discover and execute this, your real part in life, that you can accomplish 'Miss Eloi's life results.' And it is upon the perfected accomplishment of these results that the final accomplishment of the life results of Eloi and Heem is dependent. And, of course, I, too, have a part to execute, characteristic of my being the Daniel Heem I am."

He faltered, looking right and looking left, like one who

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had been pulled at roughly by both shoulders. Then with sudden pallor, and with a fixed yet perplexed, and *not* approving glance on this side and on that, and with a raising of his voice, as if he were one in authority who, full of loving helpfulness, is forced to speak above the noise of not altogether blameworthy children, he added, —

"The point which we Eloiheems will make by the adoption of this law and that diagram, is this: We will each sustain the other and every one else with whom we come in contact, in the right to that liberty which is so dear to gods and humans."

Althea, uncomfortable at his manner but more excitedly interested in his words, said, with her color flaming up, "What? Sustain everybody in doing what they choose? Well, that depends on whether they choose to do what I choose to have them!"

Daniel was looking above her head. She turned and looked up. She saw space or nothing. Then she thought of what Judith had said of his queerness, and that she would be nothing in his mesmerizing hands. The next moment, with a comfortable laugh, she told herself this act of his, in at once making a law that gave her the right to do just as she chose didn't look much like trying to mesmerize her to his will. Besides, he had said the house was hers and everything was hers, and from the very first had never crossed her wishes in anything. And this alone, to Althea's mind, seemed an uncommonly good proof of his sanity. At any rate, it not only ridded her mind of any fear of him, or suspicion of a disposition on his part to take any advantage, but also, it filled soul and eyes with adoring, charmed surprise. She longed to throw her arms about him and to tell him how lovely he was. But, judging from his conduct, she decided that betrothed people spoke not of love, much less did caress pass between them. And that they were still only betrothed till a Rabbi should be found to consummate the bonds, to Judith's mind so irregularly begun, Althea knew Daniel understood.

And this was in her mind, when suddenly one day Daniel stood before her with a gentleman, and said, —

"This Rabbi is willing to marry us now, Althea, with an adaptation of the service of the synagogue."

And Althea, holding in her hand the new law, sprung up,

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laughing gayly as Daniel had never before heard her do, showing the obliging Rabbi the little paper, and cordially explaining to him that "that was their marriage which they had got to make." And even when the ceremony was completed she laughed again, for the marriage conducted by a Rabbi not in canonicals, and in the shelter of the big sail of a Mackinaw boat, seemed only to be one more lovely thing arranged by Daniel, but not so definite a subject of interest as was this new liberty-law and this diagram of the Eloiheem Commonwealth. All this Daniel fully perceived.

Of course the few people on the boat felt curious about the matter, and stared at Althea rather doubtfully notwithstanding the explanations and the exhibition of the Alford town certificate of marriage with which the obliging Rabbi favored them. When Althea took all this curiosity with a jovial haughtiness of self-satisfaction, Daniel wondered whether with her the unexpected would always be that which happened. Was it that the hitherto tradition-perplexed girl had suddenly become a tradition-spurning woman? Because she had in the past been put in the wrong before the world by conflicting traditions, did she now propose to try all traditions, manners and morals on the practical merits of each case? Had she a half-disbelief that any benefit could come even from the two marriage ceremonies, seeing that Judith had half-scorned the first and Daniel had but added the last as a concession to a notion of hers? If so, was not her mind's chaotic condition regarding what is marriage like enough to the chaotic legal status of the question?

Daniel was looking at Althea as he thought these things. And at that moment, raising proud, glad eyes to his, as he stood by her comfortable couch made of bales and bundles and bedding, she said, half-challengingly, —

"What is marriage?"

"That, life according to the nuptial diagram and law will teach us."

"Are we now really married?" she half-whispered.

"O no, dear love!" said Daniel eagerly. "It takes years to accomplish the union of two diverse natures. And first, there must come that free self-expression which brings self-knowledge to both, and gives each a knowledge of the

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other. This free self-expression comes before the union. First we must know each other."

"O no, dear love"— those words and his first lover-look at her were thrilling in her soul, while the heavy boat was being brought into position, and while the little boat, with the bales, bundles, and trunks, was being rowed to the shore, and while she finally stood on the shore of the lake with her eyes on the retreating boat whose oars were flashing in the sunlight. In her hand was a book, between the pages of which was the law that, giving her liberty, had made her glad with faith in the man at her side.

And glad eyes they were that she now raised to Daniel's. He, silent, awaited her words and motions. She saw it, and enjoyed that, too, as up to this time she had never enjoyed anything. With extreme uplifting of form and spirit, she looked at the shore with its pretty curves and promontories, down along which trees, like sentient things, seemed running to meet them, waving welcome to these two, who had come into the wilderness to learn how to live. At the right, a natural avenue of the rustling giants of the forest led up to the Eloiheem home.

Daniel's eyes, full of worship unutterable, fell into hers. At that moment John Hastings came striding down the slope, self-condemningly, in that he had chanced, after all his watching for them, to be away at the wrong moment.

Swiftly as he had hastened over the ground, it was not that which had flushed his face, as, halting, he saw the radiance on Althea's countenance, brought there by Daniel's gaze.

John was a ruddy man, with a tinge of red in hair and beard and something of it in his brown eyes. He grew ruddier still, while through his mind swept the question, what such a woman as that would do with Daniel and his philosophies.

For there was that in Althea's *personelle* which assured Hastings her future identification with this Daniel was provisionally dependent on the exhibitions of character that he might make.

This was Hastings's thought of the matter. Then, if for a moment he was conscious of a too alert interest in this thought, he but sharply reminded himself that he had been badly treated by the woman he had hoped to call wife, and

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that he was therefore rightly sceptical as to what any woman might do under given circumstances.

At his approach Althea had drawn back. She had supposed the place was as devoid of the presence of other mortals as Eden had been when the first pair came to live there. In her start she had dropped her book, and John, glad to do something with the hand which he had extended to her and which she had not taken, picked up the book and the diagram that had fallen from its pages.

With a mixed look, keen and swift, into Althea's eyes,—a look in which there was raillery, admiration, and a strong element of his own warm personality, — he said with quickened pulse, —

"You fly too high if you aim to keep that law. No man and woman can do that, much less you, by your grace, Madame Heem."

Drawn to her full height, she looked at him as if she would annihilate him; and with wide eyes full of her sense of this outrage from this intruder, she carried the case to Daniel.

Without hesitancy, Daniel's arm went through John's, and walking off with him, Daniel said, —

"And now, old friend, for a while, good-by."

"By —— that's cool," said John, when he got his wits together.

"Yes, like your best judgment," said Daniel, in a way that held John silent for a moment. Then, struggling with himself, he said, —

"I tell you, Heem, you are a ruined man if you begin that way! See? There goes your wife into *her* house. Mark my words, if you let her have her way she will shut out every old friend of yours who don't please her."

"All right, if she will but shut me in," and before John could answer, Daniel had bounded up the slope to where, at the open door, with the diagram in her hand, Althea met him.

John saw her throw her arms around Daniel and then turn and shut the door.

So Daniel was shut in.

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CHAPTER III.

IN THE MIDST OF THINGS.

"NOW then, tell me all about yourself, Dannielle," said Althea, with her musical use of his name. "Tell me how you learned so much and travelled so far. And about that religion you made all your own. Besides, what had you said or done when you were only as old as I am now, that had left such a memory of you on all Alford? Begin, and tell me everything, Dannielle."

He looked away at the bank of clouds piled up in the west like a coach for Jove. They had been in their home weeks. They had had perfect weather. They had also bought John's two fine horses, and had had exhilarating rides over the stretches of open country. And Daniel, fond as he was of a woodsman's life, felt that, at last, he had paradise on earth.

With the October evening melting into his soul, he said, "O, let us forget everything that is not now and Eden."

"Forget? Why?" said Althea alertly, haunted by the words spoken at her betrothal, 'I desire, leaving my other hopes behind me to take her as my wife.' She did not need to tell Daniel that she remembered those words.

"O, it is just this," he said; "I see now that progress can't be forced on the world against its will. The race will get on only as fast as the average individual chooses to get on. And, Althea, you are so young that, that —"

"But, Dannielle, I am just as old now as you were then! And if I can't understand your present kind of wisdom I can understand all that you understood when you were my age. That's what I like to hear about. I like to hear about when you tried to reconstruct the devil."

"Who said I ever did that?"

"It was the first thing I heard about you."

"O, not quite so bad as that. I didn't want to recon-

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struct him. What the people had against me was that I believed only in God and the power of good."

He hesitated, moving about a little. Then he looked back at her with a flushing face. His impulse was to change the subject, as widely as the last month had changed him. But with evident disrelish, which he himself could not understand, he said perturbedly, —

"My mother was a Hicksite Quaker, and had taught me certain lines of truth. After she died I joined a church, and after that I joined the church at Alford by a letter from the other church. One evening, Quaker-like, I was moved to testify, which I did in a way that set them kindly enough to teach me the doctrines. And that brought me to beg of them to stop teaching that the blood from the veins of one person could cleanse sin from the life of another. Doubtless, I said some very crude things about that majestic mystery, which I now better understand. But the point that I did make was this. I said that the life of Jesus was a life of self-restoration from the Fount of Supreme Life; and that if Christians lived such a life, their children would not be among the witless, worthless creatures which now burden the land. I said, 'For instance, Deacon, you do wrong to consider those miserable children of yours as a dispensation of Providence! They are really the natural result of the life you led when you were a young man.'

"Of course I did not get a chance to speak again after that till they called me up to answer point for point to the creed, for the minister said that if I was expelled from the church, it ought to be made publicly known that my moral character was irreproachable.

"And when it came to that, I said that as for 'inspiration of Scriptures,' — Scriptures are writings and inspiration is inbreathing, and I added, bunglingly, that *I* believed Divine Wisdom inbreathed writings on the 'inward part of the pure in heart,' of Christian, Hindoo, Chinese, or Egyptian, if any of them happened to have pure hearts. That it was the pure heart, not the nationality, that made the difference; and that as for the 'Being and Unity of the Trinity,' I got a very clear recognition of that mystery as I realized how the mother-life blended with the father-life completes and encompasses the on-coming life of the unborn child. So that the mother with the child was to me symbol and substance of a most beautiful and natural tri-unity.

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"Kind, pure-hearted old Mr. Braum intercepted the outcry against me just then, by asking what I would do with the 'article of original sin?' I said I would get rid of it by inspiring people to quit originating any more. For that I would show them, that 'the faith once delivered to the saints' was nothing less majestic than a knowledge that the creative force within us is *God-in-us;* and was nothing less than the knowledge that if this force were conserved for its legitimate uses alone such self-reverence would endow the race with wonder-working faculties like those accredited to the miracle-man, Jesus. I said, I knew by experience that an understanding of this thing would readily inspire young people to chastely englobe their powers for the noble ambition of bringing to the world a superior progeny. And that the teaching of such a practical science of how to live wisely would be a religion worth calling by that name. I said, I believed the progenitors of Jesus had practised what he afterwards esoterically preached to the masses; and that it was for preaching this 'hard saying' that many 'turned back from following him,' and that the cry — 'It is not fit that such a man should live' — 'crucify him' — was set up by easy-going Pharisees. I explained that to the average man, a race of fathers and mothers, who for seven generations had held to this order of continent life, would seem to be a race of gods, and that a being born of the seventh generation of such devotees would — with easily appreciable cause — be called an 'immaculate conception' and a 'son of the gods.'"

Daniel paused, searching Althea's face. She had never heard discussions of doctrines of any sort theretofore. She was thinking, perhaps, of the young man who had said these things rather than of the things themselves. Yet, in woman's way, the whole statement had been taken into her mind to germinate there for future rebirth in action. Daniel, — philosopher though he was, — puzzled and annoyed at her rather blank gaze at him, ejaculated, —

"Well — that was what I said when I was your age, and I was considered a blasphemous young fool for my pains! But I believed then, and I believe now, that, in the third quarter of this century, unknown powers would begin to bud forth in the race till beings like the woman-man Christ would be born. But that they, like him, would be born, *not*

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in contravention of natural law, but because there would have come to society a new comprehension of, and a new obedience to, that natural law of interest and compound interest through which wealth of all kinds is accumulative. But I am tiring you?"

"No, go on. I want to hear what it was that weakened the will of man. You said the other day that the fall of man arrested the progress of cosmos, and that by 'cosmos' you meant the beautiful system of the order of the universe. Now, if the weakening of the will of man occasioned this fall, I want to know what weakened his will. For that seems to be the root of the matter."

The wealth-coining look of the Elois was on Althea's face as she asked this question — that Daniel saw. And also he saw what some men are slow to care to see, that is, that this young wife looked to him to learn what was the right standard of life in conjugal and parental matters. It became evident to him that no law of conduct could be so stringent as to intimidate Althea, if she saw that obedience to it — like obedience to the law of interest and compound interest — would bring to the Eloiheems the kind of wealth and power of which Daniel had been speaking. So, with a faltering of his own will, Daniel said, with a sigh that was in recognition of this faltering, —

"The root of the matter is, then, that when a human being yields to mere animal impulse he depresses the spiritual atmosphere and crowds down to baser levels those below him in moral development. For instance, if I remove myself from my habitual level, the removal creates a certain down-settling of the cosmos; as when a drop of water, displaced from among a cupful, occasions, by so much, a readjustment of the other drops and a downfall of the body of water.

"Yes, by cosmos I *do* mean all the forms of life there are, including not only invisible creatures so much less than man that man cannot see them, but also, invisible creatures as much greater than man in power and spirit as those others are less than he. I think, as we stand in equilibrium between the higher and lower orders of development, it is at our option either to draw into ourselves life-currents from down among the brutes and elemental forms of life, or, by a sustained purity and peace, to invite to ourselves an inflow

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of angelic delights. Do you see? According to the character of our habitual choices, we are transformed into likeness to those below or those above us."

Althea looked a little perplexed. His terms of expression did not just then mean very much to her mind other than that it was right to be good and dangerous to be bad, and of this she had always had a general notion. But she could see he was making a strong point of something in especial. Besides, when she had practically asked him what that was, he seemed to her chiefly to have added more hard words to explain those others, that were hard enough before. She decided to lay the matter away in her mind for further meditation, and meanwhile to trust to Daniel, who was more than twice as old as she, to supply wisdom for family use, till she had a little more of her own. Then, —

"I don't see why they should drive you out of the church for just saying that. I don't see anything special in it," she said, slightingly, as one not at all overcome by big phrases.

"Well, that's because you don't see what I am saying," said Daniel, suddenly repelling his impulse to let the matter drop. "I put the salvation and development of the race as a thing dependent on *self-reverence* and on the *practice of the true knowledge of right procreation!*

"I said a new humanity would rapidly be evolved if children, and every one else, were taught holy reverence for the Odic-force, which is *God-in-us*, and which is the wonder-working power of heaven and earth! There, can you understand that?" he said, with an emphasis which Althea did not take to very kindly. And she gave him a look which disturbed Daniel more than anything had done for years. One fact was, she felt he was not trying to make her understand, and the other fact was that he knew he was not trying very hard, and in his new conditions he was angry at her for the shame he felt at himself. Some thought of his old blessedness and freedom from the perturbations which now had changed the whole complexion of his life swept across his mind. A disappointment in her, of some sort, a fear of loss whichever way he turned, took hold on him. A shock lest the dream of his youth should float by, unfulfilled, struck at him, and like a man beside himself he ejaculated: —

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"Your Aunt Judith is the only one who ever understood me. I went straight to her after twenty-five years' absence, and there she was, just the same — well, *not* in looks, but in assurance that people would understand me better soon. Then I saw you, a fair image of Judith as she was when last I had seen her. O, Althea, man joys in womanhood! Her inward grace woos him to scale the heights whereon she, standing, first receives the fervors of paradise that she holds in fee for man and the race! I believed this as a lad; I believed it when Judith used to seem to me a fair image of the great Lady of Life! I —"

Althea sprang up, deluged in emotions caught from the thrill in Daniel's tone.

"Leave me! You have never loved —"

Catching her as she fell forward, Daniel carried her into the house. But, even as he carried her, he caught in her furtive glance a glimpse of the fact that she had already returned to her better sense. In all the complications through which Althea had passed during the last few months, Daniel had noticed that, eventually, she always recovered her self-poise on her own plane of character. He was wise enough not to expect more than that of her or of himself. To expect more than that of any one would be like expecting water to lie level on an inclined board. Passionate she might be; jealous she certainly had just been. But she was not devoid of that good sense which, facing the facts of a case, makes the best of them. Whatever else might come, Daniel felt certain, daily bickerings would not be in the line of this resolute girl's conduct.

As he had caught her furtive glance, he had carried it, with his own, to the diagram on the wall before them. Then he had laid her on the bed, and kneeling beside it, looked again at the diagram, compelling himself to think, with distinct satisfaction, that the large square with its twenty-five blocks was a type of the result of two independent lives welded together.

Yet presently he caressed her face, thinking in self-derision, "Independent lives? A man like me cloistered with this woman in the hope of independently sustaining both my union with her and with spirits of the illuminati? Already she has made fetters of my emotions as strong as the unseen world had made of my imagination. What will become of

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the delicate self-poise 'mid which I used to dwell, conscious only of the harmony of all being, while I devoted months to the pursuit of some ravishing ideal?"

He bent and kissed her, sensing how the clash of the currents of her life against his had disrupted his old harmonious existence, while as if facing an inward traitor, he thought:—

"Yes, I *have* brought myself under woman-power, the thing scorned by philosophers and monks of old, who flew to solitude that, far from this influence, they might clarify the intellect through disciplining the passions by fastings and lashings if need be. But I, Daniel Heem, believed that in free cloister with this woman I could keep hold on the unseen world — as it is the aim of religion to do — and could yet establish with this woman, by perfect independence of her, that final union which it is the aim of marriage to establish. I did flatter myself that by giant exertions in an altogether new line of adventure, I, a dweller between two worlds, could hold a citizenship in each, by means of which I should be able to win to earth for reincarnation under this roof, certain old and terrible spirits, — spirits who in this age must fight their last battle for a continued existence. I did think that I, in virtue of my double-sight, could, as a priest of home, save those terrible ones from a final self-bedevilment, and could aid them instead, to conserve their fiery forces for the new creations of the on-coming twentieth century.

"Yes, I did believe it, and I did know that a gigantic self-control would be needed by one who should thus dare to try to live 'mid the maddening confusion of the latter-day strife, waged between Michael and his angels and the dragon and his.

"I knew it all, and yet I have already weakened."

He bent and kissed his wife again, telling himself next, that this tender young creature could never bear the stress of things that made his own accustomed brain sometimes to almost reel. "No, no, I dare not, must not tell her of the waiting myriads of disembodied beings who already have begun to crowd the house, beseeching for my recognition and welcome. No, no. If I should begin to talk, and if she should prove a willing listener, I know I should go on in a way that would annihilate her faith in my reliability as a man of mental balance. Her faith is already at that point of alert wou-

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der beyond which comes a rift of doubt, which, widening, would whelm her in horror of me as a madman."

And then while he dumbly looked at her with grand pathetic eyes he remembered how, at the time of his betrothal, he had been shown, by some persistent power beyond his ken, that the ostracism brought upon him by his ideas had fostered in him a tendency to originate more and more theories, while it had shut him out from a chance to practicalize any one of them. And, how this persistent power had made him believe that Althea's purposeful self-interest was the very thing which, added to his life, would make his peculiar faculties of use to the age he lived in. And this persistent power it was that had arrested him in his vagabondizing way of running over the world, chasing ideals as some men chase pleasures. He had been as ready to advance as to retreat from a final alliance with the Brotherhood in India who claim to be custodians of spiritual science, when this persistent power had impelled him to go aboard a ship sailing from Bombay, and had at last (so Daniel now believed) driven him on and in at the Golden Gate of California and across the continent to John's house in Wisconsin, — on and on till he found himself at the picnic-ground in Alford, saying gropingly, "The beginnings of things are rooted in the dark." Then he had met the burning gaze of the child of his old friend Rabbi Eloi.

And then tumultuous memories of the weird experiences that had befallen him at the betrothal hour laid hold on him. And again, as on a chosen arena, beings, each more vigorously than the last, claimed him for services so seemingly opposed in character that to yield obedience to one would be to set the other at defiance.

And then, was it an audible voice reiterating to him his vow that, leaving all other hopes, he would take Eloi's child and serve her, and so the race, as best man like him could do?

He drew back, arming himself against the authority of this mandate, unconsciously looking at Althea meanwhile. She caught the strained, repugnant gaze, and misapplying it, turned from him, while schemes for punishing him in a way to make him know that others in this wilderness prized her, swept through her fiery, chagrined soul. The next moment with some other thought of him she waited wonderingly.

Her act awoke no anger in Daniel, for it gave rise to no

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stirrings of conscience in this man whose youth of valiant purity had made his soul a citadel of strength, and had, as yet, left his perceptions of the facts of each case as keen as his habitual conduct was kind.

But her gesture and look did bring him to earth and to the consciousness that this was his wife, and they steadied him with the thought that she needed now his reassuring care.

It was a surprised and expectant young person who, a little later, found herself in a great chair (over which was thrown the beautiful coverlet), sipping tea from her mother's beautiful cup, while Daniel, on bended knee, was laving her feet and ankles in warm water, while singing his mother's hymn,

> So will I bathe my troubled soul in seas of heavenly rest:
> And ne'er shall waves of turmoil roll across my peaceful breast.

To Althea it was good that an awkward silence had been bridged and embellished by the use of beautiful things brought from her own home. Above all, good that the occasion recalled to her what Daniel had once told her of one who "took a towel and girded himself, and after that poured water into a basin and began to wash his disciples' feet and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded." So, somehow, cup, coverlet, hymn, and significant act of devotion, to Althea's mind equalled altar and confirmation-service, as Daniel began his ministry as priest of home. Abashed she was, too, for she felt the cup had been given to slake her thirst for exaltation. So the impression left on her mind of his royalty was stronger far than it would have been had she, on bended knee, been thus serving him with cup and foot-laving. Yet, curiously, it resulted in her telling herself, with that masculine sturdiness which awaits its opportunity, that, in the long run, she would prove to him she, too, was in the right.

The effect of her pondering and of her scrutiny of Daniel — who seemed tranquilly content, as he frequently looked at the little diagram of the Eloiheem Commonwealth — was to decide her "to push ahead," and not only learn all Daniel's philosophies of how to be great, but also to yet give him all those things of wealth and influence of which her uncle's meanness in disinheriting her had defrauded her. She

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determined she would make him rich and very proud of her, and besides would yet show him who was the real philosopher of the family.

As days went on Althea felt more and more keenly that Daniel in marrying her had sacrificed some order of life which he seemed to shamefacedly regret. He seemed, too, to be on guard against loving her with all his heart. He was so unequal in his conduct, so queer and moody at times, and then, as the weeks went on, he was so recklessly silly by spells, that she could not understand his attitude toward her. She pondered deeply how she could do or be, whatever it was that he saw in the great Lady of Life, and which, seeing, had sent a thrill of rapturous adoration into his deep-toned voice.

But while she was full of a sense of her own nothingness, and of aspirations to be all that she was not, and all that the unseen ideal Lady of Life (for this was Daniel's name of the whole Spirit of Deity) was, there occurred what has occurred in the life of many other women in the midst of like high ambitions. To Althea's amazement, she discovered that she, who had never yet done anything along the line of that doing and being on which she had set her heart as the work of a lifetime, seemed already to quite satisfy this philosopher, for he had now succumbed to her reign over his mere senses.

Not for a reign in that lowest of kingdoms had she married Daniel Heem, she told herself with proud anger at him, for she did not know (because Daniel never thought of telling her) that in these days he, at times, asked himself if the intuitional powers which he had given a lifetime to cultivate were becoming drowned in emotional torrents. And whether he had been a daring fool at his age and in his mental states, to venture into cloister with this woman. She did not know that, at other times, he found himself hardly able to remember what life had been to him, when he, the anchorite, had not had this woman to torment and bewitch him. She did not know that, with an inward prayer to vanishing powers, he had at last given himself up, like a boy out of school, to riding, boating, loving, and laughing with Althea, more and more like an infatuated lover let loose, and less and less like a new-race-constructing anchorite; till —

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"Dannielle, where are your old philosophies?" said Althea, one early morning as she lay at one end of a boat, with her hands under her head and her eyes on his as he lay at the other end in a like attitude, while the boat drifted softly with the current toward the falls below.

There was a bewitching raillery in the spice of seriousness with which Althea asked this. And Daniel with a flush of half-irritation, recklessly answered, —

"O, they will wait for us." Then he laughed aloud, looking away at the tossing boughs of the trees on the shore, and half-listening to the soft tap, tap, tap of the water against the boat, as it drifted along.

"Are all men philosophical and ascetic in youth and this other way when they get older?" said Althea presently.

"O, no, I guess not! Men commonly take it the other way round," said Daniel with mounting color, for Althea's question sounded derisive.

"John Hastings was a philosopher when he was young, but he has outgrown it, too, hasn't he?"

"That I did not know," said Daniel. "Isn't he as philosophical as ever?"

"What is philosophy? Is love philosophy?" said Althea, lazily.

"As I am a living man, Althea, it — seems — it seems a very good philosophy to me lately. I — in fact, I am a little mixed and merged in autumn hazes and in you, my own, own wife," he exclaimed with fervor, and with repugnance to the other subject.

But Althea with persistence said, "But you used to have a great deal of philosophy about love, Dannielle."

"O, yes," said Daniel, with a reckless jollity, putting aside her seriousness, "I used to have a great deal of philosophy about it, before I had it."

Then he laughed at his joke, a joke about *love*, which he had once said, so Althea remembered, was the divine sacramental mystery of life, above which none was more solemnly holy.

"O, then, is it that we can philosophize about love and go without the love, or do we have to go without philosophy and take the —"

"Yes — yes, and take the love," he interposed, looking sharply at Althea, then more sharply at space just above

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his head, ejaculating, "and saints above us, I tell you it is good to have after nearly fifty years of philosophy!" But he had seized the oars, and was rowing as if for life, against the stream, stopping not till he struck shore and helped his wife from the boat; not looking at her even then, but at space above her head. He tied the boat and hastened toward the house with his hand on his heart and an expression of amazement not mixed with satisfaction in his wide eyes. Then, as if in self-escape, he seized his spade and began battering up, against the basement of the house, the earth that he had carted to the spot in preparation for the searching cold of the coming winter.

The logs of this house were finely fitted together, and there was a good cellar under it, and a double flooring, besides glass windows on the sunny side. Quite a fine house it was for that part of the State in the early forties when it was built. John Hastings had put good work and high hopes into it, — hopes not realized, for either he had failed the expectations of his bride-elect, or she had failed him.

Some thought of all this, added to a recollection of Althea's words about John, and of the derisive, victorious look on her face, filled Daniel with a sudden, hot antagonism against her. For that look of hers had shown him views of himself which it was not pleasant to think she must first have gotten before she could have shown them to him.

Jarred, and jealous of the possible loss of the idyllic days that had come to him so late in life, and as jealous of the possible swamping of his nature in conditions inimical to the race-achievements on which he had set his heart, Daniel suddenly crouched on the ground, cowering under his sense of the state into which he had fallen.

"What are you doing, Daniel?"

Althea had been watching him keenly, not unkindly, but keenly, yet uncomprehendingly, and absorbed in a new, strong purpose of her own.

"Getting ready for winter and the philosophies," he answered, with scorn of himself, — scorn which Althea thought was directed against her. So flashing up, she said, —

"I am glad of it. For after two months of love, *I* am ready for two years of philosophy."

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He sprang up, with arms outstretched pleadingly, —

"O, Althea, be kind!" with supplication, dread, and love intolerable filling eyes and voice.

She drew back as from some impalpable danger, and glancing at the barn, took refuge in the accidental ejaculation, —

"I don't like cows."

Was she a young monster to play like that with him? For a new moment *thought of himself* had put out of the philosopher's mind all sense of the possibility that she might gropingly be trying to practise what he had preached. And as if, at last falling to the level of a child, whose inconsequence of thought he must meet, he said, —

"Do you like horses?"

"Not all! Let's sell them both and the dog, too."

"But I have to bring back a load of things from the settlement to-day. How shall I manage that without the horses?"

"Up-and-a-coming is a horrid name for a dog. But she is a nice, fierce watch-dog. Dannielle, what are you going to bring back with the horses?" were Althea's next remarks.

"Things to make the house comfortable for this long winter," he said patiently. Then Althea threw her arms about him calling him "the darlingest old putterer in the world." But when he caught her passionately in his arms, her petulant pout and repulsion of him sent him back to his spade again, fiercely spanking down the earth, wrathful that look and tone of hers could throw him into such commotion, and blaming her for her power over him, even at the moment when she, intuitively, was seeking to release him from the bonds with which his growing emotions were fettering him.

With a strange wrath at her he wildly glanced about at house, garden, wife, and in at the open door of the house. On the wall there hung the two nicely prepared parchments of lambskin on which were inscribed a copy of the nuptial diagram of the Eloiheem Commonwealth and of the Eloiheem law of liberty. He thought bitterly of the time he had spent in transcribing them and in carving the cedar-wood frames, and of the pride with which he had hung them on the wall as the law and problem of Eloi-heem life,

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which he, as patriarch of the wilderness, had hoped to teach to his children, lying down and rising up.

It seemed to him now, in the confusion of mind which had come to him, that he had done all this out of love to this woman, who by her repulse of him had become for the moment almost hateful in his eyes. And then blaming her blindly that he had lost his planned independence of her, in wrath at the emotional torrents which tortured him, he found himself wishing with Cato, "that God in his mercy would be pleased to wash away all women from the earth, and at the same time to introduce some new arrangement for the continuation of the other sex without female help."

Then came shame at his weakness, and a suddenly nerving remembrance that his purpose had been "to make a home that should be what each home might be, — a centre of social influence composed of persons from all ranks of society, each of whom should be an on-coming Eloiheem."

In a half-delirium he looked again at Althea and at the little log-house 'mid the hazes of that perfect autumn scene. Then, flooded with an ecstasy of adoration to the Giver of this sweet and thrilling thing called Life, he swept his arms about Althea, lifting her up across them, exalting her form so, heavenward, as if it were the "holy host of sacrifice," while the woods rang to his cry, —

"Look, ye heavens! She is mine!" as he kissed her and kissed her again, sobbing over her in some ecstasy of excitement terrible to the alarmed Althea.

A moment afterward he had "put the horses in," and was off to town. And in an incredibly short time he had returned with a load of furs and other things with which to make the rough house beautiful.

Althea was out in the little arbor working with her papers, "accounts" she called them, and she had but nodded to him from there when he had returned. And he, repressing himself, nodded back, and then set himself to do what he had in readiness to do before she should have a chance to inspect matters.

The shadows had not greatly lengthened when he had hung the walls of the one room of this house with some of the furs and had laid others on the floor, and had put up at the windows the beautiful curtains which he had brought from the old home. Then he had brought in, from he knew

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what secluded spot, the boxes of plants which he placed in the windows. Next, setting ablaze the pine knots on the hearth, he flung over this softened scene the glow of dancing fire-lights. Then, like a priest going forth to win an acolyte, he went out to bring Althea within this temple of home.

Althea was deep in schemes of results which might be reached by economies and care. And while she was young as to certain timidities, she was very old as to a certain quality of courage. Her timidities made her secretive, and her courage made her combative, while her regard for Daniel's philosophies made her shy of his growingly passionate worship of her. So, altogether, there was a strange look on her face as she unwillingly left her work and came along with him into this scene.

She glanced about from it to Daniel's eyes, and then ejaculated, "This does not look much like economy! Did you sell the cows and horses?"

He moved back from her. After a pause, —

"I did not," he said.

"They will double your work this winter, and so will the flowers in here."

"Work is worship, darling," said Daniel, drawing near, with his eyes full of it.

"Not work for horses and cows, I hope. Besides, you never eat butter, now that you have taught me to make it. And as for that ploughing and root-grubbing, there was land enough cleared without using the horses for any more of that. And you can turn this earth with a spade in less time than it takes to raise food for the animals, which, — in fact, Dannielle, I have a chance to sell them for more than I gave for them. Then I could have the money to buy more land."

Daniel had moved near to the blossoms as if they were a sanctuary wherein to escape from a sudden sense of antipathy against the spirit of these words. He did not raise his eyes, as Althea added, "And that dog is a frightful eater, and I think *she* would better be sold. And as for these furs, if they could only be gotten to my uncle's store in New York, they would bring almost money enough to buy that township that we saw staked out. I thought we had come here to be recluses and to get —"

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She stopped. For Daniel was looking at her curiously, half-remembering the interest which she had shown in the significant topics that attract the attention of far-seeing men and women in a new country. Hastings had more than once joined them on their horseback jaunts, and had talked freely about the national law concerning Western lands, and had given Althea more legal knowledge than he usually sowed broadcast. Daniel had been glad of this widening of interests for Althea. He had decided that Althea was not a student, however shrewd she was. And with a premonition of the strain on good self-management which would come during a snow-bound winter in the wilderness, he had been doing many such things as the woman of a home usually does to make home winsome to a not specially home-loving companion.

One old acquaintance to whom Daniel had long ago done a signal favor had given him a valuable load of dressed furs, and another had brought him three fowls which Daniel had housed as advantageously as he could, thinking that, with eggs, milk, and butter, Althea need not miss the good things she had been used to have in her old home. He believed she was ready to give up soft dressing and delicate eating if it were necessary. He meant to show her it was not necessary, but that, in this wilderness, skill would enable them to live a life of oriental ease 'mid conditions of American freedom to use self according to the dictates of individual genius; not an easy thing to do in winter time, unless he should put his wits as well as his muscles to work. So thinking, for the instant he forgot what it had cost Althea to make the announcement to which she was now waiting a response. In these days he often lost hold on Althea's side of a matter under discussion as he was not used to do before he had lost his philosophical attitude toward her.

And now, he was thinking as he looked at her that he would keep her comfortable that winter, if it took all the trees of the forest and all the furs of its animals. And then, with his growing vagrance of mind, reverting to his plans for interesting her in these things, he said persuasively, —

"All up-climbing life needs something to do. Abstemious habits and physical idleness only belong to extreme savagery and to the highest orders of development! The love of

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savory eating and home-ornamentation is good; for these loves impel lower intelligences to fight their way up out of savagery. Even the lower desires, fears, and fightings are better than stagnation. They are the motions of the animal soul as, impelled by instinct, it wriggles out of brute into rational life on its way to the development of a real humanity. Yes, even low fightings, desires, and fears are good, Althea."

"What *are* you talking about? What *do* you mean?" she said, drawing back.

And he, absorbed in his plans, glancing with rolling eyes above him, muttered, "blood red;" then with hands on his hips, looking at her, added: —

"O, there *are* people who fear death and hidden terrors. They desire love and a reasonable hope that they will get their desires!"

"Daniel, what are you doing and saying?" she said, catching his arm, as he made strange passes along the wall.

"I am measuring to see how much Indian-matting it will take to cover this ceiling. I will have it ablaze with blood-reds and sun-colors, and with the pattern running in toward the centre, so this shall look like a domed-temple for my priestess of love to dwell within. An Indian woman is to make it for me, and a hammock, which shall be hung here in the flooding sunshine close to this garden of plants, so that my darling shall not know that winter means coldness, but shall only see in it the glory of its whiteness and brightness."

With the smouldering fires in her eyes leaping into a flame, she pulled away from the infatuated man, who did not see in her lustrous beauty the flaming of thought too great for utterance, but who now only saw that which sent his blood surging to his brain and deluging it with the darkness of passion instead of illumining it with the light of love.

And she, for want of something better, said, —

"Don't you fear anything? Don't you need to be loved?"

"Not when I am in my right mind," said he, mockingly, and catching at her.

"But — but what would become of us all, if no one feared death or needed to be loved?" she said, hysterically.

"O, we should all go to the blank," said he, with a grimace at the pun, "but there will always be plenty of fearing, fighting, desiring people to keep the world agoing! And

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then, through desire, even animals develop something quite like reason, as they work to get what they want. And we poor brutes on two legs tear along into something quite like artistic taste in our struggle to please and our fear of not pleasing! But we have to be lashed up to it. Somehow, lately, I don't mind the lash if I can get a smile or two from you."

"I don't believe you know what you are talking about," said Althea, angrily, and shocked unutterably at something in Daniel's manner.

"O yes; I mean I am degenerating into a very happy man. I am getting to be too beastly prosperous and satisfied."

With one look at him she left the house, hurrying to put space between them. She ran to the water's edge, blinded with her wrathful recognition that Daniel was by no means striving to gain her heights as he had said he had always striven upward towards the Lady of Life. On the reverse, he was boasting of his relish for the degenerate things which heretofore he had haughtily done without, — boasting of lying down in a valley, contenting himself with what contented flocks and herds there.

If Althea did not distinctly know what she wished to obtain for herself and to give to this man, she *did* know very distinctly what she meant neither to take nor give. She did not mean to take condescension nor insults. She did not mean to give this man to fancy that she was a weight or a tempter to him in that life of partial celibacy that he had told her he must live. If she had made any mistake in her life in this wilderness, it had been in trying to be what he had won her to be.

Her chagrin and wrath at him amounted to physical torture. And as if nothing should be lacking to incense her against him and his attitude, there came to her mind a bit of poetry, her very hatred of which had fixed it in her mind, words of Milton's Adam, when he said, —

> "O why did God,
> Creator Wise, that peopled heaven
> With spirits masculine, create at last
> This novelty on earth, this fair deceit
> Of nature, and not fill the world at once
> With men as angels, without feminine?
> And find some other way to generate
> Mankind?"

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The insult of these words and some element in Daniel's occasional half-furious attitude toward her filled Althea with a revengeful wrath and loathing of the whole thing, as with flaming cheek and eyes she asked herself if this was what marriage with even a philosopher amounted to?

With a very defined purpose she at last returned to the house.

When Althea had fled from him, Daniel, aroused to some sense of his blunder, under the shock had cried aloud, "leaving angels and illuminati, if need be, I will cling to her" — and then he gave himself up to do a spiritually dangerous thing.

As Althea approached she saw him sitting motionless outside the house. Something in his look sent her cautiously to enter the house, and, unobserved, to look close into his face through the parted curtains.

Breathless as death he sat, as if his were a body from which the soul had journeyed forth.

Suddenly Daniel, — who, a moment before had sensed but the presence of All-pervasive-Life in the midst of whose currents he felt himself to be a surcharged battery through which this Life, serpent-like, winding in and out, was bringing him tidings from the realm of experiences which he sought to inspect, — suddenly this Daniel looked up like a child come back from dreams.

Then he saw what had befallen, and with intensity he said, "Yes, yes, Althea. All are good creatures. Each fills a place in the great dominion of Omnipotent Wisdom. It is true, fears, fightings, and desires are good. For they make life all that life is to the animal-soul. Even the angels would not, if they could, separate certain persons from these things. For if animal life should be taken from the animal-soul, then one link would be taken from the chain of being, and with one link gone, the wholeness of the Infinite Unity would be riven, and that? — O that can never be done.

"No, no, Infinite Life, self-coherent, holds in place its every atom; and self-consistent, brings each part to live by serving self, and the other, through following blind instinct if needs must be, or better yet, by a rationally recognized choice of the good, the true, and the beautiful, if any are grand enough to habitually make that orderly choice."

He stretched his arms out to her with an impassioned

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worship of the ideal with which his imagination clothed this woman who stood wondering at him and his words. And with glowing eyes he said, adoring his ideal, as he stretched out his arms to young Althea, —

"So you have come back to me, beloved one. It is a sweet instinct that governs you in all you do! How wonderful that it held you silent by my side till I came back to you! O what divine wholeness! How blissful the sight! How wonderful that the lowest is part of the highest, and even misery is part of bliss! O, my woman, my —"

A memory of Judith's prophecy that they would go to the madhouse together had laid hold of Althea, and with a mighty determination to steady herself and to arrest the course of events, she had taken Daniel by the shoulder, trying to shake him as she exclaimed, trembling, —

"Dannielle, you shall tell me what happens to you when you look in that horrible way. What are you talking about? What are you doing? O, Dannielle, is this — this only philosophy? Say, Dannielle, wake up."

Daniel stood up and shook himself together. After a hearty expulsion of his breath, and then a strong inhalation of the sweet forest odors, he said, —

"Willingly I will tell you, my love." Then he cast about in his mind for words to tell her exactly what he was doing. But he could not say to his wife that he was letting himself down into a state of sympathy with the turbulent impulses of the mass of mortals, whose life is one of fears, fightings, and desires. He could not tell her that he had discovered that since he had become whelmed in love of her he had lost the old clear-seeing faculty which, before marriage with her, had enabled him to apprehend her thoughts and needs better than she had apprehended them, and that his union with her had thrown his inner being into such a commotion that, like a troubled sea, it no longer reflected back the images of things above as it once had done.

So he stood before her, shocked out of his semi-trance ecstasy, by her intrusion upon what, it seemed to him, she was too unwise to understand and too unwise to leave unquestioned.

He was suddenly struck by a sense of the espionage and crude interference to which, through marriage, he, the free-souled, unfettered mental rover had brought himself.

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She was waiting, inquisitively, watching him, suspicious that he would put her off with a make-believe answer; that, Daniel saw, at the very moment when, for an instant, he *was* hesitating as to what it would be policy (instead of what would be exact truth) to state.

He, Daniel, hesitating to speak the truth to his wife? He, the heretofore eager teacher of his ideals and theories, puzzling as to how he could quiet without much enlightening one who sought to comprehend him and his philosophies?

Chagrined at this confusion of clear thought and right action, at last he said, —

"I had just recognized that the divine wholeness of Life cannot be marred! I was putting myself into that relation with the essence of life, Althea, in which I best enter into the unity of all being and so find you."

Something told Althea that Daniel was certainly trying to make himself understood, and prompted her to pretend that she did understand. So, plunging into the midst of it, she said, —

"Can't be marred? I could mar life, if I chose, couldn't I?"

"Not really."

"Not really? Well, do you mean I could apparently?"

"Yes, you certainly could do what would *appear* to mar the harmony of life," said Daniel, with a weary yearning after the old harmony of his life which seemed so utterly now broken in upon by this totally different condition of things.

"O, Dannielle, do you think I am now really or only apparently talking?" she at last ejaculated, trembling in every joint.

"What do you mean by *I?* If by '*I*' you mean the very old Ego of you, I will give one reply. But if by '*I*' you mean the appearance of you that I see before me, then I should say that this appearance of your old Ego only appears to be talking."

"Appearance of my old Ego?" ejaculated Althea, almost crying. "I should think I was some ghost come back."

"Perhaps you are," said Daniel.

His tone had ceased to be playful. Althea did not look to him like his wife. At the moment she, to his eyes, was the summed up total of all his old antagonizers. How he

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wished she could imagine the horrible strain that, in these days, filled him with a deadly regret and with something like a fear lest his brain should indeed give way as people had said long ago it had done. He stretched out his arms, longing to find in her that element of mother-love which makes the wise heart of such a wife a place of rest.

But not understanding his need, and fearing his wild passion, and remembering that he thought lazily swinging hammocks and good eating and soft furs were things suitable for her, she repulsed him, saying, —

"You think I am frightened and need petting! You think I want to get at your old philosophies, don't you?"

"Yes," said Daniel.

"O, you do? And you think I am goaded by fightings and desires to make me get my growth? Now tell the truth. Do you?"

He had now caught her up, kissing her again and again, saying, —"Yes, yes, yes," as to a child, or, what was worse to Althea, as to a dangerous plaything.

"Put me down! This is scandalous!" she said, breaking out now into angry vituperation, which little expressed the unutterable shame which filled her young soul at her evidently dementalizing power over him.

Daniel put her down.

He felt no philosophical readiness to pass over the hot words she had poured out on him. Her persistency in questioning him, and then in making his attempted explanations the cause of war, and above all, her repulsion of his glowing tenderness toward her, had at last capped the climax of his on-coming "emotional insanity."

It is not the purpose of this story to fill pages with accounts of the things which whelm men's souls at those crises when the barriers have broken down and the enemy has come in like a flood. Scenes of this sort, more than sufficient in number and intensity, are given in these days to the world to read.

It is enough to say that for the next few hours Daniel had abundant participation in the fury, the blindness, and the badness of the loves which rule in hell and make hell. More than ever, Althea falsely seemed to him, as she sat there with that purposeful, critical, yet furtive observance of him, like the sum total of all the old antagonists and scof-

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fers who, in times past, had disbelieved in him and his ideals. She, for whom he had given up his other life, — she, who had mastered and tortured him out of all old self-poise, — she, that withe of a thing — she was his wife he told himself. And as he internally said this, he glanced at her now and then across the table at which they both sat, pretending to read. The stillness of the wilderness seemed throbbing in his brain; and with that stillness, came again and again the thought — "she is my wife"; but with it, there was now in his mind no hold on the fact that that meant she was to be therefore reverently cherished, and her wisdom was to be obeyed in all matters pertaining to herself. As he looked at her yet again, nothing but his long-sustained habit of silence and self-control held him from such a breaking forth from the law of self-restraint toward his wife as would have brought a sudden end to their marital relations. That, Althea had decided, as these terrible hours of critical danger went by, — hours of the night of that day, when, for love of Althea's love, this man had, with such boyish pleasure, brought beauty to their winter home, and, in his ill-prepared state, and for a purpose far from the highest, had opened the door of the realm whence emerges fuel for the passions of the damned, or illumining light for the wisdom of the wise.

It was as if the passions of the damned had laid hold on him. So that, for the time, he saw only in Althea's eyes reservoirs of the life of those Elois who, man and woman, had made others but thralls and captives to them.

At this moment Althea's eyes looked into his direct.

"Great heaven, how like she is to that devil of a father of her," Daniel inwardly ejaculated, springing to his feet, as if struck by terror, and getting away to the flowers. The next moment he glanced back from them, and met — if it were not the very devil of that father himself that now triumphantly looked at him from those black eyes, Daniel, trembling, told himself he had never else seen it.

He half sprung toward her, but as suddenly she sprung to her feet, and all aglow with the power transmitted to her splendid being by a self-restrained ancestry, she stood drawn back against the skins hung upon the wall. She had seized a heavy club of wood from the fireside and, not flustered, but with steady eye and significant attitude, awaited him.

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Daniel held hard by the window-frame as he leant toward her with his eyes fixed in hers, straining toward her, yet holding back, clutching hard at the support of the jutting window-wall, his fascinated gaze fixed on her lurid eyes. For to his sight, therein flickered and upclimbed the *linga-shiriri* of what was once part of the furious Malchi Eloi.

He tried to clear his vision, but no, plainly he saw it, looking forth from the skins of the beast. It was not Althea, not woman at all! No, in full presence, shadowy, but real enough to him — there was the lost soul, Malchi Eloi, eager to refight his battles, eager to redrink his desires.

A kindling anger, blinding as ever male brute felt at sight of rival male, surged through Daniel's being.

"It is your unsubduable devil," he whispered inaudibly, stepping up to within a few yards of the sight, nearing it warily, on guard against the prepared assault. Then he halted, conscious for a moment that these were Althea's eyes which looked into his. And in stress of mortal anguish, half-sensing that she would kill him rather than bear from him one act of intrusive irreverence, and with a momentary glimpse of himself, he drew back; when some exultant light in these eyes brought from him the inaudibly ferocious whisper,—

"No, 'tis that devil come to our roof seeking under it reincarnation." Then with corpse-like pallor, he had sprung back, for through his soul was trumpeted, the unspoken question,—

"Have you not taught for years, that as mother prepares cradle and clothes for a coming child, so the Great Mother brings together the man and woman whose combined moral and mental material furnishes clothes and cradle befitting the disembodied Ego, who is strenuously demanding rehabilitation in such environments?"

"Ah! 'Tis then you, the brutalest part of the dissolute Rabbi? Come again, have you, as with your damnable assaults, you came at that betrothal hour?" he cried aloud. Then he pulled himself together, lest he should let this daughter know that at her side was the essential evil of that restless soul.

Then tongue-bound, he saw, or thought he saw, that man's form, passion-riven, dissolve again as he had years since seen it dissolve at the great dissolution called death. For now, little by little, like a congeries of gaseous escapements, it fell

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apart and, horror of horrors, writhing, crawled away in shapes of basest animality, till, dissolved into nothingness, there remained — Sweet Heaven! *What* was this, that slowly upfloated from that mass of creeping things dissolvant?

"O, Being of Wonder! O, marvel of might and majesty! O, Peri-spirit," cried Daniel, straining toward that on which his eyes were fixed. For to him, the enraptured air, titillant with some fine pleasure, waved and weaved itself together in a dance of love. Then a misty veil flung over it, enwrapped this Peri-presence and Daniel's wife from Daniel's sight.

"O, the daring devil of you! Peri-power are you? Not for that shall you come to make a hell of the Eloiheem home!" he shouted, springing forward.

Ready for a death-struggle, from which but one could live to rise, fired with a strength not her own, Althea had stood. But now, —

"O, Dannielle!" came forth her cry.

And with a sob of terror, Daniel Heem fell back, catching at the wall.

The next that poor Daniel saw of the outer world was a glimpse of a trailing dress, caught through his fingers. Furtively his gaze followed it up to where arose the woman form and face.

Yes, it was Althea, and she was panting still, like one let off from a death-struggle; and she sat in her chair as he sat in his. So much he perceived. Then he looked at the wall. The skins hung blankly there.

With a groan Daniel rose and piled gnarled roots high on the fire as if their blaze would serve as an incantation against evil.

Then like a man in the thick of a battle still, who had lost time and feared the consequences, he faced the room with high intention, crying out into space, —

"Wonderful powers, yes, you have! But the question is, what will my wife, Althea Eloi, choose to admit to the Eloiheem home. For woman wisdom shall be sovereign in this home of the Eloiheems."

Althea, with one hand on her chair-arm, had half-risen, facing him, perplexed, angry, determined to know whether this man was mad or but a violent monster, who had hovered over her in terrible strength, one tithe of which could have crushed her and her hopes. "Daring devil," "Peri-power,"

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these names, and the charges which he had brought against her of making a hell of the Eloiheem home, were ringing in her ears.

He mad? These eyes which looked at her now were more like the eyes of an impassioned hero, aroused to protect, from dire disaster, hearth and home beset by foes. This she felt. And at that moment it seemed to her the room was crowded with enemies, no — friends — no, no — but with combatants, seen by Daniel and felt by her, and feared by neither of them.

There was a noise at the window.

The fire, leaping up, shot athwart the parted curtains. A face pressed against the window-pane.

Majestic, resolute, and radiant, she looked into the very eyes of it. Then, with an instinct of self-restraint and protection, she noticed that, with her uprising, Daniel had fallen to his chair again, with his head on his arms and his arms on the table.

He had not seen the face at the window, but Althea had seen and recognized it, in that instant in which defiantly and proudly she had looked directly into the eyes there.

The face was a ruddy one, with the burning brown eyes of John Hastings. And the defiant, haughty gaze which had met them had sent that face away as it had come. How that was, boots not here to tell. Yet the sight of the warm, mortal interest in those anxious eyes brought a revulsion of feeling to Althea's terrified, outraged soul.

"I am not altogether alone here," was her first thought. Her next was one of wrath that this John Hastings should have dared interferingly to have come looking in at their windows. "What could he have imagined, that he had the impudence to do that?" she wondered. Then she glanced about the room, to see how it looked to this spy upon her and Daniel. And she felt warmed and comforted by the beauty there, which this John must have seen Daniel had prepared for love of her love. It was but a moment's thought. For at this instant Daniel rose again and put more wood on the fire, halting, swaying with weakness. His clean, soft hair was tossed up lightly, making a halo round his head, as he stood looking at her with his tender, stricken soul in his gaze.

Never before had he seen her so stilly pondering in her heart of hearts.

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Her look assured him that that which had carried him to the realms past the border-land, Althea had not seen. What then could she have thought of his conduct? What, in fact, had he really done or said during those moments of double life? Only Althea could answer him this question, and to ask her, Daniel knew, would be to confess what he dared not confess to this young wife, namely, that he himself knew he had been close to that line, passing which men have dealt death-blows at friends while fancying them to be foes.

Had he then really at last been temporarily insane? he asked himself. Was it but his diseased imagination which led him to think he saw and heard things unseen and unheard by others? Had he for years habitually let his imagination sweep him into real or fancied relations with unseen beings? But in the years of the past he had been a passionless, self-controlled man, disciplined to faithfully follow the injunction, "What things are pure, lovely, and of good report, if there be any virtue, or praise, think on these things," and so thinking, he had been filled — whenever his mind opened to the hosts of the unseen,— with these messengers of peace and purity.

But now, as at a flash, he knew that a change of associations had come to him. He had opened his soul to tumultuous spirits, letting come what would come, so that in these days there had been undone the work of a lifetime. An ugly element, the enemy of love, had entered, and when his wife had avoided him, such change of spirit had come to him, that he had fought against this womanly discrimination in favor of conjugal reverence and consecration. And now Daniel realized that it was no thanks to his discrimination that he was not alone with his dead, and the evil that had so nearly blinded him into killing Althea lest the spirit of the dissolute Rabbi should be fathered by Daniel Heem. Summing up the matter thus, twice Daniel moved his lips, then paused, wistful for words which would best make known to Althea what he felt must be told her at any cost to himself. When —

"Do you still believe those high things you used to teach?" she asked.

"I do not expect their immediate practicalization," faltered Daniel.

"Why not? Can't you now practise what you used to

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preach? Or did you not of old practise what you then preached?"

"I did indeed, Althea!" cried he, stung by her cool doubt. "I did indeed!" he said again, looming up, six feet four inches high, and looking, as he was, a hero greater than barons of old, who but slew each other. For heretofore he had made tributary to spiritual uses the forces which, lately abused, had almost, he believed, sacked the citadel of his mind.

"I did indeed then practise what I then preached, Althea," he said, yet again, trembling with the burden of life as it now had come to him for solution.

"Then," said Althea, confronting him as proudly as he did her, "then, Daniel, shall the old age of youth find you less wise than boyhood and man's prime found you? Or, Daniel, was it that you feared to demand of a young woman that which you had proved was possible to a young man?"

"You don't understand. O, Althea, you — I — your father —" he faltered, as if dazed with the fumes of wine. And she, in deep tones of scorn exclaimed, —

"My father? What about my father? I'd have you to know, Dannielle, that Malchi Eloi, the young Rabbi, cherished in his youth, and in his youth transmitted to me, such an englobement of will-power that I, if I choose, am quite able to personate the first of such a race of Eloi mothers that no man after Daniel Heem will need pale with fear, lest, having married an Eloi, his children will fail of being gods!"

Masterfully she had said it, but satisfied to the full was her pride as Daniel, in a half-ecstasy of prophecy and protection against evil, cried out, —

"Daughter of Malchi, it is this life of the young cabalist, as his life was, when he dwelt on the heights of the spiritualities, with which I desired to ally whatever was noblest in the lives of my progenitors. And now may his mightiest skill in laying under tribute for highest use the world, the flesh, and the powers of the air enable you to draw to yourself *only* spirits of peace and purity."

She looked askance at him, for, to some inward sense of hers, he would not have appeared different had he stood at a door intercepting a would-be intruder with a greeting which was a dismissal too.

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She felt a keen anger toward him; a sense as if he had shut a door in her father's face. For this father had not been on the heights of the spiritualities as she best remembered him. He had been a turbulent man in his prime, full of love for the world which she now loved. And never had she loved it more than now, when her heart was so strongly flooded with a wish that her father could be alive and with them there in the wilderness.

A great sense of nearness to him and of yearning toward him flooded her soul, as she sat half-antagonistically looking at this man, Daniel Heem, whom, she keenly felt, had not only shown very little of his fine philosophy in his life lately, but who, also, evidently did not much like or respect her father.

She was trembling still, yet not frightened, but greatly excited, and withal perplexed amid her victory over Daniel. For the best comprehension that she could get of the case was, that there had been a fair, square battle of wills, not words, and that after that long evening's silent fight, when he had sprung up, she had sprung up too, seizing that great stick to let him know that if he dared to touch her against her will she would strike him, no matter how big a philosopher he was. That he had meant to strike her she had no doubt, and that they would have been two horrible, low people if they had done what she thought they had come very near doing, — of this she had no doubt either. But, also, with that self-assured, mannish sturdiness of hers, she told herself she was glad that she had done just what she had done, for that now she "rather guessed" Daniel would understand who he had to deal with, and would remember she did not forget — if he did — all his fine philosophies as to her right to be her own master. And yet, 'mid all this wrath, her heart was almost breaking over the horrid things which he had said; but yet again, he had called her a "marvel of might and majesty," and a "daring devil with Peri-powers," and the memory of this savage tribute to her sovereignty hurt Althea's not too delicate sensibilities far less than it flattered and fired her self-esteem and her self-consciousness of undeveloped powers of an extraordinary sort.

Daniel was crouching forward with his head still on the table, "ashamed of himself," as Althea supposed. And as she

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sat panting still, and wondering what he would do next, this young, uncomprehending, and comfortably combative Althea was more alertly alive to the dramatic gusto of this her triumph over Daniel, and more alertly alive to the surprise she had in store for him when he behaved himself again, than she was particularly pained at the outbreak between them. Althea was not at all acquainted with men and their ways. Brothers, cousins, or boy friends she had had none. What little she had seen of her tempestuous father — and it was of late years very little — had given her to suppose men often did break out into rages, as she had more than once known her father to do against Judith Eloi, in whose house they had all lived. Her mother had borne it meekly: Judith never had. And now Althea, unconsciously, was feeling towards poor Daniel very much as the cool-tempered, skilful Judith had always felt and acted toward the encroaching and half-passion-riven Malchi, when he got into his rages over anything.

So Althea did not feel particularly frightened, nor at all hurt. She was young, full of comfortable self-esteem, strong purposes, and self-satisfying plans, which were advancing finely. And looking as she felt, and telling herself that she should think Daniel would be ashamed to get in such a passion over such a little thing, her eyes met Daniel's. He, poor man, had tottered to his feet, and was just ready to ruin all by telling her that it was not at her, but at her father, that he had so nearly aimed his blow, when this sight of her countenance, like a douche of cold water in the face of a dazed man, aroused him to the certainty that he had done and said nothing which to her seemed like other madness than that of a violent temper.

So he fell away again into silence, forcing it on himself, not only that evening, but again and again as days went on, lest he should craze Althea by telling her (what now seemed to him to be an absolute fact) that Malchi Eloi's anguished yet domineering spirit was near, seeking rehabilitation in this, the home of the coming Eloiheems. But as often as Daniel looked at her he saw or thought he saw her in the midst of the spirits of those who were crowding close about her and seeking by all means to win her favor, and he could see that between her eyes and them there was a thick veil, so that she did not so much as glance toward them nor notice

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their presence, though she was thinking the thoughts they put into her mind and was planning to do their will.

Then fear, the old stranger to Daniel, paled Daniel's cheek, and in misery he found himself at best but able to cling to the hope that by a steady hold on his plan of serving "his own generation," he would be able to win to that home the spirit of them that seek the whole power of Jehovah. Incessantly he prayed this prayer, while as incessantly there rang in his ears the insistent story of what Eloi was enduring in his longing for re-embodiment. "I was but as disorderly then as you have always been! You have showed your love of yourself by your aloofness from common life. I showed mine by precipitating myself into life's delights. I dissipated in acts; you in dreams. You long to get out of the body; I long to get in. A truce then, old anchorite! I hate to take a baby-body with its years of incompetence. That organism of yours would serve me gleesomely. Get out of it! Come, take devachan with its paradisiacal dreams, and leave me this —"

The currents of Daniel's veins rolled turbidly, and he had lifted his hand to dash out his own brains that so he might slay the intruder nestling into his body as into a well-warmed cradle, when, in pity for the tormented soul, he whispered, —

"No, even yours is part of Life, and must be reverenced, but keep out of me," — And then one day he thought he saw two men in a room, where he himself seemed to be sitting on his narrow couch, sewing, as of old he had once learned to do. And within some outer covering, like a woman's dress, he saw a darkling presence, which uttered unsuppressed love of wealth and of power, and let loose, on men who listened, allurements, winsome and wily.

Then, days seemed to have passed, when came the shock of Triumph's cry, "I have her! Her life is one with mine. I am around her, in her, above her. Through her I already live and work my will. You stand aloof from life. I infest it, I invest it with my will. I rapaciously precipitate myself into the stream where it runs wildest. I am afloat again. You are stranded!"

One day Daniel awoke and found Althea beside him. She touched him, and in the touch came the challenge, "If he does not desire let him co-work with those who do desire. I will live! I fear not to live. I desire desires, and will have them at the flood-tide."

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"Yes, it is a form of life, and must be reverenced and aided."

These were Daniel's old philosophic words and tones, the first he had spoken in months.

"Well, Dannielle? O, now you look to be yourself again."

This was Althea's voice. And he knew she was at his side, gently brushing back his hair.

"Have I been ill?" he asked, after a pause.

"Dannielle, you have been a sick man all winter; though until you fell over a week ago asleep, as you sat sewing, you had worked like one possessed. I told them you were in a fever, and I told you so, too. But you would do as you chose, in that silent way of yours. But one day you had come in from your work and had taken up your sewing, as if you were a tireless machine, and over you went, you know, face forward, and sound asleep. And sleep you have, ever since, for nearly a week. I said that was good luck for you, because if ever a man needed sleep you did, for you have worked all winter like one possessed, you dear heart."

"All winter?" murmured Daniel at last, with a deepening pallor.

"Why, yes! I think Judith was right when she said you could do any one of fifty things well enough to make a rich man of you if you cared for riches. But no matter about all that. You are perfect! And you are so good to me, perfectly content with everything I do and propose, ain't you, Dannielle? And how do you feel after your sleep? Are you all right now?"

"I think I will go out into the air," he said, after a long silence, in which he had looked at Althea like one in torture.

"Well, it is a perfect day, but, but—"

Althea, puzzled, looked at him. He had always had such an all-sufficient way of attending to his own simple wants that she was not in the habit of proposing or arranging anything for him. So now, perplexed, but with no special interference in his movements, she watched him, glad he had "waked up at last all right."

She watched him, though, as he stood a moment sniffing up the breeze, and then walked away to the lake. She never guessed that he was learning with alarm that the winter for which he had prepared on a November day had passed away, and that spring had come.

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"O, of course he feels queer after a week's sleep," she thought, explainingly to herself as she watched him from the door. Then she sat down heavily, with her head on her hand, not exactly conscience-stricken, but yet feeling a necessity to tell herself that it was not her fault that he had become such a silent man. She was not much of a talker herself, and he had hardly taken the trouble that winter to answer her when she talked about her plans, and she certainly had not made any effort "to set him going on those old philosophies." So, take it altogether, the winter had passed between Daniel and her a little curiously. She felt, with a certain sense of shame, that she had been so "glad to be left free to carry forward her plans as she chose, and so glad to be rid of Daniel's old way of snatching at her and tossing her up in the air, showing her to the Lord all the time, that she had been almost glad to leave him to his sulks — if they were sulks — since they had had that quarrel."

Thoughts of that "quarrel," as Althea designated a certain episode, were in Daniel's soul too, as he looked about at the wealth of life shared on every side. The upbursting spring-floods rollickingly rushed through the now-roaring lake, while all nature sent the generative fluid through bough and bird preparatory to the coming of great May.

For the first time in his life, Daniel saw something devilish in this universal yearning to live. Only beastly prosperous seemed all this to him, while for him no prosperity of beast or angel seemed to be ever again possible, for fightings, fears, and desires had become his masters.

Then facing the roaring flood and wind, he cried aloud in agony, "Have I been stark mad this winter, or have I been wise above the common lot of man, serving the seen and the unseen worlds?"

Was it but the river which sounded forth derisively? No; Daniel, listening, told himself the voice was shouting through the noise of wind and water, —

"Look, good Heaven, at this pet of your angels! Your unself-seeking Heem, the man who claims to have conquered desires and fears, and who yet so desires a great name for the Eloiheems that he fights his wife's father for fear of housing him under this roof! Look, good Heaven, at this pet of your angels, who in his love of fighting me has given no care to my neglected child, leaving others to watch over her, while he feared and fought me."

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At the words, Daniel sped to the house and stood breathless before his wife. There was no daze on his vision as he looked at her. His were the eyes of a most real man looking at a most real woman, for the woman he saw sitting in this home among the blossoms there was aglow, like all things else, with the spring-life surging everywhere. He stood trembling before her, longing to tell her all and to get pardon for his winter's neglect of her. His heart beat tumultuously. He wondered how and by whom the home had been kept comfortable during the terrors of a winter in the wilderness. Then her words, "You have worked like one possessed," came to remembrance, and gropingly he said, falling on one knee before her as she sat in her chair, —

"How has it been with you, dear, all this winter, while I — I — "

"While you were in your right mind?" she said, joking on that speech of his, not forgotten by her. "O, I have been in my right mind too, neither fearing nor fighting, nor anything else of that sort. We have been rather quiet, that's all." She laughed at him, merrily victorious.

Poor Daniel covered his eyes, silent, according to his life-long habit of being silent till he knew what he wished to say. Then, —

"Althea, my wife, will you walk with me about the place a little?" he said at last, so timidly, that she wonderingly rose, glad of the invitation, and, with a flushing face, looked at Daniel curiously.

So they went out into the breezes, breezes surely more instinct with life than any that ever before had blown into Daniel's nostrils. Althea's dark eyes lingered laughingly in his as at last she said, —

"Have I changed since you went away into — silence, Dannielle?"

"Has the season?" This was his response. But she laughed again, like one who keeps a pleasant secret till those most interested discover it. Presently they walked back through the sledge-path down to the water's side, where was piled newly-cut lumber, and as they passed back by the cattle-barn, Daniel saw that a window, which he remembered was broken on that memorable November day, had since been made right, and, too, that the hens had been comfortably

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placed in brooding-nests on ten eggs each. Silent to his very breathing, he stood with eyes on Althea.

"He is a little queer still," she told herself, not much disturbed. Then busy and bright, she won him back to the house. She closed doors and windows, for the wind was now cold and full of rain, and Daniel was building up the fire into a roaring blaze.

When he turned from that task his chair and Althea's were both drawn up to the warmth, and on the rug before his chair was a pair of beautifully-made fur-slippers. Althea had removed her boots from her chilled feet and was putting on a pair of shoes made of the short, furry skin of the little ground-mole; and saying,

"It is wonderful that a great man like you can do such dainty work. You are a Jack-at-all-trades and excellent in each! I can forgive a man for having once worked as a tailor and as a furrier, seeing he has made these shoes and such a becoming cap for me. Then, think of your lining it with your wedding silk handkerchief! How you could have sewed evenings, after felling and dragging trees all day, was a puzzle. What made you so perverse, though, about not making a fur cap for yourself? You know you wouldn't even answer me when I suggested it, — do you remember?"

He was listening pallidly.

"Come, Daniel, take off your wet boots. You are better now, and I am going to keep you so. I can't have you going back to the grumps again. It won't do, you know. You have been on the verge of a fever!"

"Do you think so?" said Daniel, listening and wondering, while turning over in his hand the pair of slippers which it seemed he should remember having made; and turning over in his mind the memory of that wood which Althea supposed he had chopped and hauled ready for a launch. And now he stood looking out from under his brows at her, wishing he could dare tell her of his mental state. But — what had he to tell? What was there wrong about him? he next keenly asked himself. The whole trend of circumstantial evidence exhibited that a large amount of skilful work had been done by him; not work only of ordinary routine, but also delicate and especial work, which he had distinctly planned to do at the time when he was engrossed in

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planning certain things that should make life, amid the austerities of winter in a wilderness, soft and beautiful for the woman he loved.

"Come now, dear, and sit by me and I will bring you your sewing," he then heard Althea say, jestingly, "and then I will tell you — "

She had stopped, arrested by his sudden ejaculation. For he had discovered that he was crossing the room, evidently after an absence of which he had been unconscious. He saw he had not only put on the slippers, but he had gone away to take off his wet hose, and had thrown those hose into a basin of hot water and had wrung them out and hung them, in their steaming cleanliness, to dry beside the fire — all "without knowing it," as people say.

"Althea, I am certainly very absent-minded," he faltered.

"Indeed not. You are precision and order itself. Your mind seems never absent. Sometimes I think your eyes and tongue are," she said, laughing comfortably at him.

He stretched out his arms, in a torture of longing to be understood and helped.

"O, we are old folks now, and have gotten all over sentiment," she said, laughing still, as one might do, who, having passed through many months in something like a condition of neglected affections, thought it well to make a joke of this proffered caress. The next moment she was sorry for it; but —

"Let me see your hand; perhaps I can tell your fortune," said Daniel then, with a swift change of manner — a manner caught from the change of mind that had come over him. And this change had come from what he had seen in Althea's eyes. He had seen there a perfect satisfaction in him and in their life and surroundings. He saw there was no make-believe in this manner of hers. It was apparent to him that, by some means, the winter had brought her perfect repose on him. And he had suddenly recognized that, while he felt like a man who had come back after a six or seven months' absence from home, she but felt that her quiet yet tenderly watchful companion, having escaped sickness by a week's sleep after over-work, should now be petted, but should not be let get out of his old good habits of leaving her to herself. Besides, he had noticed she had glanced at their Law of Life as he had said this, and some-

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thing in all this reminded him of her sturdiness in clinging to a few facts, and in making them cover all the metaphysical ground over which she cared to range.

At his request she had promptly held out a hand, marked with but few lines, and those deep and unbroken. The line of the heart rose well upon the Mount of Jupiter, and was widely removed from the line of the head, which cut a straight path across the hand, through the line of fate and of health, while the line of fate rose up strong and clear from the wrist-line in a way which, palmists say, foretells wealth and the attainment of wishes.

Telling Althea these things, Daniel showed her his palm where the lines of heart, head, and life were tangled together by triangles, crosses, and a ring or two in sinister positions, which made of these lines a perfect network.

"See? Your heart and head will never run each other over, nor trip you up by entanglements with fate. You can always understand yourself and do, unfetteredly, much as you choose to do," said he.

"But I couldn't, you old darling, not if I had married some men! But you said from the first that I might, didn't you? But I never dreamed you would be so good as you have been this winter. I don't feel much as I did that day when I was afraid to tell you that I wanted to economize so as to get money to buy land! And when you had taken so much pains to make it so beautiful here! Why, it has been as good as wealth, this having everything so beautiful; for people all think we *are* rich. And it has been money in my pocket, and success to my plans, — the fact that it has been so lovely here, I mean." Then she halted, remembering that all winter Daniel had never cared to talk with her about these things; though he had silently acquiesced in all that she did. She spoke of this to him now, casually, and he listened with self-controlled distress. He wanted to confess to her the blankness of his mind concerning all the external things of their life that winter.

His eyes were upon her with a piteous, helpless look of love and wistfulness.

"Dannielle, my husband, why do you look at me like that, so much of the time?" she asked at last, almost afraid, lest doing so should lead him to return to the philosophies on which he had kept silence all winter. "You are pleased with me and my plans, aren't you?"

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He nodded slowly, almost imperceptibly, thinking on many things at once.

She went over to him and stood with her arms about him.

"Did you know, dear, that that is about the only sort of answer you have given me this winter? I am not finding fault, my husband; for no one could be grander, kinder, and more true to his principles than you are. You let me do just as I choose! But you know when John Hastings and the new banker, Chelmitch, came up during that great storm, when they got snow-bound here, and talked such big schemes? Well, though they had to stay over night, and you did everything that was nice, it seemed sort of funny to have you not speak one word to them, only to sort of half bow. Still, dear,—" she paused, and stood with her hand on his forehead, and her lips on his hair, as she held his beautiful head against her heart while she leant over the back of his chair. She felt as she had all winter, wonderfully good-natured and satisfied. She had felt a very genial inclination toward those bright business men during the visit of which she had just spoken. And now,—

"It was curious to see how surprised John and Chelmitch both seemed at your splendid way of keeping things up so comfortably," she said. "And glad enough I was, to have the dainties for them which eggs and butter supplied. I spared no pains to let them see how elegant you kept things; and I made them so comfortable that I had no scruples in getting at certain of their far-reaching business schemes! And they are going to give me a good share in everything."

But Althea did not speak of the sense of her father's presence which she had felt all winter, nor of how, while she talked with these men, who had come up several times, it had seemed as if a thousand arms had budded forth from the pores of her skin; and as if each arm with soft encirclings of — not love, but of purpose, had held these men captive to their desire to emulate each other in doing for this woman whatever would please her. And such captives as these for such a purpose, she that winter had felt it quite laudable to make. But, too, these men had seemed anxious about her quite as if she were alone, or as if something were the matter with Daniel.

And as for John Hastings, he had tried in every way,

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except by direct questions, to find out if she had seen him looking in at the window on that memorable night. But — she laughed now to think that he had found out nothing for his pains; which had but made him the more vexed and uneasy, and had resulted in his coming up from the settlement quite often. So that, during the week that Daniel had slept so soundly, John had been up and had looked after the horses and cow, the fires and things generally in a manner most kind and convenient.

And now Althea laughed aloud in her abundant satisfaction with her winter's experience, as presently she lay back in her chair, with heightened color and glowing eyes, telling Daniel about some of these things, watching him as he listened with quickened breath. At last he said, after having in vain tried to think how to frame the questions he longed to ask,—

"What — what have you thought of — of me, this winter?"

She had been measuring her handsome finger tips together, thinking, well satisfied, of her lucky palm-prophecy and looking radiant and tricksy. But the sight of Daniel's agony, as he sensed that months of external life had been blotted out of his existence filled her with uncomprehending distress.

"Why — there was nothing *to* think! You were all right, only — kind of queer and still. What a funny question. I did wish, though, you would rouse up a little to the future of this country, when they were talking about such splendid schemes! I tell you, men like Chelmitch and John Hastings won't die poor. They know that America, with a whole continent to cultivate and to people, don't need hermits, nor nuns, nor monks. And I know it, too. It needs people like — like my father, raging for the possession of everything in heaven and earth — and it needs —"

With fire long repressed, she sprung to her feet, and sparing nothing of all her father would have hurtled forth in his love of lavish supplies of life, speaking as if every word were sweet, surging like the spring tempest, and tingling to her finger-tips, with a step and an outstretching of her arms to him, she added, —

"Yes, that's what the country needs, and that's what I am full of! I am your wife, you know, and I carry your luck

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in my keeping. There then, you old darling, let's take down the nuptial diagram and take account of the Eloiheem stock of wealth."

To poor Daniel, her exuberance seemed like part and spirit of the torrent outside, roaring chafingly in its too narrow bed. A wild, whisking rain had come on with the clatter of elements peculiar to the joyous tumult of a spring storm. Althea gloried in the confusion, adding to it with noisy laughter, from which, as from the noise outside, Daniel half-shrank away. But she, nothing seeing, took the frame from his hands when he went to lay it on the table, as she said, —

"There now! First, here at the left of the dear old triangle is 'Miss Eloi's life-results.' Now do you want to know how many out of those nine little squares of mine are already built up? More than a third of them! What do you think of that? O, don't interrupt, though. The first thing I did toward our partnership was to be born! Next, I resolved my great resolution, I sha'n't tell you what it was. Next, I married you. That makes three squares. But I hope you don't think that is all? Yes, you did. You thought that was all. Now the fact is, I have almost come to the end of the fourth square, because — now listen carefully, Daniel — because, somehow, I have decided that it is time that we united! For without having the least bit less of the Eloi, somehow we must have rather more of the Heem in our partnership. Are you listening? Well then, this is the point. The Eloiheem law says, — for I have studied over it this winter a good deal — that 'each must execute in life a part characteristic of cause of being,' that's all plain enough. But next it says, 'and when needful, may unite with others *equally self-conscious and independent.*' Now, Daniel, it is getting 'needful,' and the question is, are you self-conscious and independent? — like I am? Because if you are not, I can't unite with you."

"Isn't it late to think about that point?"

"Not a bit late. Of course I am going to keep my marriage. This is our marriage, isn't it, that is here on this nice parchment?" she asked with a child-faith in him and a satisfaction in the parchment that aroused Daniel curiously. "You said yourself that we were not yet really married, that it took years to accomplish a union. John Hastings knows

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we are not married yet, though a Hebrew and a Christian priest have done what little they could about it."

"Did you tell John that?" said Daniel, aroused yet more.

"Certainly!" she answered with a shadow of doubt in her voice. "And I think we ought to attend to the matter now. So, Daniel, are you self-conscious and independent? Are you an 'idea and identity'? Say, Daniel, what were you born for?"

"The Lord knows; I don't!" said poor Daniel. "What were you?"

"To do as I choose!" was the prompt answer. "But I always know what I choose. You don't. I am going to lay my palm in yours and rectify your fate. That will be marriage, won't it?"

"How will you do it?"

"By being my best self, and leaving you to be yours. I have had a splendid time this winter; do you care? Aint you pleased and glad? Daniel, I can give you two things that you will never have unless I do give them to you. But I won't give you either of these and I won't unite with you unless you 'execute in life a part characteristic, etc.,' and become 'an identity' and make your life 'an absolute idea' practicalized." She halted, trying to define to herself the something curious in this man who was so kind, so yielding, yet so purposeful and skilful in achieving work without grudge or grind in the manner of it. Then she ejaculated,—

"Look here, Dannielle, wake up. You don't realize! Do you know, they say I could make the fortune of any man? Rouse up, Dannielle, else we can't keep our marriage diagram. Now good-night, I must sleep."

So she left half-distraught Daniel looking after this boyish wife with her frank, lawless, yet honest talk of keeping or not keeping the marriage diagram, as if it were a commercial contract from which she might withdraw at any time after having given warning.

Daniel had enough to think of that night. He knew he had mentally been absent from Althea for six months, though dwelling under the same roof and daily ministering to her needs. At last he concluded that she had not sensed his real condition, and that that was largely because she had been so absorbed in and borne along by her own purposes, or else by commands which impelled her forward.

"Yes! I must recover my rectitude of purpose and I shall

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then regain my old power," said Daniel to himself the next morning, as he stood on a hill-top cutting trees. "But I certainly have a right to state, as a result of those forty-eight years of abstemious life, that I will have no son unless a soul who has developed the capacity for evolving the *sixth sense* shall desire to come to me. For it was for the reception of such souls that I became a priest of home. Yes, that is the part I have to execute in life, characteristic of my being the Daniel Heem I am! But — this winter? Have I been self-conscious and independent? Althea has seen something! What? Was I self-conscious and independent? Althea may well ask that!"

"Althea may well ask that!"

A mocking voice repeated aloud to Daniel his thought.

"Self-conscious?" he heard it jibe. "You? A mere fool of your own ideals, you have been self-forgetful and self-neglectful. To your friends your self-neglect has seemed like self-conceit consummated. Yet, those who have fancied that courage and strength of character impelled you to lose all for love of the search for Truth, were your dupes. Yes; for Truth has been your *Inamorata*, my Ascetic, — your heart's mistress, for love of whom you forsook popular credit, native land, and the first woman who loved you. And as it was, so it shall ever be. You are and will be a thrall to your haunting vision of this Beauty.

"Face the fact, man. It was a divided heart that you brought to your wife. And now, not she, but your ideal Lady of Life is your soul's mistress. You are a traitor to your wife."

Daniel had turned as if to run from these whisperings, "But when have I ever run from friend or foe?" he asked, steadying himself. Then,—

"Spare tricks and jibes and jeers. If this is Malchi Eloi, let him say on. Daniel Heem, his old well-wisher, listens, ready to reasonably aid him. Say on," said Daniel aloud, and courteously waiting, as waits a man weary with a battle waged for months, and brought as yet to no conclusion; but, too, as waits a man habituated to render patient service to even the evil and the unthankful. He waited still, and listened with alert attention, while to his ears came again the laugh and the jeer.

"O, you relent, do you? Right. For 'tis hardly the part

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of him who believes in the unseen world to run from one of its denizens! Refute what I have said if you can. Answer, if you dare. Is Althea Eloi or your ideal Lady of Life the mistress of your soul? Choose between them! Look at yourself, you, who claim to have left fears and fightings to the brutish masses; — behold, you would even now fight against your desire for home-making, lest you should do as much for the poor devil of an Eloi as that poor soul has done for you! What have I done for you? O, slow and dull of heart, who but *I* was it that brought you the means of redeeming your visions from the land of shadows, and of actuating them into life when I filled with fire the soul of my child at the moment her eyes first met yours?

"Where is your old knowledge of life? You, who long since told the land that the stately steppings of the great world-periods had now brought again within the currents of this age the spirits of those who have climbed up through that gigantic cultivation of the will that fetches them into the freedom of demi-gods or of devils: — spirits who now are longing to descend again into the flesh for the accomplishment of that stupendous task of which you just thought, — the task of developing that *sixth sense* which is a pure perception of the Unseen. The sense on which you have a hold, but concerning which you, in your now half-wrecked condition, are doubting if it be a normal growth or a mark of madness! You, who all your days have been but as a voice in the wilderness, crying, 'prepare for the coming of souls endowed with portentous gifts;' — you, poor dawdler — now when the time has come to prove that there is method in your madness, you have turned traitor to your vocation. Pah! Break forth into laughing, ye underworld, at this recreant mystic, who, living 'twixt two worlds, fails to keep his hold on either, though called by his possibilities to keep his hold on both for a service to each such as man has seldom wrought on earth. Look at him, this dawdler, who thinks to sit but as a spectator in the midst, while earth and heaven is a-clash with the fray that ushers in an age wherein there is no standing-room for the 'unself-conscious' or for the dependent nonentity."

"Come you as friend or foe?"

"Well, what will you have?"

There was now neither fear nor faltering in Daniel's look or tone, as one of these questions followed the other with

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a pause between, long enough for a quick word of reply. And but that Daniel looked into space and was answered by no audible voice, it might have been that he was listening to an interlocutor to whose words he had suddenly resolved to give due weight because filled by them with a sight of a use which he had not, but now might, make of himself for a man in great need.

He had rested his axe against a tree, and with hands on hips and head thrust forward, and with sharp criticism in eye and tone, at last he said, —

"O well, if, as you say, 'independent identity' includes and arises from a self-recognized power allied to a self-recognized purpose, for the achievement of which purpose this power is held inviolably subservient, then I am not so swift as you are to boast of having attained this 'independent identity.' As for the rest, you but answer my question as to what you wish, by telling me who I am. You say I am a Jack-at-all-trades, a woman-worshipper, a fellow with a surplus of intellect far above what the wit of the common world has yet known how to put to use; that I belong neither to myself nor to the world, that has no use for me, for the good reason that my abnormally increased power of cognition gives me such views of ideal-life as chiefly have served but to throw me into ecstasies, or at best, into the utterance of rodomontades, incomprehensible to level-headed men. You say I am a fellow whom you, ex-Rabbi Eloi, won away from vagaries, and whom you showed could best make use of the spontaneity of the elastic spirit-power with which I am endowed, by a marriage which would open the way to the orderly reincarnation of earth-seeking, bodiless spirits of the more terrible sort. Spirits who have now come to their last chance of obtaining the prize of a self-conscious triumph in self-unity; — *the* self-unity which is the immortality of the children of Jehovah; — spirits which you say you told me," said Daniel, sceptically emphasizing his words, "will be born old and riotous and as ready to be devils as to be demi-gods. Spirits needing vigorous bodies for the sustentation of the enginery of their minds, and needing the comradeship of a father whose intellect, emancipated from the will, gives itself up to the pure delight of unself-conscious play mid the wonders of Universal Being. Such comradeship as this, you say I am by nature able to offer to those who are coming to me. Unself-conscious,

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emancipated intellect, you say I am, and that of the other sort you are. I—"

He paused, listening, but as a superior listens to a strong and wily dependant on his bounty. Then he exclaimed frankly, —

"O, say you so? Well, it may be true. Yes, I had been driven hither and thither at the bidding of the floods of Universal Being in which my emancipated soul bathed itself in freedom and in ecstasy. But, it is not certain that you are right in saying that I was but a 'dependent nonentity' with no recognized powers and no self-recognized purpose for the achievement of which I held those powers subservient. Yet, admitting for your argument's sake that it was so, and admitting that it was you who called me out of this will-o'-the-wisp existence, and, through the eyes of your child, fired me to build up a home for the reception of Eloi-heems, — I now will ask you how you could have gained access to my spirit, or how I should have known the way to deal so comprehendingly with the child whom your violent influence had driven beyond herself, had I not long been a dispassionate self-continent spectator dwelling in the midst of the doings of the two worlds? How could I have served the use I did, had I not been a self-conscious identity, who habitually observed Life's ways of working through all forms of being, whether the form is known under the name of Daniel Heem, Althea Eloi, or as plant, bird, angel, or devil?

"You seem to have tried to instruct me. I will now help you to a piece of memorable knowledge, difficult to comprehend and difficult to utilize. Here it is. Know you, then, that the service offered to the Universal Good, by an Intellect emancipated from the Will, is the service of that kind of unself-consciousness that is the triumph of those who dwell in the self-unity of desire-freed being.

"You can at least remember my words. You may understand them some day, yet," continued Daniel, adding, after a listening moment, —

"Yes, I did draw back, distrusting whether it were wise to let myself be overwhelmed in the floods of Universal Being. And, doubting the immediate serviceableness of letting myself become absorbed into desireless Unity, I turned from it and from those who seek it, and I came back

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to my old American town, in the hope of finding a way to make a practical use of the strange powers I had evolved. For it seemed to me this would be of more immediate service, than it would be to labor for the evolution of other powers, too high for defined use in my native land.

"You say I feared absorption in the desireless Unity. But I ask you, whether there is not something which *you* now fear as the result of your lack of this desire-free self-unity?"

"I?" howled the tortured soul. "Taste you my dread, then. Taste, and say what you will do to save me from an eternity of—"

Sweet Lord! Had nature been arrested in her course? Was the air sucked dry of power to reverberate sound or any message to sentient life? Had vacuum swallowed up cohesion, gravitation, and all the inherent powers by which matter and spirit are held from flying asunder?

A torture as of dry suction, an anguish as of utter dissolution into nothingness had laid hold of Daniel; and then, with the sweat bursting from every pore, he had reeled back into order as if at the return of nature's sway. While to Daniel's ears the reverberant air next rang with the sound of the taunting spirit's words:—

"O, felt you it? So utterly blasted were you by but a hint at annihilation? What think you then of myriads of years of it? But flatter not yourself that you then even tasted of the horror on which, feeding, I yet live to feed! Bodiless, yet starving for the things of the body, desiring desires as lungs crave air, I turn to you for aid. Let me forth, coward! I tell you I will live, and live in the flesh as man never lived yet. Dawdling poltroon that you are, make way for me. If you neither fear, fight, nor desire, make way for one who does desire, and who only by the fulfilment of desire for life can live to fight and to reign perchance, as you once reigned over desire, fears, and fightings. You will not fight? Then serve as king and priest of an Eloi-heem home. Way, way there, for him who comes."

"Come you as friend or foe to the race?" cried Daniel.

"That's as I shall choose. Way, way there!"

"Stand back, or come in the name of the Prince of Peace," then cried Daniel, with a sob of pity for the poor soul, who (so Daniel believed), howling, fled away into his darkness.

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The next moment Daniel, like one caught up into a new comprehension of all that had befallen him since his return to America, faced what seemed to him to be the broad facts of the case. His comprehension of the root of all strife showed him that this effort of this poor soul, like all efforts of all forms of life, was nothing less than part of the battle of the best of each kind of life to perpetuate *itself* and to climb up on its unfolding way.

"Yes," said Daniel aloud, "that is the battle. And *I* am in it, too. And in perpetuating *myself*, I will ally my forces only with the grandest and greatest spirit who will vouchsafe to come to me, to be homed at its next reincarnation under my roof." Then in a transport, he cried aloud, —

"O, Fair Image of the Lady of Life! O, daughter of the Gods, condescend to an abode beneath this Eloiheem roof!"

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CHAPTER IV.

WAS HE MAD?

AS Althea looked forth from the door one evening she saw Daniel on the lake-shore near a pile of brush and wood which he had set blazing. The ice-water was still coming down into the lake from the cold country farther north, and this fire was good to see and feel.

Presently Althea was at his side with a little tray, on which was their simple supper of bread and milk.

With a look at his wife in which there was life for her, Daniel took the tray, and seating Althea on the great cedar log, served her with her plate and bowl, and then sat at her side with his plate in hand, and presently they were kicking their heels in the earth, each thinking his own thoughts, satisfied with some new light on life which seemed filling the heart of each, unknown to the other.

Althea seemed to be watching the evening star which shone not more brightly in the heavens above than in the water beneath, as it danced attendance on a luminous comet at the right of it. Back of where they sat the fire flamed many feet into the air, filling the trees with smoke, and betimes weirdly flashing athwart the forest-shadows. For some time only the crackling of the fire and the distant owl's cry broke the silence.

At last, after a long gaze at him, she said: —

"Tell me some more about those old days when you wanted to make the world over. Couldn't you do everything that you could plan? I can. Why can't you? You ought to have had me with you. Tell me some more; but leave out the religion. Begin where the fun comes in, if you ever had any, Dannielle."

"O, as for that, I thought it was fun when I first cut loose from everything and went into the woods with my dog and gun and three books. I cut down trees and dug up earth,

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and began to put up a log-house, meaning to have a home and to start a garden, and then to gather in some homeless lads and teach them my philosophy of how to be happy."

"Why, just like we are doing here?" said Althea, delighted.

"Very much so. I have had several log-houses in my life, and have adopted for a time several lads. But this time I did want to reconstruct the world. But it took me very little time to find there was nothing to reconstruct up there in Nature. I did not find any devil there. But what I did find was, a seeming surcharge of fiery, flying life; but it was all good life, like that which thumped and bumped in my veins, demanding to go at something."

"I know, I know," laughed Althea, delightedly. "Go on, go on."

"So," continued Daniel after a pause, withdrawing his eyes from her eager face, "one day there seemed to be so much of me that I had loosened my collar-button and waist-band, and with my hair thrust up and my strong hands on my strong hips, I stood facing high Heaven, the air, and the questions, 'What is the matter with me? Isn't there work enough anywhere to quiet me down?' and just then there came breaking through the undergrowth Minister Braum and his boy Arthur.

"He had looked me up and had come to talk things over, for he was a kind-hearted man. So then I had it out full and free, asking him some psychological and physiological questions, to which he finally could only answer that I had better eat plain food and little of it. 'And why shall I do that?' said I. 'To keep your strength down,' said he. 'And what am I to keep my strength down for?' said I; 'does God keep his strength down? You know he does not, Minister Braum! You know that *that* is just what he is, — strength and wisdom and love. No, no, my good man. You don't find God crippling himself because he is afraid of being too strong, and you won't find me, his child, crippling myself because I am afraid of it either. No, sir; I'll keep my strength up by all the laws of heaven and earth. That's what I'll do.'

"'What do you want so much strength for?' said he.

"'I'll answer that by asking you what *God* wants so much strength for?' said I. 'But I know what he wants it for. He wants it to work wonders. And that's what I want it for! Do you say I can't manage so much strength? How do you

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know I can't manage it? Well, I will tell you that, when I find I can't manage it, with a slash at my throat I'll let it all out, and quick with the glory of it, I will fall forward at the foot of his throne, crying, "here it is, my God, that strength you gave me; none of it 'given to that which destroys kings.' It was too much like thine own, my God, to be understood in that church at Alford." And, Minister Braum, if I understand God, I tell you he will say, "O, to the pit with such churches; but you, my lad, ought to have held on a bit, and I would have shown you a use for your strength." That's about what God would say to me; so I shall hold on, and wait,' said I to the minister," continued Daniel, flinging himself back, and laughing till the tears came to his eyes, as he reviewed his youthful wrath at the good minister, who knew so little of the religion of how to live, and so much of the religion of how to die that he could only counsel this young giant to be-cripple himself as a help to piety.

Althea laughed, too, with some apprehension of the blunder. Daniel could not tell how much; so he added, "All that came of it was, the report got about that I had been driven stark mad by brute passions let loose, whereas the facts were just the reverse. There was nothing bad about me. I simply wanted to understand myself. I had begun to think there was too much of me every way: too much thinking machinery, too much tenderness of heart, too much muscle and bigness, too much of everything for any purpose yet found for the stock, over and above that commonly demanded at the opening of youth's spring-trade. I expected this man would be able to tell me as much, at least, as Watt had been able to tell the world in regard of how to utilize the theretofore three-fourths waste motive-power of the old-fashioned steam-engine; but —"

"O, you must have looked fine, being so strong and saying such wicked-sounding things to the minister, for they were really not wicked at all. For of course, anybody would rather die strong than to live weak! Isn't it splendid to feel like this," said Althea, with a glorious exultation in her perfect health. "But you must have had impudence enough to have stocked a garrison of soldiers," she said, laughing hilariously.

"O, darling, no, no! I was as tender-hearted and tractable a young moose as ever puzzled over what to do with life.

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Life, wonderful, creative Life! I was only angry that even preachers, who seemed to think they could tell every one how to get ready for death, could not tell a young fellow how to get ready for life. It seemed to me they were worse than beasts in their ignorance of the use of the joyous torrent which pours through all veins in heaven and earth, spiritual and physical."

"O, I wish you were that cross kind of a way now, quarrelling, and being so strong, with your collar unbuttoned. You must have looked like great fun!" giggled Althea.

Amazed, he looked at her. Was, then, this blind young Briareus, slashing about with his unused strength but "great fun" to her? To himself he had been great torture, racked with emotions, problems, and aspirations which neither he nor his minister could direct to true use.

"You were about as old then as I am now, weren't you?" said Althea, with a direct, glad, and proud look at him. And in the light of it Daniel caught sight of something which caused his hand to close on hers as closes the hand of a warrior upon that of a brother-at-arms.

"Well, go on. How did you manage at last?" she said, presently.

"O, I followed Braum's advice so far as to take 'Scotsman's parritch,' cold in summer and hot in winter, and set for myself rules three: 'plain living, high thinking,' and the conservation of my powers for some yet-to-be-discovered use. Meanwhile, I worked like a giant and an artist, swam like a fish, rowed like an oarsman of 'the best,' and cultivated my inheritance of mechanical skill and inventive genius so that I could do well many different things. In fact, I got full use of myself, and then I started off one day to go through the world to find out what people were doing with their strength. In fact, Althea, I wanted to visit the nations of the Wisdom-Religion, to learn whether a conservation of the brain-fluid was not the mystical art by which occult powers were developed, and —" He stopped, looking into air at a point five feet eleven, just back of Althea: —

"O, yes; listen if you wish, and get out of it all the benefit you can. I am saying," he continued with raised voice and with an element in tone and manner of something sturdy and ready, as, rising, he stood in front of Althea, as if interposing himself between her sight and a new comer;

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"I am saying, that after twenty-five years of wandering the world over, I came back confirmed in my faith that not only must the young be taught to religiously conserve their forces, but that there must — in this new land of ours — be devised as a reward to those who attain victories over the lower-self, some new order of delights and honors commensurate with the noble efforts made by such victors; for that such victors and victories are as much superior to those of the brutal battle-field as life-saving is nobler than life-destroying, and as a conservation of soul-power is more wealth-creative than is a despoliation of physical life!"

"Yes, that is true," he added, after listening, with eyes raised mid-air; "yes, it was in India that I learned how one possessed of this englobed faculty might become a mediator between the seen and the unseen worlds, and might bring down fire from heaven to warm and regenerate our now poor flaccid humanity. Yes, it is true: I did think much of you and — "

"Of me?" exclaimed Althea. "O, Dannielle, don't stand with your back to me. And *don't* get on to old religions! I hate those old quarrels over hard words. I like to hear about when you were such a young tearer. If I had known you I should have quarrelled with you every day, — but I should have liked you, too."

Daniel, with a pulling of himself together, as if not only turning from one with whom he had been talking, but as if taking time to tell himself that he really had seen the one with whom he had been talking, but none the less, was able to now talk with that man's child as steadily as if the other mystery had not just befallen him, said slowly: —

"Althea, do you wish I could wipe out twenty-five years and be now what I was then?"

"Why — at least you must confess you must have been younger then, and more cheerful. Yes, and silly a little. And there is something in that," said she. "However, stand out in the full moonlight where I can really see you and take in what you are really like now."

Obediently he stood back. His supple, perfect figure was an outward expression of his inward harmony. At ease he stood, under Althea's scrutiny of him, with chin well drawn in, and soul blazing out of amethyst windows, shaded by upcurled lashes, and overshadowed by his grand

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brow. A swish of color flung itself suddenly to the centre of his cheek, vaulting thereto like a living thing to a cushion. Not moving, except as his inspirations of the air of the forest filled his being, while he steadily faced the eyes contemplating him.

"Dannielle, I like you well," she said at last. "But, Dannielle, twenty-five years from now you must be twenty-five years younger than you are now. For I can't have you getting into the seventies just when — you know who — is a young fellow with collar unbuttoned, poor thing!

"Yes, you dear blind boy, if you must be *told*, I expect him any day now. He will be a strong creature and a terrible."

Daniel did not sleep that night. He had enough to do to review what little he knew of the eight months since that November day. His heart had swelled to bursting as Althea had shown him the contents of a bureau.

"After all, Aunt Judith was good. I don't see how she happened to think of it, but in my trunk were several whole pieces of the sorts of flannel, and pretty linen, and — and everything for — for what might happen. And it did — and there were all kinds of patterns; and I do love to sew, after all. I have sewed all winter, but you never seemed to notice," Althea had said, contentedly.

"God! That woman who can be so great, should ever be compelled to be less," ejaculated Daniel, for now he knew the meaning of her conduct, when at the time of the Hunter's moon she had turned from love to philosophy. Now he knew the meaning of the beautiful arrogance of self-satisfying purpose which had bedecked her being.

Then suddenly Daniel's new enemy, Fear, swept over him, and with it the companion, Anxious Precaution, came, urging him to bid his wife combine with him in warding off from that home the intrusion of that strong-willed spirit who had sought to frighten, confuse, and trick this "priest" into homing him under the Eloiheem roof. And then the many-times-fought battle began again. For Daniel's tenderness forbade his telling the daughter what he thought of the father.

So he fell into silence again; but it was a silence filled day and night by efforts on Daniel's part to make the soul whom he hoped was listening, know, that the strong creature, whom

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alone Daniel Heem would welcome to that house must be no fighter, no libertine, no organizer of schemes based on the self-seeking egotisms by which money-getting passions cool themselves off.

"The spirit I welcome is one unscathed without, though fired within; a continent of forces, which in the on-coming decades shall stand against the conflagrations of war, of libertinism, and of those burnings mid which the monopolist masses gains, and the laborer amasses grudgings, as though life were but the creator of new pains, instead of new pleasures and peace."

"I tell you again, this is the manner of the life of the on-coming Eloiheems!" shouted Daniel aloud one day, suddenly, as if out of a great agony. "If you do not like our principles, go elsewhere for cradle and spirit-rehabilitation."

A convulsion seized Althea. "Dannielle," she gasped, "welcome my babe, or you will slay him before he can be born."

"O, come, and *well*-come!" cried Daniel then, sensing the power of the mind over death and birth, and vanquished by his own intelligence.

And in that hour was accomplished the long-delayed birth of the first child of the Eloiheems.

So he had come,—the creature whom Daniel believed would early sense in himself that which would give him kinship equally with spirits of heaven and of hell. He had come, whose burden and bliss (Daniel believed) would be, that in his prime he would surge—as would the universe then—with the glut and glow of a battle wherein erotic madness and ecstatic peace will contend for supremacy.

One day Daniel entered the house, staff in hand, and knelt beside the mother and the child. The little Robert seized Daniel's finger, swinging himself half off Althea's lap, and with his head turned to one side so as to look up into Daniel's eyes. There was that in the group, the more like the picture of the Madonna of the palms, in that Althea did not lean caressingly over the babe, but sat well back, scarce restraining the kicking child, as she, too, looked into Daniel's eyes.

Althea's every nerve was swept by health, not interrupted since her life in this wilderness. If she had been beautiful to Daniel as maiden and wife, now, in the fulness of this

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mother-life, she seemed to him little less than the goddess *Mair*. But it was not on her lustrous eyes, not on the white breast from which the babe had turned at Daniel's coming, that he gazed in that rapt wonder. It was into the old eyes of the new babe that Daniel's soul had gone a-searching.

"He is a great boy now, not an infant at all. Can you take care of babies six months old, Dannielle?"

"I can try?"

"Well, — will you? And let me go to my work?"

"Will you *let* me take him and let me go to *mine*?" said Daniel curiously.

And then he held the babe, not caressingly, but in a still awe, which Althea studied for a moment, nervously, observing how the child was looking into the deep eyes that looked into his, not even turning to her as she chirruped to him.

"Dannielle, do you really mean you will take care of him? I don't much like babies till they are old enough to know something. They make me feel funny, staring so about nothing. Dannielle, he will terribly interrupt our plans."

"O no, not interrupt — for he is — must *be*, part of them, of the Eloi-heem plan, you know," faltered Daniel.

She fidgeted about more nervously still.

"But, Dannielle, I told you six months ago we were not to live up here in the woods forever. When this winter is over I want to move down on the shore of Lake Michigan. I mean to keep this place, for it will rise in value. They say lands are rising rapidly all around Chicago. But Wisconsin *I* chose, and Wisconsin I shall cling to. In fact, when I found my last two pieces of diamond jewelry outweighed in value a township nearly that John owned, I let him deed me the land in exchange for them, the silly thing that he was. He is bound for Kansas; that's his idea of what is wise. And, Dannielle, are you listening? I had to draw on my money in the East for the land I bought at Keewaumil. You see people think the town is to build up on the west side first. But I chose up on the bluffs of the lake. And, Dannielle, don't you think John was good to sketch out the whole lay of the land up there? And just before baby was born he had the cellar dug and stoned all in readiness for me."

Daniel said nothing. He seemed lost in the depths of the

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black eyes that looked into his soul with that look known as the solemn baby-stare.

And Althea, pondering on her plans, said presently, —

"Dannielle, can you build a house with real boards instead of logs? If you can, why won't you launch that lumber as early as possible, and then go down and build it? John thought perhaps you would. And *he* would just as lief as not sort of look after baby and me a little in the spring, while you have to be away. Then we would come, too."

"I can do better than that," said Daniel, with a mounting flush, now withdrawing his eyes from his wife. She was sitting, huddled together, in Daniel's big chair, swinging her foot as it hung crossed up over her right knee. The baby had loosened a lock of her hair, and this and her heavy lashes softened the lambent light of the eyes which had struck into Daniel's. She was breathing fast, with a petulant pout on her red lips, looking, as she was, a girl of twenty-two, who feels not so divinely maternal as she does mortally wife-like, and tired of being shut up all winter under a rigid *régime*.

"I can do better than all that," he said again. "I will get the lumber down to the sawmill here, and by the time I have the joists, clapboards, and shingles made, and all the picked lumber measured exact for the house, which you shall design, this — not very large load — can go down to Keewaumil with us all, in the early spring or when you choose. Then you won't have to send me away from you and the boy! And you will be right on the spot to say what you want done as the work goes on."

"But what could we live in?"

"My idea would be to put up a one-room house, on to which the rest would grow, as time goes on. It would take a very little while to do that after all the parts were prepared as I would prepare them before leaving here. I will build it of cedar, and send down enough of other prepared lumber for — what may soon come of it all," said Daniel, looking intently at her.

"O, you darling! And when shall we begin?"

"Immediately, if you choose!"

"O, I am so glad! I did so badly want to go somewhere or do something new and different. Humph! — John 'bet me' I wouldn't *dare* to ask you! I would dare to do anything! Great

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goose! He did not believe that I could do as I chose about everything. He believed—oh!—lots of nonsense! But, Dannielle," she began again, half-shyly, while her foot swung with accelerated velocity, "that child is a large, grown-up kind of a boy and he tires me. I want to go away somewhere with the sleigh and horses.

"Why not?" said Daniel.

"Really? Do you mean it? O, then, I am as good as gone," she answered, springing to her feet, radiantly.

In a short time she was dressed in the long fur garment, cap, and over-boots which Daniel had made for her the winter before. The boy, meanwhile, from his bed, had watched progress while sucking his little pink thumb.

By the time Daniel had brought up the sleigh and horses, and had put in the hot foot-stone, Althea's color was running high.

"How good you are," she said, looking at him adoringly, as he tucked up the robes about her. "Guess where I am going. I am going—to—John—Hastings," she said, pausing between the words, making a show of watching the effect of her statement.

"And I am—going—to—Rob—ert Eloiheem!" said Daniel, in her very manner.

"Now don't you dare to love him more than you do me," she ejaculated, looking back challengingly as she sped away, filled with a sudden eagerness to get back to a participation in the business, which not only seemed to have entranced the philosopher, but which bid fair to become a rival in the heretofore undivided attention that Daniel had bestowed on her.

John Hastings's office was in a building where was also the bank and the post-office of the settlement. And as office, bank, post-office, and settlement were of the sort often described in stories of the West of forty odd years ago, the description need not be repeated. But Althea's mien, as, in handsome fur cloak, cap, robes, and trim sleigh, she dexterously handled the fine span of horses, was not of a sort common amid such scenes and times.

Several men were ready to blanket and tie her horses as she gracefully cut the curve and drew up before the aforesaid building. For it was popularly said, "this city woman was mighty smart, and just the one to look after Daniel, who was a little queer, with all his travels and high education."

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The facts relating to John's sudden sale of the Hastings place and horses had been thoroughly discussed, and it was popularly thought John Hastings would sell or give anything he had to the woman who now had driven up to his office.

John was not one of the men who were ready to fasten and blanket the horses, for the reason that he was working away quietly in his little office, and had not noticed Althea's arrival. He did not even meet her at the door.

The first he knew, he had sprung to his feet, overturning his light chair, halting, drawn back with hand on desk, as she, brilliant with health and beauty, disdainfully stood in the doorway.

A minute later John was looking from his office window (for his attentions had been curtly declined), watching another man untie the horses and tuck up the robe about the woman who had just practically inundated him with her presence.

For there had come from her, swift orders and criticisms of his methods, as if he were a delinquent but well-paid employee instead of a friend who had done plenty of hard work for her, not knowing what he could be hoping for in return.

"What in thunder have I ever done to get such an onslaught as that!" he ejaculated, with whitened face, gazing down the street to where sleigh and woman were speeding away from his sight. Then he looked about the room and at the door, where a moment before had appeared that which had pulled him up from his work, and had kept him standing, forgetful of all but the face and form on which he looked.

The bare walls of the room seemed echoing with the half-a-dozen-times-repeated words, my baby, and my husband. How she had managed, loftily, yet fittingly, to hustle them in on the subject of the deed of the other house-lot and the digging of that cellar, John told himself he could not imagine. It seemed to him she had made these things a pretext for coming there, "dressed like a duchess," and filling the room with her presence and her pride in baby and husband, while she showed him, John Hastings, what luck had befallen Daniel Heem.

John flung himself into his chair with his hands thrust into his pockets, and sat looking at nothing.

"Why can't women keep away from men, coming in, and upsetting them in this style, just when they are quiet and

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well at their work? By George! I wish I might never see another woman!" Then he thought of certain scenes at his old house, when Chelmitch and he had been snow-bound there the winter before; and of the skill with which Mrs. Eloiheem had drawn a charmed circle around her high, throne-like chair, as, sitting within it, she had held at a distance the captives to her beauty and bewitchments. "It's no use! She knows how to take care of herself! O, to thunder with them all! She has spoiled my year, as the other one did my life. She'd lie for Daniel Heem any time, only that she gets along more charmingly without it. She'd like me to think that she don't know he is crazy! Jove! But she was a beauty that night, as she stood drawn back against the white furs, club in hand, ready to knock him down if he had laid hands on her against her will! Then that cry! God! It thrills me now — '*Dannielle!*' It was not fear. It was love! She worships him. And she's fooling me! Confound her.

"Never mind. He will commit suicide some day," said John, struck by a new train of thought. "I'll wait for it. The President's chair is as possible to me as to many a worse fellow. Lord! If she wanted the White House, I'd get it for her. Why not?

"How she did dash off. A stroke across the flanks of one horse, and then the other, and away she went, as if she could not get back quick enough. My old horses and my old house, and — Thunder, she ought to have been my wife!

"I saw him that day as I drove by, more than a year ago! I saw him showing her up to Heaven for it to look at! I'll give them a year to part company, one way or another. I'll wait. She's worth waiting for, and working for," said John, going back to his work with hurrying pulses.

Althea had flung the reins on the horses and Daniel had taken her, rosy and laughing, and had carried her bodily into the house, placing her in a chair there, not too near the fire.

"I had to come flying back just as fast as I could make those horses go," she said, "because I wanted to ask you something. O, *must* you go and put up the horses, Dannielle? Well, hurry, won't you?" she said, red as a rose, and full of delight in him and the home and the boy, and everything else, from which she felt as if she had been parted a

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long, long time. And when Daniel, making the haste he could, had come back, and with his air of tranquil leisure, had drawn up his chair to hers, she but said again, excitedly, "I had to come back just as fast as I could make those horses go — because — "

Then she had paused, looking at him half-petulantly and half-shyly.

And Daniel (waiting with a gallant attention that sent Althea into a deeper hesitancy as she thought of the things she wanted to say) glanced from his wife's radiant face to the fire, thinking to himself that in these days she seemed little enough like the real Althea. Then he bethought him that, in fact, he did not yet know how the real Althea did seem. "If all her father has said of the matter is true, she was not herself, but a man besides herself, when first I met her, and when afterwards she was haunted by him, who has now gained what he wanted," — thought Daniel, looking at the little form on the bed near them. Then, looking from the face of him called Robert back to Althea's, Daniel told himself "hers was by far the more simple and youthful of the two faces." For the luminous eyes which she now raised to Daniel's were those of a lovable boy who had a confession to make and a heartful of love at the disposal of who would win it. Daniel's hand fell warmly on hers, as that lay on his chair-arm, but he looked into the fire still, while waiting for her disclosure.

"I say, Dannielle, I had to fly back, because I wanted to ask you — if — if *you* love *me?*" she said suddenly.

"I do," said Daniel. And somehow, just then, with a sigh like a sob, there came to Althea's mind something of the look that had been in John's eyes as they had held hers for the minute that she had stood on his threshold. Yet there was a shock at the memory of it, and at herself, and with a sidelong, worshipful look at the man who, unmoved, had but answered, "I do," she said, petulantly, —

"What is love?"

"That, the next forty years will show us," said Daniel.

And ready to cry, yet wondering why, and puzzling again over some unframeable question concerning the look in John's gaze which had sent her speeding back to Daniel, she nestled her hand in his. Then vaulting the gulf, with the seeming inconsequence of speech so commonly commented upon as a feminine irregularity, she ejaculated, —

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"Now, for instance, there's that child! I don't feel toward him those ways which it says in books self-sacrificing mothers do feel. Quite the reverse. I know if I had to wash dishes and get hot dinners with smells of pork in them, and with horrid fitting wrappers on, as women down in the settlement have to do, I know I should quite likely spank Rob for it if he gave me opportune occasion."

Luminous eyes met hers. There was no mirth in the look, but a most inspiriting attention. For through the mazes of this (so-called) feminine inconsequence of speech Daniel's even more feminine mind had followed. He had rightly guessed that Althea was confused at her own natural repugnance to the conditions in some home (?) of which she had caught a glimpse. A home (?) where pork-frying, baby-spanking, mother-bedraggling conditions prevailed. He rightly guessed that Althea was in mental confusion over the undefined thought that the unwomanly-looking woman there was a self-sacrificing mother, and the other thought that, if the baby there, like Robert, had descended into incarnation for the accomplishment of the portentous mission on which Robert had come to this home, that then there was a horrible contrast between the stupendous needs of the child and the ignobility of the things for which the care of him was thrust aside. Thinking thus, Daniel's hand had closed over Althea's, bringing her such a flood of the life of his life, that, whelmed in it divinely, she whispered mid tears and laughter, —

"O, Heart of me! Dannielle! Tell me then, *why* did I— I, Althea Eloi, with 'life results' to accomplish, and perfect freedom to do everything that goddesses do, why did I go down there to plague John? Now tell me all about it? Else, what's the use of my marrying a philosopher?"

"Sure enough!" said Daniel, laying his cheek against the one nestling on his shoulder. "And who knows whether that is not exactly the part in life characteristic of the cause of my being the Daniel Heem I am? Perhaps that is exactly my business, — that of family philosopher?"

"Why yes; only, Dannielle, I am afraid, —" she hesitated with the boyish shyness of one who feared she might not get a reprieve from a disagreeable task, or rather, a task less beloved than was another very different one, which she was afraid Daniel would think in its nature was not her task.

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Then she swiftly added, watching him, in fear of failure, "Only philosophers will not condescend to take care of babies, I feel almost sure."

"O, on the reverse, they *aspire* to do that very thing. In my opinion there is nothing that calls for so much of the philosophy of the high, old Wisdom-religion as does the care of the babies who come to earth in these days. But we will talk of that by and by. Now for your questions, uttered and unuttered. First, why did you feel so unhappy? Next, about Rob and you? Next, why did you go to plague John? And last, do goddesses do that way?

"First, about your unhappiness," he said, smiling at her bright, expectant face.

"But I did feel unhappy, though," said Althea, "before you began to use your philosophy like a family lotion, painless in application and quick to cure."

"O yes. For you needed what you got. That was an old-fashioned drive, with a sense of independent freedom and of the union with outer-world interests which you had had before Robert came. You had begun to fear that the coming of Rob had robbed you of all the things into which you had lately gotten, and which satisfy you so well. And this brings us to the question, 'Why do you not feel like a self-sacrificing, wrapper-wearing, pork-cooking kind of a mother?' I suppose the reason you don't feel like one is because you are not one. If you were, that lad over there would not probably have come to this roof, or even if he had come, he would not get on well under a *régime* of mingled spanks and kisses, wrapper-wearing, and pork-frying! Neither Rob nor I crave that sort of a house-mother."

Althea swiftly scrutinized Daniel's countenance, partly to ward off philosophies, if they were approaching, and partly to notice again, as she had several times, that Daniel had quite gotten over his old habit of looking from her face to the space above her head, and that, instead, he had a way now-a-days of looking from her to the child. There was something peculiar in his manner of doing this. When he had said, "neither Rob nor I crave that sort of a house-mother," he had looked steadily into the child's eyes, as he would have done into those of a man whose dignity he admitted with courteous gravity. Then he had turned to Althea, saying, less gravely, but as courteously, —

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"As for the question, 'Why you, Althea Eloi, with grand results to accomplish, did go to plague John,' will you take for an answer the words of the frogs? Do you remember that old rhyme? You know the boys stoned the frogs, and the frogs remarked, —

"'Naughty boys, cruel boys, pelt us not thus;
To you though it's fun, it is murder to us.'"

"Very well! Fourthly, Dannielle; what is the fourthly point?" said Althea hastily, and glancing toward Robert.

"'Do goddesses do that way?' And to that I answer, if I understand goddesses, they do not do that way, because, little as you may think it, there is a great deal of pure mother-kindliness in goddesses. So that, if a goddess saw a frog sunning itself on a log, she would even turn out of her way rather than throw a shadow between him and comfort."

"I shouldn't think goddesses could think about such little things."

"O, as I understand them, to goddesses the question of little and great is measurable swiftly and surely on the ground of what brings the greatest good to the greatest number."

"They must be real old kinds of goddesses, then," said Althea, like a petted boy talking to his mother. And Daniel, almost in the relative character, answered, —

"They are, no end old. That is, you know, they are eternally young."

"And is 'eternally young' no end old? Well, that accounts for their fine manners. For I can tell you this. No goddess in her early twenties would naturally always go way round another street just because John — I mean a frog, was — O, I don't care! I don't think the boys were very much to blame, just to have a little fun. Besides, if goddesses always go the other way, how would John — the frogs, I mean, know that the goddess had come to town? As to feeling the sunlight, he would have felt that if the goddess had never been born."

"True; but if, on the other hand, she had been born, but born *not* a goddess, he would have known she was not a goddess if she intentionally continued to rob him of his comfort by even getting between him and his orderly share of sunshine."

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Tears sprung to Althea's eyes. With a strange look at Daniel, she sat with her head on his shoulder, not altogether satisfied.

"The trouble is with the frogs!" she ejaculated. And Daniel, with a lighting up of the countenance, said,—

"O! Frogs are all right, *as frogs:* and cheap business it is, too! But — to be a goddess — that takes the skill; that, the high grace of beneficence indeed!"

She threw her arms about him hastily, as, jumping up, she exclaimed,—

"Let's wake up Rob and have fun with him."

"He is awake, and listening to the frog-story."

With something like alarm she caught up the little form, saying, "Rob, boy! Were you listening? Well then, you must promise with me never to bother frog-folk. For we Eloiheems can find better business than that! And Rob, boy, our Dannielle practised when he was young what he preaches now that he is old. He knows how gods and goddesses carry themselves down by the frog-streams. I give you leave to do what you see him do, darling! That's the beginning and end of my teachings to you, little man!"

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BOOK II.

BEFORE Robert Eloiheem was two years old the Eloiheems had left their lands in Northern Wisconsin to rise in value while they had settled to life as they chose it, in Keewaumil, on the bluffs of Lake Michigan.

The people of this then young city were not much bound by conventional fetters. They were full of invincible individuality; and as there was a broad range of work to be done, those who reached farthest and most skilfully pre-empted earliest claim on the largest territory of wealth and influence.

The West in those days was not the place in which to cultivate easy manners, but it was the place in which each person could find vent for his or her determination to make the most and best of self. So, even if this self were a bit boisterous and egotistical, it was yet a brilliantly adventurous and healthful self. There was so much work of every good kind to be done, and every one was so actively engaged with large plans, that each freely hastened along his and her chosen path, sure of results and fearless of criticism.

Althea was by no means slow to perceive and to avail herself of these advantages. She was only too glad that her environments were so well adapted to her tastes and her purposes. To her, this Western vivacity and joyous young energy was like exhilarating wine, and to her the Western man and woman seemed quite the typical American citizen. For were they not making a civilization for the coming generation? Meanwhile, she silently surmised that it was Daniel's opinion of what should go to the making up of the on-coming civilization, which had fixed him in his practical

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decision that the Eloiheem home should bring to the community, not more of boisterous energy, but instead, should bring to it a new element of care-free repose.

As a result of this diversity of methods and manners, it came about that, when the Eloiheems had been for six years in their new home, Mrs. Eloiheem had three times gathered up land to hold on speculation, and had made other and lucky transactions satisfactory to herself. Meanwhile, Daniel's private opinion regarding the righteousness of speculating in land as greatly differed from Althea's and from the popular idea of the matter, as did his opinion on almost every other subject. Indeed, in those days, whatever he had to write or say on any topic seemed almost a burlesque on the bustling, self-seeking life of the people of that new and hurrying country. Whatever other change had come to Daniel, there had come to him no change in his satisfaction with his growing vision of the unity of life, nor in his recognition of the futility of an attempt on his part to live midst the strifes which were so satisfactory to Althea. So it had easily come about that each had fallen into the life most congenial.

The result — as it looked to the outer world — was, that Daniel Heem dwelt at home, with the boy and the garden, while Althea, consciously handsome, well dressed, and popular, led an out-door life, busy about, no one particularly inquired what, seeing every one else was equally busy and self-concerned.

By this time Robert had become a lithe-limbed boy, with silent manners and lustrous eyes which watched the mother comprehendingly when she explained to him the way that her investment, first of the diamond ring, then of the jewelled bracelets, and since of moneys, nearly all drawn from the East, had secured them this home and deeds to other lands and values, held by her. These same eyes of his had also long since perceived that Daniel felt far less interest in those things than he did in the lovely garden, the few animals, and the constantly added things of beauty which his skill was ever creating for the home. Rob also had perceived that there were many things that Daniel had always talked about which the mother rather objected to discussing. And whatever question he asked about these things — and the questions were many — Daniel answered as if Robert were a morally free gentleman. So of course

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Robert had from the first felt more and more like the gentleman-companion whom his father appeared to consider him.

The nuptial diagram and law of life hung on the walls of this home as they had hung at the home on Lake Winnebago. And to the significantly carved and well-made chairs which Daniel had fashioned for Althea and himself, there was now added a chair for Robert. A chair carved in quaint devices with a motto in old English letters upon it. "Good work put into good material lasts long after the workman has passed from the field of his labor," Daniel had said, as he talked to Robert concerning the life which they had lived up on Lake Winnebago. Whatever the cause, Robert felt quite sure that he had lived with Daniel in all the lands where he had roved, striving so earnestly to discover what use to make of strength. And though, at this stage of events it cannot be said that Daniel had explicitly spoken of the position mid worlds held by himself, yet Robert very early had sensed that Daniel was not as other men. But whether it was that he was greatly superior, or was, in a pathetic sense, less than others, Robert often wondered. But he had no doubt of the fact that Daniel was the true cavalier of the lady mother of the home; and while Robert gallantly followed Daniel's manner, yet his studious attention was always on, not Althea, but Daniel, whom the boy knew he did not, but wished to understand.

Robert was eight years old when one day Althea came home, looking and feeling as though she had the world under her feet. "Why don't all married people take up life, each following his and her bent as we have done?" she asked. "But of course, as Mr. Chelmitch says, few men would be willing to do as you do, Daniel. I told him, the money-fight was odious to you; that you better liked the solitude and silence of home-making. I told him I could not well do that part; but that I could see through the chances of a business plan a week ahead of his time. He said that men did not like to have women round in business, because in the money-fight it was not always easy to be chivalrous; and that women ought to be at home waiting to make things pleasant to the tired brains of the family. I told him we hadn't any tired brains in our family. Presently he said he would call up this evening.

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Then I asked him if Mrs. Chelmitch thought woman's place was at home waiting to rest tired brains? And when he said 'certainly,' I told him he would probably find her there, then, waiting to rest his. But as we had nothing of that kind in our family I would not for the world introduce such a thing into the cheerful Eloiheem evenings! So then he swore a whirling, Western oath, from which I escaped unscathed."

Althea had told all this rapidly with a breezy tone and a laugh, neither constrained nor crude, adding, as she observed the flush that mounted Daniel's cheek, —

"O, it is a life worth living to live as we live! Why don't others unite their individualities?" thinking meanwhile that she was glad she had told of that disagreeable occurrence. For one effect and accompaniment of her free intercourse with men in business was to make her cordial to all and intimate with none, fearless in manner and guarded in personal reserves outside the house, and sufficiently frank at home.

Robert had looked quickly from Althea to Daniel, then steadily onto the floor, not even raising his eyes when Daniel had answered, —

"There is a whimsical receipt 'how to make hare-pie,' which begins with the words, 'first catch the hare.' And a receipt of how to unite the individuality of two persons in marriage should likewise commence with the words, 'first catch your *individuals*.'"

"That is where we have the advantage," said Althea. "We were born individuals. I am told *I* am a very individual woman! But, Daniel, take my word for it, when you get to writing there is a lack of definiteness in the point you are pushing for: too high strung and visionary! I think it is better to make one square point and then drive for it. You are a beautiful writer, but the papers won't give room to anything except the main point of an argument. And that must be sharp. Now, in that last article of yours you ought to skip all the introduction and say that there is a glorious ideal back of the constitution of our government, but that before we can have an ideal republic of associated individuals, real individuality of character must be born and bred in each child. For that we might as well try to make a bouquet of bulbs and flower-seeds by tying them together as to expect to make an ideal republic out of such unfledged fossils as —"

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"That's rather a heavy flight of fancy," remarked Robert; and Althea, with a boyish anger at her boyish blunder, retorted —

"You are getting too sharp, young fellow;" and Daniel interposed quietly, —

"What is, to your mind, a proof of individuality, Althea?"

"Achievement."

"What is achievement?" said Robert, in Daniel's own manner.

"Doing great things with no fuss about it," said Althea.

"Have you, Daniel?" said Robert.

"Robert, your father *is* achievement. But you can never be like him. You must be content to do as I do; must he not, Daniel?"

"It is a question whether he ever becomes content in this life."

"In what life was I content? Are you content in this life?"

"When you get at it, you ask too many questions," interposed Althea. "Keep quiet now, while I tell your father about the new education that some bright German people are talking up here in Keewaumil. Do you know, Daniel, they undertake to show that there is in every child *millions of dollars' worth of ability*, which is lost to the Nation just because it is permitted to lie undeveloped, all for want of wisely investing money enough and care enough in each child during his first seven years. Right treatment begun even when the child is two years old and carried on so, they say, would bring the child to reveal what is its peculiar, special, individual faculty, so that, before the child is ten years old it and its guardians will plainly see what it can best work at!

"Now what do you think of that? That sounds like your old notions. And these Mettinghoffs are just going to get in ahead of you; and put this 'new education' on the Nation, when you ought to have done it yourself! Though, I confess, their talk of 'developing children into play-loving humans, instead of distorting them into toilsome, antagonistic quarrellers,' sounds like nonsense, for children may as well understand that they have got to fight for a living in this country."

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"Why fight?" said Daniel. "Lilies don't do that way."

Robert poured some water, for they were at their daintily served meal, and he passed it to his mother, but with his lustrous eyes on Daniel. He was thinking of those other lives of his, of which Daniel had always talked to him in a graphic and enchanting way. A way concerning which it can here only be said that the now massed effect of it was to make Robert feel, in his ninth year, that he had, in the past, done enough tumultuous living. And now—

"O no, the lilies do not live that way!" he said decisively. And Althea looking swiftly from one to the other, broke forth,—

"Look here, Daniel, they call this education a philosophical education which will result in scientific man-building. They really, you know, have hold of some of your turns of expression. Come, Daniel, cut in ahead! Don't let them put this on the country. It is your idea, and *you* ought to have the credit of it. This room is pleasant enough to do something quite in that way."

"What? Man-building? O yes, Robert and I have been about that for eight years together," said Daniel amiably.

"O, I mean in the way of talking it up! Some say kindergartening means 'child-gardening,' and some say it means 'nature-gardening.'"

"So *that* is really being publicly discussed here in America, is it?" said Daniel. "You know, Althea, the practical old Romans used to call sending their children to school, 'sending them to play.' And Comenius, in the seventh century, (and afterwards Rousseau) demanded that every child should be treated as an organism whose every faculty should have full and free development. Since then, Pestalozzi and Froebel have recognized a 'wonderful completeness,' an 'incessant, infinite expansion,' in childhood which should be given free play."

"Play? There's that idea of play again. That is well for a child two or four years old; but my idea is, to find an education for work, not play," said Althea irritatedly.

"I have seen a bird building its nest and a lily fashioning its array out of its own inmost life, and they seem to be playing while they do their work," said Robert.

"But, Robert, we are not birds nor lilies. We are human beings with a living to get," said Althea toilsomely.

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"No! Daniel says we are much more than lilies and birds, and so we have garnered up within us all that care-free skill which makes nest-building and lily-arraying to be a perfect pleasure to them. And it *is* a pleasure; for I have seen them tremble with pleasure as they do it," said Robert, with something soft as summer air warming his cheeks and making lustrous his black eyes as he sturdily stated Daniel's side of the story of how it fares with life outside of the money-world.

"Let me see! In the year 1825 I was a young fellow in Germany at Keilhau, and in Thuringia at Marienthal, where Froebel had his training-school at that time. Some then thought him a fool, and some thought him a prophet. I, of course, thought him a prophet. I believed with all my heart in his idea that there were in the race sleeping faculties, and that there was urgent need that these faculties should be aroused and unfolded in childhood. I believed, too, that the most important of things is that every child should be secured in a comfortable state of quiet self-recognition. A state in which unperturbed he can re-collect the knowledges and the skill which his Ego (that is, he himself) has already, in other incarnations, accumulated and developed. I believe that these sleeping faculties, by this vivifying method of education (or 'drawing out'), will be solicited to so re-assert themselves, that by the time a child is seven years old he will be a well-gotten-together little man!"

"O, Daniel, do remember, if we hope to put this new education on the country, you must say nothing about your pet hobby of 'the great doctrine of the incarnation' as you call it. Leave out all reference to religion, and leave out all about the philosophies. You may think all that to yourself, of course. But don't teach that stuff to Rob, nor put it into this education. One philosopher in the family is all right, but more would be too many for poor folks! Rob is to be the money-maker!"

"Played out!" ejaculated Robert. "I had lots of that sort of thing in my other lives, and—"

"Now, Robert,—now, Daniel, *is* that a way for a child to talk? You see what's coming? Now do, for once, skip all that sort of thing, and just tell me in a few words what this kindergartening is all about."

"Very little of it can be said in a few words. This educa-

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tion is to be worked out and played out by the creation of a school of work full of forms of life and knowledge and beauty; and by a joyous life of the play of grown people with children."

Althea was puzzled, and fretfully said at last, "O, can't you tell me in one sentence what you think of it? What it is peculiar?"

"I think it is an oncoming influence, which will greatly assist in developing humanity's sixth sense," said Daniel.

"Well," said Althea in despair, "if you begin like that you will ruin the whole thing. Who 'round these parts' has even heard of more than five senses?"

"But the education does not begin like that. It begins by cultivating the five senses to a degree only to be attained by giving the child, from babyhood, a chance to learn all it can learn by touching, tasting, smelling, seeing, and hearing to the child's heart's content. His tendency to instruct himself in this way is usually considered to be troublesome and naughty. And the child's little efforts to learn what things are, in what alike and in what unlike, are repressed in the hurry of the bustling, ignorant methods, which hold sway outside of real homes. The child's questions, remarks, and attempts to study into things are by no means encouraged by parents and friends who have not attained the ease of leisure, and who themselves have blunted the keenness of their own five senses, and who, so, have shut the avenues through which there naturally would otherwise inflow to them whole worlds of information and pleasure from the palpable objects with which the world teems. I believe people as they grow older incline to blunt instead of to cultivate their sense perceptions!"

Althea had become not a little flushed in face as she listened to these words. For she had been too ready to ride rough-shod over Robert's questions, and had more than once during the first five years of his life, felt that he was the most troublesome, meddling, questioning, and impertinent child ever seen by her. She had considered that Daniel was absolutely ruining him, but as she had not known how to do any better with him, and had had other things to attend to, she had "let the matter go," thinking that when he got old enough she would take him in hand. And now both to Robert and herself, Daniel's words were like a strong light

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thrown backward over a vessel-track on the ocean. And as she glanced at the lithe, self-sustained little man, called Robert Eloiheem, and at the haughty, fiery, and half-insolent air of him, she suddenly perceived that, practically, this boy was the outward expression of an inward spirit let loose in word and act.

There was something terrible to Althea in the eyes which were on hers at the moment. And, very uncomfortable, she now had recourse to a few careless words, as she said, —

"Well! It is lucky that children's senses, perceptions, and impertinent keenness generally do become blunted!" Turning her eyes away from Robert's sardonic gaze at her, she added, "For, Daniel dear, how could you rough it with that nose of yours? Handsome as it is, poor people couldn't afford such sensitive noses."

"Why should I rough it? It would not be my plan to abolish sensitive noses, but to abolish conditions obnoxious to sensitive noses. That was your idea, too. Do you remember the pork?"

"That's all very well! Only, as a man said yesterday, 'Rob's nose is too mettlesome to cut its way through the world real slick!' And I tell Rob I shall not like it if he begins repeating your quixotic exploits. I —"

"Played out!" ejaculated Robert. "That was all new to Daniel. To me it is like a piece of music that I like to listen to, but that I may not choose to sing for all that. I'm going to get up my own play."

"Your play is to make the fortune of the family, my lad. And let me tell you the way to do it is not to make an enemy of a rich man, like that one you treated so yesterday. Daniel, he turned away when I was introducing him, and all the excuse he gave me was, that he would 'not listen to the beastly noise the man made talking through his nose, on a nice June day,' and all the excuse I could make to the man was to tell him Rob was not a very strong child."

"That made me want to knock him down to show him! In Greece, we used to have those low-breeds for Helots."

"O, you are a natural aristocrat!" said Althea, kissing him, as if his insolence was as praiseworthy as his sensitive organism was condemnatory.

Robert looked at her with a furious disdain of her flattery, and a purposefulness to do as he chose. A sharp resentful-

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ness of his look flamed into her eyes; yet with a fear of making him say something as impudent as was his look, Althea only ejaculated, "I wish Robert had had this education! Where could we get at the methods and the implements, Daniel?"

"The real kindergarten-table and gifts — that is the *real* that is higher than the *ideal* shapes of the thing — I have up in this 'unoccupied tenement' of which people sometimes talk," said Daniel, touching his dome of a head, which neared that extreme spiritual development seen in the heads of men whose inexpressible ideals commonly either exude in transcendent, incomprehensible poetry or die with them.

Perhaps he thought it was time to remind his listeners now that he knew that men of feebler wit called his head "an unoccupied tenement" for the reason that the things which occupied it were of a sort and for a use that had not entered their hearts to imagine. In the silence, a new glimpse of this fact came to the minds of the woman and the boy. And out of this silence Daniel said simply, touching his forehead, —

"The spiritual forms of those things are all laid up here. The substance for the materialization of their forms is out there in that pile of seasoned cedar-wood. Shall I materialize them?"

Robert laughed comprehendingly; and Althea, catching the idea, said, —

"O yes — I see! Yes, do fetch down your fancies and fashion them into a kindergarten-table and a set of Froebeline-gifts, as they call them. For I see that is what you mean. And hurry, won't you, dear, and cut in ahead of those self-conceited Mettinghoffs. We will show the world who are the 'new educators,' as they call themselves," said Althea, knowing not at all, that the power which a disciple like Daniel covets but makes him appear as nothing in the eyes of men. Then, fired by the unimpassioned smile on Daniel's face, and reflected on Robert's, she determined "to lay hold on the whole thing herself, and make it of some use to the world." For it was evident to her that Robert and Daniel had been exploring orders of thought of which she knew little or nothing, except that Daniel had said that they were of so sublime a character as to be of use only to a society in a state of refinement vastly superior to that of the generality of mankind to-day: an order of thought and life available

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only to those who, by a long course of pure generation, are brought to the perfection necessary for the practice of such a philosophy.

A swift flash of passion struck athwart her, as she realized that, somehow, she was shut out of something to which Rob and Daniel seemed shut in. It seemed to her wrong that Daniel should have put his notions before the mind of a child of Robert's age. Then there came to her a half-repulsed sense, that, according to Daniel's philosophy, the question of a child's age was a problem in which the unknown quantity was the chief factor. And with a swift glance at the status of the case, in woman's way, she silently laid the matter aside for future ponderings.

At last the table was made. And if it were a Kinde-garden — or Nature-garden-table, it proved its fitness as an emphasizer of Plato's assertion, "Nature perpetually geometrizes:" for it was so far adapted to the investigation of the relation, properties, and measurements of solids, surfaces, lines, and angles as that it was marked off in perfect inch squares, on which squares the little workman was expected to construct, with blocks, slats, and rings, "new inventions of new forms of life, new forms of knowledge, and new forms of beauty.

"O, the idea of inventing new forms of life!" Althea one day ejaculated. "I see no sense in that phrase."

"I do," said Robert. "You'll find that, by another generation, we Eloiheems will do exactly that. I hear people talking out-doors about us. They can't understand Daniel. I see he is inventing a new form of mother-father life. I didn't see into that till lately. He is a mother-father. And you are sort of a father-mother: not quite, though. But Daniel says women have a harder time — because they have to welcome, *select*, and give birth to the souls that come begging to be homed with them. While men, in the nature of things, have to stand back before that mystery of mother-function.

"Daniel says you would have a harder time looking after the garden and the house and the kindergarten education than he has doing that. And that he'd have less pleasure in doing what you are doing than you have in it. He says, 'give me quiet' — and you say, 'give me life;' and *I* just say that, letting everybody do as they choose, while every-

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body minds his own business, and finds no fault with others, is a 'new form of life;' and that it will result in new forms of knowledge and new forms of beauty, just as like as not, by and by.

"You see, it makes a great deal of difference what you *mean* by what you do and what you say," said Robert, with a level, old, half-sardonic look of disdain for things as they averaged, but by no means disdain of the large, fair room flooded with the sunshine that came through the great eastern window, full of blossoming plants preserved from bulbs and seeds first brought from the old Eloi mansion. These, with the curtains, rugs, carved-chairs, and framed law and diagram of the Eloiheem life of liberty, knitted up Robert's daily thought with Daniel's sense that all life and history is but a great whole to which each new comer (like a skilled worker in tapestry) is permitted to add an inch or two, as best he is pleased to make it. The kindergarten-table stood in this deep alcove-like window. A table of tools and a turning lathe were at one side of the room, and over it was the motto, "The tools to him who can use them."

Not until Althea had set herself to learn to do what is called "the school of work," and to learn the meaning of its every part, and the songs and the plays, did she learn what absorbed so much time and interest. She was working with them one day, while Rob was polishing off a sphere which he had just turned, and Daniel was improvising what he called, "a song of the spheres." Althea, silent and observant, was unconsciously so laid hold upon by the sense, the science, and the far-reaching-suggestiveness of this educational system of man-building, that after that day she spent hours with Daniel and Robert in this working-school. But her exclusiveness hindered Daniel from having other children come and share with Robert these benefits. Neither did Robert much desire any companionship but Daniel's.

The truth was, Althea wanted "to keep all this to themselves" till they should be able to burst forth in a bedazzling way; when she meant to let people know that Daniel had spent two years in the region of Kielhau for the sake of learning all that Froebel had conceived of this system of "man-building." Meanwhile, she believed that the thoughts which went to the making of the spheres, cylinders, cubes, cubes diagonally divided, and cubes divided into oblongs, etc., if re-

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corded would amount to a complete system of the philosophy of Froebel, plus Daniel's more clearly-defined statement and adaptation of them to the future use of this free country.

And meanwhile Robert lived on with Daniel, pondering on the things which he heard and saw inside the house and out of it, measuring one line of ideas against another, with a high-headed fashion of making little account of any one's ideas except his own; and glancing now and then at the cedar dresser on which stood plates and bread-board, etc. For there were stories about this dresser that made it seem to Robert like a sovereign-giant who had come to serve regally in a household that was touched, only just touched, with the spirit which in nobler races once exalted every act into source and avenue of pure satisfaction.

Satisfaction! O rare, sweet word, and rarer state of being!

Yet satisfaction it was that Robert tasted, as, in these days, he ministered, an acolyte in this temple of home where peace in perfectness at times seemed enthroned. For this Daniel, the tailor, the house-builder, theosophist, servant of all work and all workers, home-maker, child-gardener, and dweller between two worlds, was now lord of himself, as he made circumstances to speak for him in pantomime that sweet philosophy of how to be greatest — the philosophy which he had thus taught this furious-eyed Robert from babyhood.

"You don't seem to be in much of a hurry to get done," said Althea one day.

"The pleasure of work is in the doing, not in the being done," said Daniel.

And Robert, recognizing something satisfactory in this statement, was nodding his head with comfortable reception, when Althea exclaimed, —

"What are you bobbing your head about?"

"Because I know it's the truth. There is no pleasure in being done, but in doing," answered Robert with relish.

"Well, I guess you'd better get done if you ever mean to accomplish anything else but make baby playthings. I'll tell you what I wish, Dannielle. I wish you would make just one sample of each kind, and then explain the whole thing to me. I can give an hour to it just now, and I want to glance through the whole philosophy at once."

"— as the tadpole might have said to the Lord, just after

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the tadpole stage of evolution was reached," said Robert with insouciant ease, not so full of mockery as it was of an old philosopher's appreciation of the immensity of the subject, and of the inadequacy of Althea's recognition of the universals which are embraced in each of these typical forms of life, knowledge, and beauty.

And Althea, with something of the fear which she felt toward this large-brained, peculiar-eyed lad, only said, —

"There, that's enough! You'd better stop or you will be going over to the dreamers."

"Of course," said Rob, "I shall be whatever I choose! But I have not to choose yet. But that 'dreaming' is played out for me. Yet I like well enough to hear these stories about everything in the world and out. Now look at this sphere. Of course you know yourself that 'the sphere is the continent of all forms of life, all forms of knowledge, and all forms of beauty.' So of course as that is true, everything in unseen worlds, though made of a different substance, must be sort of understandable, because of the picture of them all, that we get here in this world's forms of life, knowledge, and beauty. I call this great fun! See, I have cut this sphere into the largest possible cube, and the cube into oblongs, and the oblongs into little cubes, and the little cubes into cubes diagonally divided, so that they are made into pyramid forms; or instead, — O, I can't tell you about it. Stay yourself and watch what happens."

"I have other business," said Althea, "as you ought to know, if you understand the meaning of the Eloiheem Commonwealth. Look there, Robert," said she, taking up the diagonally-divided cube, and passing him one of the halves, "that piece represents you and this me. For we must be the Eloiheem money-makers."

"Pshaw!" he ejaculated, throwing it into the fire. "What do you suppose I took the trouble to be born for? Look there! It takes nine whole cubes to represent 'Miss Eloi's life results,' and twenty-five to represent 'life result of Eloi and Heem.' *I am that result!* What are you thinking about?"

The plot was evidently thickening. Althea, in wrath, looked from Rob to Daniel. She had taken that diagram as, under other conditions, she would have taken a man-made creed, tying herself to it, and meaning to tie up her children

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and children's children to it. And here was this fellow fancying that, what she was hoping to accomplish by the end of a lifetime, was all despatched by him in virtue of *mere* inheritance. And worse than all, Daniel looked alertly satisfied at this haughty view of the matter. Was he repudiating the old scheme of things? Or, could he mean that, while that diagram stood for her and Daniel, Robert, as early as he chose, was to swoop away to notions of his own? Confusedly she looked about at the tool-table, the diagram and law, the significantly carved dresser, then at Daniel himself. All these things and Daniel had seemed to her like the machinery and workman by which children born under that roof were to be fashioned into what would amount to parts of the squares, twenty-five of which would equal the ideal results of the blended life of herself and Daniel. And here was this boy swooping all that up as but a beginning or foundation on which *he* was proposing to fashion, "the Lord only knew what!"

If Althea had followed her impulse she would have done what hierarchies have tried always to do with contumacious spirits: and she would have done what might have made this fellow to be a hypocritical slave till he got freedom to be a hater and an enemy of the power that sought to enslave him. But Daniel's quiet gaze reminded her of his belief that this vigorous lad was a soul with rights and with reason of its own, even though this, his present body, was not yet of the size common to what is called man's estate. Althea drew back into herself, silenced by a sense of the mystery of individuality.

Some one had recently spoken to her of Daniel as the meekest and the mightiest of men. And so he now seemed to her. She sank into her chair, looking about her at the environments which Daniel's genius had developed in that home. It seemed to her the spot whereon an ideal American stood regally competent to greet new comers to this land of the free, and to conduct them up the heights of liberty with no fear of being by them pulled toward the steeps of license. Like a king in his castle, true to his own laws, Daniel, to her, seemed waiting while turbulent toilers got a foothold on the ladder, mounting which, they could serviceably view with him this country and its possibilities. He had lately said the pressure of self-interest must needs

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hustle Americans onward as long as this self-interest impelled them to set free undeveloped wealth within and about them, and as long as it was necessary in order to drive them to that point at which, in the last of this nineteenth century, they would be as studious to provide for the government family as they now were to provide for the offspring of their own loins.

These thoughts had brought to Althea a chilling disgust at the self-seekingness of her own business struggles. And with something of that chilling disgust in her gaze, unconsciously her eyes had, for moments, rested on Robert. When —

"Well, I suppose, for all this, the sun will rise in the morning! Till then, the best thing for me is sleep," said Robert. The next moment, fallen by Althea's chair, he was weeping violently.

"Yes," interposed Daniel, "the sun will rise in the morning, and I, for one, will rise with it, and will find to say and do some better things than I have said and done to-day."

"And I, too," said Robert, and he went to his bed.

A wee babe was the wilderness-born Robert when Daniel habitually took him out to see the sun launch himself into darkness, dispelling it. "He's come! New day, Daniel, new day," was the first attempt at a sentence Robert had ever put together. So to Daniel there had been volumes of poetry, piety, and purpose, in the ejaculation, "I suppose for all this, the sun will rise to-morrow," etc.; but Althea chiefly thought Rob was sorry for having been naughty, and she was glad he had gone to bed quietly. Daniel knew that the outburst had come from a pressure of feeling that Rob did not understand, and that if he had had to explain it to Althea worse would have come of the affair. So with mother-tact he had returned Robert to the stillness in which character-growths best put themselves forth. Besides this, Daniel knew that a *Presence* had been with them, baptizing Althea into a curious recognition of the meanings of life, and baptizing Robert in a new compassion for those to whom the conflict of life seems to be a splendid necessity, and in a longing for the peace of those who dwell in the "secret place of the most High."

At last one day Robert said, —

"Why does the mother stay with us so much in these days?"

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"She stays because she is expecting a guest. A calm spirit, long in bliss, has taken possession of the mother. When It comes you will call this spirit, *Sister*. So old, so young, so frail, yet strong, immortal from her birth, Robert, this sister may be."

"Older than I?" breathlessly.

"If my yearnings have been answered, she who comes, she who is near us now, is a being refreshed by ages of baptism in the light and peace which is about the throne of the Eternal. One well recruited for the peaceful battle which, Robert, must be waged by the *hidden leaders* of the oncoming age; and waged against the ignorance which is the root of all disharmony. And, Robert, which must be waged against the subtler evils that, at your prime, will enterrorize the world."

And to this Robert Eloiheem listened with comprehending gaze fixed on the man, who now, for the ten years since Robert's birth, had re-attained his old plane of life with certain added elements of *superior self* poise. But as no superficial observer would have discovered anything dangerously awry in the industrious workman of the wilderness, so such an one would not now have detected anything exaltedly beneficent in the life of the industrious home-maker. On the reverse, Althea, for one, had a very poor opinion of Daniel's attitude toward Robert, which was, so she felt, rather the attitude of a good comrade and play-fellow than of one who demanded obedience and reverence. Yet she confessed she could not lay her finger on any act of disobedience of which Robert had ever been guilty, but then, also, she remembered she had never known Daniel to command Robert in anything. The boy was a puzzle to her, and possibly something of a terror. There was that about him which made her sense that in Robert something felt Itself to be happily launched into life again; and that this something was a self-sufficient personality which, for the time, demanded nothing more of any one than that which It had received. And that was, a launch into life again.

And now it was a boy of whom Althea had this recognition who had listened to these words about the coming inhabitant of the Eloiheem home; a boy who had a conspicuously haughty way of holding himself off, even while, with prolonged, studious, and critical patience he

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regarded this Daniel, whom he always seemed compelled to approve.

It could not be correctly said that Robert loved Daniel. It was rather that, up to this point, he had continued to like him and to be interested in his refreshing way of seeing life and its ends and aims, while toward Althea, Rob frequently exhibited the disrelish which one feels at catching glimpses of things or a smack of a flavor which has been annoying during a season of fever.

So this was the Robert who in silence waited long after Daniel's words had ceased.

His breath was quickened, his heated pulse sent the flooding color into cheek and eyes, as with a swift review of all that Daniel had told him of the coming of Robert, he now asked eagerly, —

"Does the mother know *who* is coming?"

"She does not know *who*," was the accented answer.

Then one day, with bowed head and chin drawn in so that he looked out from under his black brows, Robert, standing before his mother's chair, said suddenly, but with strange gentleness, —

"How old are *you?*"

"Men don't ask ladies that," said Althea. "Because women are to be thought always young."

"O no!" ejaculated Robert, with some confused review of his father's philosophy that the really oldest were the most honorable, and the recognition, that, as this young mother had never understood him, she would have much trouble in understanding her who was to come. And out of it he ejaculated, using Daniel's phrase, —

"Dear Lady of Home, be as old as you can."

"Why no, silly Robert! Youth is everything, dear boy. It is the time for hastening to do what must be done. Soon the powers fail. Life is rough, and —"

"O mother! mother!" cried Robert. "She will hear and fly from us." And beckoning high in air, he cried, —

"O, stay, sweet spirit, stay. O, come and welcome, spirit of beauty, and life of the lives of the ages!" And then he got away into the garden, running till he found shelter in the little arbor there. And flinging himself down he wept his heart out in a transport of joy that some one was coming,

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as he had come, out of the illimitable past into the illimitable future, and to dwell — as if for a day — under the Eloiheem roof.

For by this time, in response to his questions, Robert quite distinctly knew that Daniel believed the maladroit use which Malchi Eloi had made of Peri-like powers had left him (refusing paradise) to choose a swift reincarnation on this, the footstool, earth. And that to Daniel's majestic recognition of the limitless glory of the realms of the most High, this earth, full of loveliness as it is, was yet "a scene of confusion and creature-complaints," for the reason that it is the least lovely of all, in the wide domain of Yod-he-vaw.

And he quite distinctly knew that Daniel believed the spirit within him, Robert, was the spirit of Malchi, whose love of earth had plunged him (all unrefreshed by proper stay in devachan or paradise) back to re-live his life, and with the privilege of testing for the last time, what he would do with powers as sublime as they were easily pervertible to irredeemable diabolism. Before these statements Robert stood in an attitude of that sustained mental interrogation which neither believes nor disbelieves. But now Daniel's added assurance that another spirit who had been *refreshed* by ages of life in rosy devachan was coming to use her past attainments (good, bad, and indifferent) as seed for a new spring's planting, was a statement that aroused Robert to an intense expectancy.

And so, one morning early in September, Ethel Eloiheem opened her eyes in the midst of this household.

With the birth of her daughter, Althea, like one awakening from a dream, was harassed by the certainty that stirring times were closing in on the political world, full of chances interesting to a speculator, and which she had neglected.

Her healthy interest in an out-door world, her delight in the freedom to do as she chose, was elixir of life to Althea.

"Here's the daughter you have been crying for, Daniel. Now I have done my share. Take her, Daniel," said Althea jubilantly, one day. "I must go to my work."

Of all the soft influences that had captivated her in those days of the kindergarten craze, as she now called it, there remained chiefly a remembrance that she had hoped that, in some unique sense, this Ethel would be a typical American

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girl, carrying, as she did, the blood of five nations in her veins. For the rest, the man who married Undine could not less have enjoyed the possibilities of that water sprite than did Althea the lightly slumbering faculties of those on whom Daniel and she had bestowed such peculiar care.

She was uncomfortable in seeing Ethel's head was so high above the ears and that her eyes were far from agreeable to persons accustomed to see eyes in closer proximity to one another and of a far less long and large shape and size.

By the time Ethel was six years old she talked but little, and in quaint outbursts, which Althea despatched with the words, "Go to your father, little old woman; he'll understand you!" And by that time Althea had taken hold on Robert, who was now sixteen years old, telling him they must raise the family. And before this time Daniel had added another story to the house, giving them three chambers, and other desirable improvements, but tearing away nothing of what had already been done. For everything done by Daniel was done to last, and done in such a style that nothing true to the beauty-of-use could be added, which, in that order of fealty, would put to the blush the beginnings of the Eloiheem home.

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CHAPTER VI.

"THE TOOLS TO WHO CAN USE THEM."

IF it is true that, to show what a man can work at, is to show what the man is, then the sun-flooded home of the Eloiheems somewhat revealed them one day, at that eventful stage in our national history when the plotting and planning of the Confederacy of seceding States had neared the point of arming against the Union.

In a corner of the large living-room, removed from doors and windows, and from the armory of tools and the kindergarten-table, stood Althea's account-desk, generally shut away from all else by a folding screen. In the midst of the alcove-window, mid the garden of blossoming plants there, was Ethel's table and chair, and generally Ethel herself. Daniel's chair was by the table in the middle of the room, half-way between Ethel's table and the orderly tool-table, called "the Eloiheem armory," perhaps because the priest of this home, "with plain, heroic magnitude of mind and celestial vigor armed," had recognized that the cultivation of the tools and the arts of peace is the best defence against the intrusion of war. Certainly, the motto over the table, "The tools to him who can use them," was no form of meaningless words to children who owed all the beautiful things of the home to the use of these tools in the hands of the man in whom inhered reserves of artisan and artistic skill. Reserves of ability, which the children knew Daniel claimed were part of his heritage from the successes accomplished by him in other incarnations.

Money might never purchase furniture, back of whose ornamentation was "an intellectual design" of finer import than that embodied here by the indefatigable Daniel, and conned by Robert and Ethel.

The dresser of which so much and so little has yet been said, stood out across the corner of the room near to the

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window-garden, so that as Ethel sat at her table with plants between her and the window-glass, and also between her and the room, she could, at any time, pass unobserved in among the tall azaleas, cannas, and geraniums, to a recess back of this dresser. And this she often did, because in that corner was a little stool, which both she and Robert had occupied often and often, as they had gotten away to meditate there on a beautiful thing hidden, and known only to the Eloiheems and immortal eyes.

In this room Daniel, Rob, and Ethel were at work one day, at their tables, when into the silence fell the words, —

"Let me introduce you, Mr. Hastings, to my husband and my children. Daniel, Robert, Ethel, this is Mr. John Hastings."

And at the door stood Althea and the visitor. But John had been permitted to well take in the quiet beauty of the scene before Althea, by speaking, had drawn on him the three pairs of eyes.

Because an hour earlier, Althea had seen just before her, for the first time in fifteen years, John Hastings, as a man was telling him that Daniel Heem was worse than ever; played all day with his children, while the woman of the house kept the wolf from the door as best she could. Althea had stepped up, saying merrily, "O, fie! Mr. Smitherson! not so bad as that. You talk so loud, I heard your romance and compliments to my skill." And then, "What? In town after so long a time, Mr. Hastings? Well, I am just going home. Why not come up home with me, and share a poor man's crust?" she had said to John.

And, nothing loath, he had done so. And this is what had met his eyes, as Althea had first stepped in herself, and, after a swift and silent glance, had permitted John to enter and to gaze as silently, before she had announced him.

"Well, you have made a soft place for yourself," John had said at last, with a boisterous slap of his hand across Daniel's extended palm.

The children had drawn together, and stood with four dark eyes fixed on this man: and when he boisterously spoke to them, they but drew a bit nearer together, looking at him as young princes might look at a clown who was going too far in his jokes.

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"What's the matter? Are they dumb?" said John.

"Not dumb, but dainty, rather dainty!" said Althea.

"Well — suppose they are, what is there here to shock them?"

"O, nothing; nothing remains in the Eloiheem home which shocks the children!" said Althea, in a tone which she occasionally used on the street, as a man might draw forth a rapier when scoundrels come too close.

For on the way to this home, John Hastings had shown her two facts: first, that he had been getting away from his old philosophies of love and life, so that all that was left of his youth's dreams was a thick thudding of the pulse, in which there was little cheer, but which was as over-mastering a commotion of brain and vein as if his faithful service to it had brought him a better reward. So it was first evident to Althea that in fifteen years this man, John Hastings, had gotten over a large area of experience. Next, he had shown her that in his manner which made her remember wrathfully the time when she had forgotten to be a goddess. For he had remembered (and his manner had purposely shown her that he remembered) a time when she had angled well for his help in carrying forward the plans which she had had in view. He had had a way of looking at her that she did not like. So that, by the time they had reached the Eloiheem home she had been only too glad to throw open the door as she had done, ushering him upon such a scene as sufficiently repudiated the words spoken on the street.

At this moment they stood facing one another, Althea and John, with a directness of gaze, which, whatever passions were thumping away in John's overheated brain, gave him to see he might as well try to frighten off the angel Death as to try to frighten the self-poised, purposeful woman which the last fifteen years had made of the once combative and vaguely ambitious Althea Eloi.

John Hastings gave way, and sank into a chair; from whence, with hands clasped behind his head, he sent his brown eyes searching into the spirit back of the appearances in that home.

He was a child-loving, childless, wifeless, homeless man, who felt "badly knocked about by the world." And now the puzzle grew on him that "Daniel Heem instead of John Hastings had come to this luck." His heart went out to Ethel;

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but do what he would he could win from her only a grave regard, as, with her strange eyes, she kept him at a distance.

"I'll be back directly," said he, getting on his feet and snatching his hat, as he passed on and out of the door.

When he came in it was without knocking, and with a hearty cordiality toward John Hastings which would have been touching if he had not been himself that John. As it was, he suddenly sensed that the cordiality was chiefly on his part. For the children stood drawn up like sentinels on either side of Daniel. He, motionless, left Althea to do or say what she chose, while he, the priest of this home, engaged in mental processes, which, if recorded, would convince the popular mind that this Daniel was but an insane man, living in a world of his own imaginings.

Althea was used to the peculiar quality of silence which Daniel brought to bear on a perturbed moral or mental atmosphere. And now she summed up the matter in the thought, "Dannielle does not like to have this man in this home," but with an uncomfortable sense that, nevertheless, she could not very well dispose of John Hastings, because John had not forgotten the commercial favors which he had done for her in the old times, nor the slights which she had afterwards put upon him. And angry that John had not forgotten what she had long since found it convenient to forget, she, too, drew near Daniel.

But she sensed, meanwhile, that she had now before her the task of reaping what she had one winter sowed. For one winter she had used her woman-influence to gain financial benefits, for which she gave no adequate commercial return. And with a sickening alarm she felt that it was now this man's purpose to punish her in some way for what he considered to be her way of duping him. In that winter she had felt it as right to win men to work her will for her as her father would have felt it to do a like thing. And she had done it just as her father would have done. John had seemed to enjoy being her slave, and she had let him be, to the extent necessary to the furtherance of her financial plans. And for his help she had thanked him; and Daniel had always been present, and had, more or less, silently acquiesced.

Why did it all now, in this man's presence, with this manner of his, seem so offensive to her? For one thing, Althea

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told herself, this Hastings had become a much worse man than he had been fifteen years before. And she, Mrs. Eloiheem, had become more wise and womanly than was the Althea Eloi who, fifteen years before, had been but ignorantly and innocently testing her abilities to accomplish her aims with whatever advantages and disadvantages she, as young woman, possessed. Perhaps not only she, but Daniel, too, was thinking this, as Mrs. Eloiheem stood back of his chair with her son and daughter at the left and the right of her, and with their four pairs of eyes on John Hastings.

It was certainly a striking tableau: and so John felt it to be. With an almost imperceptible motion of the head toward Althea, he suddenly launched into the statement that "what the border-ruffians were then doing in Kansas, they were only too eager to do for the Union at large." Then he began graphically picturing the scenes of horror in Kansas, from which he had just come. He assured Daniel he had come to Wisconsin for no other purpose than to arouse his compeers to protect hearth and home against the extension of slavery before it should be too late.

John had always been a fire-eater, and had held in scorn people whose business interests in preserving peace between North and South had caused them to repress the discussion of the question of slavery. The Missouri compromise had just been repealed, and John, with many others, was on fire to arouse the North to withstand the extension of slavery into the free States. As he ceased speaking he tossed a box of puzzle-blocks of the old-fashioned sort on to Ethel's table; and, at the same time he tossed her the words, —

"See what you can make of that puzzle."

Ethel, with wide, wondering eyes, watching him as if he were some strange creature, moved to the table; but stood still, alert, as John, continuing his talk with Daniel, tauntingly called him, "a peace man." And when Daniel, in some response to some further remark of John's had said, "There is unity in variety," Ethel, with a curious set to her rather square little jaw, imperatively asked, —

"What is unity in variety?" And John exclaimed, "Hello! The little one has a tongue." And kneeling by her table he began to show her how to fit together the pieces of the picture-puzzle. "See? There is a variety of pieces here, of different size, shape, and color. But if you put

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them together right, you can make a unity out of the variety! You try it, little old woman!" he said, almost won away from his furious rage against Daniel's sentiments, yet adding sharply: —

"But I tell you, Daniel, you can't make a unity by trying to match together free institutions, free labor, free speech, and that damnedest of things, slavery! It has got to be one or the other, in this country, but not both. And you know that, if you know anything," thrashing about gesticulatingly, and smiting down an azalea blossom that fell on Ethel's table. He glanced at the blossom and then at the flushed face raised toward his; and arrested by it, he bent over Ethel, stroking her golden hair passionately, as he did everything.

With intent scrutiny Ethel looked into his eyes. She was looking into them, not at them; and with a scrutiny that struck John strangely.

"Well, what's the matter? Why don't you play with your blocks? Tired of them so soon?" said he.

She had moved her head twice, to get a better light on John's eyes, as he stooped over her. Then, —

"Yes," she said.

John felt queerly. "You are not a very polite little girl," he ejaculated.

"Am I?" she said in an expressionless, inconsequent way, intent on nothing but what she saw in John's eyes.

"Why don't you play with your blocks?" said he.

"I have made the picture, and that is all there is to it," she said.

"She means there is really no variety to a thing of that sort; a mere following of a fixed pattern. No chance for invention or creation as there is in kindergarten blocks," said Robert interposing himself, as well as his remark, in a way exasperating to John; who, with that sense of partisanship always strong upon him, flew out angrily. And presently, following some idea clear only to himself, he had laid together two pieces of the pine wood and had asked Ethel if he should cut them into one shape. And with a dislike of John's noisy manners, Ethel had said, —

"You may if you wish! And, Dannielle, let's you and I go into the garden and see if the crocuses are up."

"By thunder! you are worse than your mother for pure

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impudence," said John. "But you don't get off so easy! You sit still and see what you have told me to do, and what comes of it!"

Robert and Althea looked at Daniel. He sat unmoved, watching curiously this man and Ethel; till John had cut two blocks into a circular form; and, laying them side by side with the mutilated picture on them uppermost, he said, —

"There now! Look at your work, you cruel little thing. You have made me cut off the boy's arms and the girl's head. You may well flush up! And now I'll tell you this — and you just remember it till you're dead and in your grave — this is just what comes of the laziness of you girls and women, who say to men: 'You do as you please while we have a good time in the garden.' This is what comes of slavery of all sorts. O, you keep back, young fellow! I shan't hurt your sister! She needs a little waking up."

"She don't need to hear such as that, though. What are you trying to get at, anyway?" said Robert, in deep tones, as, taller than John, he towered above him. But meeting Daniel's eye, Rob fell back with a look of amazement, as John was permitted to continue in the same rough way, —

"I mean to make her understand so she will never forget it, that, when she grows up, if she don't fight against slavery of all kinds she will be as wicked as she would be if she took a knife and chopped off her father's head and Robert's arms. And, little woman, you best take and keep these blocks to make you remember that you told me to cut off the head of the girl and —"

"I said you could if you wished," said Ethel, straightened up, with conflicting indignation, horror, and pity in her mobile face, as she looked from the blocks to the picture on the box cover. For on the box cover was a picture of a boy in a tree passing fruit to a little girl who stood with upturned face, receiving it from his hand. Ethel had gathered up the little curls of shavings that John's sharp knife had laid off from the pieces of block whereon had been the counterpart of this part of the picture. And with his crude and bitter words ringing in her ears, Ethel repeated again staunchly, "I said you could if you wished. And you did wish. Now I shall wish to put them together again into happiness." John's face, wrung with passionate pain, had a

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lift at the corner of the mouth and the brow above it; a look so electrifying to something in Ethel's nature that breathlessly she watched him with emotions in which awe and aroused admiration were discerned by the attentive Daniel. And John turning from her, and catching Daniel's eyes, said with a laugh as new to Ethel as was the man's whole moral atmosphere, —

"There you are, Daniel! You'll be trying just that way to patch up the Union after, by your negligence, it is cut to pieces. I tell you this land will be strewn with heads and arms of butchered men; and we will have you and men like you to thank for it.

"That's right, my girl: put them into the jewel box," he said, watching Ethel as she was daintily doing this. "For jewel box never held anything so precious as the individual ability that you girls send to rack and ruin with your selfish airs."

"Yes, Ethel," interposed Althea, adding her part to the impressions which this hour was stamping into Ethel's soul by retaliating to John over Ethel's shoulder. "Yes, Ethel. Remember the individual is the jewel of the Republic; and that the man who fears to give woman freedom to be her best self is a coward, Ethel. Only a coward fears. No Eloiheem fears." She said this with a look at John which was answered by a look from him, full of fires on both sides, not kindled at Heaven's altar. And Ethel, the strange and the heretofore strangely protected child, with startled, luminous eyes, looked from one to the other. For like hurtling bullets round the head of a gallant soldier to whom the smell of powder is a call to arms, these missives fell about her soul. And now, not only some thought of her father trying to patch up the Union with heads and arms of butchered men, and thought of John so sorry for it all, but also, some arousing sense of the quality of the emotions in John's gaze and in her mother's sparkling rebuff of it,— these things had whitened Ethel's face. Meanwhile in her ears rung the last words of her mother.

"Bless my soul! I have frightened the child," said John.

"*Eloiheems don't frighten*, do they, Dannielle?" said the white lips, staunchly.

"No, my little jewel, they do not!" said Althea, kissing her. "And we will commemorate this occasion by putting

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my brave little daughter into the diagram of the Eloiheem Commonwealth. And you can tell Mr. Hastings that as for the ability which selfish airs send to ruin, as we have none of the airs in this family, we have none of the ruin. And we have none of the airs for the reason that we have no man here who fears to give woman a chance to be her best self whatever her order of ability may be."

"Pile it on," said John, after a look at Althea which went to Ethel's soul.

"He pains so hard, Dannielle," Ethel cried, shuddering, as she stretched a hand to him and a hand to John.

"By Jove! I believe she is sorry for me," said John huskily; while Daniel sat immovable, with eyes on Ethel.

"Life treats you well, Daniel," said John then, watching Althea's motions as she took the diagram from the wall: and then, as if in desperation, he added suddenly,—

"By the way, that was an awful winter you put in there up in the wilderness, practically alone, Mrs. Heem! You know, Daniel, she had a bare escape with her life that time."

"This is the part I want changed," said Althea, swiftly passing the framed diagram over Daniel's shoulders as she stood behind his chair, interposing it between Daniel's face and John's eyes. "I tell Rob he is setting up for himself the problem how to build a square on the hypothenuse of a triangle, one of whose sides is three times the length of the other; because — O, pardon, Mr. Hastings. Yes, about that winter? It was a great winter! I was working out my plans with youthful commotion, while Daniel, as usual, holding to his principle of leaving woman in freedom, left me uninterrupted by so much as a suggestion, seeing none was needed."

"How she will lie for him! Or she would, if she couldn't do the thing up more artistically without," thought John.

He bent over, with feet drawn back almost under his chair, and with his hands in his pockets, as he caught this outcome of his random shot. He could not see Daniel's face; but he could see Daniel's head was against the faithful heart whose thick thuddings John thought he could almost hear.

"God! To have a woman like that for my wife."

He did not say it in words; but he said it with eyes,

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breath, and being, trembling in wrath at the man who, immovable, sat sheltered and sustained, while Althea, still intent on pressing the diagram on John's attention — the diagram which he had said they never could practicalize —asked him what would be a suitable monogram for the little individual, Ethel, who was an Eloiheem, and who did not fear?

"I am sure Ethel should 'choose the most beautiful of the infinities,' as Plato says," interposed Robert, getting between Ethel and John Hastings. "For hers will be the life-results of a spirit immortal from birth."

"I will choose the infinities!" said Ethel. And however senseless a jargon all this might have seemed to Althea, she by no means chose to do other now than, with her eyes, to sweep the room, her children, and this whole into John's soul, as she thus effectually announced: —

"This, you see, Mr. Hastings, is the order of life lived in this home."

It was a cruel look, directed against a man who did not deserve it from her. Neither did Althea suppose he did. She only knew just then that John had one night looked in at their window and had seen, in her, manners which were not the manners of a goddess. And it was as a goddess that she wished to impress him. She was conscious, too, that the terrible eyes of Robert and of Ethel were upon her, and that John Hastings, passing back of Daniel's chair, had given her a quick look and motion of the head which said plainly enough, "Pile it on! You're able for it! I know the whole story all the same!" And angry at sensing the pallor that was sweeping over her cheek, she now haughtily seated herself opposite Daniel, saying with a rather bored air,—

"You seem restless, Mr. Hastings. Pray draw your chair up beside us and continue unfolding to us your plans for the war which you foretell."

"Dannielle, what are they doing so much?" said Ethel, with pallor of face, but with a sparkling of dark eyes not devoid of pleasure in the fight, such as it was.

Daniel's arm went about her, and then he gazed at the cedar-dresser. And then, presently, as if some power had swept Ethel's mind out of the unhealthy atmosphere so utterly new to her, she became absorbed in the stories which she had heard concerning the carvings on the panels of this

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piece of furniture. She was looking with Daniel at the front panel, where was carved a bit of a forest scene. In the foreground was the shore of a lake where lay a great tree-trunk. On it sat a man and a woman sharing together a cup which they held, while above them in the sky hung a comet and a star. With a glance at Robert which included him in her reviewal of what they both so well knew, Ethel thought of the fact that in the days when the cedar-tree lay on the shore, this beautifully carved dresser was not a dresser, nor was Robert yet become Robert. For that then, neither dresser, Robert, nor she herself had been thought into their present form by their maker. She was thinking of the fact, told to her long ago, — that that tree, having "performed the part characteristic of being" a tree, was lying there on that lake-shore, not knowing that it was waiting to be sawed into boards by the Daniel who, uniting the life of his knowledge with the life of the tree's life, did afterward make that tree-trunk into the form of beauty which the cedar had now become: — the form of beauty known as the carven cedar-dresser, which she had always seen standing in the Eloiheem home "executing a part characteristic of its new cause of being" a dresser. It seemed to Ethel she and Rob had always known that trees had to "execute in their different lives, different" parts, characteristic of the different forms which they became as the ages moved on. It seemed to her Rob and she had always known that when this dresser was a monarch of a forest it had served as monarchs should — protectingly — spreading out gracious arms blessedly. But that at last a change had come, and the cedar had had added to it Dannielle's knowledge and Dannielle's ideal of the beauty of use, and now stood in the Eloiheem-home doing something of which only the Eloiheems knew.

And while wishing John might be told this secret Ethel passed in among the flowers and passed behind the dresser to look at the carving on the back of it, inwardly repeating to herself a many-times-told tale, — the tale that thousands of other forest-trees had been left to grow up, apparently neglected, and had been allowed to fall into decay, and that those then had been succeeded by other growths, saplings, which, in turn, had matured, decayed, and fallen to the ground in like manner; and that so, ages had rolled on, and still forests, new-born, had matured, died, and decayed, falling and massing

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themselves age on age, covering in their depths the first trees — trees which, lying far away out of remembrance of man, at last carbonized into coals. And still ages had swept by. Till those coals, once trees, buried down in Nature's laboratory, crystallized into diamonds. So that, what once had been forest, next became coals, and at last became a jewel, — a jewel with a then altogether new part to perform, characteristic of being a jewel.

The dresser stood out across a corner of the room at the left of the deep window-garden, and as Ethel now sat in this secluded spot on the little stool always there, the light from the window, striking athwart the back panel, plainly showed her the picture and the legend cut under it. For the hundredth time, perhaps, Ethel read this legend: —

"And ages rolled on: and the cedars, once trees, carbonized into coals which crystallized into a diamond, a diamond fitted to perform a part characteristic of its new cause of new being."

Above the legend was a Greek cross cut in high relief, and upon it was a crown, and set high in the crown was one dazzling diamond.

This diamond Ethel and Robert knew had been taken from a brooch, which Althea, naturally, had not neglected to let them know had been rendered defective by the abstraction of its rarest gem, — a jewel abstracted for the perfection of the illustration of the fact that, "when needful, many equally self-conscious and independent lives may unite to secure a result," which, *multum in parvo*, shall be an englobement of the essential being of millions of lives engaged in the evolution of its resultant. To Ethel, the light of ancient stories — and they were many and luminous as told to her by Daniel — gathered round this carving and legend.

To her, this jewel was the residue of millions of forest-forms. To her, the murmuring trees, in sunshine and in storm, were all whispering, "We must unite; we must unite to create the jewel which at last shall come from our coals."

But now with this accustomed thought, some recognition of John's fiery and not comprehended pain anguishingly laid hold on her startled spirit. His hatred of slavery, his charges of selfishness against her, her mother's vehement cry that the individual is the jewel of the Republic, and that "Ethel was

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a jewel" — blended somehow with a swift vision of thousands of trees that had died down to darkness in order that there might be gotten together the wherewithal to flame with light, as flame with light the diamond does.

A heart-breaking, soul-burdening sense of pity and of responsibility for the deaths of those who had died for the diamond's sake overwhelmed this soul so strangely aroused by the sight of a torture that had worked in John's passionate face.

"Till I am dead and in my coffin, I must remember what slavery does, and I must fight against it. John says I must," thought she, as with scarlet cheeks and throbbing heart she went out from her retreat, passing through the plants to her chair at the table. And with strange reveries she began building with her blocks the form of the Eloiheem diagram, glancing out now and then through the flowers at "John." It was as "John" that Ethel thought of this violent man. For as John he was to her (so Daniel had perceived) a revelator and a resurrector of the lightly sleeping passions of her own bold and bad, or brave and good, nature.

While Ethel was behind the dresser, some men had arrived whom John had met when he was out getting the playthings for Ethel; — men whom he had then told to "come right up and make Heem stump the State for free soil," as the terms then went. These men had been met at the door by Daniel, who, with finger on his lip, had nodded silencingly toward where Ethel had seated herself, half-hidden in blossoms and verdure. And as a report was out that Ethel was a feeble-minded child to whom Daniel devoted himself, these men, taken aback by the beauty within the room and by the silent reception, had come in as if to where a sick person lay.

Perhaps their surprise at what they saw there amid sun-flooded flowers toned down their zeal for making the "South bite the dust." In any case, so quiet were they that when they fell to talking, their voices to Ethel were like part of the murmur of the forest of which she was thinking, as she built on the large square of the triangle a form, sloping upward on all sides to an apex, — the form, in short, of a pyramid.

"West, South, and North, we should keep together. In union there is strength. Doubtless, if each would but incline gracefully a little toward the other, we would none of us need

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servilely to bend nor to break the bond which binds us into one bundle of life."

As Daniel quietly said this, it was to Ethel almost as if he had spoken out of the silence. She met his eyes, and listeningly took a "slat" from her box of them, and measuring it against the lines of her table, bent it into equal parts, and bringing the ends together, produced a triangle, thinking of her father's words — "bent, not broken" — "in union there is strength."

"Not a section, State, or individual, black or white, can we afford to lose from the wealth of the Union. Just in the degree that we protect and elevate individual ability do we protect, emphasize, and crown this Republic with its own order of individuality among the nations of Earth."

As if Daniel's words sent Ethel's thoughts back to the mutilated picture, she took the little curls of those shavings from the jewel-box, and, slipping the triangle over the apex of the pyramid, hung the curls here and there daintily upon it.

"There, John Hastings, dear! Here it is, that wasted ability that you wished to try to cut into one shape! See, it is the jewel of the Republic and it is elevated to the top of the pyramid built up on the Eloiheem Commonwealth," she said. "Come now, gentlemen all, and sing my new song with me! An individual is a jewel, and a jewel is a diamond: and it takes ages to make a diamond. So let's sing, 'Elevate ability to the apex of the pyramid,' while with graceful inclinations toward each other we dance with joy about the pyramid of the Republic!" said she. And Daniel, ready as ever to join her in her play of pretty fancies, had arsien and taken her extended hand; and then Robert and the mother, and next John and the other visitors had joined hands, making a ring about the table, and were soon engaged in learning, as best they could, the mosaic of notions patched up by Ethel and Daniel; and were seconding Ethel's expressed wish that they should look lovingly into each other's eyes while thinking the thoughts that Daniel thought about the friendly trees and crystallizing forest-coals. And though from Ethel's jargon they caught little sense, the visitors did catch something else from the play, as entering into the fun of it, they each tried, with graceful inclination, to look lovingly into each other's eyes, in the very successful way in which Mrs. Eloiheem did it, as she turned from one to another of these visitors, whose

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friendship she wished to retain for her family's sake, till, at last, peals of merriment had taken the place of the old fury for "making the South bite," etc.

"Well, well!" said Mr. Chelmitch an hour later, after having spent that time looking over the work done by this kindergarten method, and looking at the meanings of the building on the squares. Ethel had told him stories connected with her "inventions," in her elderly, unself-conscious way, and the gentlemen, following Althea's invitation, had joined Ethel and Daniel in other plays, with a refreshment of spirit not believable except by those who may have given themselves up to the spirit that is in the wheels of this thing of the new age.

Mr. Chelmitch, touched to the depth of his fine nature, said: "And this, you tell me, is philosophical education? Pray what is the fundamental principle of it?"

"One-in-all-and-all-in-One," said Daniel; "also a 'democratic association among equals.' So you see, it ought to be a national system of education secured to all children between half-past two and six years of age!"

"'Democratic association among *equals!*' The Nation will never adopt that, not if you count the South in the Nation," said John. "Their purpose is to stamp out free-education, free-labor, and free-men. As to the One-in-all principle, you'll never get that, till we have had one war that will make the sort of a oneness which you find in an ash heap after a city is burned over."

Ethel, pallid, listened. Daniel's cool voice came forth:—

"I suppose this education might have been long ago established in Germany, if wars there were not always breaking up the peaceful avocations of the home-maker, and remanding the people back into barbarism faster than they can climb out of it! Few of us, even in this country, have developed the love of the other which would enable us, North and South, to deal advantageously with each other's peculiarities."

"Now, Daniel, what's the use of talking of dealing advantageously with peculiarities of men who are filling the North with slave labor," cried John. "I'd deal with them by giving them the point of the bayonet with no time to say their prayers! That's the advantageous dealing that I would indulge in."

"Now the kindergarten principle which comes in just here," continued Daniel quietly, "is the principle of working

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opposites together to create new forms of life, knowledge, and beauty. And also, we could practise the principle of 'conciliating contrasts:' which means — "

"O! O! A fellow who, in these days, hasn't learned the meaning of 'conciliation' hasn't kept his ears open for the hiss of the copper-head," said John, using a term then in favor as a distinguishing epithet for "peace men." "We have plenty of that talk in Kansas, too. In such a time as this, even old friendships won't keep me from telling the truth! I heard you say, Daniel, that fighting is the mere outcome of animal rages. You said it was too mean a thing to have its place in a national family of sovereign souls, such as our country boasts of being. Now, Daniel," said John, again getting nearer and looking very ugly, and talking in a tone of suppressed rage, "*I* never heard our country make any such high-falutin boast as that! So far as I know, what we claim is, to be able and mighty willing to stiffen out a man who turns traitor! It don't take much talk to do that; and any talk instead of that is stuff that I wouldn't listen to from my own father, if I had one in these days. As for the 'common civility' of which you talk so much, and which you say neither intrudes nor shies, and which you say kindergarten-trained people would naturally show toward one another, — all that *talk* is *bosh*. For this is no kid glove party that the North and South are getting up! Why, you seem to be making it out that the South and North arn't pretty mannered toward each other, arn't you?" said John, with ferocious sarcasm.

"Something like that, yes," answered Daniel, noticing above all things, Ethel's eyes as they were fixed on this man. "Don't my words seem true?"

"O yes; it is true that the Kingdom of Heaven has not yet come to earth! So far as I have heard the news, there is no such thing thinking of coming. But I'll tell you what is coming! A raging old hell of a fight, when either the South or the North has got to take one all-fired stamping out. Then the one that gets licked will lay low forever after. But I tell you, if the South gives the licking and the North gets it, there's no nigger with a whip-peeled back who need envy the white slave that you and I and your girl here and the rest of us will then personate," said John, wiping his face.

"And if the South gets it, what then?" said Daniel, closing his hand over Ethel's as it had come staunchly into his.

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"Why then, when we know for sure that they know that we know that they are whipped to rags, clear slashed up, through and through, then we will set 'em on their feet again, and let in free schools on the niggers, and hard work on the planters. But we will not let them back again into the Union till they have paid back out of their own muscle (not out of their niggers), one full half of the whole debt which their naughtiness is going to bring on the family. For after they are well whipped they shall be kept in solitude long enough to give them a realizing sense of their sins, and to make them value their privileges, if ever they are again admitted to the Union they are now so anxious to get out of! Then, after they get where they will know how to value family relations with the North, *then* will be time enough to talk of showing them the civility which neither intrudes nor shies. But till the whole South is converted you can't have any high-toned civility between them and Yankees. For to them Yankees are '*mudsills*,' and their idea of the real civil thing in a mudsill is, that it should lie low and convenient-like, while Southerners wipe their feet on it! They are wiping their feet on us now! That's 'cause they don't know any better! They think God Almighty ordained Yanks and niggers to that use! Now if we just up in a body, and knock the thundering breath out of them with the first blow (and it will take a good lick to do it), then they will know that mudsills don't do *that* way. Stiffen 'em at the first lick, and stand over 'em till their cussed mistake is knocked out of 'em, or, take a long war, a fool's peace, and a mutilated Nation for the next quarter of a century." With the swish of his fingers across his brow, the man flung sweat on the floor. He was in agony, and the sight of it was to Ethel a full baptism in the knowledge of it.

A new world had opened to her; and she sprung into the midst of it with the outcry: —

"Tell me this minute what this is?" And John, turning, saw that face where, out of the whiteness, black eyes burned consumingly, and he said, as if to a man: —

"It is treason! It is a ruined Republic! For good men are dallying fools: and traitors carry all the cunning. That's what it is!"

"Won't my father fight?"

"No, he won't. He would rather play with you."

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"Would you rather play with me than fight?" said Ethel, turning on her father.

"I would rather play with you than fight," said Daniel, with peace profound.

For Ethel, the end of delight mid blossoms and Daniel's visions of peace had been flung off when that man's fingers had flung off those drops from his brow,— that, Daniel saw. But he did not touch Ethel nor explain his words. He folded his arms. Ethel, watching him, folded hers; and full of awe, horror, and faith, she looked up into the eyes looking down into hers so beneficently. Then: —

"O, my ruined Republic!" cried she, getting away to her table. For one instant she looked at the construction there. Then, with arms on her table and head on her arms, deep sobs, controlled as those which shake the soul of an older mourner, shook hers.

Daniel's next act was to bow gravely to the gentlemen: and in the stillness which he somehow had commanded, all, even Mrs. Eloiheem, went away, leaving Daniel with this thoroughly aroused soul.

Althea had gladly gone out; for she was sure there would be a scene. Besides, she wished to talk over the matter of the pending war, determined to learn at once the probable bearing on the business world of this looming national disaster.

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CHAPTER VII.

NEW POWERS OF THE NEW AGE.

AT this time gold, wheat, and everything began to rise, including the passions of men, many of whom began to reason that if there were a war, certain advantages could be reaped from it by those who knew how to avail themselves of this opportunity for wealth-making. And as Althea walked away with her guests, she, like them, was thinking, if nothing but war would bring about peace, as she wanted to see peace, she might as well prepare for war, by defining her plans in case of its outbreak.

"This has been a crazing experience for Ethel," she said, closing the door on the scene which she was glad to leave. "She has been taught so that she supposes only beasts on four legs fight. Mr. Hastings, you have the honor to be the first man she has ever seen in a passion. Your attack on Mr. Eloiheem's peace-principles — "

"O, that little one is a pretty good fighter herself. It was too good, poor little soul, to hear that outburst, —'O, my ruined Republic.' Jove! She has the airs of a tragedy queen! I'd rather not be in Daniel's shoes if she takes the notion that Daniel is a traitor! Where did she get her notions all?"

"Where you gentlemen get your power of taking a look into the financial conditions and chances of this crisis. And that is what I want you to tell me about. For you see, Dannielle is a philosopher, not a financier, and I? Well, these hands are all I have to look to," — holding up the beautiful pair, which seemed to John whiter and more exquisitely shaped than ever.

Meanwhile Ethel was still abandoned to the sickening recognition that, even though their beautiful Republic needed him, Daniel would rather play with her than fight, and that John thought no better of him for this preference.

Daniel sat quietly, waiting for her tumultuous sobs to

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cease — waiting till, released from the pressure of discordant minds, Ethel should regain herself.

Presently she came to him. He took her on his knee. Then sobs not free from anger swelled up, as with head on his breast, she waited evidently for him to give an account of himself.

Daniel was silent. At last: —

"What are dallying fools?" she asked, sharply.

"They are those who, when they know they ought to act and act at once, hesitate against reason, instead of acting."

Ethel broke into a new paroxysm. Then: —

"What is treason?"

"It is, in this case, the attempt to overthrow the Union!"

"O, my Republic!" she sobbed again. Then: —"Are there many treason men?"

"I never saw a man who considered himself a traitor to his country. There are men who think *other* men are traitors?"

"Does any one think you — it?"

"I don't think my Creator sees me to be a traitor," said Daniel.

Ethel was silent. This answer to her equalled an assurance that her father was not a traitor.

Yet, after this episode, as the days went by, she heard several chance words that showed her no one considered him a patriot.

At last the question, "Is war to be?" was answered, as the gun fired on Sumter announced "War is."

Then came on sound of drum, drill, and "all the pomp and circumstance of war," in which Ethel saw but the fact that her Nation was fighting itself.

One day she heard her mother explaining, with an appearance of blithe interest in the stirring times, that "they had had hard work to keep Rob from passing himself off as of an age to volunteer. But we think there is a better use for him than to stop bullets. *I* say that men who love to fight and love the bounty-money would better go; while the others of us will use ourselves raising the money for them. So you must tell the gentlemen of that committee to call on us for what they think is right. Of course you know, anyway, the Mr. Eloiheem is over, and Rob, under the age for the draft; and then, as for the money-making, these —"

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She held up those lovely hands, to signify that they were all there was to rely upon for money-making.

And Ethel, hearing this, flushed warm with emotions which she could not understand; and which were not quieted, as the gentleman remarked with a bow: —

"When we regard your wealth-producing powers, we look higher than your hands, Mrs. Eloiheem," adding something which meant that those who were getting rich out of the war must expect to aid freely in carrying on the municipal expenses of it.

Ethel saw the mother did not look pleased. Yet, presently, Ethel heard the mother say, "After all, we are doing very well, Rob, considering Daniel's peace-principles! Lucky you *are* too young for the draft, Rob. But if the war continues a year, they'll grab you or make me pay a big bounty for some other young fellow to go and be shot in your stead."

And Ethel, sick with horror, heard it all.

One day, not long afterward, Althea said, —

"Daniel, do find something to take up Ethel's mind! She seems to be living in the very sight of the battle-fields! And besides, she asks abominable questions about things she can't understand. At every new call for men she says she sees 'friends and neighbors, foot-sore and weary, tramping over the land to meet others equally tired and blameless, who are coming to be cut and blown to pieces, slaughtered in the act of slaughtering.' She wants to know what good will come of it, and — and other wretched questions she asks! Daniel, don't you see, this year that child has fallen away to a skeleton?"

"Daniel, this matter must be explained to Ethel in some reasonable way," said Althea again, months afterwards, shocked at the increasing change in Ethel, and fearing for her reason.

"There is no reasonable explanation of the madness of having war between civilized people," said Daniel.

"Well, don't let's go over that! Just look at Ethel. That's the point! If this is all that your teachings do for her, I say they do not fit her to live in this feverish and belligerent world."

"I am not fitting Ethel for a belligerent world. I am trying to fit the world for a peace-loving Ethel," said Daniel slowly. Something in this answer sent Althea to look *herself*

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up. She found herself a woman nearing the forties, whose features could harden into an expression of combative shrewdness, not ideal beauty. She remembered that of old she had posed with a degree of moral picturesqueness, as she had moved about, speaking with a voice full of pretty reserves of tenderness and pride, not lost on those who noticed these characteristics of the handsome young Mrs. Eloiheem. The young Mrs. Eloiheem, who was said to have sacrificed the wealth of the Elois and Houndsheaths for love of the man whom she was then supposed to be supporting. But nineteen years had passed since these traditions of this Mrs. Eloiheem were first founded. And now she discovered that in the active West, a new generation had risen who knew nothing of her early picturesque pose, and who had, perhaps, long since somewhat hustled her out of it.

Somewhat startled she felt, as she thought of this: feeling strangely as she caught a glimpse of the woman who had learned to walk so sharply into the "good things" to be had in those days of wealth-making and man-killing.

Once it had been pleasantly said — when the town was new and the people of it young together — that when need arose in the Eloiheem family for new suits of clothes or for an invoice of Sanscrit literature for the philosopher, Mrs. Eloiheem ran down to Chicago and made her little venture in wheat or other matter, as if she were buying a ribbon. And in those days pleasant men had pleasantly helped with a word in season. But some of the men in the money-fight now were not over nice, and some of them envied her her successes. And one of them had lately said, "*That* is Mrs. Eloiheem! Put up your money where you see her put up hers. She is a Jew! And blood tells!" And not for all her hopes would Althea have had Daniel know of that speech.

And now she fancied that on every return home she came in like an invading hurricane, something as of old her father had used to come, filling the quiet with questions of eat and wear till collars, food, and boot-blacking assumed an important place as questions of the hour.

But in this self-condemnation Althea exaggerated her faults.

She was naturally too reticent and orderly a woman to

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occasion any other flutter than that magnetic commotion which inheres in the very heart-throbs of persons of strong vitality and purpose. But with some swift view of herself far from pleasant, a view which identified her with the belligerent world for which Daniel was not fitting Ethel, Althea, in silent chagrin, had hastened from the room just as Ethel entered the other door, exclaiming feverishly and belligerently enough, —

"Dannielle, I want you and Rob to go at once and fight. I say we would better be all dead than uncivil. And a slave can't be civil, for he shies, and a master can't be civil for he intrudes. And we are all slaves or master or mudsills! John's raging hell of a time has come. North and South are stamping night and day with iron hoofs on faces fair as Robert's. And stamp they will, till North or South is one mash of gore and scattered brains and — "

Shocked at the dry-eyed horror on her face, Daniel took her hand.

"Go, go at once, you and Robert, and I as a drummer-boy! Artie Aubrey says it is not civil to call people mudsills. And that those who don't resent being called mudsills are slaves! So *we* are both going down South to be killed and get out of it. But we will put in two good licks for freedom first. He says it, and I say it. Now, Daniel, what we want to know is — will you fight for freedom or die a slave?"

After this deluge of patriotism, philosophy, and fear, Daniel understanding the matter, answered quietly, —

"Freedom is my choice! I am glad to hear of the interesting plans made by yourself and friend; for while I should not mind being called a mudsill, I should not be willing to *fear* being called one. Because the fear of that, or any other thing, would at once rob me of my freedom and make me a slave."

"You do not mind being *called* a mudsill, but would not like to *fear* being called a mudsill, because the fear of it would rob you of *freedom*, which is your choice, and would make you slave?" Ethel repeated, listeningly.

"Well, as for Artie and me, *we* have feelings come into our throats — kind of punching feelings," she added, with a boyish gesture and look quite corroborative of the confession, as she continued further, "and I like the feeling of

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those feelings! And Artie says, and I say it too, that it just comes to this: If we are mudsills we are just going to show the Southerners how mudsills can serve them."

"Certainly," said Daniel. "If you are mudsills you will naturally perform the part characteristic of a mudsill's cause of being a mudsill! You know, a mudsill is a step which, in low, wet countries, serves to uplift the house and to keep discomfort out of the home."

"Why, Dannielle, then those dear Southerners were saying loving things of us. For if mudsills keep discomfort out of the home they must keep comfort in the home. Why, John didn't know how civil they were. You keep comfort in the house, too, don't you, Dannielle? And I am learning to keep comfort in the house. But — mudsill isn't a very pretty —

"Dannielle," said Ethel sharply, "*did* they mean lovingness by that name?"

"Ethel, if they had stopped to think of all the home-comfort-keeping ways of the North, they would have meant lovingness by that word and every other that they — "

"But — they did not. They meant impudence. And Artie and I will just straighten up for a good fight."

"What for?"

"For fear that they — "

Daniel's eyes had taken hers to the diagram of the Eloiheems whom she herself had said "do not fear." And, after a sharp review of that fact, —

"What do Eloiheems do in war times?" she sobbed out in mingled distress and wrath.

"They do the beautiful work found at hand by those who have eyes to see it. And they leave fightings and fears for those who like nothing better."

Changing her tactics, she said, "Dannielle, when people wear blue or gray uniforms, then we can tell whether they are patriots or traitors. When they wear neither we don't know what they are. Why don't you and Rob wear uniforms and fight slavery?"

"What slavery do you want me to fight?"

"A big man like you ought to pick out the worst kind, and fight that! The kind that leads where fewest people dare go. Scale ramparts, 'heart of the enemy,' and those things," said Ethel with soldierly fire.

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"I understand you finely, Ethel," he said, looking at her till she felt his heart received into her own. "I have always had the same feeling myself. But, Ethel, I have heard that there are two classes of slaves: those who are themselves held in bondage, and those who hold others in bondage. Besides these, there is a valiant little company whom no being nor thing can make afraid and who never seek to frighten others."

"Where do they fight? What uniform do they wear?"

"They reign on the spot they stand on. They wear uniform peace and purity."

Ethel covered her face, deluged in a sense of wrath, defeat, and of utter rebellion against her father's doctrine, while she hastened to her chamber.

"And now what is the matter with the tragedy-queen?" said Althea, coming in as Ethel passed out of the room. "You'll have your hands full with that girl yet. She has a way of looking at me, her mother, when I speak hastily, which puts me about unbearably. I won't have it. What's the matter with her now?"

"The currents of the age disturb the depths of her being."

"What a pity! The War Department should be informed and be induced to suspend battles till her currents calm," said Althea derisively,

"If wise men had their way, the soul-devastating conflicts of war would be suspended forever."

"O, well! What *I* have to say is this," said Althea impatiently, "Ethel is a child, and has no business bothering over these great questions of right and wrong. And who is this boy whom I saw talking with her so valiantly outside the garden? Fancy a great girl of her age saying that fighting is an intrusion and is uncivil! What a speech to make about the death-thrusts of a bayonet! And when I laughed at the silliness of her speech, she looked at me as though I was a criminal!"

"That," said Daniel, turning and looking at his wife with a deliberate purposefulness, "that is because, in Ethel's category of things, intrusion on the freedom of another is a crime.

"Then she must be taught better. She must know that life is made up of intrusions! If intrusion is a crime, what name would you have left to apply to murder?"

"I would call that intrusion, as she does. 'Crime is any

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violation of law, divine or human.' Ethel knows I consider that it would be, in me, as great a crime if I should intrude my will on *her* or *your* wishes, as it would be in a more brutish man, if he should thrust a bayonet into my heart."

Althea flushed up, and with a swift scrutiny of Daniel's placid face, halted a moment before speaking. For when Ethel had so passionately asked what Eloiheems did do in war-times, it had been as the result, among other things, of anger at her mother for a piece of intrusion on the liberty of her family of which more will be said hereafter. So, with some thought of that old matter, Althea had halted, half-expecting Daniel would renew the discussion of a plan precious to Ethel and frustrated by Althea. But when Daniel made no further allusion to the matter, Mrs. Eloiheem said, "I don't know whether I get your idea. You do refine distinctions to such an extent that — that I don't wonder Ethel looks at me in horror now and then! I tell you, Dannielle, you should let Ethel know people have no time to pick and choose words and manners as you do! Really, since I set aside that — that foolish plan of hers, Ethel looks at me as though I was an enemy.

"If that's the way you teach her, I don't wonder," added Althea, waiting, as some men wait, when they half-relent over some dogmatic proceeding and half-unconsciously give a chance to the conjugal partner to 'tease a little' for a thing which was before hastily denied. But, like some women, Daniel had pride and dignity and purpose enough to let the other partner take the consequences of a crude refusal. So now he simply said, —

"That *is* the way I teach her." Then a silence fell between them, during which Althea's thoughts were employed more actively than agreeably.

"Well, I suppose I see the drift of the matter," she said presently. "I suppose Ethel pictures 'intrusion' as attempted enslavement, and that enslavement is soul murder, or, at least, becripplement, and that, more or less, everybody is trying to do it to everybody else; and so, that we may as well kill and be killed and get out of the *mêlée* as soon as possible. I begin to think myself, life is a great pother about nothing!"

Daniel went to her side and drew her head against his heart as he stroked her beautiful hair.

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"It is a great pother, Althea! But it is about great things! How great I shall better be able to tell you by and by. I know, dear, you, as well as I, at times overwhelmingly feel the isolation of the soul with its own principles and purposes. This is the mystery of individual life. Souls, less brave than yours, try to escape this isolation with individual duty, by shuffling the responsibility of personal thought, and by plunging into the popular swim of life. You are right in thinking Ethel believes intrusion is an attempt at enslavement and soul becripplement. We have said that no Eloiheem will tamper with the right had by each soul to use its powers as each chooses. Shall we hold by our principle to the end?"

"Why, yes; as far as you are concerned. But not as far as the children are concerned. I think we make very hard work of life. You are all such nervous things, and seem mixed up with so much that's strange, that I don't know what to do with you."

"Yes. But you have done for me what man is generally too intrusive to do for a woman of my mental calibre. There are many women whose minds seem to tremble in the balance, because the influx of life, which comes to them from a superior spiritual plane, is deluged by another order of life, forced in on them at the same time. But you, Althea, from the day you understood my need and my danger, have aided me to sustain my emotional nature at a level above the flood-tide that once nearly swept me away!

"You know, do you not?" he continued, speaking like one holding himself steady mid confusion and stress of mind, "Daniel Heem's children are terrible creatures? So are thousands of others, who are born in this age, as is shown by the swift race to madness and crime so early run by them. Althea, I do not intend such a race shall be run by those under our roof. And I tell you now, should I lose my hold on my special power and province, in my ruin would follow that of these two children. Children, whose abnormal development of spiritual freedom and receptivity of life from other realms may yet debase them into such license as devils know in their worse bedevilment."

"What do you mean by there being women like yourself, and all that?" said Althea, passing over the other point.

"I mean there are many women who have, in a far higher

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degree, the peculiar faculties which I have. But that, very commonly, they have to endure a rough intrusion on their sensibilities which results in timidities, hysterics, ecstatics, and general disaster to their powers. So that the world is robbed of the clear-sightedness and inward blessedness which, were these women left to manage themselves in freedom, as I am left, would render them priestesses of home indeed! As much delicate patience as you have shown to me, will need to be shown to those under our roof.

"Mark my words, Althea. In the time now upon us, many things said and done by people so temperamented will be of so new and irregular a character that hundreds of such people will be called mad by those who know nothing of the added faculty which allies the possessors of that faculty to the unseen world. The result will be, hundreds and thousands of such delicate organizations will give way under the pressure of the life within them, or, rather, under the rebuff which this life meets at the hands of misapprehending people in the world about them.

"Now, Althea, listen. That which I myself have been through enables me to explain conditions, step by step, to Ethel and Robert. But they should not be hurried. Nor should you be dismayed if, for years, they seem ill-adapted to the world they live in."

"Well, I tell you I shall be dismayed if they are ill-adapted to the world they live in! A queer kind of 'added faculty' I shall consider it! If it does not adapt them to the world they live in, what is it going to adapt them to?"

"It will adapt them — if it is left to an orderly development and self-use — it will adapt them to make a world finer than the one they now live in; a world which will thus be more endurable to those who, in the oncoming electrical age, will come into the world with intensely increased powers of cognition and fearfully increased need of intelligent co-operation in the ways which make for peace. Althea, I wish I could make you understand the portentous need there is, that paths should be made plain for the souls which are coming to this land of ours; — souls alert, and old almost from the birth-hour. It is an age of young criminals as well as of young anomalies in other directions. And now what I have sought is, that Robert and Ethel should be won to a free self-expression of all that is in them, while they are in the

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home where the inmost things of their being can be explained to them in their right relations. You say life is a great pother. It is a terrific pother to those who see the myriads of —"

"Dannielle!"

Althea had ejaculated his name with an alarm which showed Daniel her disbelief in his theories was now invalidated.

After a moment's pause he said, brightly, "O, very well! Just this I'll say then. You know you once told me that, when Robert's great crisis came to him, I must be as young as I was in youth. You thought it would come to him when he was about twenty years of age. It will come when he is about forty. At the time when hundreds of men about him will be falling into mental and moral insanity, and paralysis, and death of the dreariest, he will come to his great crisis. Then I shall be there to help him. For I have lived, most of my years, in a way that has arrested the blows which, not Time in passing, but Passion in tarrying, strikes at brain and nerve. And I shall have taught Robert — appearances then to the contrary, notwithstanding — the way of life, and shall have fitted him for the crisis. After that there shall come to us our union!"

"O, when is our Union coming?" exclaimed Ethel, as with tear-swollen face and glowing eyes she at that moment entered the room. "Just what is this Union that we are fighting about?"

Althea, as vexed at the interruption as lover could be, had then to hear Daniel's cool answer,

"We are fighting because, though the South is brave and the North free, and both sections are, in a way, lovers of Liberty, yet, as true liberty with right-reason dwells, and as men have gotten into a tempest of self-seeking for the sake of self-satisfying, Right-Reason has become dethroned, and folly and fighting has stepped into its place. Yet, what the North fights for is the ideal of a perfect union of all with freedom to each. And in order to secure this freedom to each, the North is repelling the encroachment of the few upon the many. But if, from the beginning of this century, all persons had known how to *live* for freedom, no person would now need *die* for it."

"I'd like to die for freedom," said Ethel fierily.

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"That is an easy thing, compared with being able to live for it."

"But I'd go where the foes are thickest!"

"That you will have to do, my hero, if you *live* for freedom. That is where the valiant few stand, whom no being in the universe can make afraid, and who never seek to frighten others; the company, Ethel, who wear uniform peace and purity, and who reign on the spot they stand on!"

She groaned, longing for what she supposed was a very different outlet for the fervor of her soldierly soul.

"But," she palpitated, "you see yourself there are the boys in gray and the boys in blue, but no boys dress in peace and purity in these days! They might think it was coward to be dressed in peace and purity while others are getting killed."

"Yes; I think they do feel it to be quite a cowardly thing," said Daniel.

"Why should any one ever do it then?" she asked.

"I do it for the love of a real union and a real liberty. It does look cowardly," said Daniel, "but by the time you are in your prime, Ethel, the best people of the North and the South will be at work, heart and soul, trying to establish this real union. For, you see, our Nation long ago sent out an invitation to all people who were poor, oppressed, and needing a home in a land of freedom, to come here, and thousands and thousands have accepted the invitation. And these new people have habits and manners and religions, a great deal more unlike than are the uniforms or the religions or the manners of the American men who are killing each other in this war. And by and by we must all set to work together to blend these opposite manners and religions, just as you blend opposites together in your Kindergarten school of work. We shall thus all have 'to conciliate contrasts,' and to create new forms of life, knowledge and beauty by working all opposites together. For you see, the law of this country is the law of the Kindergarten; 'the law of democratic association of equals.' And, Ethel, in the great time coming, only Spirits of uniform peace and purity will be competent to take the rank of commander-in-chief in this most difficult war against antagonisms and impurity."

"She can't half understand all that!" said Althea, arousing up, with some new thought of a coming leadership. "Look

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here, Ethel; the invited guests of whom your father speaks so poetically are the rough Irish, Poles, English, Germans, Jews, — yes, Jews,— French, and Danes, who come over here thicker and faster all the time; and who know nothing about Liberty and Right-Reason, and who care no more for them than a pig cares for a pearl. What they care for is food and decent comfort. But there will be an awful time after this war is over, and you will be in the thick of it. And, Ethel, what I want to tell you is, that the race-drift in your veins makes you a typical conglomerate unit, the same as the race-drift in this country will some day make of this Nation a conglomerate American-Union, grander than anything that ever was known in the world —"

"Since prehistoric times," interpolated Daniel.

"Well then, 'since prehistoric times,'" added Althea. "But to my mind, times of which we have no history are, to all intents and purposes, as good as though they never had existed, as far as we are concerned, Daniel! But never mind all that! What I want is to show Ethel who she is, then she can get an idea what this country will be when we have — as you so splendidly say, Dannielle — 'worked our opposites together' and have 'conciliated our contrasts,'— have, in fact, Dannielle, 'made a nuptial diagram of the *National* Commonwealth,' as Ethel herself once said."

And with this explosive climax, Althea stood looking at Daniel in high satisfaction with her bright thought. Then she snatched up an engraving about which Daniel had recently talked with her. "See, Ethel, this is the Alhambra. In the time of the Moors the Alhambra was a great fortress, with streets, dwellings, convent, and a palace within its precincts. And an ancestress of ours — an abstemious Spaniard — lived within the Alhambra. She well knew the Mahometan legends concerning the symbols on this gate of Justice here, about which I heard Dannielle telling you. Yet it is said that she united her life in marriage with that of a Polish Rabbi; and that afterwards their child, who was full of Rabbinical lore and of the Spanish legends of father and mother, by some strange circumstance married a German scholar of the next century, — one of those who loved and taught much concerning woman's percipient powers. And by fortune stranger still, a daughter of theirs was born in France amid the days of its Revolution, and she

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became a woman not unlike Madame Roland, of whom you can read at your leisure. And yet she married a Jewish Rabbi, who was as free of thought as was the great Spinoza. And you may be sure his marriage with a woman of a Madame Roland mental character did not bind him to his own faith to the exclusion of others.

"O, but what's the use?" ejaculated Althea, interrupting herself as she recalled how thinkers, age on age, have been flung from extreme to extreme, like shuttlecocks between battledores; and have become, by turns, students, iconoclasts, and reconstructionists, but never at any time have remained long at peace. "Let it all go, Ethel," she added; "only remember that, when the son of this Spanish-Jewish-German-French-Jewish union at last came to America he brought in his veins the drift of at least four nationalities. To which he added an English element by marriage with a lady who boasted the traditions of Roland of Romance. And one day this man and woman welcomed to their home their only child, your mother, Ethel."

"I am very glad you came to that home," said Ethel with gentle courtesy. "But who are you, yourself?"

"Who am I?" ejaculated Althea. Then catching herself up, she added, "That is, of course, what I am about to tell you. I am the first of the Eloiheem mothers; and you are to be the second. As for the rest of the question, as to who I am, I am all that my ancestors were, added to all that I have since made myself to be. That is who I am."

"And all that which you are I am. And besides, I am a citizen of Dannielle's ideal Republic, and I am Dannielle's daughter. Some other things I am, too, that I don't know about yet," said Ethel.

The old, self-reliant, far-reaching assertiveness of these words annoyed Althea.

There was anger in her look, as toward another woman who had coolly outstripped her best endeavors and haughtiest boasts. And quite in that relation to Ethel she seemed to stand, as she said coldly, "My marriage took place in order that you might be Dannielle's daughter. You have me to thank for it that I chose as your father a man who never held back whatever could be serviceably offered in the fight for liberty. So he has added to all that of which I have been telling you — a very different sort of a nature and

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of a religion. His soul is full of a curious sort of patience and of love for all the world and for what is true, even though it is possessed by an enemy, if he has any enemies. In short, in addition to being an Eloi, you are a Heem, Ethel. And for such a being as you are, Ethel, the world has a very different piece of business from the cheap act of dying for freedom."

Ethel sprang to her feet.

"Why don't you give it to me to do, this minute, then? *They* are dying for liberty! I am not dying, and I am not doing anything! It is mean to talk of doing better, when you are not doing as well. And when Dannielle thought of something better, you wouldn't let—"

She stopped. Then she said scornfully,—

"You don't keep your diagram! *You* are spoiling everything! That"—pointing to the large square on the hypothenuse—"is I. Or it would be, if you hadn't been a traitor to your diagram. You don't keep your marriage! You are a traitor!"

"Ethel!"

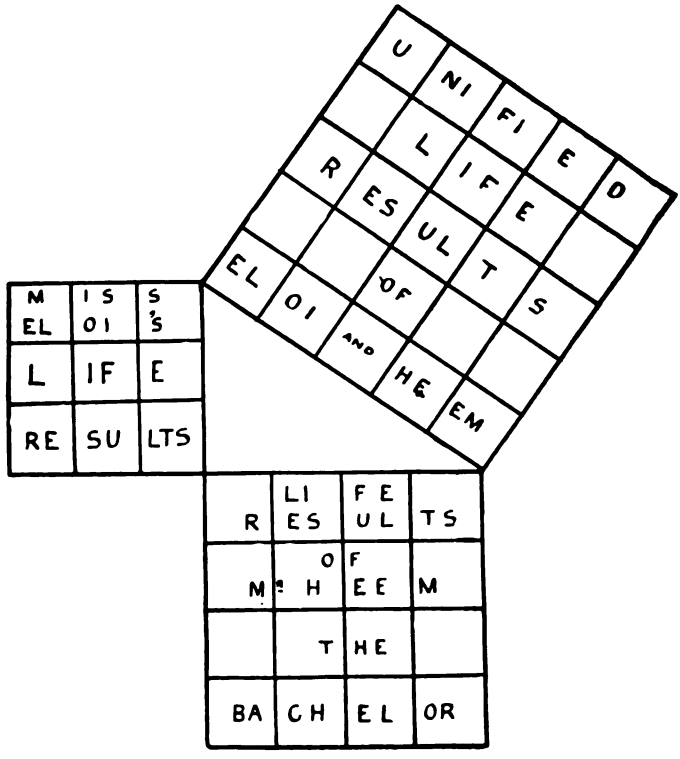
"Althea!" echoed Ethel, her eyes scintillating fire as she looked at Althea. Robert came in at the moment; and as he knew very well what Ethel referred to, he interposed with a word:—

"I think myself it is a pity you didn't fall in with her plans and Daniel's. You missed it, Althea. There is a partnership in this family. And Ethel is a partner; and you've counted her out. You are injuring the Commonwealth of the Eloiheems. You ought to have let her come in on the square."

"You are a traitor to your marriage diagram!" said Ethel. "You've no business meddling with me. I am the unified life-result of Eloi-and-Heem. That is I. I am it." And with a white face she pointed at the diagram.

And Althea, with wrath that held her silent, stood looking from Ethel to Robert, between whom and herself things had not gone smoothly since the day when she had attempted to make "a divided cube" of him. For, what she had that day metaphorically suggested she had since practically continued to try to do:—that is, she had tried to make him a tool or a servant in her hands for the carrying out of her business plans, in which he took but fitful interest. And now that

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Ethel, too, should be claiming to be the sum-total of all that Althea hoped to have achieved when her life should have climaxed here on earth, angered her, as departures by others from a creed thrust upon them by a bigot always angers a bigot, in church or out. And with her face very close to Ethel's she halted, full of wrath inexpressible in word or act; and Ethel, with no abatement in her own of the fire in Althea's manner, stood ready for — almost anything but what did happen. The young giant, Rob, passing his arms under Ethel's form, half-tossed her so toward the ceiling; and then, for a second, holding her extended across his arms, he stood looking into her eyes as she rested with pretty slippers crossed, and the soft, white folds of the little half-military dress which Daniel had fashioned for her,

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falling orderly about her. The color of her strange eyes had turned to steel-gray while they had so firmly held Althea's; but now, as blue as love's Heaven, they looked meditatively into Robert's.

Althea moved forward. Robert evaded the sight of the movement, and laying Ethel in Daniel's arms, took Althea and walked away with her.

Althea was out of the house by the time Ethel, arousing from her reverie, said, with her eyes still on the diagram, "I shall *not* go into the army. Spanish, Jew, English, Irish, Polish, and French, I have fought enough. I am the Eloi-Heem result of all that fighting. It is *our* opinion, Dannielle, that Ethel Eloiheem and the United States are too old for such brutal methods! I am an Eloiheem. They neither fear nor fight. They are acceptable servants! I would rather fight than accept. But I showed my mother I was able to accept even her intrusions on my liberty. Right reason don't dwell with my mother! She is in a tempest of self-seeking for the sake of self-satisfying. She encroaches! And she don't know how to live for freedom; yet she talks to me about it! She is a traitor to the Eloiheem principles! She enjoys it. And I'd enjoy it. I'd like to be a traitor to them." Then, yearningly, —

"Yes, German and French, English, Irish, and Hebrew, I have well loved fighting. We all of us did not hold back blows, Daniel. I would rather fight than wait acceptably, Dannielle.

"Father, that day when John Hastings wanted us all to fight, he looked beautiful to me! Those were magnificent drops which came out on his forehead! Look, Daniel dear, *that* is where he flung his agony!"

On her knees she was now, searching for those invisible stains which no water could remove from her inner vision of them. Great sighs of longing welled up from her soul.

"I like it well! O, I like war music. I like men in those hell-word rages!"

Not for gifts untold would Daniel have arrested one word of this outpouring of the innermost recesses of this nature so newly being explored by this incarnation called Ethel Eloiheem. But meanwhile, nothing could be less like the great Spirit, pure and calm, whom he had once supposed she, from the first, would be.

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"He's a terrible man!" she ejaculated, trembling as if with a chill.

"Who, Ethel?"

"John Hastings. But I love him well. Those are drops of him! One thing I shall do! He is fighting, father, oh, how he fights! If he is hurt, if he is killed, I shall go and *pity* beside him!"

Then Ethel flung herself into her father's arms and wept as if death-bereft already. Wept as she had wept that day when she had doubted her father for John Hastings's word's sake.

If Ethel had been twenty years old instead of half that age, Daniel would have understood this emotion but one way. As it was, he held silence and observed what there was to be observed.

"And you said," deep sobs still shaking her frame, "*you* would rather play with me than fight! And you were right, my Dannielle, for Celt, English, and young self-victor, you have fought enough. And the Rabbis have fought enough. But," longingly, "*I'd* like it well to fight some more! I'd like it cheerfully to *die* for freedom! But" (another whelming outburst) "I must *live* for freedom in the face of the enemy. I am Daniel's daughter. I accept what is. The Eloi-*Heem* life result is—"

She had gotten down to the floor again, looking at what she thought were "the spots of the drops of agony."

"I shall be in a thicker fight than that," she said at last. Then, "O, Dannielle, where is the flag for our ideal-union? John has a flag to follow. Where is yours and mine?"

"I think finely of John's flag," said Daniel, after a pause. "But then, under and through the bunting folds of it, and beyond the stripes and stars there, I see an invisible flag."

"O, what is it? Can John see it?" she cried with fervor, and with her tender use of this name of the now gray-haired and roughened fighter. And Daniel, with tears almost swimming over, as he watched the heart in her words and look, said:—

"I will tell you what I see, and then if you can see it, you can show it to John some time. I call our flag *Hiero-salem*, and that to me means 'Foundation or vision of Peace.'"

"O, but to the boys in blue it is a vision of war!" sobbed Ethel, with clasped hands.

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"Very likely it is, Ethel. And then, too, once there was another man who saw always before him a vision of war, and thought well of himself because he was 'not disobedient to his heavenly vision,' even though his apprehension of it at one time led him through his country, 'breathing out threatenings and slaughter.' And this makes one think that somehow the Great Over-Soul so takes care of people and things that when people are doing the best they know how, what they *do* do works finely enough into the whole business of life, very much as, say, one of your divided cubes fits into its place as part of the squares which go to make up the construction of the whole diagram of the *universal* commonwealth! The best that John or that you can do, is to each follow his and her own ideal of what is right, and by that means he and each of us will get a fuller sight of that *real* on which God Himself fixes His eye when He fashions into fact His fancies."

"Sometimes I have a mind to be bad, like the fighting Elois," said Ethel, suddenly, with a light in her eyes which looked quite that way. "My mother is a striking, punching-feeling woman some days. When she said 'Ethel,' I said, just like her, 'Althea.' And I am glad I did! If she had struck me, I should have struck her. I said just now, Daniel, *I should have struck her!*"

Daniel made no response. "That is what I should have done," said Ethel again. There was still no answer, and with a bad light smouldering in her eyes, and her chin set forward significantly, she added: "Dannielle, sometimes I don't think the vision of peace looks pretty! I think it looks coward! But you don't look coward, Dannielle!"

"I may yet turn coward any day," said Daniel, "and I may begin to fight for fear of being called a coward."

"I know it! And if you were afraid to be called a coward, you would be a slave to fear! Don't let's talk about it," said Ethel, flushing uncomfortably. Then with her eyes on the diagram, her mind returned swiftly to Daniel's statement that the life-work which honest people do is like the "divided cube" that goes to make the squares out of which the whole construction of God's ideal form of the universal whole is fashioned; and —

"Let's talk about pyramids! I love pyramids!" she said. "I think Egypt is a near relation of the Eloiheems." Then

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in the silence which fell between them, her long eyes seemed broadening apart as with slow inspirations she rehearsed again the myriad stories which Daniel for years had told her of that land of wonder.

"Dannielle, we could warm Egypt to her old life again, and teach her daughters and sons the meaning of those fair old mysteries of worship which once filled her sweet fields with sanctuaries and made her rivers teach self-reverence. You said seed-time and harvest-time were then sacraments to Ceres, the great mother of fertility. O, Dannielle, this Ideal Republic is Egypt's child! I know I was there in that other cycle when joy caracoled through my veins. O, Daniel, I feel it now! It is the rising of the Nile! It is going through my veins!" she said.

Daniel took the powerful face between his hands, looking into her eyes, knowing that he himself had been swept into the spirit of those times which fashioned that civilization the chief trace of which remains in Sphinx, Pyramid and Karnac's temple. But catching her and himself back, out from the floodings of his visions, he tried to plant himself on the line between fact and fancy. "But what is fact?" he asked himself. "Fact in its last analysis is imagination. For every philosopher first imagines his theory, every artist first imagines the beauty he portrays, and Jehovah's self, by the productive power of unified thought and will, made and still makes worlds. So it needs must be that we, like him, must first think form and then form thought into external being," thought Daniel. And with this assurance his own life but throbbed the more gaily to the measure of the lore of the mystic Nile. Then trying to steady down to practical use some of his fancies, for Ethel's sake, he said, —

"Well, that joy may be bounding in your veins. For you may be descended from the Alexandrian Jews, who, in the time of the Ptolemys of Egypt, aided in gathering the Alexandrian libraries and the world's learning into the city of Alexandria. Philo Judaeus, of whom we talk so often, was an Egyptian by country and a Jew by religion and family. In any case, there is between you and Egypt 'the bond which binds us all up in one bundle of life.'"

"O, that's the bond I love! Bind us up in it, Dannielle dear, and tell me that story of how it fared when Philo taught the way the soul lifts herself up to drink in the life

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of the father-mother of all Life! Begin with how it went when anarchical fightings and fears first usurped the reign of the wisest and best."

"I don't tell you, you will find my story in any written history, you know, Ethel. But in the days of Egypt's unknown glory, kings were priests of wisdom for the reason that they gave their best being to others and asked nothing for self in return; they needed not to force their gentle reign, for there was in the beauty of their ways of pleasantness, a might like that of the sun. And prosperous and full of liberty was that national life of One-in-All-and-All-in-One."

"Yes, and then, dear, 'animals seemed almost human, and humans had powers divine.' That you said next, when last you told me. Begin, 'but the time came when it was necessary for the great ones,' — go on, Dannielle."

"Necessary in the orderly course of evolution, Ethel — it was necessary for these gentle powers to ascend to rarer worlds, and — "

"Why was it?"

"Because there were spheres there prepared in which they could better flourish in immortal growths. But let us pass that fact to-day, and go on with the fact that those next in order, though wise enough to wait, and too wise to fight, had not power enough to look newness of life into the roaring, furious forces which, full of blind instinct, began now to clutch after the thrones of power which the Great Ones had vacated, and which, those next to the best were not able to fill as they saw they should be filled."

"As I said before, it was bad management," ejaculated Ethel." "My mother would not have left those thrones vacant, not two minutes."

"What would she have done about it?"

"She would have taken them herself to keep out those unfit people," said Ethel with high scorn.

"Perhaps each of them thought that way," said Daniel.

"Anyway, I wish I had been there! I should have kept those roarers out if I had had to take it myself! I should have fought for it."

"That was what the masses did."

Ethel turned red, then pale. The word "masses" in that connection sounded disagreeable.

"I don't care! Then the priests of power ought to have resisted the temptation to ascend to rare worlds."

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"Why ought they to have resisted that?"

"So as to keep the roarers out."

"Oh!"

That one word sounded bright but blank. "Keeping roarers out" seemed to be not very fine business. And then, now that the powerful occupants had gone from the throne, the throne itself to Ethel began to seem a thing scarcely worth struggling over. At last —

"O, perhaps the places wherever those lived who-were-wise-enough-to-wait, and who had too much faith to fight, perhaps that place was now really the throne, Dannielle?"

"Perhaps so."

"Dannielle, diamonds in the dark? Was it that way?"

"Who knows? perhaps so."

With a dry sob Ethel hid her face. Then with a returning spice of vindictiveness exclaimed, —

"But how did the old climbing-clutchers get on finally? And what became of the waiting wise ones, the jewels in the dark?" she added yearningly.

"Whether they were really yet jewels, I don't know," said Daniel; "my thought is, if they had been real jewels, they would have been priests of power ruling with never a struggle. They must have been something less than that, or the rule of the roughs would never have come to Egypt as it has to America."

"Have we no priests of power who can look newness of life into the roarers climbing to clutch the presidential chair?" said Ethel then, suddenly.

"I have never seen such a one. Worse than that, I am not one myself. Are you, Ethel?"

She searched Daniel's face with challenging horror. Then —

"I have hardly gotten here yet, Dannielle! But you know *I* am 'results.' If you are a priest of power, I am a priest of power. And I thought you were — indeed I did. It was for this cause I came to abide with you, to be taught more fully the mysteries; you said it long ago."

She had taken his whiskers, one in each hand, not playfully, but as one would touch a sacred beauty, drawing him near, and gazing down through his eyes, searching for the soul back of those clear windows: then, —

"O, my dearest dear! I see you now!" came a voice

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womanly tender. "I knew you long ago. You were one of the Great Ones. It was like my Dannielle to say 'Infinite leisure by and by will do for me to flourish my growths in.' It was like you to slip back modestly among the wise who can wait. O, my Dannielle, I have found you out. I used to know you long ago. You are a priest of power. And down in your eyes I see the image of your Lady of Life.

"I shall go to Washington and tell them who you are: that the roarers there may give you, who are a priest of the power of liberty, your right place in the White House."

"O! But, Ethel, did we not say a moment ago that wherever a priest of power sits is for that reason a throne?"

"Yes; but then don't you see, if you sat on the President's chair that would become a throne, too," said she alluringly, and with a voice full of not only delight in him, but of the love of this age — the love of power and of swiftly-gained pre-eminence.

And Daniel, with far-reaching purpose, answered meditatively,—

"I don't see how I could sit there, in this free country, Ethel. For such a man as I am would never be 'the people's choice.' They feel more enthusiasm for a fighting man, a man whom, to use your expression, gets into hell-word-rages."

Ethel's face blanched. Daniel continued, —

"Sweat of conflict and oaths and passions akin to ravening beasts are the things which thrill some natures to something like adoration."

With fallen jaw Ethel looked at the floor where-from invisible stains seemed starting forth like some fascinating charm, — a charm, a reminder, or a relinking of her to the worlds of passions, hot, hearty, and real, which, as Jew, Irish, English, Polish, Spanish, and trans-pacific fighter, she had loved well. And as she gazed, something like adoration for the life which she knew was not the life of the priest of home thrilled her still. And with a set to her square little jaw, she said: —

"I feel enthusiasm for it, too. That's what makes me tremble so. But I feel enthusiasm for you, too. But that don't make me tremble." Then she cried as if her heart would break.

Soon after this episode in Ethel's life, national peace was

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declared: a strange peace, attended by the assassination of the Martyr-President, and the inauguration of the "Tennessee Governor," as John Hastings called President Johnson.

John Hastings was often now at the Eloiheem home, and claimed to be more of a fire-eater than ever. Ethel had heard him talk first of Johnson's "vindictive promises of revenge on traitors;" and then next, she had heard Hastings say "Johnson had gone over to the other side, and was now inflicting sufferings on loyal men, black and white, and bringing back to their seats as rulers of the Nation the very men who had done their utmost to destroy the Nation."

"I want another war," said John, "and another atop of that, if need be, to make things straight." And then Ethel thought it a good time to tell him of the vision of peace which Daniel saw back of the stripes and stars. But the years had not refined John, and in the midst of her explanation he burst out, —

"Pshaw, baby! The way to have peace is to fight for it. I would be a better President myself, and am willing to try it."

Ethel had drawn back, keenly observing John's passionate face.

The next day, like one who has buried a shattered idol, she said to her father, "John is a roarer climbing to clutch," and Althea, hearing it, had told it to John for a joke, as he one day had entered the house with her. Their entrance had interrupted Daniel's conversation with Ethel, and when John, evidently hurt, had ejaculated, "O, damn such nonsense," Ethel, with a look of maidenliness bewitched out of itself, said, —

"But, John, I am sure you could easily be President. The masses would adore you."

"What? Why — why is that?" said he, huskily, at least understanding the look on the old young face.

"Of course they would. They like men in hell-word-rages! I used to when I was young," she said trembling.

"O, but you'll have the devil of a time with that girl, Daniel," said John at last, after standing for one curious moment with all the yearning loneliness of his unsatisfied being in his eyes. Then bending, he had said, shaking Ethel, with one hand laid on the back of her shoulders and one on her breast, "I wish you were my girl altogether" — but the word was cut short by a ringing blow from Ethel's hand, and

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with parted lips and breathing fast, she said, "I told you the masses would adore you! I am not of the masses," —and Daniel, as if his conversation with Ethel had not been interrupted by this swift transaction, said, continuously, —

"So, as to your question whether the secession of the South from the Nation is like what it would be if Rob should break away from the Eloiheem law of union for liberty, I should say it is something like it. But here comes Robert. Why not ask him what he thinks?"

And Ethel, throbbing with pleasure at the blow which she had that minute given John, and at the gaze of amazed admiration with which he was still regarding her, had haughtily turned to Rob, adding an element of bluster to the load of badness which he had brought in from the smoky air of the murderous times; and much flustered, she somehow bunglingly reversed her question. And Robert rudely asked, "What are you saying? O, put it short. Of course, if you wanted to fling home over for Chicago, of course I'd after you and get you back mighty quick. You are only a girl."

Ethel, blazing into wrath, sprang at him. The next instant, as if transfixed, she stood staring into his eyes.

"Ethel. O, Ethel, what do you see? What ails you?" cried Rob.

"I am a woman, that ails me. But, *what have you got in your eyes, Robert Eloi?*"

Robert staggered and fell fainting to the floor.

The consternation which followed, John Hastings' exclamation, "She is the very devil," and Daniel's way of holding her by the hand all the while, added to Ethel's perplexity at what she had seen, and the effect of her words upon Robert would have made this a ruinous crisis in her life had not Daniel understood all through which she was passing.

As to what else had come to Rob, Ethel did not know for years. But that very evening, when she was with Daniel, he had casually enough led her to tell him what she had seen in Rob's eyes. When she told him what it was she saw Daniel turn very pale.

Presently he said, —

"For myself, Ethel, when I see things which — which surprise me, before speaking out suddenly, I try to gain a little more knowledge of the matter. Then, if I feel sure it

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will do good to the person concerned, I speak of it in private to him and to no one else, unless I had — say, a father to tell it to."

"That is the way I will do after this," said Ethel, comfortably enough. "Now, Dannielle, you look in my eyes and tell me privately what you can see there!"

"I see, way down deep," said Daniel, wondering inwardly at the readiness with which the child had accepted this knowledge of one more peculiar faculty of hers, "I see an opal-gleam, which to me looks like the fire-of-the-love-of-doing-wisely-and-well."

"Of course it is! But John Hastings fires up my opal-gleam to do real large badness. And when he has fired it up himself, then he thinks it is 'a devil of a woman.' It was joy to slap John's face."

"They say they have joys in hell, too," said Daniel, after a curious pause. Ethel waited a long while. Then, out of pure curiosity to understand herself, she said, —

"Well, it was joy to be shaken by John when he asked me to be his altogether. He likes me well!

"If I were his 'altogether,' could I be Dannielle's own daughter, too?"

"I only know," said Daniel at last, "I only know if Daniel is a priest of power, his daughter is a priest of power, and is to be robed in uniform peace and purity, which neither fears nor fights."

"But I like to fight. And I like John. He shook me very, very kindly. What would it be to be his altogether?"

"Well," said Daniel, taking up the other side of the picture, "if you were altogether Daniel's daughter, you would grow to be like my ideal Lady of Life."

"And if I was altogether John's, I'd grow to be like John, a fighter; and I'd have hot, anguish drops coming to my brow! I know I would. But, father, he is very agreeable. I like him well."

Daniel said nothing. He seemed scarcely to be noticing Ethel, as she sat waiting, philosophically thinking on the matter, not happy, nor at all decided against the drops-of-anguish condition.

She suddenly turned about, and taking Daniel's face in her hands, peered in at the amethyst windows again.

"Hold still, Daniel, dear! O, O, I see your Lady of Life

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in there! In the blue of your eyes is a golden-haired face, a nice face! It looks like me, Daniel, only it is turned upside down?"

"Why, what can that mean?" said Daniel.

"It means I am the image of your Lady of Life, only I am turned upside down, till — till I love better my uniform of peace and purity. I know your Lady of Life is a Priestess of Power. Father, I am almost twelve years old. Am I child or woman?"

That was the question Daniel had been asking, too. An ancient she was, in her inheritance of passions, fightings, and fearlessness, and a babe in her guileless search into the tumult about and within her.

"Once there was some one else, twelve years old. And while those about him thought he was only a child, he had made some discoveries of a strange power moving within him. And one day he bravely said, 'Wist ye not? I must be about my Father's business.' And about it he went. And his Father's business, Ethel, was to be a great Unified-Dual-Being; the source of Life to others!"

"O, yes! That was the young Rabbi!" said Ethel, with a hushed manner. "And was he but twelve years old when he began to be a great Unified-Dual-Being!" said she then, looking at that never-failing help in this line of thought, — the Eloiheem nuptial diagram. "Had he strange powers too?"

"Very rare and wonderful."

"Did he ever feel fright — I mean *surprised* at sights he saw in people's eyes?"

"I think he must have felt surprised when he first began to see sights of which he had not known before. But at last he knew '*all there was in the hearts of men*,' and doubtless, when some people, who wore white and sacred robes, and who claimed to be priests, revealed to his gaze what a bestial nature they were really cultivating, he — being himself divinely human — may have been shocked at finding high teachers not so. But, Ethel, whatever he saw in people's eyes he conducted himself civilly toward them, neither staring too long, nor intruding, nor sheering away. That, at least, is my opinion. So 'he grew in favor with God and man,' and 'the common people heard him gladly.'"

Daniel paused, looking steadily into Ethel's eyes. Then said, —

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"Ethel, perhaps you are much older than Robert. You are a little woman, you know!"

"But the young Rabbi of Galilee 'walked the earth in form of man,'" said Ethel, quickly following up this line of thought, not newly discussed at this time, and quoting as she spoke.

"Let me read you this!" said Daniel, taking up a manuscript book, in which were many curious things then seldom, if ever, seen in popular print in this country. The passage was a bit from the teachings of the Chaldean order of the Eastern Star.

"'Now as Jesus and his disciples were walking in the evening about the gardens of Jerusalem, one of his companions stepped forth from the rest and said, "Lord, if, as thou hast taught us, the woman is the highest form of humanity, and the last to be assumed in natural form, how comes it that Thou, the Christ and Prince of Peace, art still in the lower form of man? Why comest thou not to lead the true and perfect life and to save the world by love in form of woman?" And Christ answered, "I have attained to womanhood as thou sayest; and already I have taken the form of woman both in the inner and the outer world. But there are three conditions under which the soul returns to form of man."'

"We will pass over the account of the conditions which here follows; and, Ethel, we will resume the reading at the point where the Lord is reported to have said this. I will read it. 'I am a woman in all save body, which appears as a man. For had my body been that of a woman I could not have led the life necessary to the work which I have to perform,' by which, Ethel, among other things, he may have meant that in that age a soul in a woman-form would not have been accepted as a teacher of men, no matter how much wiser than 'the doctors and pharisees' that soul might have been. And then, further on, he closed the teaching by saying to his friends, 'My beloved, there are few women worthy to be women.' And by that I understand that the woman-man, Christ, may have meant that there were few women who then used their inherent, superlative power as women, in a manner commensurate with their possibilities as possessors of that mysterious dignity, womanhood."

"Is it a mysterious dignity? O, Dannielle, I am sure you are worthy to be a woman. I think you are a woman in all

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except this great tallness and this white, silken beard. But could you not have led the life necessary to do your work if you had been a woman form?"

"No, Ethel. For as times still are, I should have been silenced before I got a chance to say what I said in churches in my boyhood. And I could never have travelled to learn how the nations use their strength. And if, even now, I were a woman-form, and was doing all that I am doing quietly at home here, no one would have observed it enough to make it of half the lesson that—" he paused, not wishing to intrude on Ethel's mind the influence of "what people say;" and added, "Ethel, it is a wonderful thing to be a woman; but it is not publicly appreciated as being the wonderful thing which it is. It is a very, very wonderful thing to be worthy of woman-power."

"Why, what is it to be worthy? Tell me!"

"To be a woman indeed with self-recognized self-use is to be a priest of the new power of the new age," said Daniel.

"Will you teach me all that you know of this worthiness?"

"I will. For you are twelve years old. And, like the young Rabbi, you should now be about the Father's business," said Daniel.

And then he began to teach Ethel the dignity of womanhood.

Strange days were those through which the country was then passing. The years of war, during which reformatory work had been temporarily suspended, had been years of hot-bed growths in the foundation-work of developing woman's latent business abilities. Women in hospitals and on hospital transports, women as organizers of charities and as "inventors of patents for fire-escapes, life-boats, baling-presses, cotton-gins, railway-ties, and grain-elevators," as well as women occupying the positions in agriculture, commerce, and "in government service, which the call of men to the battle-field had left vacant," women doing what must be done, had, in these years, been forming character rapidly; while men, by the thousands, in the brutalizing trade of war, had been too often becoming deformed, morally and physically. Of the grandest and best of the work that women were doing while men were fighting, Daniel had kept

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Ethel as well informed as was he himself. She had gone about with him as a spectator in the midst of these mental, moral, and physical battles, seeing and philosophizing over these swiftly succeeding events, and dwelling with him in his far-reaching anticipations of the future results of the then seething conditions of the nation.

The fact that Daniel was not a partisan made him more truly a politician in the sense of being an unprejudiced and unself-seeking student of the science of the government of a people by a people and for a people. But for his clearness of sight he had long since paid the price of that isolation which is demanded by ONE whose call to chosen warriors is a call which separates the warrior unto the SUPREME ONE; not unto church, party, faction, nor unto that insidious enemy, a readily encroaching self-made scheme of proselyting to a ruling idea; but which separates the disciple indeed unto the Supreme Being, the One-Knower-of-All-Wisdom, the One-Fountain-of-All-Life. For it is by a "Separation unto" this One that the absolutely world-rejecting-soul receives Supreme-Being, receives Knowledge, receives Life.

Yet this absolute rejection of all else is not perceivable as such by ordinary spectators. The disciple who is a disciple indeed, does not appear unto men to be so. His prayers may or may not be uttered in the market-place; but they, like his fastings or his good deeds, are not done for the sake of his salvation. He is what he is (and only the Divine Knower knows *what* that is) because the Supreme Being, the One Knower of Absolute Wisdom, the One Fountain of Life, is what that Being, that Knower, that Fountain is.

So Daniel was not a partisan: for Supreme Being is not a partisan. The science of the government of All Life for All Life and by All Life was the political science dear to Daniel; for it was the science, the knowledge of the One Knower of All-That-Is. And in the midst of this All-embracing Wisdom Daniel dwelt silently receptive of whatever came to him. And of what did come, the half of it never could be told in deed nor in word, neither by that swift flashing of thought-transference so high above all other forms of expression.

So now, in addition to all else that Ethel was, she was one

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who fed on Daniel's mental and moral nature as a babe feeds at its mother's breast.

One evening Robert noticed an intangible, exquisite change had come to Ethel. He watched her, as she stood by the large geographical globe which was prominent in the room. The dainty grace of her well-poised head, and of limbs, hands, and feet, was the grace of a noble maiden, grave and patriotic as were those who loved Florence in its palmy days. A patrician maid she looked, but something more than this was in the grace newly descended upon her, and which, Althea saw, had laid hold on Robert's sensibilities.

Slowly revolving the globe caressingly, Ethel said, quoting from something she had read, —

"It was a great day for Alaska, when, from the Baltic Sea and St. Petersburg, on through the wastes of Siberia, and past Behring's Straits, through Alaska, a chorus of Greek-church-bells and Russian drum-beats signalled to all the world that we — we Americans — had adopted into our care thirty thousand more human beings; each of whom — on the supposition that the land of a country belongs to the people of a country — came to us owning twelve thousand acres apiece!

"Robert, I would like to go with you to visit our new seal-fisheries in Alaska, and to spend a summer in Sitka. And then we would escort each other to the Czar of that Russia who assisted us in establishing our equilibrium just in time to avert England's interruption of our attempt to keep Union between the Brave and the Free of the North and the South."

Her luminous eyes turned to her mother; and Althea exclaimed, —

"O, put it short, Ethel," irritated at something in the air, and also meaning to let Ethel know that the mother thought far better of Robert's recent brusqueness of speech than of this unchild-like rodomontade; and to let her know that the episode with Robert was not yet condoned by the mother. But Robert, on whom a crisis had passed, not only softening him but making him very observant of Ethel, said, —

"O, that's not a very long statement of the journey and scheme, seeing the journey is so long and the scheme is so unique."

His was a soft, deep-toned voice: and if there lurked in it

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a flavor of light mockery, the flavor of it was less pronounced than it had been in his childhood and early youth.

And Ethel, with a responsive smile, touched the line of demarkation between what had once been called Russian-America, and the extreme Northwestern part of the United States, saying, —

"Fifty millions of dollars expunged the line there; past which all this, that is now America, was before Russia. To think of buying a piece of land as big as a third of the United States, all for fifty millions of dollars! I wish my mother might have the management of that land. She would make it very profitable to all those girls there! Better yet, if we had carried out our kindergarten and goddess-hunting, as we began to do in 'war-times,' Daniel, we would have had now lots of workers all in trim, ready to go into this Alaskan work to-day and to fit them to become citizens of this government."

For reasons to be explained, Mrs. Eloiheem looked up angrily, the more so as Daniel and Robert had exchanged looks full of recognition of Ethel's far-sighted remark. And when Robert (observing Ethel's motherly way of brooding over the globe as if the peculiar needs of each nation were burdening her yearning soul) had said, "It is not large, Ethel," — and when Ethel had answered, "It is too small to suffer so much" — and when Daniel had added, "It will be ridded of its sufferings when great souls see it in its wholeness and set about bringing it to perfect oneness in the bliss of Being" — Althea broke forth, —

"Ethel, you can be comfortable in your room for a while. I wish to talk to your father and Robert on affairs of importance."

Then closing the door after Ethel in a manner that signified she also would open it when it was time, Althea, in muffled tones of intense feeling said, —

"Now Robert, unless you want Ethel utterly ruined, maddened, and destroyed, you understand, you will aid me to cure her of all this nonsense. It is plainly to be seen, from her self-satisfied appearance, she has no sense at all of the enormity of her last outbreak. Ethel will be a woman before we know it; and what sort of a specimen of the Eloiheem training and efforts at self-reverence is she?

"When a rough man, who has seen as much of all sorts

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of life as John Hastings has seen, calls her 'the veriest devil of a little woman that he ever set eyes upon,' *I* consider it time to fetch her up with a short turn! Don't interrupt, Robert! I say it is time to fetch her up with a short turn! Think of her calling you 'Robert *Eloi*,' with that accent on your name or a part of your name! What under the heavens did the girl mean, Daniel, with that look, too, as if Robert was a sworn villain and her enemy? Hastings says she 'has a devil.'"

"I hardly agree that seeing all sorts of bad life, as you say Hastings has, fits a man to judge of pure womanhood!" exclaimed Robert scornfully. "What it does fit a man for is to be shut up into the hells that such men make; and to be tied forever to the worst 'devil of a woman' that such men develop. What has a man who has run amuck through mud which he, pig-like, makes, to do with trying to understand womanhood, much less a child-maiden? And as for his saying she has a devil, that is just what men like him said eighteen hundred years ago of a being who saw *too much for the comfort of those he looked at!* as Ethel does," added Robert, pallidly.

"Stop, Robert. I wont hear a word of any such fantastic stuff from you. Hastings says, and he has said before, that no woman who had gone through all that can be imagined could 'look a man out of his boots in such an all-seeing sort of a way as Ethel does.' And he is for having me send her away somewhere,—say to a Sisters' school, where she will be under strict discipline."

Then it was as if Daniel had by a glance spoken and Rob had acquiesced in some before-assumed proposition. Althea caught the glance.

"I wish, Robert, if you have anything to say, you would talk out so I can hear you. But before you object to my proposition, I want you to realize Ethel is a very ignorant girl in a thousand ways. What she does know is too diffuse and the words she uses are the words of a prig. It makes me tired to see her turning that globe over. A city is nothing to her. Her State seems a very little thing. And even our great Northwest does not arrest her attention. The United States Government and the affairs of its family as a whole is the smallest thing which takes hold on *her* interest. She thinks herself at least as important and pur-

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poseful a person as Queen Victoria. And says she proposes, herself, to warm Russian autocrats with the love of liberty, as a return for their sending their fleets up the coast, east and west, of the United States, at the time when England was encouraging the South in its unfamily-like conduct! And I heard her asking you, Daniel, for a perfect astronomical globe. I suppose in order that she may wend her way into the same familiar friendliness with the other planets of the firmament as that which she has established between herself and the peoples of this little globe, already under her majestic protection! Meanwhile, she can't find her way round this city alone. In fact, there is something altogether wrong about her; that, every one sees! A girl that can make a great six-foot fellow like Rob faint, because of the horrible way she looks at him, and whose eyes give such a man as Hastings 'a turn,' is —"

"As for the first point, there was something back of my fainting, which you may as well try to understand, seeing Ethel is being blamed for it. In fact, I flew out at a fellow a few months ago, in a far worse style than she did at me! It was thought that I had knocked the life out of him, — O, wait, mother, wait; hear the story. He is alive and as well as ever he was, and — a little better! Now don't look like that, mother. It is not a comfortable thing to talk about, for me. It was this way. God knows what it means, I don't. But these are the facts. Suddenly a swine's face, tusks, bristles, and vile eyes, was close to mine, as he was telling a beastly story, and I had lurched a blow straight at it, and he was stretched out for dead before I knew whether he had not ripped the heart out of me with those swine-tusks, and —"

"Robert!"

The cry was wrung out at her memories of the wilderness episode, and Judith's old warning, "You will all go to the mad-house together."

"Now, let's keep steady and finish the thing up," said Robert, pale as death. "It came out like this. The first thing I sensed was, the men in the room, — for there were two others beside that beast of a fellow — were saying, as if in answer to me, 'Yes, yes, he is a vile wretch; but such a lick as that?' And I was saying, 'Beast, not man at all,' and feeling sick to vomiting, at the putrid breath of him. And then — just as they had fetched him to, I can't tell

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how it was, but they looked into my eyes and shrieked out, 'My God! He *is* a swinish beast, not man at all' — and they yelled, falling back away from him, catching the sight of him that I saw! It was horrible!"

Rob wiped his brow, breathing fast —

"You see, he was not human at all! And that was what they kept saying. And the next thing, the fellow was on his feet and at me with a volley of filthy charges; and I was between him and the mirror; and, good Lord! what *I* saw, *he* saw in the glass. And with a hog's noise over he went in a fit! Mother, mother, why don't you hear! I say it was two months ago. The fellow is none the worse for it now. The other fellows say they'll never forget what they saw and heard. He can't forget what he saw in the glass. He knows he is the devil of a hog, and that he has got to clean up, poor brute, this time or — "

"Robert Eloiheem, hush! Not one word more! To how many people have you told this precious story? And *what* had you been drinking that night?"

"Robert, you know it was you yourself who told me that abnormally increased powers demand an abnormal self-control and include an abnormal degree of responsibility in dealing with those who perceive that power."

Daniel had said this, slowly. And Robert, quietly enough now, replied, —

"You know, mother, that *I* know the Eloiheem blood does not need the exhilaration of intoxicating drinks. There is no story to tell. The other fellows say no beast will breathe his sty-life on me again, and they say he's changed and that I knocked the devil out of him!"

"Are you talking literally or figuratively?"

"Literally enough! As for that, where does figurative language come from? Any figure is less than the fact it figures. Yet, I tell you, beasts, carrion birds, and birds of prey, I see them everywhere; scarce hidden by the human form. Then beside, I do see blessed beings when and where I little expect it! But we were talking of Ethel, mother, and something must have come to her that night she turned on me so! In fact, I must have looked bad in a way to her. And it was the certainty of — of what she must have seen that tumbled me over in a faint! for when you come to think of it, that couldn't have been a nice sight that Jesus

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got of the Pharisees, when he said they were fair without, but inside were full of 'ravening and dead men's bones.' It costs something to be an Eloiheem, you see!" said he rigidly.

"It will cost a room for you in an insane asylum, if you don't carry yourself steady, my lad," said Althea, trembling so that she had to sit again. "Never talk to me one word more of this trash. And, Daniel, as for Ethel, if you can't fix her mind on better subjects of thought, you really ought to be ashamed of the use that you have made of your life and hers! For you are her teacher, — yes, and Rob's, too."

She was panting in terrible agitation. But it was a very substantial dread of mental disease for her family which had hold on her, setting her to cast about in her mind as to the extent of the danger and probable progress of the disease. Now she said suddenly, —

"When did you first tell your father this story?"

"The night I fainted," said Robert.

"Daniel, did Ethel tell you *her* story as to what it was she flew at Rob for?"

"She did, Althea."

Noticing Rob's desire to hear it, Althea said now, slightingly, —

"Well, I don't want to hear any such stuff. I should think, Daniel, in view of Ethel's state, you would do more wisely. All such thoughts should be kept from her. Besides, you are letting her think she is to vote when she is of age. And she is plunging into the science of government and social economics, as if she were fitting for the presidency. She thinks life is nothing more than a series of kindergarten plays! I tell you I did not give birth to two children to have them become demented lunatics. I'd rather see them creditably dead, far. It is a poor return, if all a mother has for her sufferings is to wish her children were dead."

"Althea, would you be better pleased with Robert, if, when foulness was breathed into his face, he had first politely endured, and then had embraced the monster? Would you be glad if brutishness in him had blinded him to beastliness in others? For my part, I am thankful that the son of our house is born of the spirit which yearns for the things of the spirit. And that he cannot look with the least degree of endorsement on those who have 'the mark of the beast in the forehead.'"

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"O, if he fought the man because he was a low wretch, why didn't he say so? Plenty of respectable people, over their wine, come to things of that sort. Of course that is highly reprehensible. But what I won't endure is that Rob should make himself peculiar. And then, as for petting up that low wretch, I would rather deliver him over to justice as a corrupter of morals. Who is he, by the way?"

"The son of your most popular friend. He is Cameron Whitterly."

"You knocked him down? You must have been mad — I mean, what could have possessed you? The more I think of it, the worse the case looks. I don't say he is a desirable associate for you. I don't say he is not, unfortunately, too much like his father. But that pig-story, drop it forever, Robert."

And angry at them, herself, and the miserable world, she got away, wondering what step to take next.

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CHAPTER VIII.

TOO LATE FOR THAT.

THE story of Dame Partlett, who, after brooding swans into life, with terror saw them launch out on the lake from which caution had kept her even from sipping, gives rise to sentiments condemnatory of the swans, who so little regarded the mother's dismay; and enlists with the mother the sympathy of land-dwellers, who equally distrust an element and an order of locomotion unfamiliar to the non-web-footed.

And the manner in which Dame Partlett, in course of time, returned to her ordinary avocations on dry land, satisfied with the fact that the swans seemed living comfortably through their exploitings, sufficiently pictures Mrs. Eloiheem's final attitude toward her perplexing family. She recalled Daniel's forewarning of their peculiar characteristics, and that he had assured her he could not only explain these faculties to these possessors of them, but also, would be able to direct them to a final use, unguessed at as a thing possible to human beings. True, to Althea, Daniel's promised method of cure seemed worse than the disease. Yet she decided that the best protection which she could provide for them all would be found in that wealth which, like charity, covers a multitude of sins and peculiarities.

So with renewed vigor she reabsorbed herself in the interests of that commercial world where millions were being amassed in a few years, and where more zeal was shown in piling up mansions and market values to imposing altitudes than in trying to get together again the architectural glory of the archetypal man; which work, meanwhile, Daniel was trying to achieve, without sound of friction in all the place.

As a result, six years later there came a stage in events in which Mrs. Eloiheem found herself possessed of large

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wealth and the problem how to use it in a distinguished manner. She did not propose to slide into the popular way of overeating and overdoing in every way those things which, at best, are the basal acts common to man and beast. Heretofore, she had claimed that the Eloiheems had lived abstemiously for the love of plain living and high thinking. And now, a change in a crude line seemed to her would savor quite too much of the common ways of common people.

She did not exactly see the things she wished to do: but she did distinctly see the things she desired to avoid doing. She told herself she had never been known to run wild over her luck in speculation; and had learned to discharge her countenance of all expression and to retain, at an exciting crisis, an air of peace, far removed from the manner which she had at one time been on the way to develop; and that she had fallen back on the habitual memory of the wealth which had been in the Houndsheath branch of the family. The memory of this old wealth, she had stood upon, as she betimes privately had accumulated new wealth; saying, meanwhile (with a pretty motion of hands and brows, meant to separate her from the rush which crude-wealth makes in its first self-exhibits) —

"O, yes! Order will soon come out of chaos. This new wealth will soon get used to its possessors and its possessors to it. Then established people will try to organize society here, on a pattern suitable to our great Republic."

This manner of hers had not made her friends; but it had done what served her turn quite as well. It had given her the sort of attitude on the sort of pedestal which was the pose and the pedestal best suited to her mind, while she, as unobserved as might be, had pushed her plans of private speculation, here, there, and other wheres.

But now, to Mrs. Eloiheem, the fact that the first half-century of her life was lived, set her to consider, as she looked at the diagram of "Miss Eloi's life-results," just what she had achieved. And the fact that she had achieved the possession of wealth enough to do now whatever she might choose to do, was to her only a recognition that she was now ready to begin to live. And, as is often the case, this was followed by a recognition that she did not see the things which, now, after all, were worth the doing. Next she dis-

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covered that she drew her chief satisfaction from the many things which, in their simple-mannered life, they had *not* done. They had not by making haste to seem rich, brought themselves into the entanglements common to those who do "make haste" to seem rich.

Not even Robert had cultivated in himself the enslaving habits which are so expensive to support and from which it is so difficult to break away. But all this was "not doing" — and was the outcome of Daniel's not doing these things. And now Althea proposed to add to the list one thing more. She proposed herself to withdraw, if she could, from the money-mart. But that gave rise to the question, what should she substitute in its place? Would not life be robbed of its zest when she should have so withdrawn? She was not a student, and not what is called "a clubable woman." She had a busy man's antipathy to popular society, and was not even a church-woman with a relish for the good works which are done through that avenue. She had not made either real or social friends of the lighter sort. Like some men at her age, she had only made money; and she had made that by keeping her mind on it to a degree nearly as injurious to her development along other lines as if her only aim had been money-owning. And now she was surprised to find that the aim which she had kept before her from twenty-two to fifty-two years of age had made and marked her character so strongly. Yet two things were in her favor: first, she knew Daniel expected to live to the end of the century, and that, at the same rate, she herself might live into the beginning of the second quarter of the next century. Besides this, she was a woman, with all the elasticity and rebound of woman's constitution utterly unimpaired by fretting or by the rasp and rust of those sorts of chains which commonly wear into women's souls. For this she had Daniel to thank, and she knew it.

One evening he said, meeting Althea's inner attitude toward her outward successes,—

"My dear wife, by giving your wealth-making faculties free play, you have beautifully secured us all in self-adjustment to self-use. And that is my notion of the use of wealth. The one real use of it is to put children and people into practical possession of their faculties; sheltering them from public criticism while they are coming into

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possession of their faculties, and so keeping them from being burdened with a *reputation* before they have had time to form a character! *I* missed that advantage, Althea. You have secured it to Ethel."

"You make such a little money go such a long way," she said, hardly following Daniel's suggestion.

"But you see, Althea, the earth fairly teems with material that but awaits skilled labor to convert it into all that is necessary for use and beauty. Nature is wealth. All we need is a knowledge of how to work with, instead of against her. Nature is wealth."

"No; but Daniel Heem is," said Althea. "You are a king of a man. You don't need money as less finely accoutred mortals need it! You can make everything you want with just a little material. By the way, ever so many people are having trouble with their plumbing! But we have none at all. You did that work so scientifically and healthfully, and at a modicum of expense! Every one said, when the city water-works were completed years ago, and when you did all the work for our house so perfectly, that you would make a fortune if you set up a plumbing establishment. But I told them you could do a dozen or more other things as well. You don't need money, for you *are* wealth."

"Why not thus accoutre all mortals?" said Daniel.

"Oh, now, now! Don't let's bother about those shadowy old schemes. It is all I can do to take care of you three," said Althea jovially.

Ethel looked up keenly. It was evident Althea, like men of her quality of mind, really believed, because she brought into the family all the round dollars which came, that she supported Daniel; and with a good sharp purpose of her own, Ethel said in full tones, "Why, what do you mean, mother? Of course you know that wealth is to be used with wealth, one kind with another! For my part, I think the plentiful, peaceful home for which you let our Dannielle thank you, is far more largely made by his incessant creative care and by its baptism in his spirit, than by your money! And as for thanking you that Rob and I were enabled to adjust ourselves to a self-use of our faculties as children, I shan't do anything of the kind,—at least, not to the extent proposed by Daniel. Daniel has been the mother, and the much-hampered mother; the *impecunious* mother. And you have been a good thrifty father; but what is that compared with Daniel?

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"Yes, I am indignant! For years ago, Daniel, Rob, and I would have made a far fitter use of ourselves, if you had not withheld your wealth and co-operation at a time when we were ready to use *our* wealth — that is, Daniel's faculty and Robert's faculties and my faculties, — for the purpose of putting children in the possession of their faculties."

"O, you mean that old kindergarten plan? Well, don't go into tragics, Ethel! What is the use of such talk as this? When you wanted to do that, I had not much money. Anyway, that's all past and gone. I have the money now and you can go into the plan now, in some civilized way if you choose," said Althea, interestedly.

"*You* had not the money?" began Ethel, with dark eyes brightening in amaze at her mother's utter ignoring of the broad facts of the case. Then, suddenly determining to put it before her, she began again, —

"Yes, as you say, that is all past and gone. And I will tell you *what* that is which *is* past and gone. It is twelve years of Daniel's time and twelve years of my time and of Robert's; and it is twelve years out of the lives of all those children; twelve years of influences and reflex influences, the results of which cannot be computed; and all of which results *you* arrested, simply because you did not co-operate with us in our attempts at self-adjustment to self-use, as Daniel co-operated with you in your attempts at self-use. *You broke the Eloiheem law of liberty*, which declares 'when needful, the individual may unite with others equally self-conscious for the creation of the greatest good for the greatest number.' Wait, mother. I want you to see it for once. If you had left Daniel free to follow his plan of taking, one after another, those children into this home with me, when I was a little child, we would now have had ready for you a corps of such trained kindergartners and kindergarten-nurses as would have made you rich in something besides money. You know the peculiar law of co-operation in liberty cannot be forced by one on another. So you know, that Daniel, all these years, instead of being able to do his *first* best, has only been able to do his second best for Rob and me, and for *you*. Like many a mother in other homes, he has been shut out from doing those natural, easy things of public benefit, which, had you regarded the Eloiheem-law of liberty, Daniel would have been secured in doing for

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the children of the State, as well as for the two children of our own narrow home!"

Althea had drawn back, and stood listening now, with a look of lively interest, rather than of vexation. For her attitude toward her family had long since become that of the average man who is the money-maker and money-use-arbiter.

Then she caught an expression on Daniel's face which had more than once before half-given her to believe that he was playing a part in life, half for his amusement and half to test in how much a mannish-woman's method of dealing with a womanish-man-at-home would differ from the method in which some men deal now with the impecunious woman in the home.

There was a smile in his eyes which flustered Althea, who more alertly listened as Ethel said, keenly—

"And another thing has passed away: that is, my ability to do for children now what I could have done when I was a child, full of a child's bright fancies. And yet another thing is past and gone. That is, the twelve years' benefit which 'democratic association among equals' would have brought me. And yet another thing: and that is, my chance to have about me for compeers and friends that group of children which Daniel would have co-educated with me in a way to have saved me from the isolation of thought and life into which I now am thrust for want of them. You robbed me of the influence of that healthful 'association among equals' in thought. And so those ugly seasons that I used to have with you, as well as my disordered admiration of John Hastings's lurid characteristics, were the result of your unjust way of baffling us all, Daniel, Robert, and me, in our purposes. I was left to brood on the horrors of the war, and to imbibe its spirit, instead of being healthfully occupied with children, in whom Daniel recognized dormant faculties like my own. If they had been educated and homed here, we would now have been a family of Eloiheems indeed; co-workers along lines of life and purpose, mid which, O mother, I now stand alone, alone with Daniel!

"You know, when Daniel taught me I could at least 'do good on the spot I stood on,' and that though I could not fight to free the slaves, I could co-work with him to free from the slavery of ignorance and fear the little homeless

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ones who 'came to town' in war times,—you know that you thrust it all back, without so much as giving it a hearing! And you knew that Daniel was bound by the law of that liberty which forbids one to force on another his or her ideas! You *would not co-operate!*

"Think how different Robert would have been. He is a great child-lover. He had theories of his own that he wanted to practicalize. He agreed with me that we certainly had plenty of land to grow oatmeal and fruits, and plenty of lumber to keep enlarging the house for thirty little goddesses, if I could find so many. He said he would supply all the clothes for them, and would lend a hand at the tool-table-lessons now and then."

The swiftness with which this outburst had been precipitated on Mrs. Eloiheem seemed to have stunned her. She turned away to her desk, seating herself there in silence, leaving Ethel and Daniel to their thoughts, while she inspected her own.

Ethel gazed after her, like one come back after a long sojourn in a far country, who was now trying to gather up the old facts that had resulted in the conditions mid which the returned traveller found herself.

Because, for six years Ethel had practically lived in seclusion with Daniel and his studies, effectually isolated from the ordinary level of antagonistic and materialistic life and thought. More and more fully had she fallen away from contact with the world about them; and more and more fully had she become immersed in Daniel's union with that old-world thought which concerns itself with the vital question whether there is in man a divine root, a spiritual centre, that answers to the spiritual centre of the Universe. So, since Ethel's twelfth birthday she had lived mid a garden, externally and internally, coming into a lofty and curiously embracive knowledge of that "*Central Mundi: granum fundi*," which was to Daniel the germ and forth-flowering of his well-evolved system of the orderly, organic growths of all things, whether of spirit or of matter. And, of course, these studies had mentally alienated Ethel from relish for contact with the world about her, to whom that whole line of thought would have seemed to be but the ravings of a lunatic. But six years had passed for Althea, as well as for the two recluse students, Daniel and Ethel;

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and it had passed for the thinking world about them, bringing them all past the middle of the seventies. Habit is a great formative force; and as her family had none of them broken out into any worse words or conduct than the things already recorded, and as not a few people, Swedenborgians and others, were found who held, some one and some another of Daniel's ideas, Althea had fallen into the way of dismissing his philosophies with the inward thought that they seemed no less likely than the average other diverse statements made by diverse sects. "He is a philosopher; I am a money-maker. Why may he not be in with a ring of his own, the same as men on exchange are in with theirs?" said she to herself.

She knew that from childhood, Ethel had been as familiarized with Daniel's doctrine of emanation and evolution as a woodland child is used to watching the rise and fall of the mists of a valley; and that it had given her a tender love for every living thing, as each climbs up on its unfolding way, — a love that had made beasts and reptiles seem to Ethel to be friendly followers, climbing up to become little humans, as she, in turn, was mounting upward to become like certain older, grander types of development, as much more august in power than she was then, as she then was greater and better developed than the reptile and short-lived insect. And Althea had partly admitted that, though insane asylums were full of people who saw and heard too much for practical purposes, yet Daniel evidently had some method in his crazes; and so she waited with expectancy, not altogether hopeless of some satisfactory result.

But long since, Ethel had learned from Daniel that lesson of "*silence*," which was of old early enforced on initiates in occult life. So Althea did not know that when Ethel had learned of her power to see in certain men and women the kind of elemental creature that predominated in the nature of each, Daniel had taught her that this sight of the bird or brute revealed the sort of animal-characteristic toward which the possessor inclined. And that the sight of it should but send Ethel to discriminate winsomely as to the noblest use that this given instinct could be brought to serve. For that, by this wise way of dealing with the animal in people, the creature therein would be helped first to a recognition of its true use, and next to a recognition of its limitations.

And now Althea, as she sat at her desk apparently oc-

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cupied with her papers, had swiftly run over all that she knew of these matters, asking herself was it possible that she had made a mistake. Was it possible that, by her exclusiveness, and her distrust of the sanity of her family, she had isolated them in a way which, except for Daniel's greater wisdom (or greater insanity) would have left Ethel as afraid of herself as — Althea half-believed — Robert was afraid of himself? Was it possible that the hundreds and thousands of great-brained people, so many of whom went off their mental balance, did so lose balance because of prevailing distrust of a development of markedly advanced mental capacity?

"If so, — or, indeed, whether so or not, — why did I not let Daniel make use of himself for as many of their 'gods and goddesses' as they chose to find and house and teach? But, no; of course there's no truth in their vagaries, else why don't ministers and such people know something about it too? I shall be losing my own head directly," said Althea to herself. "But, *can I* have been in the wrong? Is it possible, as Dannielle says, that the home-keeping, pondering element of the world is full of sights of harmonious verities, over which they ponder but for which they do not fight?"

In another moment, taking up her own last words, as her misleading custom was, she said coolly to Ethel, —

"Well, as I say, you can go into it now if you choose! If not, as we seem to have nothing to do, I will build a large house to do it in, according to the fashion of the day."

"And what will you do with the house that Jack built?"

"Do you think I am like the rat that ate the corn that lay in the house that Jack built? And that you are the cat appointed to catch the rat?"

There was in Ethel's eyes no soft look as she now gazed at Althea, for she exactly thought now, as she had more than once before, that Althea's treachery to the law of the house was a brutal and mischievous thing. Distinctly she saw the different results that would have come to Robert's life, and to dozens of others, who would now have been accoutred in a way scarcely yet imagined for public services scarcely yet supposed to be achievable. And with a further scrutiny not quite assuring, she said, —

"I don't think I see a — a rat."

And Althea, well protected by her self-poise, said comfortably, —

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"No, I certainly do not pose as the destroyer of the home of the Eloiheems. I look well to the ways of my house, and propose to hedge in, so that neither flood nor folly of others shall swoop it away."

Ethel came nearer intently.

"I see!" she ejaculated. "You are, you are, indeed, a skilful, busy beaver!"

"I can't return the compliment, Ethel! For myself, I don't claim to arrange homes for all the country, but I do mean to take care of my own flesh and blood. I was born with my eyes open!"

"Of course! That's just it. The beaver is said to be," said Ethel, looking at Althea with a new admiration, yes, satisfaction.

And Althea, with mounting color, looked at Ethel a second, then, with hands crossed and held up close before her, with long skirts undulating over the floor, she reached the door, passing through and closing it after her, in some way, without removing her hands from their reposeful attitude.

To Ethel this undulating dress was like that motion of water induced by the propelling feet of the curious little creature who glides under it, or burrows through earth beneath it, or who walks on two feet on the earth beside it, but who never floats on water nor flies through air, and who, except when the front feet are needed by the exigencies of the case, in addition to instinct, teeth, and trowel, carries its hand-like paws before it, a reposeful sign of means in reserve.

Catching her breath up, from the arrest which had come to it as she had watched this exit, Ethel said swiftly, —

"I am so glad. I could not believe it was a *rat*, and yet —"

"No, no," said Daniel, in haste for once. "But often and often a woman or man dominated by this rodentia instinct, if not left to build in freedom, as does the beaver, instead, rat-like, tears down the home. But that, men are slow to understand, Ethel."

Meanwhile Althea had gotten away to think on the sight which she had caught of the Eloiheem home as the centre of the noble influences which it would have become had she left Daniel and the children in the same freedom that they had left her. If she had done so the house would have enlarged as trees enlarge — that is, from the pressure of the demand

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made for enlargement by the life-forces within. And even though the boys and girls had all been called Eloiheems, it would have been a fine charity, settling most naturally many questions by the way. Ethel would not have fallen into this self-isolation, and Robert would not have become such a wanderer over the world, and many things would have been different. It seemed to Althea dreadful that, by Daniel's acquiescence in her careless, dominant manners, such utter revulsion and reversion of agreeable order had been brought about. And for the first time, with a sense of chagrin, Althea told herself she was exactly like her father, who never thought of paying any attention to the finer suggestions of the women of the family in regard to any new departure.

"Like enough, that's what ails society to-day!" she thought for a moment, and then, more like her father than ever, she rushed ahead to complete what she had begun, seeing it was too late to retrace her steps.

"Dannielle, I shall go on and build the house and keep hold of the stretch of land at the right. Robert may as well see that I propose to spend money myself. He gets away with plenty of it travelling over the world; though he lives in no special style and has no specially fine associates to show," said Althea, days later.

"As for you and Ethel, you don't seem to care for spending money. You might as well not have any."

"We haven't," said Daniel.

"That's a mean speech!" said Althea, angrier than she had ever been before. "All that I have is yours, and you know it," she added, greatly aggrieved.

Then with masculine inconsequence of thought concerning this relation of that matter, she said, —

"Besides, what would you do with it, if you had money?"

"We would put people in possession of their faculties. We could so well use a good sum."

"Why, Dannielle, you know Ethel has no idea of the value of money nor of its use: neither have you."

"Is it because we never expend any that you think we don't value it?"

"O, Dannielle, forgive me! I tell you, Dannielle; you help me now in planning a unique, castle-like Eloiheem home, I mean, HOUSE — that will fit in somehow into some use that you think may come about, now that I have spoiled

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the other — and then, — oh, dear love, we are getting older every day! O, Dannielle, what are we going to do with our diagram? And law of liberty, and everything? Come, share all your philosophies with me, dear. And I'll build this house, and then I will equally divide between us three all the money!"

After this, the house plan went forward. And meanwhile, the thousand questions that had to be answered and the matters to be settled, became daily more hateful to Althea. The house, to Althea even, seemed to have no cause of being.

"What are we going to do with this big thing when it is finished, Daniel?" said Althea one evening with a tone of disgust. "We have lived abstemiously so long, and so isolated! And here are these big parlors and dining-rooms! Why in the world didn't you make me understand what would have come of your other old plan? You ought to have pressed it and pressed it on my attention!"

"What, and so have made a howling woman's-rights specimen of myself?" laughed Daniel quizzically. "Never mind, Althea. It is not that other house with its uses, but this, with *its* uses, that is to be carried forward. And it was not *that* development of Ethel with those other uses, but this very different development of her, with some very different uses, with which we now have to deal."

"O, Dannielle, you make me feel as though, by not doing, I had really been doing something portentous!"

"Yes; because whatever we do or do not do, Nature still works on accommodatingly," said Daniel.

"O, you see so much in everything. It is distracting!" cried Althea drawing back, as if half-crazed by the changing panorama of events that seemed passing before her eyes. "What is the use? This pile of masonry has come into the garden now; and the house that Jack built can no longer hide away mid the bosky shades so dear to you and Ethel. We have got to take the new house into the family. And if Ethel has such wonderful powers, she would better now put them to the service of — of this big house," ejaculated Althea, fighting against her sense of her own past blunders; adding, — "Let her prove her powers!"

"If she had about her the corps of co-workers which the last twelve years would have secured, and if we were living

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in the house and with the help from Robert which would have so been evolved, and mid the association with people about us that those twelve years would have created, — in that case she could have proved her powers. Now her use of herself will seem awkward, startling, and easily misconstrued, as much of woman's power is," said Daniel.

"O, don't! At any rate, the time has come to cover up things in the old home. For the door is to be cut through between that and this new addition. You may as well help Ethel to strike up some sort of a union between past and present, between her old abstemious philosophies of life and this present lavish civilization. And I tell you, it is high time; and I shall go against heaven and earth, if need be, to get Ethel out of her old notions and into the gayeties of young society."

"Take it easy, Althea! It never pays to go against heaven and earth. Better move right on reverently with them," said Daniel.

But Daniel told Ethel her mother's wish, and that day the now painfully harassed maiden stood in the midst of the finished, but not furnished house, noticing the peculiar construction of the parlors, and yet more fully being made conscious of the hurrying currents in her own eager and not half-utilized brain and being. Althea came upon her; and at sight of her absorbed gaze into space, exclaimed, —

"Ethel, if you had been expected to act a part mid oriental musings and magic you would not have been brought to such a womanhood as yours amid the last quarter of such a century as this, and amid the living interests of such a community as this of the purposeful Western States of America! What are you dreaming about? Even if it is true, as your father says, that people now have lost their old fears and have found no new faith, that but makes it the more necessary that you should remember your old ideal of what it is to be an Eloiheem mother! Do you hear? This house is soon to be furnished; and I hope at least, Ethel, you will rouse up now, and do the work which drifts to your door; and extend the hospitalities of this home, if you cannot extend those of the country at large."

Nothing can be imagined more sombre than the large-eyed look which Ethel turned on the speaker; yet nothing could be more full of the wine of life than was the flush

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and glow of her cheek and eyes, and of the red-tipped ear, that seemed athrob with listening, to these last words. Then, —

"O, I see! Hospitalities! Work drifts to the door! Surely. And, mother, is it into *this* house that I am to bring the work in order to do it?"

For a moment it was as if Althea had lost herself in Ethel's eyes as in a sea whose surface above was calm.

Then an inexplicable repugnance seized hold on Althea, and with great discomfort she said, —

"Certainly, but do rouse up, Ethel, and do *whatever* comes first to hand, and *live* out the principles of the Eloiheems. You have dreamed over them long enough."

"O yes, 'live out the principles of the Eloiheems!' 'Do whatever comes first to hand.' 'Extend the hospitalities of this home, if I can't of this country.' I see. It was this house, not the other, that was to be built; — this house, with the uses which it is to serve, not that other, with its uses. O, I see! And you told Daniel we are to strike up some sort of union between the past and the present, between old philosophies and a new civilization!"

With a fragmentary, ejaculatory manner, looking out upon the lake beyond the windows, Ethel had said this. But she had said it, too, with a groping, dazed look, that shocked Althea, as if it were the last sign of Ethel's mental destruction. Then turning, —

"Well," she said slowly. "This is quite right! Daniel has furnished me as he chose. You can furnish this house as you choose. Then your house and Daniel's daughter shall come together and we will strike up a union between old philosophies and new civilization."

"How, Ethel?" Althea asked, uneasily, at last.

"O, that *I* don't know," said Ethel, with a tranquil blankness of countenance as she quietly went away.

"My Lord! I believe she is a fool, a witless, ruined mind," ejaculated Althea to herself, with distress untold. And Ethel, turning, paused, looking at her. And on her face the look of one who had heard that ejaculation, and who, hearing, could make no answer but that which was in a look that asked, "How often have you thought that of Daniel, too?"

When Robert next came home — for he was at home far

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less time than he was away from it — Althea tried to frankly tell him of her perplexities, and especially of her anxiety about Ethel. Robert gnawed his mustache, and had little to offer in the way of suggestion concerning the matter, other than that "the best thing would be, not to notice, but go straight along; and that then everything would come out right in course of time, somehow."

"But I *have* to notice," said Althea. "Ethel is twenty years old. She has got to come out into the world and to adapt herself to the world as it is! When she makes the least effort to take up life as it is, she acts like a person dazed, and out of her element. I have not heard a practical word from her lips for years, till she aroused up one day to give me a scolding over the old kindergarten matter. Her whole trend of thought has separated her from life about her. Robert, you must do something about it."

"I?" said Robert with a lowering look of perplexity. Then after a pause he added, "O, a good plan of work steadily pursued to a successful end explains itself! You have every reason to suppose that Daniel's plan with Ethel's education will explain itself, so, in the end. As for that, if she were a young fellow in college, absorbed in study, yet perfect in health and happiness, you wouldn't hustle her out of it into society, simply because she was twenty years old. What's the use of meddling. Home is a good place for Ethel. What's the gain of discontenting her with it?"

"You don't know what you are talking about, Robert. You and Ethel are practically strangers. You avoid her; and, take it altogether, there is an unnatural condition!"

She paused, anxiously looking toward him for help; and he, like one groping mid wide-spread growths of entanglements, said at last, —

"It's only fair, after leaving Ethel in Daniel's hands for twenty years to — to let him now perfect his plan."

"Who's '*left* Ethel in Daniel's hands?' What plan? Don't talk to me in riddles."

"Why, you know — of course you know — he sees in her a priestess of the powers of the new age. One whose powers mid present environments will make her seem to be as nothing to the world — nothing, or worse than nothing."

"Now, Robert, stop. I won't hear a word of it. I thought *you* had some sense. I haven't stood in your way when you

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have wanted to travel the world over to get away from this queer mental atmosphere. I have *seen* that you have tried to run away from it, because you — you fear it, I mean, dislike it, and — "

"Well then, let me tell you one thing and be done with it. I have *tried* to run away, but I haven't gotten away from it. I do 'fear, I mean, dislike it,'" quoted Robert sardonically. "Ethel does not fear nor dislike it. She can't now run from it. For God's sake — for there is a God, you know — leave her to manage herself as Daniel and she think best."

"I will not!" said Althea angrily. "And it is your business as a man thirty years old, to help get her out of it. You must explain away these vagaries, and rouse her up. Take her about with you, and let her see life. A little of the rough side won't hurt her. Anything to get her feet fixed more firmly on earth, Robert! Have you any idea of the unearthly realms of — of — well, almost realms of life, you may say — mid which she dwells? To tell you the truth, Robert, I believe the child so habitually dwells in almost palpable communion with the people of the other world or *the other worlds*, whatever it is — I say, I believe she has so habitually dwelt in this queer way that, — that she thinks it's all right and quite the desirable thing, and that it is of some use and all that," stammered Althea.

Then she paused, very white. Then whispered, "She does not know, Robert, that it is really being — being insane." Almost inaudibly she had added the last word.

Robert, with flaming eyes, straightened himself up, and with an agony of feeling, said rapidly, —

"Are you going to improve the condition by telling her so? Has not every great inventor, every prophet and seer, been weakened and nearly maddened by such talk? Will prematurely hustling her into contact with people whose every glance and pulse tell her she is insane help her to self-poise? I haven't found it so.

"Yes, I did distrust those studies and fled from them. She trusts them and clings naturally and lovingly to Daniel's views of life. Don't interrupt them in their methods of what is their nature. Don't interrupt them, and I won't interrupt you. Home is a good place for any woman, especially for her. Keep her there, I say."

The fiery force of his words was none the less startling

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from the fact that his tone was almost inaudible. Althea alertly searched his face. With suddenness, she said, —

"Well, for pity's sake, can you do so much for your neglected sister as to take her out in your dog-cart this afternoon?"

"Yes, if she wishes it," was the answer, not very cordially given. For the silence which Althea had said was peculiar to Ethel had long since extended to her intercourse with Robert, what little of intercourse there was between them. He knew she had a way of looking at him, *not* scrutinizingly, asking no questions, and proffering no remarks, but, it seemed to him, swiftly viewing all there was of him. She kept her distance, like one holding herself in check, or like one whose own faculties were not yet adjusted to use. This, at least, was Robert's sense of the state of affairs. And he was at times cowed, angered, and fascinated by it; while he was invariably conscious of a halt, full of interrogation, or of a suspicious fear of a power that lurked within her on which he, as man, was purposed to keep a repressive hold.

And it was this element in his mind which Althea had sensed in his muffled words, "Home is a good place for any woman, especially for her. Keep her there." And when, presently, Ethel stood before him, quietly dressed for the drive, as he received her look he thought it all the more. And presently, as they were riding past the finest hotel of the then flourishing city, Robert had bowed to a man who stood at the entrance. And that man's eyes had not readily fallen away from Ethel's face as the carriage passed on.

"Reckoned by the Eloiheem way of computing age, is he young or very old, Robert?" said Ethel.

The dark color jumped to Robert's face.

"He is at least young enough to have no idea of Eloiheem manners: that, Ethel, is the reason he did not understand your long look at him! And he is at least old enough to have already bought all those high-priced things which our fast civilization has to give in exchange for soul!

"His name is Captain Reginald Grove. His father is a low wretch who rather recently struck a money lead; then Reginald struck a society life, and— "

He had turned, and, met by eyes on a level with his, he was struck into silence, a silence which had held him he knew not how long, when, arousing, he almost ejaculated aloud, —

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"Am I mad? Did I dream it?"

For at last Ethel had used on him a power from the use of which, till now, she had refrained.

Robert turned round his horses, and an hour afterwards, as he helped Ethel to dismount, with parted lips he looked fully in her eyes. Then, like one spell-bound, he watched her so; as with a gentle smile at him she went up the steps and into the house.

He remembered now, that while he was speaking of Captain Grove, turning, he had met on her face the look which a pitiful mother gives one child who maligns the character of another like himself. Then suddenly, as he now distinctly remembered, he had been lifted as if by tender, under-reaching grasp, and carried softly quite away from all that realm of thought and life, borne up, as by an eagle, into the very presence of the Sun of Love's own beams; and baptized there, — was it for a moment or for an hour? — in foregleams of what it was his inherent power to do and to be as a helper of such an one as this poor captain. Baptized most rapturously in the delight of a life filled with freed, superhuman powers of achievement for the good of self and others. Not only was this revelation of such a possible self exhilarating to Robert as nothing before had ever been, but, the method of its transmission to him was of a sort comparable to nothing he had ever before experienced. It was as if a "golden-feathered eagle had snatched him upward into the fire of a sun, where both the eagle and himself did burn" in the supernal flame, revealing to him this, the essence of that life lived by those who do always behold the face of the Spirit of Wholeness.

"Well?"

It was Althea accosting him as he had sunken down on the steps in reverie. He looked up at her.

There was that in his white, luminous face from which she started back, saying, in alarm, —

"For the good Lord's sake, tell me, Robert, what has she done now?"

"Keep her at home," said Robert, getting into his trap and driving off to escape into solitude.

The next year was passed by Althea, Daniel, and Ethel travelling over, and visiting the points which were of special interest at that stage of the development of this country — a

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stage of development defined by the opening of the Pacific Railroad, and which made travel to California and the other Western States and Territories easy and delightful. After that, they took the winter months of the year inspecting the Southern States.

Althea had said, "it was for Ethel's health," but Daniel, with marked firmness and insistency, had said, "Ethel's health was perfect in all regards" — evidently himself purposed to protect Ethel from the falsity with which Althea's fears might otherwise have burdened Ethel's, as yet, mental and physical self-poise, — a self which Ethel comprehended was poised on an unusual plane, — a plane, somewhat like the plateau on a mountain-top, to be sure; the atmosphere of which would necessarily be too rarefied to be comfortably breathed by dwellers in the valley.

"Self-poised on *this* plane; self-adapted to the atmosphere *there*," Daniel had assured Althea, Ethel was. And Althea at last had to accept it as possibly so, for it was evident to her that not she alone, but all others recognized something of this sort in both Daniel and Ethel, as, silent and courteous, they looked out lovingly on the world with something like the distant contemplation of beings from other spheres. The result was, at last Althea decided she might as well get home, open the house, and try putting her family into the swim of popular life.

About two months after their return Mrs. Offensteine's party had ensued. And Ethel had consented to be present at it with her father and mother.

At this party she met "Reginald Grove, Judge Elkhorn, and a dozen better men," — as Althea afterwards said ruefully.

For with hands lightly crossed, and the cool calm of her being resting even in the folds of her dove-colored dress, this golden-haired maiden had looked into the soul of Captain Reginald Grove as he was presented to her. Then another man and yet another was pressed on Ethel's attention, and Reginald, with a revival of his childhood's guess at a manhood, heroic and rare, had fallen back a little, watching her. And then he and Mrs. Eloiheem had seen Ethel turn her head till her chin couched on her breast, as, looking down and back at him, her eyes searched in his deliberately. And with a light on her face more radiant than a smile, and with

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a deeper inclination of her head toward him she looked at him still, in a way which to Reginald was nothing less than a warm gathering up of his woful soul into her care.

A moment afterwards Reginald was out under the planets which seemed to him not more full of peace beatific than was the woman who had looked on him. He was walking fast and aimlessly withal, unless he was striving to keep up with his quickened heart-throbs. Suddenly he drew up his pace, telling himself in surprise, "Not one word had she uttered to him, after all," and then, asking himself "to what, in all the realm of her daily life he could have responded from experience of his:" yet sensing that, somehow, *she* knew of a bridge across the gulf that is fixed between souls on one side of moral purity and souls on the other.

But in another moment darkness fell over him again, and he was whelmed in a dread of that desolation so much more desolate than all the desolation to which, in the end, any soul is ever left by the good God, — whelmed in a sense of the frauds and tragedies of society; a sense of the sufferings of woman, and the hungers of man's hardly satisfied existence.

And under this overwhelming sense of desolation he turned back, laid hold upon again by the eyes of her who had gathered his soul into her own.

"No, no! She promised me nothing. She did not speak. She only looked at me as she stood in the light," he muttered aloud; and then catching himself up, with a weak little oath, he told himself he was a fool; for that she was still standing in the light looking on other men who were crowding up to her, bewitched, as he had been bewitched, and to be forgotten as he was already forgotten.

Then the old distress of brain, nerve, and stomach came upon him; till for him all the world was lost in his sense of the torturing need that drew him to his hotel, and straight to the bar there.

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BOOK III.

LATE that night Ethel was in the dimly-lighted dressing-room which lay between Mrs. Eloiheem's suite of rooms on one side of it, and Ethel's new room on the next side. The third side was walled against the house that Jack built, which at this part overlapped the mansion wall by eight feet. So that three doors opening out of this dressing-room brought it into connection with Mrs. Eloiheem's new suite of rooms, and with Ethel's new chamber, and also, with her little old room that was in the house that Jack built. Ethel had not yet adopted her new chamber, and was using this dressing-room for the first time, as she sat, with the gas turned low in the adjacent rooms, brushing out her hair, while her mother was moving about somewhere back in the shadows of her chamber.

The midsummer moon was at its full, and like a buoyant ball seemed rolled along rapidly, as if the rollicking clouds drove it before them, at times tumbling quite over it and hiding it up in the flutter and foil of their drapery. Just as the moon was getting free of these frolickers and was launching into the bit of blue beyond them, Ethel said: —

"Mother, you noticed Captain Grove."

The strokes of her brush on the wealth of hair falling about her were steady as she waited.

"Well, what of him?" said Althea.

"He is a man to be helped."

"He is a man to be avoided as a repulsive person."

"Repulsive to what?"

"To every one's sense of what is real manhood."

"Yes — he has often repulsed his own sense of it. *That* he

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to-night recognized. He is to-night eager to reinstate it. He is to be helped by me."

Out of the silence the dialogue had bounded just as, at the moment, the full moon had bounded out of enswathing clouds. The glory of lake and sky blended, enhaloed the uplifted face on which Althea gazed unobserved. A face grand and imperturbable as that of the pictured Hathor on the wall at the left of the window.

Ethel sat just inside the realm of the new house, but with her foot on the threshold of her little old chamber. There was that in this fact and the air which assured Althea, should she attempt conduct toward Ethel like that attempted by Judith toward Althea Eloi, Ethel was capable of enacting a part quite as decisive as Althea's had been.

Yet she said, "He is beyond redemption, Ethel."

"Are our principles for practice?" came the quiet question.

"O—of course," faltered Althea; adding, with attempted carelessness, "Well, good-night, and sleep well," as she fell away into the darkness, from whence she still studied the face uplifted against the background of the crimson curtains, a face grand and imperturbable as Hathor's when she dreams new worlds into being.

The deep garden with its fair sweep of a driveway had not been greatly disarranged in the process of admitting the new mansion into the family. It seemed to Althea "strangely providential" that the great trees were found to stand in a way beautifully related to this advent.

As for the rest of the matter, balconied windows had stepped forth, as if in response to a summons to behold the excellence of a view to be had at the exact point of their emergence. For here, like gladsome eyes, they glistened at sunrise and at sunset, as if dazzled by the majesty of lake, land, and sky.

Running quite round the back and tower corners of the mansion was a curved, broad piazza that afforded full views of the avenue and lake to those who knew where best to place chairs while yielding to the sense of leisure about which the lake murmured continually.

The domed entrance at the front of the house was enclosed in a separate, semicircular veranda, broad and balustraded

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like that which, back and front, swept round the curved tower-ends of the house.

Beyond the double doors of the vestibule was the great hall that passed through the middle of the house; and it was the size and peculiar construction of the parlors and rooms on each side of the hall that had assured strangers who had inspected them that the Eloiheems would next spread their sails to catch the fostering breeze of social advancement.

Meanwhile Mrs. Eloiheem had a repugnance to the task this great house now imposed on her. She had little more idea of, or relish for, running the machinery of a house than has the average man. And while she was loath to inundate the home with the number of servants indicated by the size of this establishment, she was equally averse to become herself practically the head servant of a house, as the so-called mistress of such a house frequently does become.

Robert had brought her from Washington a trained cook, Tama, and a major-domo, Adolphus, Tama's husband. But she found that this major-domo had been used to preside over a respectable number of servants, and that Tama had been used to cook for a fine number of epicures. And that a house in which there were neither servants nor epicures was, to the minds of these people, a matter of curiosity.

Adolphus had objected to "a confusion of duties," as he called the work that had been laid out for him by Mrs. Eloiheem. And his expression had well described Mrs. Eloiheem's idea of her own new position.

Meanwhile, Daniel and Ethel spent their time in the house that Jack built, making no change in their methods of employment or in their simple diet; and when Rob brought friends up from Chicago it was always to the house that Jack built that he took them. For there was no other house just like that: while Chicago and other cities had hundreds of places gotten together as this other pile of stone and mortar, and of upholsterer's work, had been gotten together.

"I hate it," Althea ejaculated for the hundredth time, as, the morning after the Offensteine party, she went about, looking at the vines which had been planted about the balustrades two years before, and which she had, with lots and lots of money and care, tried to bribe Nature to make look like real old, well-established family vines, such as were those round the house that Jack built; — vines which Daniel still tended

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daily in his easy, effective way. But these others he never touched. And Adolphus had just remarked that he could not look after the vines if he had other things to do, etc. And Althea, with a growing sense that Daniel's way of doing things was the way of one "whose strength was as the strength of ten," was crossing the carpet in great perplexity as to her new duties, when, —

"Mother, he is drifting to our door," came Ethel's voice in at the window outside of which she sat, overlooking the lake. And Althea had but perturbedly thought, "It is some new visitor. What will Ethel do, with her unconventional ways?" — when the breeze from the lake, blowing in the curtain, brought with it this swift dialogue: —

"Let me sit on the steps and talk with you. I had to come, you know. You made me wish I were a boy again."

"I wish you were."

"Why do you wish it?"

"Because you are so old in habit and young in self-control, that after all I have thought of it, I don't yet see how to help you."

"*It?* Do you mean you have thought of me?'

"Yes, Captain Grove. O, good-morning Bertha. Yes, lay your bag on the grass, and come up and get these papers which I have marked for you to read; then you may gather up the fresh-cut grass and take it to your rabbits. And, Bertha, this is Captain Grove! Captain Grove, this is Bertha Gemacht."

It was a bare-footed German girl whom Ethel had thus introduced to the son of a millionaire, that Althea saw through the curtain. One of "the goddesses" of the war-period-episode, on whom Ethel had evidently kept some sort of hold, and on whom (now that Althea had settled an income on Ethel and Daniel) Ethel was exercising a far-purposed charity.

"You were faithful in school, but since then, this last year, I have lost sight of you," said Ethel, next.

"Of me?" ejaculated Bertha, much as Reginald had done.

"Yes, I lost sight of you, as I sent my mind out to —"

She stopped — adding, —

"Here are the papers. They will tell you of two women who took up land in Nebraska under the National Homestead

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Act, and who now are rich, not only in money, but in that they have learned how to help others to help themselves."

Bertha's face had kindled with a quick sense of these words, and it was held alight still, as Ethel added,—

"But these women could not have done the work they have done if they had not had clear brains; and they could not have had clear brains if they had not had clean blood; and they could not have had clean blood if they had not had clean habits of life. You have read the *Health Journal* I gave you? Well, did you decide whiskey is not brain poison? Do you advise me to drink it?"

"Mein Gott! What for should you drink anything? You have no sorrow! You are like the power of the air for the healing that's in you."

"You, too, Bertha, are full of that power! Why do you not cherish it, as lovingly as you do your rabbits?"

"O, would I not be glad!" cried Bertha, flinging her apron over her head and sinking down on the steps, convulsed with sudden weeping.

Reginald, at the sight, the words, and the sound, sank on to the steps below, with his face turned toward the lake.

Ethel, her voice trembling with that fellowship in suffering which is the price paid by those who will be redeemers, said,—

"There now! Shall we three no more harm the blood in our veins? See?" She laid back her loose summer sleeve, baring her arm to the gaze of the pairs of eyes now fixed on the blue tracery there, and startling three souls as three listeners heard her say,—

"See! It is the life of Jehovah. The All-Life! In all the universe there is but one Life. Here it is! In the artery of throat and arm, this life-blood flows on its errand of absorption. Whatever I draw into my mouth, or into my thoughts even, this life-current, catching up, creates into power of some sort."

Reginald, drawn back, scanned the arm, and at that moment, to him the beauty there was become as part of the beauty of the mystery of the God-head, whence that life had flowed. He leaned breathlessly toward Ethel, holding fast by the balustrade, as she said—

"Shall I admit to my veins what you admit to yours, Bertha? No? Yet you, not less than I, belong to the motherhood of the on-coming Republic! And into the

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veins of *that* motherhood, Bertha, may come only what each woman may choose — *choose* to take into hers, taking it, to convey it to her sons! Do you understand, Bertha? For then, born of *such* womanhood, there shall be gods in those days anear."

"Ya! Gods — Vonder-men like im das alten time in der faderland."

"Better than that. For these shall be the wonder-men of this mother-land, with all the ancient virtues and none of the old vices which fill that fatherland to-day with war and madness."

The next moment, it seemed to Mrs. Eloiheem, they had all gone frenzied together. Bertha was clutching at Reginald's cane, and Reginald had fallen backwards, while Mrs. Eloiheem had seized a flower jar full of water, and had flung it into his empurpled visage as he lay down among the clematis vines.

The next thing sensed by the Captain was the sound of the words —"don't send." Then he saw sunlight flashing on a crystal vessel, and knew earthy scents were about him, as he lay in some narrow depth among dripping leaves, and under the sound of a voice from above, which he thought was saying, "*I* will take care of him."

He had, in fact, in sudden wrath, flown at Bertha, who was now getting away as fast as she could, responsive to the swift dismissal which she had read in Ethel's friendly eyes; as also was Mrs. Eloiheem getting away from the danger of being recognized by the millionaire whom she had douched so thoroughly.

And, having retreated into, as swiftly as she had emerged from, her peeping-place, Mrs. Eloiheem now looking forth again, saw Reginald seated stupidly on the lower step of the balcony; and Ethel daintily wiping the spatters from his shirt-front and face. Then —

"Who cares," ejaculated Reginald, slashing out with his cane at a rose-bush — "I don't, do you?"

He looked and acted like a drunken man.

Ethel plucked from the bush the rose at which he had struck. Reginald, with strained attention, watched her as she closed up the lacerated heart of it, saying with puzzled eagerness, "What is it? Do you want to put it together again?"

"Yes, and all other wounded lives," said Ethel.

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He fell back a little. "O, much you care to make a fellow happy. You have no respect for a man's feelings," he muttered, as if ready to cry.

Then he aroused himself, startled, as he, looking about, half-realized again where he was and to whom he was speaking.

Then, Mrs. Eloiheem, watching through the curtains, saw this thing take place: —

Ethel, bending over him, looked closely into his eyes as she had just done into the torn heart of the rose. And he, like one first quieted, then enchained, sat as if listening to Ethel, who spoke not nor moved for a full minute. And Althea, turning, found Daniel behind her, with his eyes also riveted on Reginald's. With a scornful gesture, she silently waved him toward the window, as if recommending him to inspect Ethel's peculiar manners toward this stranger. But her very life seemed arrested in its course, as Reginald, in a voice deep and low with eager delight, controlled by a glad awe, said rapidly,— as if in response,—

"Will you? Did she? *Can* I, do you really think?"

And then the watchers beyond the curtains saw this man, with his head thrown back, looking up through the trees with face made singularly sweet by the purity of the childhood's look that was on it. Then, as if out of a state of listening and waiting he said, in gentle, confidential tones, "No, I don't myself see so very much good in money. It can't bring back to a fellow the kind of days he had when he was but five years old. No, money can't do that. Only mothers know how to make those days. O, yes, if you will ask me to go up on to that piazza, and to sit in that nice steamer-chair, I will tell you how mothers do it."

He had an exquisite voice, with subtle cadences and inflections at which he never guessed. And if his face were the face of a man whom Circe with cap and charm had sought to change into a swine, it was also the face of one who had that within which had ceased not to fight against this swamping of that self in things of the senses.

In silence Daniel went to the man, assisting him to the seat he desired to occupy. And Reginald, with gentle content, was stretched out languidly in the chair just as the sound of hoofs upon the gravel-walk was followed by a sight of Judge Elkhorn, as, dismounting, he tied his horse and, with his bow

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to the Eloiheems blent a look at Reginald which sent the fiends dancing through his disorganized being.

Doubtless Reginald was a strange-looking person to meet on a morning's visit. His face was both pallid and flushed, his linen smirched with mud, and he seriously disordered in all ways. Judge Elkhorn perceived Mrs. Eloiheem was perturbed by the condition of this evidently much-petted man, and for a moment these two men regarded each other with a well-defined stare, each wondering how the other came there so early in the morning. Reginald's wet and disarranged hair clung in soft little curls about his ears and where the mass of it was pushed up from a brow of beautiful contour, in a way which the man could hardly have done for himself.

This the Judge noticed, so, crossing his knees, he jerked one boot up and down leisurely, while he ostentatiously waited for the first caller to take his departure, now that a second one had arrived.

Reginald, sick and dazed as he was, saw that "this man was against him;" and, child-like, glanced at Ethel to see if she were still his friend.

She moved her chair a trifle nearer to him than to the Judge as she seated herself; and at that the wounded rose-bud which Reginald had held by the stem, concealing the blossom in the hollow of his hand, was by him deliberately placed in the button-hole of his coat.

The Judge, with a glance to see how Mrs. Eloiheem liked that, and hoping to mislead Grove as to the degree of intimacy existing between Miss Eloiheem and his Judge-ship, remarked, —

"I have called thus *early*, Miss Eloiheem, to continue the conversation had with you last evening. You said then you proposed to give help to the struggling, counsel to the doubtful, and cheer to the despondent, by merely following the law of free mental action, and leaving others to act in the presence of it as best they should find themselves able. Miss Eloiheem, you will be glad to have me tell you that you have *authority* for your proposed method of conduct."

He paused impressively. Then added, —

"No less a person than *Petrarch* upholds you."

Reginald leaned toward Ethel, whispering childishly, —

"P-e-t-r-a-r-c-h? Are those the letters of that name?"

Ethel acquiesced with a look like the touch which she had

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given to the lacerated rose, and sensing it thrillingly, Reginald, in a curious tone, devout and timid, said, —

"Demit! I know old Pete! He was one of my mother's *favorites.* He was awfully mashed, you know, on a girl called Laura."

"O fie! fie! Petrarch would turn in his grave if he knew you gentlemen were mixing him up in a modern Western whirl of beer and bumptiousness, lard and love," said Mrs. Eloiheem laughing, the more amiably, perhaps, because she saw another equestrian had halted, and had softly turned away after coming so far up the gravel walk as to catch sight of Judge Elkhorn's horse tied at the post.

Ethel saw only Reginald.

"So then," thought she, "in childhood he pondered in baby-wise on Petrarch's love for Laura. Where now, then, is the man whose mother's favorite was Petrarch?"

And Reginald, pleased at the look in her eyes, and not unmindful of his manners, said, with a child's appealing obedience, —

"Should I go now, do you think, Miss Eloiheem?"

"If you please," said Ethel, with a tone and manner which, if not one of caressing gentleness, could not have been named by the astonished Judge Elkhorn.

Reginald, assisted by Daniel, got on his feet with some clumsiness, and making quiet adieux, got away, looking back and raising his hat again toward Ethel with a smile of perfect satisfaction. And Judge Elkhorn, craning his neck, saw Robert Eloiheem's trap had halted at the entrance of the lawn, and that Robert himself had driven away with the man who was in this curious plight.

But Elkhorn did not know that before Robert left Captain Grove he had found for this poor fellow what he wanted, and that that was a copy of Petrarch's "De Vita Solitaria," to which Judge Elkhorn had alluded.

When Reginald reached his hotel he went directly to his room, and putting his rose-bud in water and his book on a table beside the vase, he lay down with some idea of renewing old acquaintances — whether with the rose, or Petrarch, or Miss Eloiheem, or his mother and his childhood, was not clear to his mind. They all seemed about him, full of touches and tones of tenderness. He felt like a man who had been to confessional, and who had received absolution

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from one who, seeing all, forgave all, but condoned nothing. For Miss Eloiheem, too, had wished he were a boy again. And full of the memories of those days when his mother's kiss was on his lips, and blessedness was in his heart, Captain Reginald Grove fell asleep.

Later that day he sat in a quiet corner of the office with a dull sense that he was waiting for dinner time. He kept his back toward the people in the room, and as his face was not toward the window, he had the air of a man who wished to be left alone for reasons not rare in the lounging places of hotels.

He was half-dreaming, but he had not been drinking. There were many men about the office, lounging, smoking, and overlooking the papers and the women who passed by, either outside the window or to and from the elevator near at hand.

Reginald had spent plenty of hours that way himself. But he had a sense now, that there must be some better way "of putting in the time." Hitherto, his cure for this depressing thought had been a visit to the bar, and then a cigar, then more depression, more bar, and then more cigars again, *ad infinitum*. So that cause and effect had continued to rotate, while through it all he had held on to an expectation of comfort and help from some good woman-soul. In this he had been disappointed. For the women whom he intimately knew were those who, trying fashionable watering-places and European cities, summers and winters, wherever they went, seemed to the sensitive little Captain to only become increasingly flashy in diamonds and general effect. And the most dreadful of these all — it now seemed to him — was Mrs. Mancredo. She did talk so about society and people, saying society was full of women who had now money enough not to *need* to marry, and such a sense of the flatness of life as made them not care to live; and yet so clear a certainty of a life to come that they were kept from prematurely embarking for that shore, whereto diamonds and mature old flirtations were not exportable articles. She had said that all women were perplexed to know whether they themselves, or the men they met, were the worst bores to themselves and each other. All this talk seemed very trying to Reginald. She called these "problems of life." Now problems perplexed Captain Reginald Grove, and when Captain

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Reginald Grove was perplexed he resorted to the bar. And of late he had been perennially perplexed. But this day he was so tired of it all that he did not even think of resorting to the bar. So there he sat with his face to the wall, half-dozing and fancying he was waiting for dinner.

When Reginald finally went into the dining-room late that night, he was almost immediately followed by Mrs. Mancredo, who sailed past his table, with her pretty round chin well up in the air, and seated herself, with a flow of drapery and a flashing of diamonds in the billow of laces on her bosom. Inwardly, she was full of that sense of high expectancy which follows (with natures like hers) upon a newly discovered disproportion between the heart's demand and the inadequate objects commonly palmed off as a supply to this demand. "This life can't last so, forever," she was saying inwardly, while with woman's observance she noticed that though two new "transients" were properly impressed with her appearance, Captain Grove did not yet know she had entered the room. And all the while her eyes were scanning the bill of fare, and the patient James at her side was brushing away imaginary crumbs to remind her he still lived and lived to serve.

"O, anything. I don't care!" flinging down the *carte* on which she had not seen a line. She had been thinking of the rose-bud which Captain Grove had worn as he came in that morning; and she had decided that if he were going to wear rose-buds she was going to know why and whence.

She was safe enough in looking at him now; for, unconscious of surroundings, he had clutched his knife and fork, striking them on the table, handles down, while gazing unwittingly into the abysmal beyond.

"There's his father's lineage," she said, settling herself to will him into looking at her. He caught her eye with a start, then she imitated his gesture, stare, start, and all, and sank back, fanning herself in pantomimic swoon.

Reginald recovered enough to signify with a shake of his finger that he would settle that account with her; and then he came over, taking the empty chair at her side which she had suggestively moved a trifle.

"I smell a rose-bud," she said,

"Then you have a perfect nose, a double-barrelled, back-action nose, which can shoot round a spiral staircase and

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pick a lock, all for the purpose of getting at my poor little rose-bud which I put in a vase there, beside my new copy of 'De Vita Solitaria,'" said he, dropping heavily into the chair, which he had almost missed.

"O, the whirl of eloquence! And whence this literary afflatus?" she exclaimed, covering her real surprise by an exaggeration of it.

Then another change had come over Reginald's unsteady mind.

"How many times a week do you tell us fellows we lie?" said he.

"O, the times I tell you so, compared with the times you do it, are so infinitesimal a fraction that I couldn't be at the trouble of reckoning," she said, looking at him through nearly closed lashes, with an air of lazy indifference; while inwardly she hotly thought, "O, he thinks to break up with a quarrel, does he? Not so easy will he find it."

"Do you really think we men lie?" he said, with sudden pathos in voice and accent that fetched from her the drawling answer, with the baby-stare in her eyes,—

"Of cou-urse you do!"

"All men?"

"Might except a deaf-mute or two?" she answered lazily.

"Do you except me?"

"Did you say except or *accept*?" (with an air of blissful trepidation).

"Not *accept* — for — can't think what a woman would want of a liar."

"Hobson's choice, as for that," with a shrug of her shoulders, and looking as charming as though she were being real good; far more so, she thought; for she believed men were more *en rapport* with anything else than with that keen moral sense in woman which sees so much more than it approves.

She meant to give him a Roland for his Oliver, and so she threw scorn on what she knew was his pet virtue, laughingly accusing him of what she knew he considered was a slave's vice; a vice, to which she felt the master-class, occupying as they do, a fair field and needing to ask no favor, would not incline.

She was playing at cross-purposes with him, repressing his best, and developing his worst impulses. And Reginald,

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feeling this, full of horrible pressure in brain and heart, longing to get away into quiet with that rose and those stories which it now seemed to him it had told him, had nearly cried aloud, —

"Mother! Miss Ethel. Help!"—when, dazedly, he looked about. He had risen to his feet, and he found Mrs. Mancredo had taken his arm, to steady him, as he now half-feebly guessed.

"Your rose-bud took you back to your childhood, didn't it?" she said kindly, trying to now steady herself under the piteous look which had come to his face. "He is going to pieces fast," she thought then, as she shook her head in response to a man who had risen from his table to help her with Grove, for she knew the Captain had an expiring pride in the fact that he had "never been helped up stairs." So in a skilful way she upheld him, while seeming to lean on his arm, as they passed from the room. He took to the stairway just by the dining-room door; and halting as he leant heavily on the bannisters, said with an effort, —

"— no use talking. Y' don't b'lieve me."

"You goose! Of course I believe you," she said, half with tears.

"— said y' didn't," he ejaculated.

"Well, what if I did. That's nothing. Come, let's go up stairs, Captain Grove," she half-whispered. But he felt combative now, and,

"I believe you when you say a thing," he answered, bracing back against the baluster.

"More goose you," was the laughing retort.

"What d' ye mean? Do ye mean ye lie?"

"Always do," she said recklessly.

With a pitiful effort to get himself together, holding hard to the balusters, he said, with labored distinctness, —

"O, if you always lie, then when ye say ye lie ye must be telling the truth. Only if y' telling the truth when ye say y' always lie, then y' must be lying if that's the truth."

"You would better take a nap and clear your brains. You seem to be getting metaphysical, and that, added to the rose-bud afflatus — "

"Stop there," he said fiercely. "Tell me in one word, 'f ye can, are ye truthful?"

"Yes, oppressively full of truths. Shall I disburse? Will you take the stock?"

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"Yet ye say y're a liar!" he persisted doggedly, looking at her as one would look at a thing frightfully repellent, because of its illusive associations with things most horrible. "If ye can lie like this, you can do anything! 'Liar's a murderer from the beginning.'"

People passing in the corridor, seeing the faces and hearing the concentrated tones, turned away. For the last exchange of sentences had come through the closed teeth of both parties. And now Mrs. Mancredo was looking at this man like one who had met an old enemy. Her breath whistled raspingly against his brain as, drawing it in between her teeth, and bending near him, she said, —

"A murderer! Well, I might not feel averse to rid the world of a few such as you!"

"*Me*? Such as me?" With protruding eyes, and third finger pointing to his breast, he panted out the question in horror.

"Why not such as you?" said Mrs. Mancredo. "I have just that against you which you would have against me, if you knew that my life was a fac-simile of what you know yours to be. Fancy a sister — had — since you entered on fashionable hoodleism — kept step for step with you, where would she —"

With a wild clutch at the balustrade he passed her; tottering to the next flight, and turning there, he flung back one look at the upturned face on which the gaslight streamed.

A man in a room opposite and a bell-boy, listening, caught the sound which fell from Grove's lips.

"'M' sister,' he called her," thought the man.

"'Alitza,' he said," thought the bell-boy.

But the door of the room above had closed. And Mrs. Mancredo had entered her parlor with a white face, and had locked herself in.

Reginald, flinging himself on his bed, lay there with open eyes, not thinking, yet not unconscious. For before him there was still that sight, the face of a young girl with strained eyes full of pleading love and of the wrath of a soul as sore beset as it was impotent. To him this sight now conveyed no idea. He looked at it with an intensity in which there was no fear, no love, nothing but a dull glare of recognition.

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Then the rose, exhaling its last breath, passed like a soothing touch over his senses, enveloping them and communicating to his mind's inmost sanctuary an interior delight as of childlike blessedness. Some thought of Petrarch and his Laura, with all trivial elements withdrawn therefrom, pervaded this blessedness, foregleaming the spiritualized rapture which vivifies the worship of the children of Heaven, and interpreting to him myriad new marvels of ineffable love, for which his bereft spirit had dumbly longed.

Then this delight (all separate from the senses), suddenly immersing his higher nature, aroused that from its long sleep and baptized that into Life. Then, as fully as ever man felt sun's rays, Reginald felt his mother's presence, and knew or thought he knew that he was being gathered up into the unutterable ecstasy of an annihilation of that self-burden which he had so long been to himself.

The next morning Reginald was found in his room, heavily paralyzed; and when it was said that "no relations of Captain Grove were nearer than New Mexico," the man who had heard the last words spoken on the stair the night before, declared them. But Mrs. Mancredo, though she had dashed to Grove's side and was tending him faithfully, had also declared he "was no blood of hers." By luck, just then Reginald's father had come to the city; and immediately it came about that "the widow and old Grove, and the widow's lawyer" were reported to have gone into a private discussion from which all three had emerged with pale faces. After that, critical observers decided that old Grove and the widow were bound together by a tie which, though not of affection, was quite as strong as the average specimen of that article.

Next it was announced that poor Grove was far worse than dead, and by the third day, not even the mystery connected with Mrs. Mancredo's relation to the affair rendered the presence of this living death acceptable to the companions of the collapsed man. Every one said John Grove was eager to get away, but that Mrs. Mancredo and the lawyer, not to mention another person who was said to be a detective in citizen's dress, kept a strong hold on the father of Reginald Grove.

Before the catastrophe was two days old, Judge Elkhorn had called at the hotel; and with his usual air of holding

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the key to all knowledge, had told Mrs. Mancredo — who was rather a new comer to the West — what he had seen and heard at the Eloiheems the morning after the Offensteine party. But he did not mention that as soon as Reginald Grove had been driven away in Robert's trap, Ethel had withdrawn from the balcony with Daniel. Nor did Elkhorn tell that all the comfort which he had gotten from Mrs. Eloiheem was what he could pick out of this set form of words: "We do not know the young man particularly. He appeared here quite early, seeming ill; and he lost his balance before he came up the balcony, and fell into the wet vines and general disorder. My daughter was quite good to him, considering the value she sets on her time. I was glad to notice my son Robert took him safe to his hotel." Neither did he tell that with this remark Mrs. Eloiheem had dismissed not only the subject, but him; nipping in the bud his purpose of "taking up the Eloiheems." But what Judge Elkhorn did tell was all he could of the rose-bud episode; making much of Reginald's adoration of Miss Eloiheem, whose charms, Elkhorn also praised as others who were at the Offensteine party had already done in Mrs. Mancredo's hearing.

The result was, at the earliest opportunity, Mrs. Mancredo ordered her coupé and was driven up to Lake View Promenade.

"It was a glorious day; and lying back in her carriage, Mrs. Mancredo gazed on Lake Michigan as she rode on the bluffs above it. It was this morning, bedecked in its purple-green and gold-limned sheen of coloring, while on its bosom fishing-smacks and steamboats floated as quietly as if fog-horns were never heard nor vessels wrecked near its shore. And Mrs. Mancredo, as she lay back seemingly so much at her ease, was not unlike this lake, on which storms arise so suddenly. She had heard enough from Elkhorn to determine her at least to look about a little; and possibly to pass the house where was the balcony on which the rose-bud-giver had recently played a part. A part in which Mrs. Mancredo had no slight interest, one would say who judged from the fire that was in her eyes and the color that was on her face as she ordered her coachman to drive down the avenue. And suddenly, —

"Who lives here?" she exclaimed to John.

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"The Eloiheems live here! and that is this Ethel who is watering the roses," said John, as one might say "the royal family live here, and that is the princess, heir to the throne, whom you see before you."

And in wrath at this, —

"Drive in," said Mrs. Mancredo.

John's start swept along the reins, and sent the horses tearing round the curve, cutting into the new borders, and making the gravel fly right and left. Then, drawn up too suddenly the nettled horses backed, throwing Mrs. Mancredo forward enough to damage her temper. And she, flinging a look of wrath at her coachman, had not properly adjusted her superior manner, when — like one who from the noisy street has entered a cool cathedral's calm, she found herself in the presence of Ethel Eloiheem.

Ethel Eloiheem, who lifted tranquil eyes to the heat, haste, and anger precipitated on them.

With a catch of her breath Mrs. Mancredo presented her card.

Ethel took it, and with a gravity as far from being conventional as it was from being discourteous, said, —

"Yes — and I am Ethel Eloiheem. Will you enter the Eloiheem-home?"

The proposal seemed momentous, and aroused a sense of expectancy mingled with alarm. Then an antagonism swept over the visitor, as she saw that, with no defined purpose, she had thrust herself upon a woman who seemed dominated by an intelligent and far-reaching purpose. A woman who evidently practised not at all those conventionalities which help to disguise the inward state of one person from the eyes of another.

Feeling as if she had been attacked, stripped to the heart, and struck at, this woman, whose skill and success heretofore had lain in her habitual self-disguise, with a heat of incomprehensible antagonism, ejaculated,

"No, I do not care to go into *the Eloiheem-home!*" And having said this, she found nothing else to say or do. Nothing but to bear as best she could the grave and studious attention with which Ethel waited for the next words.

The sustained silence laid hold on Mrs. Mancredo. Thicker and faster came her breath, till, as if in defence against some strange torrent of life, that seemed sweeping her out on its

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currents, initiating action, she said, aimlessly, as her eyes fell on the injured rose-bush, —

"What has happened to the rose you were watering?"

"It has been abused."

"What did it?"

"Passion did it," said Ethel.

Then challengingly into the face before her the visitor flung the words, —

"Reginald Grove wants to see you."

"The paralysis, then, was not final?"

With a look of inexpressible insult, bending near, she whispered, —

"Final enough to stop his flirting."

Then Ethel's being bounded into antagonism; but she knew it; and she bade herself say in tones of purest courtesy, —

"Would you not better step upon the balcony? Then, in the shade you can tell me your troubles and I will bring you help."

"Me? It is you who need help! No, I will not go on your balcony. That will do for — Grove, when next he comes for rose-buds. Now he is dying."

An unutterable amazement, full of noble inability to comprehend what was this thing so near and odious which was tearing like a cyclone up the heights of her being, was upon Ethel, bringing the question whether that woman could be hinting that in heart of an Eloiheem there was aught that needed concealment.

Then, — "Do you know who I *am?*" she said.

Mrs. Mancredo fell back.

For ten seconds these women faced one another, each with questions, neither with fears. Then, suddenly, in the tone of one asking self-pardon for weakness, Ethel said, as to a child, —

"I spoke with him one morning. I gave him a flower. It looked to me like his riven childhood. It looked so to him. I would we could bring that childhood back to him."

Irruptively the words had come forth, as if flung out by volcanic fires within. It was as if a crater had blossomed with lilies of the valley. Mrs. Mancredo had not so learned Nature.

"*You* bring back his childhood? What is his childhood to

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you? Never. He has made his bed and on it he shall lie till he changes it for a narrower one. He is a bad man and his love for you — "

She stopped, with her eyes on those before her, wherefrom dancing lights had shut out all recognition of habitual purpose. Seething animal rage, such as blinds a brute on four legs, when it crouches to grapple with brute foe, was upon Ethel. Her delicate nostrils vibrated at every breath like those of an Arabian charger stimulated to the last limit of endurance, yet obedient to the rein. Yes, like a dumb creature whose eyes looked wildly forth at touch of lash, she stood; while, in a thousand forms, Vengeance pressed at hand, ready to do her bidding.

For this was Ethel Eloiheem's first contact with such things of common life, and with, for the time, no comprehension of the meaning of the wild loathing which racked her, she had turned to escape from this person who saw not "that the Eloiheems are born to mingle with those made miserable by ignorance as sunshine mingles with putridity it comes to change into new forms of life." When in the midst of this thought and that impulse, she saw her father looking out on her from the vine-draped window, where stood her old kindergarten table, with a form of blended opposites that remained as in childhood she last had fashioned it there.

The blood whirled through her brain, and with her eyes for one moment in Daniel's, and her not yet balanced powers rending her sorely, she had but force enough to say, with the pride, but not yet with the power of a goddess, —

"I thought all persons knew the Eloiheems were born to deliver this nation, one by one if need be, from their lower natures. But I see you do not, cannot comprehend me. You cannot, for to you life is scarlet with the blaze of passion. In me the scarlet is merged with those six other colors, which give to an Eloiheem-soul that quality of whiteness seen in snow. A whiteness not discriminable in these days, by the masses nor you, for such whiteness but blinds unaccustomed eyes."

As from some height she looked forth on this woman; a height at least so nearly gained that arrogance was not the basis of this curious speech. And the visitor who, too, had met the eyes which looked forth from that vine-clad window, thrilled by Daniel's spirit and Ethel's words, and caught up

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into a new sphere of existence, sprung forward with hand outstretched as to a sure helper. And Ethel, with a thrill of wonder, saying, —

"O, we *are* opposites! We are to work together!" clasped that hand so that the hollow between her second and third finger touched the pulse in Mrs. Mancredo's wrist, as she, obedient to she knew not what old impulse, closed her fingers in like manner round Ethel's wrist. Then both, with quickened breath, sensed tumultuous throbbings in their mutual veins.

"It is an old pledge renewed. In ages past those opal eyes bestowed on mine a perlustration of soul, electrical as this which now fires me with new hope. On Moorish battle-field thus we stood when, as brethren-at-arms, we thus pledged eternal friendship."

Like an uttered assurance the words swept through Mrs. Mancredo's soul. For at a flash she had seen Ethel and herself, brethren-at-arms, who had in an olden time been at the point of crossing swords for the dear sake of an Andalusian maid. A maid who now was Reginald, as those brothers-at-arms now were women, nearly aroused to enmity because of him.

Then, at the next moment, Mrs. Mancredo knew herself to be not on that old battle-field, but in this garden of roses clasping hands with a woman seen first within that hour, while her heart throbbed with a gladness which made her forget to even ask what had meant that momentary confusion of past and present, of sexes and scenes.

Then she knew that this tall maiden, with eyes raised to the face seen by them both at the window, had, for a moment tightened her grasp on the hand she held, and then, wordless, had turned away. And bewildered yet strangely satisfied, Mrs. Mancredo had stepped into her carriage and, wordless, had returned to her hotel.

Ethel, whose actions had not been planned by herself, and whose *aplomb* was injured by a recognition of the fact, had halted, looking about her. The next moment she stooped and picked up something which caught her eye; and then, with flushing face and great evident discomfort, glancing at her father again, went, not to him, but to her own old chamber door. Halting outside of it, she turned to the bath-room, and, like one whose religious scruples against touching

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forbidden things has been transgressed, she disrobed and bathed.

The outside world had pressed in on her indeed! A tumult of feelings and of memories was sweeping her out of the peace mid which, till of late, she had lived.

Dazing, undefined thoughts had laid hold on her, as, throwing on a soft, long robe, and leaving the bath-room, she had halted for a moment looking into the new chamber, the adoption of which, she knew, would for her be a departure from the life she had desired; and yet an adoption of which was now in the line of "striking up some sort of a union between old philosophies and the new civilization," and between Althea's house and Daniel's daughter. Thinking thus confusedly, Ethel passed over to the sunny windows; and laying down there what she had had in her hand, she then laid herself down on a couch, for the purpose of an inspection of the room, retrospection of past events, and, mayhap, for an illumination of the future. Above all, she proposed to now give herself up to the influence of this room, as just before she had given herself up to the influence of the message which had come to her from Daniel's eyes.

Certain revelations of the practical conditions and the popular estimate of woman the world throughout had recently been precipitated on Ethel, bringing an arrest of her self-satisfaction in her assurance of the dignity, the defined purpose and place which awaited her, when, by and by, she should have emerged from her preparations for this dignity, purpose, and place.

Steadily and stiflingly it had been forced on her mind that the world which Daniel pictured to her in their seclusion was not the world seen on the surface as one travelled over the country.

The necessity for the condensation of the argument of this story restricts us to a sketchiness that includes a lack of detail; so that only the deliberate and really interested reader will master the rapidity of the action of this tale of Daniel's "vision of peace," and of his method of seeking to enunciate and practicalize it. Of necessity, Daniel's teachings had been given in a style of great elevation, befitting the grandeur of the subject; and, as a necessary result, this had endued Ethel with a power and intensity which was as yet passionate in its repressed energy. So, a passionate,

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sturdily repressed energy had nearly rended her from her self-control at the moment when contact with this morning's visitor had given her a glimpse at the popular recognition of woman's ways and worth, or worthlessness.

And now, with a loathing of the spirit of the outer-world, there came to her a tenfold loathing of the spirit back of the beauty of this chamber.

She could not, she would not adopt it, nor ever again take any part in the life of the new civilization, she told herself, moving away to the nun-like room so beloved of her. But arrested by the well-implanted knowledge that it was but brute-like to run from the disagreeable, regardless of consequences to others, she halted again.

Then, as in the garden she had been brought to see in Mrs. Mancredo not a "foeman worthy of her steel," but instead a "contrast worth conciliating," so now as by a flash of light, she saw in the lavish beauty of this peculiar room, not a foe to antagonize, but, instead, the "opposite" of the asceticism of her recluse-life.

"O, *must* it be so?" she ejaculated. "Must I, the ascetic, live mid this beauty which is the opposite of asceticism? Must I, according to Nature-garden-law find a way to work together into new forms of life, knowledge, and beauty my inward being and these outward environments?"

Half out of the door, as she was fleeing from this treacherous room, she had paused with these questions still unanswered. With hand on heart, quieting its throbs, she tried to review the steps by the way, beginning with the time when, at the touch of Mrs. Mancredo's hand, there had come to her a recognition that a similar crisis had occurred at some remote period of her existence. A crisis when, under even a greater sense of antagonism, she had decided to clasp hands instead of deciding to cross swords with this being, now known as Mrs. Mancredo.

"Was it the result of that old victory over mere animal instinct which enabled me, just now, to act in the garden as rightly as, ages ago, I acted on that old battle-field? If that old victory did lead the way to this recent victory and did involve me in this hand-clasp of irrevocable friendship, then — what next?"

She looked with repugnance at this chamber; yes, and with a certain terror, too. Full to overflowing with a power

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and presence it was, — a presence of the aggregated strifes, tempests, and hardly fought victories through which she had upclimbed to the perilous plane on which she, Ethel Eloiheem, now stood at this most trying nineteenth century epoch. Yes, she disliked the touch of this room upon her sensibilities as she had disliked the touch of that woman's hand, and definedly she told herself so.

Then pulling herself together by the application of the old Nature-garden-principles, she said, "I am blinded by antagonism. Yes, it is a passionate antagonism, blinding me utterly! Shall I, blinded, run away, as ignorant as I came? No!"

She deliberately walked to a couch, determined there to give herself up in that room to a retrospection of past events and to the illumination of mind concerning the future use which the Ethel Eloiheem known to Omniscience could make of herself for the age she had to serve. At that moment she resensed all that had befallen her in the garden. For as then, at the clasp of Mrs. Mancredo's hand it had been as if opposite electric currents completing a circuit had announced with a shock, "force is completed and ready for action," and as then, shock on shock of heaven's batteries had given her knowledge of past victories won by her for others, and had thrust her forth from her selfish love of high seclusion, impelling her to take on herself a vow of friendship and co-operation with that woman — so now, an electrical illumination swept through her being. And she knew the time had come when, like a young eaglet thrust out of its nest, she had to find herself, and use herself.

Herself? Who was she? What could she do? And what had a room like this to do with one who purposed the hardiest of self-use? She knew thousands of beautiful women, in homes overloaded with sensuous grace, fall into uselessness there. What had she to do in these environments? Was it possible that she had to prove that woman might hold to a nun-like austerity of spirit, allied to a flower-like recipience of all that Heaven chooses to bestow on her for her perfection in the beauty of self-wholeness?

Fastidiously she looked about her; for extended on a couch of violet hue in a room redolent of the perfume of that flower of humility, and a self-appointed enactor of that virtue, her soul was full of haughty wrath at some inpinging sense of humiliation. She glanced about restlessly, as at insulting foes who were waiting to anger her into defeat.

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"This will not do. I must steady myself against myself, and lift myself by myself," she said. And then gathering her inmost self to an altitude of supreme observance of her *alter ego*, she saw that sink down, down, into an alluring inferno. And then, as Virgil walked through hell with Dante, to let him see what he must see, so this, her greatest self, went on a journey with her other self, to learn what must be learned in the fire.

Presently she had aroused, with kindling eyes, sweeping the beauty of this room into her soul, as a spirit separated from the body lying on that couch might have done. And in a state of double consciousness *she* saw her external self throw her arms above her head, luxuriously sensing the winsome grace which Robert had fashioned out of his recognition that such a room was but a fitting casket for the jewel, Ethel Eloiheem, to rest within. Just to be beautiful, and to be at her laziest what she could be easiest, that was all Robert desired for her. So, for a moment, breathing at her easiest she half arose at her laziest, taking in the reflections of herself on her violet couch that the skilfully placed mirrors multiplied on every side. Sights of herself, herself, herself, everywhere. Views on all sides of the lady-of-delight on her couch of violet. This was all that Robert's skilfully placed mirrors gave her to see.

Rising, moving forward, as Narcissus might have done when he first saw himself and fell sick of love, she, whose womanhood-form had come to maturity, unobserved by her busy spirit, saw now her burnished hair, radiant eyes, and the warm grace of the rosy glow of pleasure that spread over face and neck at sight of her unguessed loveliness.

Then upburst the old torrent of the fulness of the glory of the life that made her its channel. Broad and deep was the channel, yet now overtaxed it was by the flood which rose within its realm. Like one drunk with some intoxicant, delicate and dangerous as the nectar of the gods would be to mortal, exultantly her old nature told her that this was what it was to be the new Ethel Eloiheem! The Ethel Eloiheem who had angels for her friends and archangels for the lovers of her spirit.

Then if ever mortal was attempted to the high place of self-destruction, this newly incarnated spirit was so attempted, till earth looked but a small, black ball, over

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which strove tumblingly the slug of undeveloped being; while she, oh, she saw and knew herself as old, delicately, deliciously, uniquely old and perfected, and full to repletion of self-satisfying delight. Yes; in an unutterable way she had all things richly and to enjoy, she told herself, while sensing the possession of things seen, and yet more, the possession of things unseen, which were hers by right of a long-sustained, self-continent self-culture: — hers by some mysterious spiritual gift seconded by the wealth of an inheritance garnered up for this daughter by Daniel. A wealth with which both Karma and heredity had endowed her. All these things were hers. Why not, then, let buffeters buffet as they choose, while she in the delight of self-unity, acceptably accepted the luminous lotus-like life of a self-beatified communicant with spirits of Paradise.

Then, lazily, not yearningly, her long eyes again swept into her soul the meaning of all this which Robert, the beauty-lover, with curious artifice, had pressed into this place, where, as on a bank of violets, he sought to win this sister to fall asleep, content with this present world. A world which men like Robert love to make ready for beautiful woman's soft enchainment there within.

Then, with scorn, the now fiery soul swept into itself all the views of the shadow-woman given back by the mirrors; and springing to her feet Ethel Eloiheem ejaculated: —

"And it is a *brother* who has done this! He who is no common man and who knows what I am, he has forced idleness upon me, and then has given me this world to live in, where but *shadows of self are seen;* and such shadows of such a self!" Then as "the blessed Cid of Spain" might have said to a maid bewildered amid soft enchantments, so this Ethel said to the shadow-woman in the mirror, —

"What would he have of you? Trust him not. He would win away your intellectual soul, my maid, and deluge it with your body. Should you lend your beauty to thoughts of self, you but kill your poor beauty and your-beauty so kills you."

At that Ethel fell back from before the eyes of the shadow, for they flamed scorn at advice brought to her — to this Ethel Eloiheem: yes, flamed scorn, that she should fear for and guard *Ethel Eloiheem*, lest *Ethel Eloiheem* in woman's now hazardously gifted estate, should, at this epoch,

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fall asleep in love with uselessness, to the ruin of "the results" so hardly won in previous incarnations.

Yet still that other self gazed anxiously at the shadow-woman, as might have done the man that her valiant spirit once had been, had that man met this woman-form here in this room of violet-shades and perfumes; and had he seen the room to be what Robert had meant it should be — a place of beauty with the queen of beauty in the midst of it, waiting for lover to come and dramatize the next chapter.

Then Ethel starting back in sovereign pride, cried aloud: —

"Would you have me fear a brother-man? Or his gifts, or his experiments? What can *he* devise that is not a played-out play known long ago to me, when I lived through those more childish days? He is but seeking to test — as ages ago I curiously sought to test — whether woman *is* so great as those in the secret half hint, half hide. He knows not, now, what it is that impels him to such methods; but I know, as the greater comprehends the less.

"Come, room, do your worst, or do your best with me, and I with you, and with all things of beauty that may be offered me now, in this my coming union with this present world. Come, old philosophy, unite yourself as best you can with this new civilization. Woman's hour has struck. All things are hers, and she is Yod-he-vaw's, whose beauty is the beauty of self-wholeness."

A sound of Æolian music filled the room. And at the moment Althea, knocking, entered and saw Ethel in her diaphanous robe and bare feet standing mid innumerable reflections of herself, with hand raised, listening entranced in some thought or vision.

She saw this Ethel, "like some daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair," with golden hair falling far toward her perfect feet, and with an unearthly ecstasy in eyes, filled with an impersonal love for humanity, as she, listening, said to Althea,—

"Do you hear? Even the telephone wires, like Memnon whispering to Memnon in Egypt's desert, are chanting the Froebeline chorus, 'Create new forms of life, knowledge, and beauty by working opposites together.' Do you see? All that electricity has brought this new age has come from the blending of opposites — of the negative and positive forces of Nature. So now, each vibration of these word-carriers

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but strikes the keynote in accord with which society is to attune its new song of true constructive life. But — O, I cannot tell you what I see. No words are swift enough!

"O,— do *you* not see it yourself? I tell you, it is time at last, for woman to dare to be the beautiful wonder she is! Age-long, new forms of life have been evolved. And for the age past, new forms of knowledge have run up and down the world, till now wires are stretched mid air and under sea for the carrying onward of these forms of knowledge. But a new age is upon us. The dawn of the woman-age: an age to be filled with that wonder of wonders, the beauty of self-wholeness! O, do you see? The time of mere partialities is to make way now for the roundness of that which is to become the oneness of-all-in-each-and-each-in-all! The vision of peace, which is the beauty of wholeness! O, do you see?"

"She has Daniel's old craze on her! And the dear Lord knows what is to come of it," thought Althea. Then she said coolly, aloud,—

"It would be more to the purpose, Ethel, if you would find some way to meet Madame Von Marenholz Buelow's suggestions as to how to help forward these good conditions. She says, you know, 'there are wanted persons of equal power with Froebel, who, rethinking his thoughts, will clear up whatever is obscure in his manner of expression, fill gaps, and, in an intelligible manner, furnish commentaries necessary to Froebel's far-reaching system of man-building.' Do you remember?

"Well, now, Ethel, very likely all that which you were just saying is so; but people can't understand ecstasies. But what they could understand would be a cool statement of the matter. So now I propose to open my drawing-rooms, and have evenings and serve refreshments and send out invitations to people with brains, and have you give them some of your high ideas on this subject. I think —"

A shrill cry from near the window startled her, and caused Ethel to pick up a little box with cotton and something else in it, out of which a long yellow leg was kicking.

"The mother had forsaken it, satisfied with the other nine chicks," said Ethel.

"Following her *instincts*, the hen had stolen her nest, and finally had come forth from under the rose-bush, way down

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in the garden, followed by the nine little ones, who 'first come were first served' with attention. I brought this neglected bit of Life up here to help it out of its shell. See? It has one leg free to kick with, and its beak is out free to shriek with: but its head is still bound down by its shell, and its eyes are covered. It can neither lift its head, run, nor open its eyes."

Looking at Althea, Ethel wondered if the mother would see in this bit of fettered, half-formed life, and hear in its shrill shriekings that which had struck through Ethel's heart. When —

"Ethel, is that the way to use this beautiful room and yourself? O, the sticky little, horrid thing! It is not worth five cents, child," said Althea.

"Eloiheems and the money-market rate the value of Life differently," said Ethel; adding, "The hen had done her part nobly; and a hard part too, poor thing. Curious: but it was for the sake of doing the greatest good to the greatest number that she walked off with nine hungry darlings, and left this loiterer to — my mercy. There are many such fragments of divine Life waiting for me to find them opportunely! Since last week Bertha is using herself homing two deserted babies. One of them is her own, poor little mother that she is. She has been more blamed for 'shamelessly setting herself to take care of it' than for ignorantly and *instinctively* fetching it into the world. She had had no more teaching than this hen had had. But if she had been left in as carefully protected freedom as the hens are she would have taken as cheerful care of her chick as the hen does. And as there is no one else to protect her in her maternity, *I* shall do it. So I am the god-mother, without let or hindrance of church or state.

"See?" said Ethel, as Mrs. Eloiheem stood silent with horror at having Ethel mixed up with such things, "Bertha herself was born and bred amid the fetters of ignorance. She was and still is a grand old soul. I did not help her when I ought to have done it, in her little childhood. If I had this would not have happened to her. Now that it has happened, *I* must help bear the consequences. I have told her so. And that makes her feel that she will be accountable for any such disaster in the lives of little neglected ones about her. So she has gladly taken a little house with a bit of land, which

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I have rented for her, now that I have money, over in that part of the city where the thrifty poor have their homes. There is an old woman, quite out into the country, who was going to sell her cow because she could not sell her milk at a fair price; nice grass-fed milk, and a nice, clean-kept cow. And now I buy all that milk for the babies of Bertha's home, for there are soon to be five babies there, counting as one Bertha's little six-year-old friend, who is also her little helper with the babies."

"Ethel, you seem to think nothing of Bertha's crime. I don't know what to make of you. She is a low, degraded —"

"Degraded? Degraded from what level? When was she ever any higher? She is a somewhat, whom this Nation considers incompetent to self-government, and whom it had left as fair prey to a married man — one of her 'natural protectors,' — and he, her law-giver and legislator, made a mother of her. Degraded?" repeated Ethel, in the stillest of tones, and with the blankest of faces; "in what can any woman be especially degraded, seeing that, by its disfranchising attitude toward woman, the Nation has theoretically degraded them all to depths below which there is not even a hell?"

"Ethel!" exclaimed Althea in amazement. For these words were uttered in a tone which, like her calm face, was passionless. Then Althea, puzzled, said, —

"Degraded them? Who do you mean by *them?*"

"Women."

"Why don't you say 'us,' then; not '*them*'?"

After a resolute pause, Ethel said, half-drawn back, as if from her mother's words, rather than from her mother, —

"I do not say *us*, for nothing can degrade *me*."

"Because you have fallen so low, do you mean?"

"No! Because *Eloiheems* are — untouchable by anything that this transient social state can do or leave undone," came the words at last. But Althea saw they came with an effort, as if sent forth by Ethel's steadfast hold on a determined position, any other than which it would have been insufferable to her even to glance at.

Ethel's countenance, always serious with great thoughts and purposes rather than sunny, had now that in it which half-irritated Althea's self-love. For there was a removed-

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ness from all identification with those whom she had called "them," and whom Althea felt she should have called "us."

In a perplexity, half-antagonistic, Althea scrutinized Ethel's countenance, to see what was there. It was not pity, the mother told herself, not fear of disaster. Yet there was that in it which reminded Althea that Ethel had recently learned it was possible for a pastor in Washington to recently have said, that "if women had liberty given them they would branch off into infidelity and license" — possible for him to say it, and yet to have men still salary him to cast more insults (if he chose) on the mothers of their children; and there was in it that which reminded Althea that Robert had lately said in Ethel's presence that, in his opinion, "society was safer while woman was disfranchised and taken care of by men," and that "if the matter came to a voting test, he should go against having the ballot given to woman." There was in it that which reminded Althea that she had then said to Ethel, "So you see now, what your idealized brothers think of you! You are massed together, — 'women, criminals, and idiots,' — as persons debarred from self-government." And well did Althea now remember the look of deathly horror that had swept over Ethel at those words: though since she had made no reference to the matter.

And now Mrs. Eloiheem recalled the fact that it was directly after Ethel's sudden discovery of her legal disabilities that she had stood with that strange look on her face in the new parlors, when, in so few words, she had decided to do the work which drifted to her door, and had obtained that promise (which had seemed like an attested contract) that she might bring into the house this work of hers. Althea remembered how she herself had seemed to fall away into the tempest-tossed depths which were below the calm surface of Ethel's soul. And with a swift review of that scene, there hurried through Althea's mind a recollection of the scene on the south balcony with Bertha and Captain Grove, and now this morning's escapade with Mrs. Mancredo, added to this last disclosure of the way Ethel was moving forward in lines of social charity. Lines and methods of management which had in them something (Althea could not tell what) that seemed dangerous.

And it was out of a very serious review of the affair that she now said lightly enough, puzzled still, as she looked at Ethel's quiet face, —

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"Why not drive round, and let me see your protégés this afternoon?"

The result was, that Mrs. Eloiheem saw and learned enough that afternoon to show her that Ethel had fairly launched herself into a world of work, of which this concerning Bertha was but one little item. So, on riding home, Mrs. Eloiheem said keenly enough, "Now, Ethel, a wise Providence has made you a beautiful woman with a beautiful home. And the most fitting thing for you to do, is to find, or to wait, till a husband comes, who is as fine a specimen of manhood as you are of womanhood. Then marry, and carry on the Eloiheem principles, glorifying them with this beauty-dream practicalized. For that is exactly what our now united wealth, real *Eloi-heem wealth*, fits you to undertake, dear.

"I should like you to become the mother of twelve children," continued Althea, encouraged by the soft and exquisite flush which illumined the face before her. "I would like nothing better than to take care of them in a way. I was so busy with other things that I never had my share of pleasure with you and Rob, as children. Besides you both were so difficult and —"

Just then Mrs. Mancredo's carriage passed, and she, returning Ethel's bow, then met and held Mrs. Eloiheem's level gaze.

"I have given her my friendship. We are to work together," said Ethel, with a sigh, as if suddenly taking up the second best in the place of some first best in life, at which, perhaps, she had for a moment glanced. A first best, *i.e.*, a marriage divinely beautiful with some god-like being whom —

"Nonsense," ejaculated Mrs. Eloiheem, interrupting Ethel's thought, angry at a remembrance of all that she had witnessed between that woman and this daughter, and angrier still at the bad quarter of an hour which she had had with Daniel over the affair. And now, with an attempt to dismiss the matter, she said, —

"Ethel, mark my words, that woman has a history back of her! What have you, with your extreme delicacy of nature, to do with her? Ethel, if I must speak of it, I will tell you. I spent my young womanhood in getting a comfortable competency for you all — sensitive things that you are, so that you need not come in contact with repulsive persons and

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things. I don't know what you are trying to do, Ethel. I wish you would marry beautifully and be an ideal Eloiheem mother, dear."

"Who shall I marry, and when?"

"That's no question, — that is, of course, — well, the fact is, you ought to have some fine-natured, exquisite being, and there are not many such, if any," stumbled Althea, much put about by these two brief questions. "But, anyway, you must have a companion in life."

"Daniel answers admirably," said Ethel.

"Ethel, the world is — is not fit for you and your notions."

"Then we must change the world, for my notions have come to stay. But how would it do, to break the jar of my journey through the world, if I should take Mrs. Mancredo along to serve as 'buffer,' such as they have at the ends of railroad cars, you know," said Ethel, with something of Daniel's humor.

"The Lord help us!" ejaculated Mrs. Eloiheem, with first a look of astonishment that Ethel knew as much as that about anything so practical as a car, and then a sense of despair, that even what facts she picked up in travelling on railroads only became food for illustrations of her far-reaching philosophies.

As the carriage swept round the curve to the lake side of the house, she glanced at Ethel's imperturbable face. She saw no wilfulness there. What she saw was more unmanageable than that. It was a recognition of what must be done, and that, on the face of the daughter of Althea and Daniel, included a probability of its accomplishment. And for a moment, like some men under like circumstances, she half-regretted having recently settled a sum of money on Ethel and on Daniel, seeing that it certainly gave them increased power to "go ahead with their notions without consulting her." Then she felt ashamed of herself for the meanness of the thought. So, altogether, she was uncomfortable enough as she entered the handsome parlors. She swept them with her glance, and then sharply turning her back on them and Ethel, she as sharply faced the lake. At last, out of a long silence, turning, she said, —

"Ethel, you are perfectly unmanageable! You seem to fear nothing!"

"Fear?" ejaculated Ethel, with sudden wrath. "Do

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Eloiheems fear? I, garnered up from so many lives, am I to *fear?* I had not heard that of coming Eloiheem mothers."

Althea was on her feet, shading her eyes from Ethel's, for in them was a look of horror as terrible as it was inexplicable. Horror at a problem met by a spirit at that moment so fiercely beset within and without as to be disabled from doing more with the problem than to look at it unflinchingly.

It was this curious quality of unflinchingness which gave to her stare at this horror a look of madness.

And Althea trembled before it. Presently she found herself furtively glancing at her child, with a sense of a half-regret that Daniel had so fully taught her that fearlessness in its last analysis is the faith which makes victors of falterers.

But it had been her business for years to hold herself well in hand while she managed her excitable trio. And now in the hope of making Ethel lay aside her unnatural ways of life, and marry well, as she ought, Althea began to do what priest, king, and common have always domineeringly done in their attempts to manage unmanageable intellect. That is, arouse fear and depress self-respect.

"Ethel, you may as well know, then, that you have reason to fear," she said.

"We Eloiheems at the best are derided as useless transcendentalists. In fact, it is only our money that saves us from neglect or worse.

"Do you understand?" she said, steadfastly meeting Ethel's eyes.

"Yes. That is what Plato 2500 years ago said would be the case. He said that 'the best of those who study philosophy would be useless to the bulk of humanity.' But he said that 2500 years ago. Since then, one philosopher has come to the world whom the common people (that is, the bulk of humanity) did hear gladly. And that philosopher's philosophy, like Daniel's, takes 'the little child and sets it in the midst' of the people, and bids them suffer it to come to the Son-of-God-stature of development. So, however true Plato's saying might have been 2500 years ago and in his country, it is no longer true in this country, now that Eloiheems are homed on earth."

"Like one who saw an agony before a foretold ecstasy," she

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spoke, and her look was so opposed to the seeming pride of her words that Althea breathlessly regarded her for a minute. Then with a skilful attempt at flattery, said, —

"First rate! That reminds me. What did you mean, in speaking to Rob, when you used the initials, C. C. O. S. U. R. K. G. P.?"

"It is Rob's cipher for a cablegram to be used in the future. He says it shall be 'short' for 'Celestial Conditions of Society Under Rule of Kindergarten Principles.'"

"Good enough! Come, Ethel, I'll be the masses, and you be philosopher, and unfold to me the C. C. O. S. U. R. K. G. P.," said Althea.

"Under that rule, then, full self-expression will have supplanted even partial self-repression. For by that time every one will be so truly his and her best self, that free play can be given to the impulse of self-propagation. For you know, in Kindergarten valuations, animalism is nothing, inventive spiritualism is everything. Therefore in the C. C. O. S. U. R. K. G. P. the masses will have been won away from acts of mere competitive instinct, to a life of co-operative reason. Then life will exquisitely titillate nerve and being as souls, in healthy friction of freedom, live mid the delights which, genius knows, accompany intellectual creation."

"What's the use of such a word as titillates? You are talking to the masses, remember. And besides, if that means anything, it means 'tickles,'" interrupted Althea.

"Yes, and because lively pleasure, of which we now know nothing, will fill all workers in those days. Nothing will be created carelessly, and so all that is created will be of such permanent and significant value that it will be preserved as carefully as Daniel's creations and children have been preserved. All manner of life-results will be developed from one form to another, in ever-ascending orders of life, knowledge, and beauty, — each person helping the other, no one hindering or begrudging. By this means the brute instinct of destructiveness — the rat-instinct — will be transformed into the human principle of beaver-like constructiveness."

"Well, that is good," said Althea, with some pleasant personal reflections. "Only, Ethel, that co-operative idea — guard against anything that can be construed into a socialistic expression."

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"It is natural to be truly social. And it is natural for children to play together co-operatively; comfortable only when each is making the other happy. And this natural sociableness will take the place of the egotism which is now ready to sacrifice everything to the brutal desire of the moment.

"This is how things will be when we have society. But now, though we set the criminal court in this world and promises of purgatory in the next, to frighten this animal instinct of self-propagation, yet, after all, it is treated like a petted demon. Now, neither frightening nor petting is the right thing; neither is the animal instinct of self-propagation a demon. It is orderly life after its kind. What is needed is only that there should be society-leaders, capable of angelically revealing to the masses that this good instinct naturally tends to climb up on its unfolding way into such better forms of knowledge and beauty as the illuminating reason of society's leaders know how to aid in fashioning. *We only need real leaders.* Then destructive passion, relic of barbarism, would soon be remanded to the kennels; and in its place would soon reign that joyous freedom which results from the rule of constructive love. Then women being sovereigns, their sons will be born kings of themselves, 'princes adept of the royal secret.'"

"It won't do to blame people for all that their sons may choose to do," said Althea flushing. "Besides, what you call 'animal instinct' is about all the sort of *reason* that lots of people ever use. And as for 'restless egotism' — plenty of men believe in and care for nothing else, except the good luck of getting what they want and keeping what they get. And, Ethel, you must be brought to understand that Daniel's way of sharing everything he has with everybody is no better than the manners of a wild Indian! No audience would ever believe in teaching children any such thing as this ultra-generosity.

"Ethel, you must rouse up to understand that, as for the unseen ladders which Daniel claims are set up, and on which angelic powers ascend and descend, — there is nothing of the kind in these United States. And much less do men in government power think of wanting women on the top rounds of these ladders; unless these reach quite up and out of the realms of political campaigns. What is more, Ethel, the men

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who stand there on the top round are *many* of them elected by the rum-selling and rum-drinking masses, and not uncommonly are chosen out of their very ranks. And, Ethel, you ought to face the fact that men from those ranks are commonly the very embodiment of the very selfish animalism which is only too eager to make laws that will facilitate the gratification of these instincts in the men who send them to Congress to do just such jobs!"

"Are you trying to show me that we have not yet the rule of the wisest and best?" said Ethel, at last. "Daniel told me that long ago."

"I am trying to show you," said Althea, fired by Ethel's stillness, "that this animal instinct at this epoch is doing its best to legislate women into hell! Wait, you shall hear all now. You, with your unbased ideas of yourself and of people about you, shall know that devils in human form are sending into families, and especially into young men's hands, books destructive of faith in marriage. Books which, under the guise of reverence for woman, advocate that the Nation shall take on itself the support of woman because, in this fiendish language, 'woman is the child-bearing-material of the country.' 'Material.' Do you hear? You may well turn pale. Material, stuff, and commodity to be bought and sold, used and legislated over, like rum and tobacco, and other licensed men-debauchers.

"That, Ethel, is the talk your brother Robert hears, and which he acts upon as he chooses, with no woman-made law to steady his wits or to snatch from him the victims with which man-rule sows his path! Now, my goddess, this is how the ideal land of liberty, like vile France and England, regards that marketable article, *Womanhood!*"

Ethel had fallen into a chair, as if struck by death. But she sprang up, as Althea furiously added,—

"These be thy gods! Traitors to the womanhood they talk of protecting — for they distinctly state their opposition to giving woman the ballot, for with that in hand, women could use their best faculties and would be lifted out of the market. Ethel, man does not respect woman till he forces on her that sign of self-respecting power which the Nation forced on the black man. Regarding those male slaves a congressman long ago declared that 'until the slave had the ballot, he, notwithstanding the proclamation of the

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abolition of slavery, was not yet really taken from the market, but was still practically there, to be knocked down to the highest bidder! Do you see? Common sense said of the slave that to make him a man and a brother it was necessary to give him the ballot. And to make you a woman and a sister, it is necessary to give you the ballot. But to give you that would be to move you from the market wherein you, Ethel Eloiheem, with the rest, are accounted by your idealized brothers as, at the best, but 'child-bearing-material.'

"You may well blench! But you shall face the fact before I let you go. It is in the market with other easily purchasable debaucheries that the animal instinct of the ruling class wishes to keep woman; for it is there that animal instinct wishes to find even you, Ethel Eloiheem, handily subservient."

Groping blindly as she went, with livid face, Ethel got away to her chamber. The lock of her door had clicked.

Outside of it was Mrs. Eloiheem, with jaw fallen in horror, and hands outstretched against the panels, petrified by the sight which she had caught as the door closed.

Traits, ages old, had started forth with a devil's dance over those grand lineaments, flaming through them lurid hate. And where sovereign self-control had sat enthroned majestic, there had leaped forth a saturnalia of damnable daring, hell-born of courage when fear, assaulting it, works its will.

Althea fell on her face at the head of the grand stair-way.

She had done what she would. She had harried forth from the depths of Ethel's nature the long-buried dead. She had spent time in trying to wreck self-respect and in trying to arouse fear. What she had done God knew. She only knew what she had seen.

Daniel, bounding up the stairs as he entered from the street, helped Althea off to the library, little needing that she should recount this day's experience and final catastrophe.

When he had come back from Ethel's door, "We can only wait," he had said.

"But that look," cried Althea. "Go; see what it is. Go, oh, go to her, Dannielle."

"Listen, my wife," he said. "She must be alone! You will not believe it; but I tell you again, Ethel bears the burden as well as the blessing, of that added faculty, which, in

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lightning flashes, reviews buried experiences, ages old, and which feels and sees the splendors of heaven and the delights of hell, and dwelling midst these opposites, has yet to choose — choose in the majesty of freedom."

"No, I do not, *will* not believe such awful things about our — Why, Daniel, the delights of hell are murder or worse. You will drive me mad!"

"Althea, listen, dear wife. The delights which rule in hell and which *make hell wherever they rule* are the love of pre-eminence founded in self, the love of possession founded in self, and the love of impurity. These delights fire hell and make it at times in most of us here on earth, Althea. And the splendors of heaven are the same loves; the difference being that in heaven, the love of pre-eminence, the love of possession, and the love of desire are founded, not in the love of self, but in the love of *use to others!* See, Althea? So, at this dread moment Ethel cannot discriminate one foundation from the other. For her love of self has been fired, and flames now against those who would cast down her pre-eminence. And in on her beauty-loving soul the deluge of desire has come, such as swept into its waves the Rabbi Eloi. Hell and heaven are before her, hot, real, and hearty as flesh and blood delights could make them seem to a sensualist; and God Himself at this hour will not interpose to tilt the balance of her choice."

"Dannielle! Talk not so of my golden-haired baby! You couldn't talk worse of a horrible man. She is but a child, a home-keeping, sweet child."

"In this age there are no children as once we reckoned them! Althea, 'there shall be no more an infant of days,' for the child that is born, Althea, is born thousands of years old. And knowing this, and seeing what books you have had piled into the library of this new home which this old Ethel is to adopt, I had Ethel sit by me, while — O, Althea, do you see?" said Daniel, stumblingly; "knowing that Ethel was just at this time entering the enchanted forest, I walked with her past the tree of life in the midst of it, and showed her the beast beautiful coiled there — "

"O, no allegories, for heaven's sake! I thought you were going to tell what *is* the matter with Ethel and — O, Dannielle, why don't you try to do something?"

"I did try, when, with meddling, as foolish as your recent

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attempt, I tried unconsciously to make her fear the seductions of the beast beautiful. As you had had brought into your library the works of one popularly known as the prophet of beauty, I thought it best that she should read those poems with me to help her, not knowing that she needed no help of mine. So first I read to her the poem 'Requiescat,'—

> "'Tread lightly, she is near under the snow,
> Speak gently, she can hear the daisies grow.
> All her bright golden hair tarnished with rust,
> She that was young and fair fallen to dust.
> Lily-like, white as snow, she hardly knew
> She was a woman, so sweetly she grew.
> Coffin-board, heavy stone lie on her breast,
> I vex my heart alone, she is at rest.
> Peace, peace. She cannot hear lyre or sonnet.
> All my life's buried here, heap dust upon it.'

"And when I had read these maddeningly hopeless lines, I asked her if these were the words of a poet. 'No, no,' cried she, 'a poet is one who is a priest of beauty, one who knows that beauty is *Life Immortal*; one who cannot think corruption concerning a growing woman-maiden; one who knows spirit turns not to dust, nor rust, nor even to daisies. This man loves not life! He raves discordant falsities in musical measures.' Then, even then, I begged her not to let her imagination run away with her. And she, with a repugnance to the spirit of the writer, said, in woman's way of playfully dismissing an offensive thing, of which the faintest flavor is more than sufficient, 'No, no, my imagination has not run away with me; it was he who really did, for a moment, run away with my imagination, and left it where his poem left his life, that is, with coffin-boards and heavy stones and tread of feet, and worse than all, his buried life heaped upon it. It is enough! My imagination need not go with him again,' said she. But I, like you, Althea, knew not when to stop, and telling her this man had been fêted as a poet in America, I forced on her the hearing of the measures of 'Charmides.' But before a fourth of it was read, she had sprung to her feet, exclaiming, 'Sacrilegious monster! Did not the denizens of his own world suffice without his blaspheming great Athenè? Daniel, in Aurora Leigh we read of a creature who lured Marion Earle to a den of

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beasts, who drugged her and never let her forth to light of day till she was a violated maniac. What less is done to the mind that endures the slimed embrace of this crawling-reptile verse? Tell me that no American wrote thus?' she said, for I had read those soul deglutitory words which lengthily declare, that 'not to know the joys of passion is not to live at all; but that to know is to be held in death's most deadly thrall,' and the words wherein this person asks 'humanity to walk from fire to fire, from passionate pain to deadlier desire,' and in which he declares, 'that the whole heritage of Wisdom is not worth one pulse' of that which, to describe, necessitates a ringing of the changes on the words 'dead,' 'deadlier,' and 'deadliest.'

"His beastly paddling over great Minerva's altar, as he turned life-giving wisdom into a saturnalia of death-dealing lust, glutting himself on Hell-spume and belching it forth (Roman Catholic though he is said to be) on the 'mother of God,' filled my child with the fury of a lioness. But when, after he had affirmed 'that desire shudders down to ashes and the tree of passion yields no fruit,' he yet for a finality closed his book with the assurance, —

> "'I have made my choice. I have lived my poems and
> though youth has gone in wasted days,
> I have found the lover's crown of myrtle better
> than the poet's crown of bays,'

then Ethel said, 'The first poem held in effect all that the volume holds; and all that, by his own confession, his life holds. First and last, he digs a grave, and having plunged beauty into the corruption there, he next flings himself in, and asks that dirt may be heaped upon him. Why did we not oblige him at the first?' 'But, Ethel,' I said, 'was he not a beauty-worshipper to the self-sacrificing degree of self-destruction?' 'No, 'tis himself he passionately worships; and as for beauty, his poems teach that he but consumes that, as a beast does its prey.' And then, with some sudden pity, as for a soul fighting for a last victory over the utter bedevilment of annihilation, she then, skilfully, began to interpret, to explain, and to refine symbols and shades of differences, till she had gotten the man, the poem and her own mind into cross-lights, which fell from heaven

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and hell, commingling all in rays so brilliant that I, even I, blinded, knew not which was heaven or whether all things were not even yet of hell. What she said, in this burst of vision, I cannot tell you, more than you can tell me what you saw when the door closed on it. It was as if my pearl had been obsessed by some spirit who now seemed to have leagued himself in one set-to against me, through her, my hope and comforter."

"Dannielle, will you drive yourself and me mad?" said Althea.

"That you will never be," said Daniel. "I depend on you to bear staunchly the burden of having married Daniel Heem, and having mothered his and the Eloi children," was the answer.

"O, you make too much out of everything! I suppose all young people read that book when it was fashionable. But they read it quietly by themselves. Read aloud, things sound shocking," said Althea at last, perplexed and frightened.

"Yes; and it is well that a shocking thing should *shock!* Then a healthy system rises against it, and throws it off. Otherwise it creeps into the system as mercury does into a man's bones.

"But this is the point. Between us we have shocked Ethel's self-respect, and have submerged her soul in fear. And at this moment she is at the mercy of all the evil tendencies which have ever infested Elois and Heems, or her own Ego, in other incarnations. With every enchantment this compacted hierarchy of evil Karmic influences is courting her to return to its allegiance, while this is met by the collective intelligence of all that is good and dear. It is as if the hosts of passion were drawn up in terrific array against the hosts of Wisdom, who fight not but who only wait for the peaceful coming to peaceful ranks of such souls as love Wisdom's peaceful ways. If Passion's hosts win, Ethel will come forth from this conflict with —

"O, Dannielle, here comes Robert!" exclaimed Althea, glad enough to see one who, whatever else he gave her to complain of, did not craze her with being too good.

Daniel sat back, with a hand on each knee, and looked straight at this wife of his: a woman who seemed to have no comprehension of mighty spiritual battles. But he knew

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that the reason she had not at this stage in her life a consciousness of such battles was because her life was (on the natural plane) self-consistent, self-balanced, and steady to its purpose. A purpose not so far off the plane of natural, instinctive-good as to occasion any strain on her habitual morals and manners: — not so ideal in aspiration as to occasion those fever states of alternate hope and discouragement known to persons in whom a newly vitalized spiritual-power is struggling for a sovereignty over the animal-instinct of self-protection and self-pleasing.

Daniel knew, too, that as Althea had heard little lately of Robert's experiences, she half-believed his business interests and city life had swept him away from susceptibility to Daniel's teachings concerning the portentous moment of this last incarnation of the old fighting, desiring Ego, known by the name of Robert Eloiheem. But Daniel knew Robert better. And sitting back, with a hand on each knee, he so awaited his approach.

Straight up to them he came, saying under his hurrying breath, "Quick, mother, what about Ethel?" And Althea, with a swift determination to make a point, in telling the story, laid the stress of it on Ethel's horror of woman's position in the Nation.

"O, what's the use of bringing politics into the house? We men are woman's protectors!" exclaimed Robert with indrawn breath, and whitening face. "Ethel ought to be kept away from all such horrid talk. There's nothing I would not do to have Ethel's life, and every woman's life, a protected thing; an ideal poem, from cradle to grave."

"There is what a man would do for a woman, Robbie; and there is what manhood would do for womanhood. See?" said Daniel. "There are men, who, to the extent of their convenience, like to aid women by offering winsome protection as opportunity affords. Also there are other men, who, by giving woman the ballot, would remove woman from a position in which she needs must, more or less, fawn on man for doubtful safety, and seek his love for daily bread."

"O, damnation!" said Robert.

"It is indeed!" said Daniel, as Robert turned stridingly to the street door; and with eyes distended with rage and misery, stared back, in turning and in shutting the door between himself and Daniel. And at that, to Althea's mind,

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there remained no sin in the decalogue but of it she believed Robert capable. And then, the more she talked with Daniel on the social question (into which she immediately plunged), the less she could understand Daniel's attitude toward it. For his passing statement that "what was web and woof of the lives of a certain class of people would be to him insufferable degradation; while a participation in his views might be to them more ruinous than was their own order of life to them"—seemed to Althea to include a lax confusion of right and wrong which had probably tended to make Robert what he was. What that was, she did not particularize; but she massed it at once in the word "bad."

While she talked, Daniel's swift perceptions both heard her and accompanied poor Robert as he had sped away, with not only all that he had just heard ringing in *his* soul, but also the infuriating sentence that had that day been spoken by a reckless admirer of him. Words which were so terrific a comment on Daniel's short speech, that both speech and comment had filled the pure-love loving nature of the chivalrous Robert with that smarting sense of bereftness which had evoked the cry, "O, damnation!" And all this Daniel's intuitive apprehension of the "springs of things" gave him to perfectly and patiently review. But Althea could only tell herself as she sat in the horror of the silence which had fallen, that if her estate as the first of the Eloiheem-mothers was a type of the conditions of those to come, God would be good to make her the last, as well as the first of them.

As for Daniel, all that day he waited, watching, while Ethel's fast and solitude remained unbroken.

As the fabled king of Attica watched outside the door of the temple, wherein his child, Triptolemus, was stretched upon the fire, while great Ceres, with torture and enchantment, commanded him to endure the flames which were nurturing him into a god, so Daniel watched and waited, hearing at times a groan as from one sweating heart's blood.

"I am here, my child," he once had said: then he sat the hours through, thinking faithfully on whatsoever things are pure, lovely, of good report, of virtue, of praise and compassion, and holding hard on to all rational arguments for the invulnerability and inherent sovereignty of the good, the true, and the beautiful: seeking so, as he knew how to do, to

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bring to the rescue of this tortured soul the power of the hosts of the Highest. And while so seeking to sustain her in her battle during the sunset hour of the second day, a whisper at the door brought him to his feet.

Then the door opened and closed, shutting him into a darkened room. His arm tightened round the form that, clinging to him, arrested him in his immediate purpose of letting in the light; and a voice broken long with sighs and horror, said "Dannielle, something has befallen! Wait. Yes, I know. You do not hate *me* — womanhood — you—" and he perceived that she listened toward him, as if for words not heard for ages. Feeling for her eyes, —

"Oh, Ethel, to me, woman-power in heaven and in earth is supreme. My maid, let in heaven's sweet light, that I may see you," he whispered.

"Wait, wait, till you remember all that has come to me. You know, yes, you do know, I have been in hell more than ages of common time. I have been kissed by Cowardice who called himself Courage. I have held to my heart Rapine and War, clinging caressingly to things which fired the blood of my brutal soldiery, when, in ages past, we all risked death carousingly, that at a bound, man and sovereign, we might by it but drink eternally that for which we were parched. Wait, oh, wait." Then with incredible rapidity, she whispered, "Years and years of it, life on life of it I had. Then came a change. No longer man, I next spent a lifetime as Oriental slave-woman spends it, — as a thing to be filled with whatever her owners may fling into her brain and being, till the thought of love turned into loathing and hate, and woman's wisdom soured into woman's wiles, and — "

"Ethel, my pearl!"

Faster than thought she held him, while her words sped on,—

"— and I loathed — though I might not say so — that force which is not love, yet which — such women know for them not to arouse in man is not to live at all, but which to arouse it, is for them 'to be held in death's most deadly thrall.' O, the torture of those years, when, for me, for my brain and skill and love of daring-deeds of devotion, there was found no use, because I wore a *woman*-form. For midst that life *this* soul within me now awoke and found itself in chains! Then, then it was, that, with all that I had learned as a male

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mastered by passion, and as a woman mastered by passion-mastered-man, I was next incarnated as the 'blessed Cid of Spain,' in some large sense a victor over all that I had hated as woman; but, too, incarnated mid scenes and mid social license that makes might seem right, and man seem master, and license seem love. So, then, as man I lived, in perfect freedom to do wrong, where wrong was lauded as right! Do you see?"

Daniel could feel that she was holding herself back, as if looking at him motherly, while with self-regaining breaths she sought to tell him now of that which he knew was ten thousand times a bitterer strife than all that had gone before. And with a sigh she ejaculated, like an archangel enchained in sight of the woes it had come to remove,—

"Then, then I was incarnated *Ethel Eloiheem, in America, at this crisis in the world's blindness* as to woman's use.

"After *that* sight count every hour a year, in which I but devised vengeance on the men of this Nation who, passing all known insult ever offered by man to man, have, for woman, coined treachery which devils in hell spare each other.

"O, interrupt me not, Dannielle, for you must hear this," she said, in a voice full of torture and of time. "You must know of the scorching of blood and brain, lighted in me by this man-made hell; else, how could you know of the transit when —"

The softness of worship was in her voice, and the absorption of universal blessedness was in her breathing, as she said slowly,—

"The transit, when I — *loved!* O, Spirit Supreme, what it was, cannot be told! I had but tasted it, daintily, not daringly, when I blazed with the bliss of it: for on my poor heart was laid a coal from off Jehovah's own Altar-fire. And at the touch of that coal my heart and head ran together into a whole sacrifice, a burnt sacrifice, Dannielle.

"Yet, I came back! I came back to earth, and to do earth's work, with Dannielle. For we are Priests of Power!"

"O, Image fair of my Lady of Life!" whispered Daniel.

"Yes, I am your old, old friend, Dannielle. So, to ages of fightings and fears then, thoughtfully add a cycle of time for that moment of bliss; and, computing my age so, let in the light upon me, O Dannielle!"

Expecting, he knew not what, Daniel threw open the

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blinds. Like glistening frost Ethel's hair fell, a white veil along her skirts."

"So, I came back," she said: and the sound of the home-sigh and the pity of herself because of this back-coming was cleft, now, by the sound of triumphant victory and of good-will to man.

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CHAPTER X.

INSIGHTS.

IT is impossible to picture the shock, full of awe, which came on Althea and Robert with a sight of this that had befallen Ethel.

As Althea had before doubted her sense of sight, because of the look of the face on which the door had closed, so she doubted it again because of the something now there, stranger far than the change brought by the whitened hair.

But "how to account to the world for it," was the question which quickly took precedence of all else in the mind of the home-guardsman-like soul of Mrs. Eloiheem. Again and again she reviewed what she knew of Ethel's recent experiences, beginning with the Offensteine party and ending with her own merciless attack on Ethel's self-esteem and fearlessness. Not that Althea proposed to blame herself at all in the matter, for that was a thing she had never yet felt called upon to do. Besides, Daniel himself had said (whatever he meant by it), that in the nature of all the conditions of this case, this cataclysm had had to come! Althea had been content to take this remark as an acquittal of herself in the matter, without asking explanations, which she foresaw would reopen Daniel's store of theories concerning the affair. So when she had asked him what brief explanation of the catastrophe she should give to society, and when he had answered, —

"Sorrow at her Nation's attitude toward woman had whitened Ethel's hair," she had told him the world would never believe any sorrow so impersonal would work such mischief in a day. Then when Daniel had said, "Not the sorrow of a day, but the accumulated stress of the sorrow of the ages did it," she had turned away, hopeless of help from him.

Althea felt the more sure of the world's unbelief because of her own. She found that she herself mentally reverted

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to Ethel's curious patience and tenderness over Captain Grove, and to the coincidence that a strange look as of a surface calm over tempestuous depths had come to Ethel's almost rigid manner and countenance quite near the time of the news of the Captain's paralysis. Mrs. Eloiheem had heard enough to know that Mrs. Mancredo had come to the house impelled by a curiosity concerning the rose-bud that Ethel had let that man carry away in his button-hole.

In view of all the facts of the case which she was able to get together, Althea first set herself to decide what was *not* to be done, and as a consequence she at once told the men of the family that not one word of those occult notions concerning the affair must be breathed unless they desired to have Ethel recorded beyond retrieve as an insane person.

"The best thing we can do with what Ethel has told you, Daniel, is to forget it. But we cannot forget nor do away with the change that has come to the child. So we must account for it on some rational plane, or the public will fix on some chagrining theory concerning the matter."

Robert simply had looked at her like a man dazed. What he thought or felt, no mortal could tell. It was not that to him Ethel's strange beauty was now marred; nor was it only that its character seemed magically changed: as this glistening, snow-white coronal, by contrast, lent a soft resplendence to her darkened eyes, and warmed the radiance of her young complexion. Not by this alone, had Robert been thus struck mute. For still his question grew as he gazed, — Whence, out of those hours of indubitable agony had she brought this look of large surprise, held resolutely calm by adoration invulnerable?

Even Althea saw it, and seeing it, broke into a repressed wail, not altogether of woe, as, turning to Robert, at a strange moment, she had said, —

"I cannot make it out! It is not sorrow — but, but could you call it *joy*?"

"My Lord, it is that! Yes, that! There need be no mirth in joy. It is joy which she has brought back with her," he cried, weeping, as he bowed himself together.

"Robert, Robert! 'Brought back?' What language is that? Be careful. You must give way to me so far. She is nearly enough suspected of — you know what, — being Daniel's daughter.

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"Robert, will you yield to me in this?" the mother exclaimed in hurried whispers. And Robert, suddenly grasping Althea's hand in both of his, as hurriedly said, —

"I'll make a compact with you. Cease all attempts to coerce Ethel in any way as long as she confines her interests —that is *herself* — to this town. In the first place, you know, she can't be coerced."

"Then why do your *fears* lead you to make a compact with me?" said Althea suspiciously.

"I don't exactly like that way of talking," said Robert, closing his eyes to a narrow line of light, and looking through them so at Althea longer than was pleasant to her.

"No, I'll make no compacts with you, my lad, after that look. If I choose to let Ethel do as she chooses it will be because I choose to choose so. It is the good Eloiheem law which rules in my house, my handsome laddie; and it leaves Ethel free to look up everything that is to be learned in Chicago itself, if she chooses. As she looks now, she might very well figure as your watchful motner. No, let go of my hand! Yes, and tell all the country if you choose that 'you and Ethel go sheer off your heads,' if you like. I shan't buy you off by agreeing to stand prisoner over Ethel. Tell what you like. Let people know the old story — that it takes three generations to make a madman: first the father must be odd, then the child odder, and then the child's children will be utterly insane. At the best reckoning of the case that will make you and Ethel hardly marriageable. I shan't buy you off by keeping Ethel prisoner lest she should —"

She stopped. The look on Robert's face was too exquisitely full of torture and mute endurance for her to lay on one more lash of her tongue. Sick at soul, she turned away to her beautiful chamber again; filled with the horror of the thought which she had rarely let cross her lips, often though it had sat like a death's head at the feast of life, now otherwise satisfactorily set before her.

But she was a brave woman; and with a stubborn determination to hold to the fact that Daniel was a great and uncomprehended philosopher, and that philosophers were generally accounted 'queer' by people of less ability, she, from that, convinced herself, that as Daniel was wise beyond

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her comprehension, Ethel might be yet more highly developed; and that, please Heaven, she might be even wise enough to make some practical application of the old wisdom to this new age. At any rate, that was what she should give the child to understand she must do.

This conversation had taken place early in the morning of the second day after Ethel's change. For while dressing, Althea had, from her window, seen Robert walk up to the white-haired Ethel as she stood in the garden, and had seen Ethel give him her hand, and had seen Robert bow over it, as he had raised it to his lips; and then, with uncovered head, he had moved slowly backward to the veranda; and Althea, because of the look which she, too, had seen on Ethel's face, had hastened to Robert as he had sat crouched together with covered eyes, and had said breathlessly, "It is not sorrow, Robert, but could you call it joy?" And then had followed that which has been told.

And now Mrs. Eloiheem had but finished dressing, when again looking from the window, she saw Ethel bathed in that radiance of soul, while before her stood Mrs. Mancredo transfixed as she gazed. For at the moment a ray of the rosy morning had shot athwart this statuesque form, on which, from the silver-crowned head to the edge of the trailing dress there was seen no color except that in eyes, brows, cheek, and vermilion lips, and in the red roses on her bosom.

And then between weeping and worshipping, speaking like one in a sleep, Mrs. Mancredo had said simply,—

"Reginald Grove is fretting for you." And the woman breathlessly listening at the chamber window had heard a still voice repeat, "Fretting for me," as one repeats an expected message which word for word has arrived.

In another minute Mrs. Eloiheem was in the garden.

But when a half-hour had elapsed, Mrs. Eloiheem, after an absence, was at home again, reviewing the events which like flashings of thought had followed one on another.

For it seemed to her she had hardly entered the garden before she had found herself at Mrs. Mancredo's side in Mrs. Mancredo's carriage with Ethel and a bunch of red roses opposite them, as they whirled away to the hotel of the man who was said to be receiving his final shock. Then, hurrying through the corridors, next she had felt the touch of

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Robert's hand as passing her he had gained Ethel's side, who with swift leisure was walking before; and with these women Robert had entered the room, following Mrs. Mancredo. And simultaneously with their entrance had come from Mrs. Mancredo and the invalid's lips, —

"Here she is, Reginald, with her roses," — and "My Mother! Help! Help!" As if struck by a slung-shot, Mrs. Mancredo had sunk to the floor, and Ethel, closing in to the bedside, had taken the sick man's wrist in one hand and had, with the other, stroked his disfigured face as she said promptly, —

"Here I am, Reginald."

Then, "Send little Alitza away," the sick man had cried thickly.

And into the silence which followed a woman's muffled shriek, there had dropped Ethel's quiet words, —

"See? It is that he thinks I am his mother. His mother died when he was a child. He has his wish. He is a child again. That is where this life has now landed Reginald Grove."

And turning, Ethel had taken Robert's arm; and as they three had passed through the corridor, the young doctor, bounding out after them, had asked what was her meaning. And Ethel pausing, had said, "When first I saw him days ago his lower brain was deadened. His higher faculties were alert. His mother's early teachings, lodged safely in his superior brain, to which they had appealed, awoke, responsive to my sight of them there. So these teachings, and the mother who taught them, and I who revived within him the memory of them, and the roses on which his outer vision rested at that crisis, are all things of the dim dawn of this morning-of-life to which the child-man, Reginald Grove, has returned, and where now he awaits help."

And then the doctor had said, "But how do you so suddenly make sure of all this?" With the air of a sovereign moving forward to meet august events, passing on, Ethel had said, "It was your first question which I consented to answer." And then in less than ten minutes from the moment of entering that hotel, they had passed out of it; and in as many more Robert's fleet trap had taken them home, and they were all partaking of their breakfast, quite as if to Mrs. Eloiheem's appreciation of affairs the world had not

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been turned upside down. For Mrs. Eloiheem's problem as to how she could ever let Ethel be seen had been solved by Ethel with apparently no recognition that it existed. This, Althea realized, as at breakfast she reviewed the doings and sayings of the last half-hour, briefly as recorded. And as no one in the house seemed to have anything to say on this or any other subject, Mrs. Eloiheem, with mingled trepidation at Ethel's seeming assumption and gratification of "her regal manner of carrying off the affair," decided to learn what people outside the house had to say of their view of the case. And this she decided to do by "letting Adolphus drive to the hotel, to inquire if there were any change in the Captain."

"And, Adolphus, you understand, we, the Eloiheems, visited this sick man early this morning. And Miss Ethel, to whom great wisdom is given, explained his case to the doctors. Now, not all people are able to believe that so beautiful a young woman can have such wisdom. So, Adolphus, the doctors and other people about the place, when they see you, may want to talk with you about the matter. You need not be in too great a hurry to get away from them. You can listen quietly to what they have to say; only remember, there is nothing that you know or can tell them except this: you can say, when you have to speak at all, 'Miss Ethel has awful wisdom; and her great pity for the sins and sorrows of the world has whitened her hair.' Can you understand this and do as I tell you?"

"Dat I can, certain sure! said Adolphus with tears in his eyes, and with as good an appreciation of what was to be done, and why, as had Mrs. Eloiheem.

On reaching the hotel Adolphus first chanced on the doctor, who had by no means recovered from the revolution effected by that five minutes' presence of the Eloiheems. The sense of impending death had been generally displaced by as general an assurance that the two-thirds-dead man would live. The whole hotel seemed to know by heart the two concise speeches made by Ethel at the bedside and to the doctor. In ten minutes there had been uttered, almost simultaneously, quick words, soft words, words of fear, and words of reassurance, and from out them, old facts had sprung into the light, old loves had reasserted powers, and, apparently, old life had sprung up, like some resurrected thing.

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Much of this the wise-headed old Adolphus had sensed before he had had time to pick up the other facts which he knew would best satisfy Mrs. Eloiheem.

The first fact was, Mrs. Mancredo had admitted that she was Reginald Grove's adopted sister; but that, after having been parted in childhood, they had not met, except for a few weeks at the time when she was seventeen years old, until their recent meeting here at this hotel. She had said frankly, that she had not tried to assist Grove to a recognition of her; but quite the reverse. But that now she did not care who knew that she had been his adopted sister.

The next fact was, it was said John Grove had been quite on the way to share Reginald's hallucination. For he had talked like a crazy man about Miss Eloiheem's eyes and his dead wife, in a confused way, praising them both as "the most beautiful woman in the world," saying he would give half his wealth if Miss Eloiheem "would arouse Reginald's superior brain and make him the man he ought to have been"—going on in this way so wildly, that the doctor had told him he was getting as crazy as Reginald himself; and *that* had so angered John Grove that he had dismissed the young doctor on the spot, and now talked of nothing else but some confused jargon in which the wish of Reginald's mother and the power of Miss Eloiheem to make a man of Reginald was mingled in a most wild manner. It was said, too, that by some means John Grove was quite as afraid of Mrs. Mancredo and her lawyer as Mrs. Mancredo was afraid of her own lawyer and watchful of John Grove. And, too, it seemed that, thanks to Judge Elkhorn, every one knew about the circumstances of Reginald's morning visit to the Eloiheem balcony. And no one who had seen Miss Ethel at all doubted that the Captain had been captivated heart and soul by her strange beauty. And when, to some question, Adolphus whole-heartedly had answered that his young mistress "had awful wisdom, and that her great pity for the world's sorrow had whitened her golden hair," those who had looked on the majestic sweetness which sat enthroned on her brow doubted not this assurance.

And Adolphus, telling of it to Mrs. Eloiheem, had exclaimed,—

"O, Mrs. Eloiheem, madame, I did not hab much need ter say dat; for dey who hab seen her glorified countenance all

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say it was Goad's own pity shone in her face as she came an' as she went. And some folks was talking how she was always jest dat way when she was a little girl. O, an' madame, dere was one old soldier ob de Lincom war, and he 'membered her in de war times; and he say dat de pity she bore den to de boys in blue and de boys in gray jest most broke de hearts of dem who saw it. She was a woman when she was a baby, dat man said, and so it was no wonder she was white-haired now. Dey all love her well. You'd mos' tink it was she who lays a-dyin' instead ob de Captain. Dey say she's beautifuller dan eber, yet—"

"Yet what, Adolphus?"

"Dey say she isn't long for dis worl', 'cos dat brain is too wise and big. An' der's talk dat de doctor tinks she wants to get his patience away, 'cos dis yer Captain would be a awful high paying case, wid old man Grove's millions back ob him. An' dey say John Grove hab made some change of papers wif de lawyer dar; and hab turned ober dat po'r Captain to Mrs. Mancredo's keer; an' dat ole man Grove is got off curious quick to Texas hisself, jest right away dis berry day. An' dey say dere's queer tings back o' dat yere haste o' his. An' dey say Mrs. Mancredo is tryin' to be thick wif us Eloiheems. An' dey wanted me to tell if we was friends; 'cos you see, madame, Mrs. Mancredo's coachman jes' swears my young missis an' his missis vowed to Goad to be friends forever. An' dey wanted me to tell if it was true. An' I jest said, 'Miss Ethel hab awful wisdom, an' her pity for de sorrows ob de worl' hab whitened her hair.' And dey said, 'Yes; her way toward Mrs. Mancredo is jes' her way ob befriending all dose who is in trouble. She was always dat way from a chile. She's jest like her father.'"

With a quickened pulse Mrs. Eloiheem listened; glad beyond measure, and as much surprised as glad, at discovering the prevailing readiness of people to recognize and to love the loveliness of good-will to man wherever it exists in its purity. And with something of a baptism in it, she said tenderly, "Of course that is the way Eloiheems feel toward all sorts of people in trouble. And, Adolphus, you can let people talk to you about Captain Grove and all this; and remember, the one answer you have to give is a credit to you as you say it."

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"Yes, madame," said Adolphus, with hat in hand and his eyes directed toward the depth of it.

So in course of time he brought news that the men at the hotel disliked to be reminded that "brandy-slings and all that" had worse than killed the little Captain. And a month later he said: "Dey are getting in an awful way at de hotel, 'cos now dat Indian nurse — he gits de po'r Captain down-stairs to take him out for a airing in de barouche. An' de Captain don't look no more'n a bundle ob someting. An' I heah Mrs. Mancredo tell one gentleman dat no matter how money can bribe up de criminal court fellars to say 'not guilty,' no money can't bribe dat *ole* law to change its verdic', 'As ye sow, yer must reap.' It makes dem rich gentlemen awful mad, 'cos dey expect to do like de debble an' yet keep as healthy as 'spectable pussons is. Dem gentlemen, dey is gettin' awful mad at her, 'cos dey don't want to hear no such talk, nor to see notin' more o' dat yere Captain.

"I heahed one o' dem gentlemen say Mrs. Mancredo is awfully changed herself. She used to talk polite enough, but now she 'lows herself 'great freedom ob speech,'—dat's what dey called dis yere Bible-talk, straight from de shoulder. Dey do say" — he paused.

"Well?"

"Dey do say she's gettin' like us Eloiheems," said Adolphus proudly.

Mrs. Eloiheem, indeed, held her breath at this, in wonder as to whereunto things were tending. For her own part, she had stood — as once before she had done — like a half-frightened creature under shelter, looking forth to see what would remain after the havoc of the storm should be overpast. For, as the weeks and months went by, it was evident to her that the change in Ethel's external appearance was but a faint hint at the change which had come over her whole being.

But if Althea had felt that there was before a barrier between her child and herself, she now in a fourfold degree recognized that by Ethel some height had been gained which, while it had increased the distance between them, had given the mother a certain advantage. The advantage that is given to those who, gazing after a mountain climber, at last discover her on a clearing far above the wooded

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mountain side, whereinbefore the climber had been hidden from the eyes which watched from afar.

Althea had spoken to Daniel in about these words concerning the new relations that had developed between her and Ethel: —

"I can't say I understand her any better, but I can get some sight of her, as I may say. And in fact, Daniel, you know yourself she is as old now as I was when I had broken away from all home dictation, and when even you left me to use my own judgment about things." Althea had said, as if trying to reason Daniel into the same justice of action toward Ethel. And he, with his usual womanly good sense, accepted all she said as being the original inspiration on her part that she evidently considered it to be.

And she, encouraged, began looking about in her own mind for some yet brighter remark.

"In fact, Daniel, you know yourself you once said 'the true duty of man is the true need of his nature: and true needs are in the line of true destiny, and those who do not understand their true destiny do not comprehend their needs.' Do you remember that?"

"Yes, I do," said Daniel, with sweet, clear eyes looking waitingly into hers; and she, encouraged yet more, looked about for a yet further noble discovery, and at last remarked, conclusively, —

"Very well, then. It was a need of my nature to make money. It was my destiny to be wealthy. And now I need (and it is my destiny) to make the best possible use of myself to those I love. To make use of *myself*, I say. And I myself am a money-maker. Well, the result is, Daniel, I shall this day transfer to you and Ethel a third interest each in all my business investments. And you shall draw money (but not dictate as to my methods), just as any other partners would.

"It is curious how everything prospers with me! In fact, Daniel, I have always felt myself to be the steady-brain of the family. And I don't deny it now. I confess there are some things not along my line. But I'll tell you this. Robert's disloyalty to the Eloiheem principles, as well as his (to me) abominable personal practices, have led me to draw this line of '*meum et tuum*,' as if he were no son of mine. Yet, that a mother should not be supporting an able-bodied, bril-

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liant son of over thirty years of age is not surprising. And that I should not permit a son who chooses to not honor the law of our house to figure before the world as the head of my family is but just to you and myself, Daniel.

"Daniel," she said, after a long-sustained, grave, and adoring look into his eyes, "can you tell me *what* makes you and Ethel so unwaveringly quiet — yet so full of powerful, far-reaching achievement? Tell me, for I cannot understand you."

"Supreme Wisdom," said Daniel. "The constant recognition and reliance upon Supreme Wisdom."

"I cannot understand it, or you," she said. Then she fell to thinking of what they were achieving, not only in the town and State, but in various parts of the world, by means of workers with whom they were curiously identified in a way which she could not lay hold upon.

For again and again circumstances had come to her recognition, showing her that they were living on, doing thousands of such stirring half-hour's work as that which had recently made such a commotion at the time of Ethel's visit to Grove's bedside.

Althea had herself begun to admit the silent power which at times went forth, healingly and inspiringly, from the presence of Daniel and daughter. There was something mysterious in the way that certain persons — not specially attractive to Althea — would arrive at the house, receive messages, and go their way, to carry on work of an influential sort. In addition to all that of which she knew, Althea felt especially perplexed at her assurance that what influence Daniel and Ethel exercised was but like a drop of water in the sea compared with that *which they evidently held themselves back from exercising.*

"I wish they would not be afraid to try it on me," she inwardly thought one day as she sat alone in her room.

Suddenly her mind was softly overflowed with a sweet, contented recognition that the investments made from the house that Jack built were not only financially good, but humanly excellent, in that they tended to develop in those concerned — not a tendency to pauperism, but an independence of character and a faculty of self-use for the good of others.

Althea arose to her feet, perplexed at something like a physical warmth which, sweeping through her vein and brain,

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won her alluringly to join, at once, the busy workers in the house that Jack built.

She had taken a step forward when she half turned back, telling herself, with timid surprise, "I shall only interrupt them. They are so curious in their ways of reasoning, so illogical, they vex me. They — can't want me."

"Won't you come?" Not these words, but this winsomeness of alluring invitation swept through her again, as if an arm, warm and thrilling, had passed about her, not constrainingly but winsomely. And wondering, she next chose to go to them.

As she entered the dear old room, Ethel, turning to her welcomingly, said, —

"I have been telling Daniel, and would like to tell you, how it was with me and Captain Reginald Grove."

No words could have surprised this mother more than did these. The change in Ethel, the peculiar spiritual atmosphere in which she dwelt so silently, achieving so much and talking so little, yet evidently so constantly in communication of thought with Daniel,— all this and much more, had increasingly given Althea to feel a separation from her. But now, this sentence was reassuring. Yet not to a degree which misled Althea as to what she might expect to hear from Ethel on this old subject.

So with sharp-eyed yet gratified attention, Althea sitting down, listened as Ethel said, —

"I felt when I first saw Reginald Grove that he was one of us! But also I knew that if Captain Grove had maltreated any other boy as Captain Grove has maltreated his own mother's only child, that the law of the land would have punished him. And now we all know that what the law of the land knew not how to do, Restrictive Wisdom has done. It has paralyzed the destructive animal man, and has freed from that brutal rule 'the child in the midst,' and now is disposing all things for the rebuilding of the man that is to be. He is to be one of us. But now he is but a case of arrested development: a child in a man's poor, broken body.

"See?" said Ethel; and Althea, breathless, waited.

"So now, this child I am to take and 'set in the midst of the people,' who are now watching the works of the Eloiheems. And from what these watchers, watching, will see, they will learn that each child must hereafter be taught self-

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regulation at all points and must be taught that he who injures Self slays Soul in the on-coming humanity. And that persons who thus tend to self-injury should be subject to keener supervision than is he who steals a horse or burns a house.

"Besides, by our thus setting *this* child in the midst of public attention, watchers, watching, will learn how faithfully Nature gathers up all fragments so that nothing is lost. Watchers, watching, will learn that in even such wrecks as this there remains a latent power, which under favorable conditions may be yet brought forward to do the work for which these powers had their being."

"But," stammered Althea, "how long will it take to restore these powers?"—scarce knowing what she meant by her question.

"Less time than it took to disable them," said Ethel, baptizing in her sense of infinite leisure the soul of the mother, who for the moment, with Ethel, faced the sense of eternal verities.

Not long after this Mrs. Eloiheem realized that the occasional had become the customary, in that Mrs. Mancredo's coachman and footman, with the poor Captain and his rugs and wraps, were regular visitors to the sunny south veranda, where, in an extension chair, the invalid passed many hours, contentedly gazing on sea and sky.

Reginald's face was now but little disfigured, and though one side of his body was useless, yet his dress was so ordered that he looked frail rather than crippled, as he lay back helplessly in his chair.

The style of his apparel, added to the peculiar cast of his features, had won for him the name of "the young Raphael." There was on his face a strangely mingled look of peace and of alert attention. But that which startled strangers was that, while his soft brown eyes seemed always intently regarding something seen by them in the distance, yet with but few exceptions he was apparently blind to the sight of persons who crossed his line of vision. It was meanwhile well known that he always saw Mrs. Mancredo, but that he knew her only as "little Alitza." He saw Ethel, too, but continued to call her, "*Mother*," and was only really content while he was where, now and then, she could come and look on him, perhaps touching his hair as a mother caresses an invalid child.

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In those days many things were discovered and were discussed through the town concerning the strange case of Reginald Grove. It was held to be very curious that a man whose gustatory appetite was so deadened that he never thought of food and had to be fed at the judgment of attendants, yet always remembered to keep his copy of Petrarch at hand, and fretted when he missed having his roses.

He was said otherwise to be like a docile child. But Ethel had said he was unlike a child in that he had not now the passions, fears, or wilful desires of a child, except this desire for his Petrarch, roses, and for a sight of his "Mother" — Ethel Eloiheem. Ethel had suggested that the passions of fear, fightings, desires, and revenge were seated in the organs of the lower brain, and as that lower brain with its nerve-centres was now deadened, he was so far dead to the things on that plane of being, and so was not like a normal child.

This, Ethel's theory concerning this strange invalid, reminded Mrs. Eloiheem of the philosophy which Daniel had tried to explain at that fateful time in the wilderness. For then Daniel had said, "he was in his right mind when he neither feared, fought, nor desired." And Mrs. Eloiheem, watching Daniel and Ethel as they watched Reginald, at times felt these three were not far removed from one another in mental state.

Once, out of an ecstasy of still gaze, Reginald had cried out, "Lights, Lights," and the watchers reflected something of his rapture in their own countenances. And Mrs. Eloiheem, half-vexed, half-frightened, had said to Daniel that "the poor idiot was a very good specimen of the transcendentalists who, out of their visions cry, 'Lights, Lights,' to a populace who in return call back, 'fool,' or 'demigod,' as the fancy of the moment impels them." To this Daniel had amiably answered, "That is very well put. For, in fact, Reginald is in a highly receptive state. His upper brain is like a cup held up to a flowing fountain. You see, my wife, it is the quality of that man's past inmost desires which determines now what quality of life must flood his upper brain at this time when he is too will-less to really wish for anything. His lower brain is effectually dead, you know. And his upper brain in childhood was a thirsting spring of life which, like a mountain spring, is even now supplied

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from the sacred dews which 'go up from the earth and water the earth.' And it is this which keeps him alive. The look on his face which thrills me so is a look of the passionless blank of the blessedness of being."

At this last remark Mrs. Eloiheem gave up her attempt to keep pace with this new craze of Daniel and daughter. Yet she confessed to herself that this look, without being deathly, had in it that death-likeness which is included in an utter relaxation from the strain of fear, desire, or even of conscious effort at thought. A look far removed from the sunken-together look seen on the face of a paralytic in whom the superior brain, not being alert, and the lower brain being deadened, leaves the mental man but a deathly waste.

One day Mrs. Eloiheem heard from outside that Daniel's term, "a passionless blank of the blessedness of being," had reached the hotel and that men there were making merry over it. And whatever she thought of the notion herself, she did not propose to have other people criticising it without attending to their case. So she loftily remarked to Mrs. Mancredo, who had brought the news,—"Indeed? Well, suppose you ask this person what he thinks would be left of him if *his* desires, fears, and gustatory appetites were taken away from him?"

And this Mrs. Mancredo did with a relish, soon bringing back the answer, "Nothing would be left of me. And the sooner I was buriable the better for those who had to look at me."

To this Mrs. Eloiheem made no immediate reply other than a lofty and indefinitely suggestive and patronizing smile.

But though that seemed to suggest great reserves of wisdom on the subject, the fact was, the answer had *but* returned Mrs. Eloiheem's mind to a review of Daniel's old assertion that when *he* was in his right mind he was free from the power of fears, fightings, and desires.

"Then, I suppose," thought she to herself, "they must think this imbecile is dead to the things of flesh and sense; but alive to some order of life unguessed at by most of the people about him."

Now there was something about all this that was not at all agreeable to Mrs. Eloiheem. For she had discovered that,

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however long she gazed at Reginald Grove, *he never once saw her.* Having made this discovery, she kept it to herself. For, as he did see Robert, Daniel, and Ethel, and even Mrs. Mancredo, Althea did not like to be discriminated against, even by a crazy man, in a way that separated her from her family. And with that impulse which leads people of her degree of mental development to depend on the popular consensus, rather than on their own personal, intuitive recognition of the facts of the case, Althea next set about discovering, indirectly, what people thought of the notion that a man with his five common senses seriously damaged, if not ruined, yet lived amid some purely spiritual realm, from which some others, lacking his added order of development, were quite shut out, notwithstanding their good morals and sharp rational capacity.

With her air of beneficently endeavoring to aid benighted souls, Althea gave Mrs. Mancredo this question to put on the social market, and, to her surprise, at once received from Mrs. Mancredo the answer,—

"O, yes. You know they say it is exactly because the Eloiheems see that this superior faculty was existent in Grove — I say, it was exactly for this cause that the Eloiheems took him up so friendlily in the first place! He is just like his mother, you see, Mrs. Eloiheem. She had a *spirituelle* nature. Everybody can see that there's something fine in poor Grove. But of course, Elkhorn can't see it. So he calls him a well-pampered idiot. But Palmer is a bright fellow at the hotel there. He is on a Chicago repertorial staff. He thinks he has exploded spiritualism and every other *ism.* And he thinks he now believes only what his five senses tell him. It was he who laughed so at the 'passionless blank of the blessedness of being.' And now he asks 'if Grove, with his five senses badly knocked out of him, has the *entrée* of a realm of being from which fads like he and Elkhorn are shut out;' then he wants to know, 'what avenues other than those of the senses have been opened up in that man? And what kind of hitherto unknown intelligence is coming through those hitherto unknown avenues, and from whence?'

"He wants to know if the Eloiheems undertake to affirm that Grove was and is possessed of a set of faculties as superior to the mere logical faculty as the logical faculty is

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superior to the mere instinct common to brutes and lower mortals."

Althea felt as though she had sprung a mine. And with a swift glance at the matter, decided to answer,—

"Certainly that is so! Of course the Eloiheems see people as they are, and recognize and set themselves to aid in reinstating faculty which brutal men of the John Grove type repress in fine women, and so slaughter in their sons. As to Mr. Paul Palmer's other questions, further developments in the methods of the Eloiheems in their dealings with these important problems of the age will unfold the facts of the case."

And then having stated all this with a degree of assurance for which she hardly knew how to account, she, of course, did her best to sustain Daniel and Ethel in all their methods of dealing with the problem as to what is the real nature of such mental alienation as this exhibited by the fine-brained Reginald Grove.

And so it came about that Althea's manly virtue of finely fighting for her family served better to protect them from the wear and tear of contact with the outer world than the most painstaking moral principle unsupported by this robust obedience to instinct could have done.

She felt toward Daniel and Ethel, with their white hair and grave demeanors, as the rugged young power of a family feels toward the reverend heads of it, dependent on and sustained by this youthful energy. Althea liked to be young and to look young. She often laughed blithely in these days, thinking how lucky it was that she was strong enough in all ways to humor them while they tried to put their theories on the world in any practical form which they could devise, seeing that Daniel had said their theories could not acceptably be put before the people in form of mere words. About this time Althea "heard from outside," to use her favorite expression, that half of the queerness of Reginald's case came from the imagination of the Eloiheems, who could make a case for their philosophy out of anything. When Mrs. Eloiheem found this had come from Judge Elkhorn (who was a visitor rebuffed by her) she took the trouble to learn that he was a man who posed as one whose ancestors had used up much good brain in upholding the hypothesis on which they based the argument by which they accounted for

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the existence of the world and of the restless human mind: while he had taken up for himself a system of negations. And she learned that, on the strength of his disbelief in everything, he had claimed to be a kindred spirit of the Eloiheems. She learned, too, that he had also publicly "wondered how people who a year or two before had lived in a small house quite out of sight and notice, should now figure as leaders or directors of thought on great questions."

These things sufficed to place Elkhorn in Mrs. Eloiheem's discredit-book. Then one day he appeared on the south balcony, "entrapping Daniel there when no one was by to dispose of the intruder," as Althea had afterwards remarked.

And the fact that Elkhorn had long been away from the city, and so had never seen Ethel since that distant day when she, to him, had seemed to be but an unsophisticated girl absorbed in admiration for Captain Grove, partly afterward accounted to Althea's mind for Judge Elkhorn's headlong act at this time. He had several times been rebuffed in his attempt to do, in a more gradual and graceful way, that which he at this time decided to do, without regard to grace, seeing that he had access to Daniel's ear.

What that was may be made known by the humorous words with which Daniel met Althea as she came out on the veranda where Elkhorn was seated: —

"Did you hear, dear?" said Daniel. "Some one seems to have stepped in from the street as he was passing, and proposes —"

"I heard it all," said Althea. "And would it be worth while to tell Judge Elkhorn, think you, Daniel, that we Eloiheems, with John Stuart Mill, see that 'the legal subjection of one sex to another is a wrong in itself, and is now one of the chief hindrances to improvement,' and 'that it should at once be replaced by a principle of perfect equality which admits no power or privilege on one side or disability on the other'? Yes? Well, then, Judge Elkhorn, that *is* our belief. And the only thing I suggest to you, as a suitor to my daughter's hand is, that you join the army of honorable men who are working for woman's enfranchisement before the law; and when the amendment is added to the National Constitution, then, with other suitors, you can plead your case before Miss Eloiheem yourself. Till then, I doubt if our daughter will marry."

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"Well, then, I will say on religious grounds," exclaimed the Judge, when for wrath he could speak, "that the encouragement of such views will undermine society. Only bright women with property will dare to take such a stand. In fact, if such freedom is to be countenanced, I shall favor the remanding of woman back to priestcraft — yes, even to Chinese foot-binding, if necessary."

"And will you do that in the hope of increasing the number of intelligent helpmeets?" inquired Mrs. Eloiheem.

"I will do it in the expectation of stopping the increase of woman's independence, Madame! For when *women* begin to say whether they will or will not marry it is time we ministers —"

Silenced by icy attention, he stopped, and discovered that an old habit of clerical assumption had caused him, under stress of wit, to flourish his abdicated clerical terrors, — terrors, the assumption of which befitted illy this liberal league man of proclaimed atheistic tendencies.

Then said Mrs. Eloiheem, interrogatively, "I have heard that for generations your people have been Calvinist preachers; and that you have gloried in having cut loose from their principles."

Glancing at Daniel, Elkhorn said proudly, "I think my writings show how much I hate teachings that deprive a soul of freedom. I consider such teachings came from the devil, if there is a devil; and if there never was one before, they make one of the man who clings to them."

"Seeing you hold this to be so, you will, of course, guard against your own danger," said Althea, slowly enough to give Elkhorn to see what was the outcome of this colloquy. With a quick review of the substance of the matter, he got away, half-blind with wrath; and in turning round the sweep of the veranda he came into the midst of peace profound.

For there, with his eyes on the soft clouds driving in from the sea, was Reginald in his half-priest-like robe, and motionless at his side was a white-robed, white-crowned being whose grand gaze met Elkhorn's. And in those eyes were pity, tender and grave as angels feel who do always behold the face of the Father.

And at last, when the gaze let his go free, he whispered hoarsely, "Pardon me for the fool I am!" and he got himself away, half-blinded now with wonder at the things shown him in that moment's gaze.

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Rapidly he walked on, stopping not till he had gotten up to Lake View promenade. Seating himself here on one of the settees facing the lake he got himself together again: passing so, from his state of sudden awestruck wonder, to a sense of chagrin at what he had attempted, and then to a stage of unmitigated wrath at his own folly in having been foiled and ousted from his purpose.

"What if I did make a mess of my other marriages? I am younger now than Eloiheem was when he married this woman who has made his wealth for him. And there he is worshipped in that house as if he were the Lord himself! But how that —that strange creature did look at me! There was no scorn in her eyes; my soul, not scorn! But what was it? Whatever — I know, if it were not for that termagant of a mother I could manage the daughter. Then I could show my fine Helen I am not a failure for want of her help."

In another moment a new thought had come to him. "Yes," he exclaimed, "all this kindness to that Grove, brought down to first principles, means nothing less than that this is their way of comforting, as best they can, this daughter of theirs for the worse than death-in-life of that little *roué* of a Captain."

After the long meditation which followed this conjecture, Elkhorn did a large amount of visiting, during which he talked much about gossip which he said was in everybody's mouth, adding, then, "I tell people, though, it is not so bad as that. I do go to the Eloiheem's when I can spare the time; but quite in a philosophical way. You see these people have a psychological power that they try to exercise over others. But I know too much myself, to be in any danger of that sort. No one must mind what people say of me and Miss Eloiheem! I do not really think of myself as a marrying man."

After a few weeks of visiting and of giving out these suggestive hints, he not only got some people to believe in him, but he almost believed in himself as an acceptable suitor to Miss Eloiheem. He had always been sustained in all his undertakings by a strong will, large self-esteem, and especially by the self-imposing instinct bred in him through three successive generations of ancestors who believed in themselves as bishops of other people's souls.

This was the man who, fired to get again from those strange eyes what he had gotten before, planned constantly how to

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get an entrance to the presence of the woman, now in a peculiar sense become to him the woman of the world. So in spite of past rebuffs, one day he stealthily walked round the veranda-path to where he had last (and that was but the third time in his life) seen those eyes. The veranda was deserted. He softly went up the steps on the lake side of the house. At the next moment, without ringing, he stepped into the hall, looking about.

There she was in the further room; the whiteness of her dress and hair outlined against the dark portière, beyond the chair where Reginald was outstretched. Her eyes met his; and like hasheesh to the eater of it, her free spirit struck through his. No surprise, no reproof was in her look. She had but accepted the fact that he was there, with an acceptance grave and grand; listening still, as some one said, "But public opinion cannot be ignored," — and then, answering, "No, but *made!* You, as well as another, are the maker of it. Aggregated individual opinion is public opinion. Each individual opinion is a unit of the force that in the aggregate constitutes the mass from which is struck the average that eventually becomes known as public opinion. See? You also, therefore, are the creator of that kingly child, Public Opinion, the Worker of Social changes." Then came Mrs. Mancredo's perplexed outcry,—

"O dear! If the poor fellow were really dead he would be better off, forgiven and made over by the angels somehow."

"Do you think 'making him over' is angelic work?"

"I do."

"So do I. And I want to be an angel and help them do their work here on earth as it is done in heaven; do not you?"

This conversation had sprung through the stillness, striking at Elkhorn, and liberating from all reserves his nature. Fearing nothing, and knowing nothing but self-let-loose, he swung into the room, and following his first impulse, exclaimed loud and lordly,—

"I guess *I* am a man whom Grove can see," pressing on him in the ferocity of his domineering, easily flattered nature, perfectly intoxicated by the sense of liberty given to all that was in him.

But as Reginald's eyes evaded or passed through this bulky presence, reporting no message to the brain which

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acted so irregularly in its relation to the outer world, smouldering fires sprung out in red patches on Elkhorn's face and neck, and like one intent on a fight with the invalid, he said yet more coarsely, —

"Well, ladies, now that I have begun this, I'll make the poor fool see me, or I'll — "

"— withdraw to the next room," Elkhorn thought he heard Ethel interpolate; and in helpless obedience he took himself away. A moment afterwards he found himself angrily gazing on the portière which had fallen together between him and the sight of Reginald's chair and the woman beside it.

Feeling very little done with what he had come to do, and dimly wondering why he was so far away from where he wished to be, he stood dazedly looking at the curtains.

They parted, Ethel, pausing, stood in the open of the crimson folds as they fell about her whiteness. There were blood-red roses in her hair and on her breast; and as rosy red as the "bleeding heart of Mary" was the tender face now turned on Elkhorn.

She crossed the room, and drawing her old carved chair up to the sofa onto which both Mrs. Mancredo and Elkhorn had sunken down expectantly, she seated herself, with the trailing flow of garments natural to women of long, lithe limbs.

And so sitting with eyes on him, she viewed also what she knew of this Elkhorn's life with his divorced wife, and of that woman's life now.

Rocking twice, her dress twice touched Elkhorn's boot.

At the moment, some mental sight of the nobility of the purposes which, first and last, had actuated Helen Aleen Elkhorn, swept through this man's mind. A felicitous anticipation of a life a-coming, a new certainty of his own reserved power to do better than he had ever before pictured as possible, a new sense that life's true delight is found in serving others and in conquering self, thrilled him.

Then Ethel's gaze had left him; and, like the turbid Missouri at its junction with the Mississippi, so his old instinct toward the self-seeking subjection of all things to his dominance, swept roilingly in on that other purer flow of life.

"What shall be done with the invalid?"

"Ask the Judge."

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Answer had followed question, and following the answer, Ethel's eyes, raised to Elkhorn's, met the full battery, as, with the prehensile power of a cuttle-fish, he had affixed his will's tentacula on to the will of the woman before him.

Her color rose, and at her neck high rose the laces and the great pearls there. While from her eyes there looked forth thoughts, — thoughts, like doves startled at the sight of an inundating flood, — a flood which daily sweeps into its waves thousands of lives as innocent, but far more ignorant, than was this self-sovereign, Ethel Eloiheem.

For a glance had shown her that, to a man such as this, woman is an entity unknown and unknowable. Then, it was no thought like a dove; but it was a whole self-sovereign soul that Elkhorn saw looking out on him as if from the battlement of turreted fortress; and while the lashings of his turbid self-love still held him at their mercy, from her far-away heights Ethel seemed speaking, when he heard, —

"I asked you, Mrs. Mancredo, what shall be done with Reginald?"

Then Reginald called out, —

"Mother! Mother! Lights!" and Ethel passed within the *portière*.

With an oath at Reginald, Elkhorn crossed the room, feeling more than ready to do what brute force could do, when a sudden trembling took hold on him. For infinite pity, ages old, and all-comprehending, falling on him from Ethel's eyes, swept remorse and self-horror in upon his soul. He fell away and away before them; till, catching his hat as he went, he crept out of the house as stealthily as he had, just ten minutes before, come in.

"Electrical powers of an electrical age indeed!" Mrs. Eloiheem had inwardly ejaculated. For she had not this time to rely on Adolphus's report from the outside, of what was going on inside her house.

From her place in one of the parlors she had beheld all, from entrance to exit. All that could be seen and heard, and all that a sufficiently masculine nature of her own assisted her in comprehending. More than this, she had seen Elkhorn when something more brutal than mere animal instinct in him had been met by Ethel's look of passionless, pitiful, perfect Love-divine. And she had seen that, as this look had fallen upon him, all that was within him had

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shrivelled away, melted in the fervent heat of that *pure flame;* and at the sight of it Mrs. Eloiheem had sunken back in her chair like one benumbed by the passing of it so near to her.

And for an hour she had lain so, pondering what manner of being this woman was whom she and Daniel called daughter.

And Mrs. Mancredo, too, had seen it all.

And abundance she that night had to think upon, as she pondered on the mysterious quality of the friendship which identified her with people in whom (she had had more than visual proof) there inhered some *superhuman* power; that is, as humanity's powers had theretofore been apprehended by her.

She herself had for years been a devout, though by no means mentally satisfied, member of a religious sect which would have considered these Eloiheems wild transcendentalists. Elkhorn had come from the same Eastern State where she had once had her home. She knew a "good bit" about Elkhorn's history, but did not wish to draw his attention to her history, much less make him her enemy.

This night, after what she had seen, she dreaded being swamped in the influence which Ethel had exercised on Elkhorn. For, at one moment, this Ethel had shown him a sight of his badness; then, like an enveloping mist, Mrs. Mancredo had seen Ethel's inner life of love full of wisdom float upon Elkhorn, arousing him to a share in Ethel's recognition of what he was in his noblest, inmost being, and what he could yet, in his outer life, become.

The result had been startling, the influence of the method intoxicating, and the final outcome of the whole experience so bewildering, that Mrs. Mancredo, frightened, longed for a return to her old faith, and an ignorance of all these forces in nature with which she was becoming entangled owing to her intimacy with these Eloiheems.

She could not sleep that night; and in hope of getting hold of the faith of her childhood, she began singing the childish hymn, —

"I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand," etc.

Then, — had she fallen asleep?

She only knew that she seemed to be standing in the midst of a company who, with Ethel, were full of infinite leisure;

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while she, the dreamer, was full of haste and fear. The air seemed intoxicating. She was afraid to breathe it. Midst her wonder she discerned that what had seemed to be air was the radiations of the life of those whose leisurely peace was, in truth, far-reaching, creative activity!

And, gazing still more discriminatingly, she saw that the atmosphere of those associated with Ethel looked as when sun, shining on flying snow, leaves us to ask if it be snowing shine or shining snow?

Presently her heart had warmed toward one of these particles of diamond-dusted air; and stretching forth her hand, she caught, held, and examined it, and behold, the form of it was as the form of a tiny babe; and looking more closely still, she saw it was no other than a new-born Thought — a little Private Opinion, which she had caught as it was speeding on its way from beings, not only apparently clothed in this bright array of luminosity, but who seemed intent on winning her to release, from within her pent-up being, a like forth-flowing of things divine. And while she looked on this jovial self-abandonment of each to all, with suspicious dread of the consequences of it, she suddenly perceived that these flashing, freezing, yet fiery, fair child-forms (these new-born Thoughts named *Private Opinions*) needs must gambol together in this kindergarten-game of blending their opposites. For that it was exactly in this way that they grew to be hardily ready to meet the buffetings which they had to endure before gaining admittance to barred and prejudiced minds of glowering mortals like herself.

"Oh, come, my own babe, my dear little Private Opinion! I will cherish *you* at all hazards," she dreamed she exclaimed, as she clasped tightly the Thought most dear to her. Then she understood the cause of all this flashing and flying to and fro. She saw this was the *exercise of Private Opinion*, by which, developing strength, the little things came to the mighty stature of that full-grown *Public Opinion* that is the worker of social changes.

Then, in an arch of light, with Ethel, she stood ablaze. For, as with two flaming points of carbon the current jumps from the point affixed on the feed-rod to the lower point, engendering friction in the leap, and heating both points to thousands of degrees, — so from Ethel's spirit to her undersoul, Mrs. Mancredo felt light and heat were leaping.

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Then, not the words, but the truth esoteric which is within the scientifically practical truth of these words, taught her that the distance between them offered the maximum of resistance which gives the friction that causes the heat which flashes the light which is the new light of the new age.

Then, as if caught up by organ-pipes and resounded through the third Heaven where יהוה resides, *this* truth was echoed and re-echoed with great and ever greater meanings, that strained on the utterance of it. Till like a fiery flying serpent, the message within it, erecting itself and striking at her mind, wounded its way to her inmost being, hiding itself there and burning consumingly.

Consumingly it burned. Yet, joy was in it, for burning, it burned away fears and false shames, and filled her with a new warmth, which cherished within her the life of "one-like-unto-itself."

Yet while swooning in the flame that vaulted now from within her, she knew that the upper-soul (sustained at a temperature five thousand times hotter than anything not spirit-pure can withstand) was but comforting herself from the feed-rod above, while praying adoringly, "Give light, more light."

Then power increased. Light leaped the gap, bringing in a fire-baptism to the lower spirit, "a new name, which only they know who receive it," — a baptismal name, which, when the third Heaven sent hers to Ethel had whitened her golden hair.

Mrs. Mancredo awoke from her dream bathed in perspiration and trembling in every joint.

She was not in the habit of dreaming, and now she believed she had dreamed marvellously, torturingly, rapturously. She tried to account for the dream — if it were a dream — by recalling the circumstances of the week, to see if perchance they had furnished "the stuff of which dreams are made."

"Yes, I was lately impressed with the antagonistic relations which carbon-points sustain toward each other, as, removed to the last degree of distance from which they can act and react on one another, they, from thence, flash fire, at one another, as they could not do did they but touch. And I was then told that the distance between them offered the maximum of resistance which gives the friction that causes the heat which flashes the light that is the new light of the new age!

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"Of course. Yes! That was the basis of my dream. And then, of course, Ethel was naturally identified with it. For I have never forgotten that she said, when I first met her, 'We are opposites;' as if it was for that reason we were to work together. And opposites we are. In a way, she dislikes me as much as I dislike and antagonize her, cold, white thing that she is. Cold? Heavens save me! No! Oh, the dream! 'Tis a white heat!" She sprang to her feet; for, had there again between them vaulted the light of life, communicating to her a fervor unknown before? Waking or sleeping, this that had befallen her now had given her again a sight of Ethel, standing mid spheres celestial, taking thence what she passed on to others at will, and for purposes identical with the will of those to whom, leaving all else, she allied herself continually.

Is she, then, aiding in the descent and distribution of the thoughts, principles, and powers of the new age? "If so, what greater good could I do than to work with her as co-operatively as carbon-point with carbon-point?"

With this thought, Alitza dressed hastily and got away, in the early morning, to the woman who seemed drawing on her winsomely.

She found Ethel in the ice-bound garden, as if she were awaiting this coming. And with eagerness Alitza said at once, —

"Yes, yes. But first of all, Ethel, you have never asked me what there is between myself and Reginald Grove! Don't you care to know before matters go any further?"

"The only point that signifies," said Ethel slowly, "is the fact that nothing stands between either of you and your best development."

Mrs. Mancredo, chilled at the (always to her) painfully impersonal attitude which she felt in contact with Ethel, under the shock of it responded antagonistically, "I should say, on the reverse, that everything has stood between both of us and our best development. But — but — I came to say, that, after all, perhaps I ought to take Reginald off somewhere, out of your way? Ought I not?"

"It is no part of my duty to judge what is yours," said Ethel, stepping away over the frosty ground toward the bluffs. And with a growing sense of antagonism against this woman, Mrs. Mancredo said suddenly, —

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"If I tell you something strange, will you still be able to remember that it is 'no part of your duty to judge as to what is my duty'?" And before Ethel could answer, with the insolence of a challenge, Alitza ejaculated, —

"I am Reginald Grove's wife!"

Then — "Wait, Ethel! Miss Eloiheem, wait. You said nothing could come between either of us and our best development. Oh, Miss Eloiheem," she expostulated, as she now almost ran after Ethel, who, with hands crossed and head up, was moving swiftly over the ground homeward, as though Mrs. Mancredo had never existed. "Ethel, are you just? I tell you, I wish to live with you, and to do my old duty in a new way," she called out; half-angry, but wholly determined to have a hearing.

Having ascended the verandah steps, Ethel turned and looked out into space, with wide, wondering gaze. Then she glanced toward the invalid who was tucked up in his furs, taking his morning's sunning; while his attendant at a distance waited call, nearer to the carriage and the coachman than to this part of the verandah.

Mrs. Mancredo had halted at the foot of the steps, chilled, as she thought that her faith in her dream had impelled her to betray this secret guarded with such care for more than half of all her years.

She ascended the steps; and with a cool sense of the rightness of her act, said, —

"It seems, then, even you have come to a test! The question now is, Can you practise the law of liberty which the Eloiheems are said to preach? I doubt if it is practicable. Heaven itself could not be better."

"Heaven itself could not be better."

It was Reginald's soft voice that echoed these words. And, used as Mrs. Mancredo was to his occasional inconsequent utterances, she yet was caught up into Ethel's state of mind; for, with a listening attitude, Ethel now hushed back with kind, encircling arm, the frightened woman, as if words inaudible were unfolding wide intelligence of future things to her listening ear.

Then, with a laughter-like joy in her voice, Ethel said, —

"Certainly. Yes! Under the Eloiheem law! To do the work as she sees fit! Of course!"

Was it to her, and her alone, that this response was made,

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Alitza, in wonderment, asked herself. Then, lifted out of the ordinary and drawn into Ethel's unity with the purpose of those whose work she was helping to do, and with old materialistic views of life swept far behind, this good-hearted, misunderstood woman, as in her recent dream, seemed again to be standing mid joy-filled air, enveloped in the heavenly leisure of those who are cherishing in heaven and earth, private right in private opinion, while awaiting the inflow of universal Wisdom.

Were the realms above, with laughter-like joy, echoing the words, — "Certainly: yes: under the Eloiheem roof: to do the work as she sees fit"? Had its power, combined, spoken through Ethel's ejaculation? To Mrs. Mancredo, it was as if — like the sound of rushing, mighty waters — forces supernal welled and surged through that utterance the assurance that for the upholding of the individual the hosts of Wisdom rally in phalanx. So that nothing either great or small remained for her to *do;* nothing, except to receive the joy of the Whole Spirit of Heaven, and to fall into line with Its sweet purposes concerning a now-evolving new order of humanity. Had she, for a moment, been caught up into the third Heaven, where Mother-Wisdom resides? and had It, with one look, taught her more than months of sermons had ever done?

Whatever had happened, when these strange moments were passed, and when Mrs. Mancredo supposed that both she and Ethel had returned to ordinary conditions, and when she expected to see in Ethel's words or manner, something of censure or of curiosity, she saw nothing of either. Yet she could not believe she was to be let off without paying the price commonly demanded by one person of another, in exchange for an act of clemency, — the price of a full confession of all the ins and outs of the affair under consideration. And when nothing of the sort was demanded even by the glorious *eyes* which looked on her in calm content, she exclaimed, perplexed, —

"Why, you do not even seem surprised that I bear one man's name and possess his property, while I am really and only the wife of another man whose property — *his* property? — I have never touched, and whose name I have never worn."

Ethel's eyes rested on Mrs. Mancredo, as rest the eyes of a mother on a flustered child who is half telling, half hiding

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the pith of a quarrel with a little comrade; and puzzled, yet half comforted and half chagrined that this momentous matter was being passed over as easily as Reginald's unknown back record had been, this woman of the world said hastily, —

"Well, anyway, I shall tell you this much. Out of pity to John Grove, I have promised to let matters rest as they are for a few years. But, Ethel, it was I who set Elkhorn to buzzing to other gossips about that will. But, all the same, that will is a *bona-fide* will, though the testator is living. But, Miss Eloiheem, you can judge what I think of *you*, and of how much faith I have in *you*, when I tell you that if John Grove and I were to die to-day, that will would take effect and would convey to you the patient and my property, under conditions there stated. But with the will, there are also a confession and a legal document from John Grove, lying in my lawyer's strong-box. And you may as well know, John Grove is under bonds, and under police surveillance; because — oh, — but I must not say more. It is not kind. If you can believe me through all the rest, you can take all this part on trust too. And if you can do that, you are a friend indeed."

She paused, puzzled and delighted at Ethel's easy acquiescence in so queer-looking a case; and, with eyes shining through her hysterical tears and laughter, she said, —

"Oh, you sweet Innocent! No one in the world but you would believe that a woman of my temperament and gayety of appearance could be all right, and yet have the name and money of a man whom she never married; while having never borne the name, or touched the money, of a man to whom she is legally married. And no one but you would believe that a gay-looking woman like myself would now take up poor Reg under these circumstances, after having neglected him under better conditions. I wouldn't believe it of any woman living. I am astonished at finding it true of myself. Ethel, Miss Eloiheem, pray say something!"

And now Ethel — as if returned from a far journey — in tones of quiet courtesy, mingled with the more novel sentiment which illumined her countenance, said, —

"I congratulate you, that you have done so well; and that there is now nothing between you and signal usefulness to your nation."

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"My nation? I? My nation? I had never dreamed of such an honor as being of signal usefulness to my nation," ejaculated Alitza. "I don't understand! How can anything that *I* can do affect my nation? O Ethel, speak! You look as if — you make me feel as though there might be something for me to do in the world equal to the price which man-ruining laws have made me pay in my heart's blood. What can I do for my nation?" she cried, on fire with enthusiasm. For in every woman's soul there slumbers a warrior; and though conservatism — the sentinel whom society has put on guard before that garrisoned place — greets with abuse whosoever sounds the reveille in the ears of that warrior, yet at the set hour the reveille must be sounded; and then the warrior, armed *cap-a-pie*, springs to battle.

The reveille had reached the warrior in Alitza's soul. "Oh, tell me! Have my hardships fitted me for the battle of this age?" she cried at last.

"For the battle, yes; and for the building of the new things of this age. For it is not for nothing that you have been in the hands of the master-workman, like stone, quarried, measured, cut, and carved by chisel and hammer. For it is thus that you have been fitted for a place prepared for your presence in the on-coming social pyramid," said Ethel slowly.

Mrs. Mancredo arose from a seat where she found herself. Much time must have elapsed in sleep, or in semi-consciousness; else, whence the strength which had come to her, refreshing her as might do the air on a mountain-top, where scenes of peace, full of harvested fruition, had been outstretched to her view? She heard her horses stamping and champing their bits. Ethel was gone. Alitza looked at her watch. She had slept an hour in a balcony chair.

And Mrs. Eloiheem, after having heard and seen all that had been said and done on the balcony, now saw this woman signal her men to get Reginald and his furs into the carriage; and then saw her drive away with the radiant face of a child full of perfect trust.

Surprising to Mrs. Eloiheem as was the revelation of the relationship between Mrs. Mancredo and Reginald Grove, it, after all, but fitted in with certain outside gossip that Elk-

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horn had been circulating, and which Mrs. Eloiheem had been swift to hear. There was afloat a mixed-up story to the effect that John Grove had willed five hundred thousand dollars to Miss Eloiheem, subject to the agreement that she should take care of Reginald Grove, and his property of half a million, — a property, which, in case he did not recover his faculties, was to go to Miss Eloiheem; while on the other hand, if he did recover, he was to receive the half million less a liberal deduction for his expenses during invalidism, plus five thousand a year. A deduction which was to be paid to Ethel Eloiheem for the time she should have cared for him.

Mrs. Eloiheem had heard, too, that this news had aroused the physician at whom John Grove had gotten so angry; and that the physician was now setting the town buzzing over some shocking method of healing which Ethel Eloiheem, with the consent of John Grove, Mrs. Mancredo, and Daniel, was said to have attempted. And, further, she had heard that, in view of the physical benefit which had followed on this treatment, it was said that Ethel Eloiheem had accepted the care of the man and of his money, and that physicians "in regular standing" were sufficiently aroused over the matter; while "mental scientists" considered the affair a bungling, abominable proceeding for one to whom such powers were ascribed as were ascribed to Ethel Eloiheem.

All this *pot-pourri* of gossip, added to Mrs. Mancredo's revelations of herself, was in Althea's mind, when in came Robert, his face pale with dismay. For, as it proved, he had just met Ethel; and with a sudden suggestion, — caught from the air, perhaps, in his interest in the recovery of Grove, — he had offered to supply from his own veins some of his own surplus vitality, he now told Althea; and that to the proposition, Ethel had made answer by showing him her arm, with strange little scars on the blue tracery there.

Robert had nearly fainted at the sight; but now Althea, hearing of it, had not fainted; for Robert had added to his story, the ejaculation that "Ethel had no right to do these things without consulting him." At this speech, there were no signs of faintness on Althea's part, as she exclaimed, "I guess she has a right to do what she chooses with the currents in her own veins. If they don't belong to her, I'd like

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to know what does? You have done what you could to shut Ethel out from broad civil use of her best self for this country and century; and if she chooses to use the currents in her veins in this way, in the hope of saving one wreck out of the millions with which man-made laws are strewing the land, I will inform you, Robert, that *her parents* will sustain her in doing as she chooses. Fortunately, she lives in her mother's house, and under the Eloiheem law. Don't trouble yourself to look at me so. You, Robert, are too utterly blinded by domineering selfishness to see what men of your sort are doing, by damming back woman's powers on woman's repressed being."

"But" — said Robert, with one of his sudden lapses from towering wrath into strange quietude, "but, I do know what sport gossips outside are making over Daniel's theory concerning what they call, 'the ichor of the Gods.' They say he believes that the life of a pure, spiritual, dualized type of humanity can be conveyed to feeble, grosser beings, and" —

He stopped; bending forward and covering his eyes, as if to shut out the sight of that beautiful arm with the scars upon it, — that wounded arm whence life of Ethel's life had flowed for the healing of that man.

Raising himself up in pallid excitement, he exclaimed, "Do you remember, years ago, that day she rode with me, when we first saw this man? Well, can you not see? As she has visibly given her life-blood to this man, by surgical instruments affixed to her arm, so, purely and self-sacrificingly, did she that day give me the very aura of her spirit's life, as she baptized me into participation in her own vital contact with the worlds of the higher forces, to which her being, siphon-like, is affixed continuously. Do you see?"

"Robert! Stop those fanciful theories, and hear these facts. Thanks to your principles as an opposer of woman's legal enfranchisement, Elkhorn talks of you and himself as 'men who feel badly at Ethel's views of marriage;' an expression which, to common people, means anything rather than the exalted ideal of marriage and maternity which is the Eloiheem ideal of home-making. He is hinting that you would be glad if a marriage could be fixed up between him and" —

"The hound!" ejaculated Robert. "But why do you hear such things?"

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"So as to tell them to you, that you may know the degradation at which you assist by your opposition to giving woman the political freedom which you think yourself so competent to use wisely!"

At this pause Robert got away; for though he had a strong repugnance to having woman the legal equal of man, he had also a gentleman's dislike to hearing the case baldly put to him.

A very uncomfortable man, this debonair Robert was becoming. For beside certain other losses which he had sustained, he felt he had lost his sister Ethel. He could have gotten used to the loss of the golden hair, but for the fact that Mrs. Eloiheem spared no rhetoric in showing him that it was "Ethel's recognition of woman's national becripplement that robbed her of all desire for wifehood and motherhood, as long as the bar-sinister should remain on the family escutcheon, — a bar-sinister, which is the mark of a house whose sons are born of slave mothers."

Robert only half believed his mother's sharp statement of this matter. In Ethel's look of large surprise, held resolutely calm before the great facts of the whole case, Robert felt sure there was something more portentous than Althea had as yet laid hold upon. There might be all that she had suggested; but, too, there was more, he told himself. And the result of it all was — he confessed to himself — but to make him feel, more than ever, set to stick to his text.

And so, gnawing his mustache, and thinking over all the curious things which he knew about women in general, and Ethel in particular, and thinking yet more of the things of which he could but catch a glimpse now and then, he walked about, at last telling himself, that, if half what Daniel said of Ethel was true, then she was twice the *man* that he, Robert, was; and, besides, had now summed up in this, her last incarnation as a woman in this electric-age, occult powers that (added to her latent stores of tempestuous life) left her so good as she was, simply because she was so great. What this all meant to Robert will be better understood when the fiery battles which he had fought, and from which he had not come off victorious, are better known.

There was something horrible to Robert in the thought of the innate knowledge which was ascribed to Ethel. He was

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a man of the new analytical period; and, as such, he told himself, he had lost the innocent (or, rather, ignorant) golden-haired, baby-eyed sister, and had instead this altogether too-wise being, — a being who, he felt, looked through the attempted privacy of his life as if he and his life were but thumb-marked chapters in one of the old volumes of her own oft-reviewed and out-grown incarnations.

"She is well caged, then!" thought he, with a shudder of old Rabbinical fear and distrust of woman.

Then — "Damn!" he said, but whom or what, he did not specialize. He felt angry at his father's theories, but he did not like his mother's any better. While as for Ethel's, in the long cessation between them of that equal companionship which might have existed between brother and brother, he had lost all clear recognition as to what Ethel's principles were. He had had a general sense that probably they were like Daniel's. But now, with quickened curiosity, he doubted if they were a reflection of even Daniel's. He knew Ethel, in these years, was as silent as is the average woman, minus the amount of talking that the average woman does in a conventional way to hide her soul-stirring thoughts. That sum subtracted would leave many women very silent, as silent as was the unconventional Ethel.

As a result of his meditation, Robert decided that though he knew little of Ethel's thoughts, he did know something of her power; a power from which he had not been able to free himself, till Ethel herself had recently learned both the law of the unconscious exercise of it, and the law by which it is to be held in abeyance when its exercise would interfere with the freedom of another. And to the irritable Robert, it was as unpleasant to feel that, when he was free from her supervision, or ministering care, it was because she had conscientiously withdrawn it, as it was, at other times, to feel under that supervision, in virtue of the fact that she was conscientiously giving it to him. For if there were any protecting to do, Robert was the man who wanted to do it. And yet, for this woman, — this somewhat typical woman of the on-coming age, — with her grave demeanor, clear, all-seeing eyes, and high-poised personality, he perceived (with repugnance to the fact) that there was not much protecting that he could do. "Except, of course, that one confounded thing, which I will be damned if I will do. For, to do that,

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will be to give up the only hold which man has on these unmanageable creatures, of whom Ethel is chief," he said to himself.

Among other causes, Robert felt curiosity in Ethel to-day, because of the question whether, possibly, she of the golden hair, had, at her first party, lost her heart's peace over the paralytic. To Robert, there was a curious interest in the thought of Ethel possibly in love; for, as in childhood, she had never seemed to him as a child, but, rather, as some grand spirit, disguised for a little time and for a great purpose, so now, more than ever, had he lost hold on a thought of her as a woman likely to live and love as others do. And instead, firmer than ever, there had come to him the thought with which Daniel had clothed her at the annunciation of her coming birth; the thought of her as one, who, coming from strange climes, strange times, and stranger ties of kinship, was but a visitor in a house wherein another soul, who now went by the name of Robert, was somewhat antagonistically visiting also.

"Yes, I see: this is the attitude of my mind toward this being, Ethel Eloiheem, popularly called my 'sister,'" he told himself, half sardonically, sauntering along with heightened color, passing through the piazza which ran by the window where, of old, Ethel had sat mid sunshine and flowers.

Flowers and sunshine were there now, and so were Daniel and Ethel. Robert raised his hat, intimating that he would not come in just then, but would sit near the partly open window.

It was still early morning, and Daniel was looking over a Boston paper, commenting and reading as he went along, and Robert heard him say, —

"This paper is like a camera obscura into which we under shelter may look and see the world outside at play and at work. There are questions crisply handled here, which, forty years ago, were called 'crazy questions.' Here is one article headed 'Food Influences: How the Secret Forces of Food affect Character.' And here is an article headed, 'A Minister speaks a Kind Word for the Weaker Sex.' An article in which Rev. R. G. H. advises woman not to dream of going out to work for a living, but to depend on the father, brother, and son, because (he says), 'We want woman for more sacred things; to extend her charities over the earth. I take a boy and a girl on my

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knee, and I say to the boy, "You are made to fight. Go out to the battle-field and engage in bloody strife." But, as the girl nestles against me, I say to her, "I will fight for you."' Then comes the cream of the thing when, in answer to the question, 'What Shall a Woman Do for a Living?' he says, 'Go to his house; i.e., to the house of brother, son, or father.' And with that, this pulpit utterance apparently closes.

"Let's run the paper through, Ethel, and see how the other facts given here light up this teaching. The next article is headed, 'How to be a Rollicking Ram on Ten Dollars a Week,' and merrily shows how a young kid, grown older, but not wiser, gets fun out of life by manœuvring along without paying his way. Perhaps he is a kid who takes after a mother who was taught (by a preacher like Rev. R. G. H.) 'not to dream of working for a living.' But he could hardly be the sort of a brother to whose house R. G. H. bade a woman 'go for a living.' For, according to this showing, a home is the last thing a rollicking ram thinks of making for himself or any one else.

"Next comes an account of a man decked out with medals of honor, won on battle-fields of Germany; a man who appears in a criminal court in Boston, confronted by a wife and six children, who have followed him from Germany to this country, and who demand that he shall be made to support them by compulsion of law. This man seems to have done as Rev. R. G. H. advised boys to do, when he said, 'Go to the battlefield, and engage in bloody contest.' But when the woman tried 'to go to the house' for a living, she seems to have had to cross the seas in the attempt, and then she seems to have found that he had less 'house' than he had 'badges of battle.'

"And here, Ethel, I notice an article on 'Gambling in Boston,' which tends to show it as a thing impossible to repress, because 'it is an inherent passion.' That, Ethel, causes me to ask, from 'whence inherited.' And following the view that sons inherit from mothers, I begin to wonder whether mothers who have been taught 'not to dream of working for a living' may not have come to regard life itself as a game of chance; and so, perhaps, their sons have been to this manner born. And if it is true, as this Boston paper says, that so large a class of men are gamblers, then it is also possible that, in their houses, sisters might not be alto-

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gether welcome, if they went there for a living, proposing to spread from thence their charities over the world.

"Next comes an account of a minister, who for cause has lost his pulpit, and is demanding back salary, with a fervor which suggests that there may be limits to the number of sisters whom he or his wife could make happy, if these 'went to his house for a living.' Now we come to an article on 'Co-operative Housekeeping,' and another on 'A Woman's Lecture before the Woman's Industrial Union,' in which women are advised to learn to do well work that is worthy of such remuneration as will insure them an honorable self-support.' Now it seems to me this advice is of a sort which stands out in healthy contrast to that other, and that it throws a strong light on the sort of teaching which those who love this nation should encourage. This is a crisp paper, Ethel."

Glancing in at the window a moment afterward, Robert saw Daniel was alone.

Robert entered, and, sitting down, waited for Daniel to speak. Daniel remained silent. Then Robert said, —

"After hearing the gossip of which the mother has been telling me, I wish to settle on Ethel a sum trebling the amount which she has already in circulation, as she reaches out in 'charities to all the world,'" quoting approvingly from that sermon. "I wish it to be known that this wealth is Ethel's; then whatever nonsense gossips may choose to talk, it will be evident that, whatever she does for the people she gets together, is not done for the need of money.

"I heard what you were reading, and I think women *ought*, in their father's or brother's or husband's homes, to be able *thence* to 'reach out in charities to all the world.' I'd like society so organized that I could have many splendid women properly dependent on me for support. I'd take my pay in seeing them handsome, care-free, and, say — just comfortably ignorant, *ignorant* of, and *not* so devilishly curious about, what men were doing, so long as *they* had what money they wanted and full swing in the home! Yes, I would have them ignorant even as to what it costs to get money. This talk and thought about money, and this curiosity and prying into what men are about, would make a fright of Venus herself! I hate it."

Daniel sat in silence. No comment was necessary. In

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another moment Robert realized that well enough. For he saw in his words the sharply defined fact that Althea's adherence to a discrimination between "mine and thine" had forced on his mind the fact that he was not the wealthy head of the family which he was inclined to figure as being. Also, his words had revealed that he wanted Ethel to seem, indeed, to *have* money in her own right; yet he wanted it to be under the condition that she should use it in the weak and witless way in which pastilles are burnt to deaden bad odors, instead of using it in removing that which befouls the air. Ignorance of evil was what he wanted to see in women. He was willing to give them large and handsome cages, and full swing on the perches there, with no anxiety about the food or water, or the daily garnishing of their cages. And in return, they were to be care-free singing-birds.

Yet, along with this, his prevailing thought and teaching to women, there was a not infrequent, sudden access of hatred, jealousy, and loathing of them as selfish fools, who cared for nothing else as long as they had all they wanted. Robert Eloiheem was that type of man which moves heaven and earth, yes, and hell, to get everything which *he* imagined the woman of his love could or might want; but he was a man who felt it an insult that a woman should not be pleased with what he chose for her, and should dare to really want nothing of the kind, but, instead, quite another sort of thing. He did not as yet brutally say "If you don't like what I give you, go without my gifts;" for being socially of soft manners, iron will, and few words, he only, instead, wound up the network of his will so tightly about his *protégées* that his gifts, even on the broad scale on which he had devised his curious life, were chains on every woman with whom he had anything to do.

All this (and much more than can here be told) Ethel and Daniel knew; and considering him as they did, not simply as an individual, but as a type of the man who makes hell where he assumes to be making heaven, they kept themselves to the silent task of trying to make heaven where he so industriously made hell. A volume will be necessary to tell about all that.

Daniel had lately heard Robert ask Althea to come in with him on some scheme concerning which she had said there was not one more chance in favor of success than

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against it, and so would not touch it herself, but would take his note for the desired sum of money, if he wished to run his own risks in the matter. And in view of all the case, Daniel now said, —

"It would be something of a pull on you, just now, to treble Ethel's property in a *bona-fide* way. But I did hear the mother say that she wished this house was off her hands. How would it do, for you to give the mother your paper for the value of the whole place, land and furniture, and then deed that to Ethel as your present?"

Althea's words, "fortunately, she lives in her *mother's* house!" came to Robert's mind; bringing him some sense of an additional mastership which he would acquire if he should thus purchase from Althea, and deed to Ethel, this home. And, rising to his feet, with a curious look on his face, he said, with his eyes turned toward the floor, —

"Very well said. Now, if the mother agrees to that, I will stand to your proposal. I have always said women are and should be queens of home. And if this is the home your Lady of Life wishes to queen it in, it is the home I will be glad to give her. So that is settled." And with sparkling eyes he went out to look for and to look at this woman called Robert Eloiheem's sister.

He could not find her, however; and with the look of a man who had plenty of business on his hands for the present, and business of a spicily interesting sort, he got down to Chicago on the next train.

The reason he could not find Ethel was that she did not wish to be found. She had gone to the glass house which Daniel had built for her in her childhood, out near the bluffs. There were two rooms in this house; one of them had three sides made of glass. In this room there were two hammocks, a stove, a table, and two chairs. Here, often, Daniel and Ethel overlooked the lake in sunshine and in storm, drawing on the powers of the seen and the unseen, while working out, as they could, the ideals of life of which they, thus and there, caught glimpses.

Ethel had really gotten out here to be away from Robert. She had tightened up the hammock ropes, bringing it near to the ceiling; and then mounting a table and getting into the hammock, she found herself, in effect, swung out mid sea and sky, as from thence she looked up and out through her glass surroundings.

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"We all live in glass houses. We must none of us throw stones," her father had said to her, out there, long ago. Yet, with eyes like those of a lioness couched to protect her young, as Ethel reviewed certain things which she knew of Robert's mental attitude towards her and other women, Ethel asked herself, —

"Is Robert an Eloiheem at all? Born in the Eloiheem home, — yes. Yet not place of birth, but the quality of personal principles it is which makes one to be lover, defender, and practitioner of the law of liberty. After all these years of care at Daniel's hands, Robert still carries with him the old scorn and fear of womanhood; yes, and disbelief in the might and the goodness of woman's repressed power. Why should I not let him see what it is, by bringing him to me, and by firing him with my purposes, bringing to bear on him just so much of my power as will make him serve my purposes of good to the race?"

For it was now an old fact to Ethel, that at the time of the whitening of her hair, when envy, malice, rage, and pride in that dread hour had been let loose on her, she had then been made conscious of her power to deal as she chose with those who opposed themselves to the law of liberty. Since then, the consciousness of this power rendered divine her victory over her temptation to sweep opponents into subjection to her will.

And now, as at the time of her old victory, some winsome voice seemed saying to her, "Of what use are your peculiar powers, if you do not use them? And when should you use them, if not now, when hosts more brutal than four-legged things have set themselves to destroy the power of motherhood in heaven and earth? And upon whom should you use it, if not on this Robert, who offends against liberty so utterly as to disbar him as practitioner of the Eloiheem law?"

Like St. Michael, fired to slay the dragon of the Apocalypse, who sought to swallow "the mother and the child ere it could be born," so Ethel, for the moment, felt to be standing over this man, who, in this great age, wrecked the unity of the Eloiheem design, the force of the Eloiheem law, the perfectness of the Eloiheem home. Then again, as often before, she saw she must choose to suffer as one having no power to help herself, rather than, by intruding her super-

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ordinary power on the will of another, rob that other of *his* perfect liberty.

"Yes — yes; now, as ever, the laws of my own liberty-loving nature constrain me. These voices in my ears are the voices of fearing, fighting spirits; of spirits who desire power over others. To do these things toward which they urge me would be to, myself, intrude on that law which is in itself so delicate as to forbid me to use *any* force by which to compel him to honor that law!

"Yes: very well, I have always known that the law of liberty is exceeding broad, and that in keeping it, priests of power — like the God of Heaven — seem, to stupid animalism, to be inane; because constrained to a certain inaction by the stringent quality of the liberty-law. Yes, the one business of true priests of true power is to sustain others in that liberty in which priests of power themselves have their being. These victories, mild, mighty, and godlike, are to be won by sustaining a constant union with the Supreme Mind, and by furnishing a channel through which it can act on the universal mind, as the Supreme Mind so vivifies into newness of action the intellectual life of the intellectualized will of the human race."

Ethel sighed, burdened, as she told herself these things. For though her sense of the principles of liberty was never blunted, and though she knew it never could be except by her own errors, yet she felt that her knowledge of the power which a life of liberty has, to put forth new forms of beauty, did not cast itself forth on society with the vivifying results that it would do, could she but see that her inspirations were waited for by helpers who dwelt upon them with devotion, and who saw whereunto they tended. But, had she not at least one such helper in Mrs. Mancredo, the woman whose liberty-loving nature had heretofore made her so much misunderstood by conservative and cowardly persons? Yes, this woman, at least, was a lover of liberty; and had from the first, hailed Ethel's thoughts and purposes as,— yes, as a certain audience had, with Ethel, once hailed the captain of the hosts of "The Merry War," as, in that drama, that captain had walked down the boards of a theatre, and had stood motionless before saluting the waiting multitude.

Well Ethel remembered that occasion; and well it served her purpose now as she remembered it.

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Brilliantly white, as if clad in frost, motionless as arctic splendors, this histrionic being, then and now, imaged to Ethel's fancy the beauty of moral power when, unmoved, it faces multitudes, steadfast in the might which falters not from faith in its own right to the worship of a world awaiting its coming.

"I see," said Ethel: "the law of beauty and the law of liberty is the same glad law, — a law as stringent as it is majestic, for it is the law of just proportions. With the first swerve from rectitude to that law, there comes a suggestion of weakness; and with that comes a loss of a sense of that repose which is essential to beauty and liberty. And with the loss of this sense of repose, mental equilibrium vanishes; and then, fears and fightings make havoc of the moral power of beauty, and the beauty of moral power. Thus great ideals are put to the rout before they can be formulated into practical life."

Then, with the keenness of one combating old errors, and trying to capture and frame beauty into a law, Ethel wrote in a little book the following self-admonitory words: —

"Needed more Beauty.

"For beauty, when it stands in rectitude to the law of its being, is a moral power so inspirationally dauntless, that, of old, even ignorance gladly enthroned it, and hastened to do on earth its will as it is done in heaven. For when the beauty of universal wholeness reigns, the fear which the ignorant feel for the wise is conciliated by the faith which the wise have in the ignorant; so, from the blending of these opposites, there are created new forms of life, new forms of knowledge and of beauty.

"Moral Power neither fears nor fights. That which fears and fights is immoral weakness. Immoral weakness carries in itself the seeds of dissolution.

"Therefore wanted — MORAL POWER; which, neither fearing nor fighting, is the Creative Mother of Beauty, *the Beauty*, whose self-renewing delight, full of the flavor of Liberty, is in Itself."

Twice and thrice she read over these words. Words which to her meant a revolution, or an *evolution*, of a new order of society. Words which would at least (so she told herself) keep in her mind the fact that woman's power, the power of woman's real beauty, — derided and contemned by passionate

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philosophers and religionists, as it was, and had always been — was a thing whose grace, power, and wholeness was yet to be evolved and used for the good of man and the glory of that *Yodhevaw*, whose Self is the beauty of self-wholeness.

The hundredth part of all that this statement meant to the wise, old, much-seeing Ethel Eloiheem cannot here be told. But, she was the child of Daniel and Althea, so she was a *dreamer* who *worked*. And with a clearing sight of how she could work out, at least in one household, something of Daniel's vision of universal peace and purity, Ethel went to Mrs. Eloiheem's rooms, to tell her Mrs. Mancredo's story and wish, and, also, her own comprehension of Robert's mental and moral difficulties.

Part of what she told concerning Robert was so perplexing to Althea, indeed so almost meaningless, that not even the paper, "Needed more Beauty," which Ethel read aloud, gave Althea much help in understanding Ethel's explanation of her purpose.

But Althea had no trouble in understanding Robert's attitude toward woman: neither had she hesitated when Daniel had just told her of his conversation with Robert, and of Robert's agreement to the transaction concerning the house, land, and furniture, the possession of which, so far, had given Althea so little pleasure.

But, while she was very angry at Robert's ways and morals, she felt equally averse at having Daniel apparently league with Ethel against him. For fight him as she did, yet Robert was her favorite.

Whatever the course of her confused and not happy reflections, she suddenly exclaimed, —

"It is outrageous, Ethel! Neither you nor Robert any more seem to think of regularly marrying and settling down to home-making for a nice family of babies — no, no more than as if it were out of the question. I wish you were more like girls used to be, and like other girls are now!"

"Which girls? How? Where? When?" said Ethel, in a way to show Althea she did not herself in the least know what she wanted Ethel to do in this age, the perplexing conditions of which were quite apparent to Althea's haughty soul. An age when girls are certainly not expected to ask young men in marriage, and when not every young man, who is willing to take a situation as son-in-law in a

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wealthy family, is himself at all in love with the moral and mental heights on which very many marriageable virgins desire to build the marital home, — a home for which years of the loose morals and manners cultivated in club life ill befits the would-be benedict.

With the sorrows of her sisters swept into her soul, and with a tender sense of Althea's disappointment in the family for which she had toiled so faithfully, Ethel presently said, her own face very pale, —

"Courage, dear heart! We Eloiheems must try to be as good as we can at this epoch, when the world within and without is so full of unknown and unused powers; and when the breath of oncoming liberty, acting on the world like Hashish, drives people only to maddest license. The breath of liberty in this atmosphere turns to moisture like that rain of which Coleridge tells us, in his story of the Golden Age; or rather his story of the history of the times which followed on the Golden Age, when liberty had turned to license."

"I thought the Golden Age was before us," said Althea discontentedly.

"In this cycle it is just before us. It was of a past cycle, now long dead and buried, and out of the dust of which this new and nearly developed cycle is coming forth, — it was of a past olden time that Coleridge spoke when he said that then 'people lived mid joys ever new, till a *rain* fell which had the power of filling with madness those who were wetted by it.' And all got wetted, except one man. He escaped by running into a cave. The others, stark mad, tormented each other, the stronger chaining and killing the weak ones. So it was on a dire scene of conflict and misery that the sane man looked when he emerged from his cave. He then tried to show the people that their ways were horrible, and to depict to them the beauty of a true, sane life. A few listened a moment to this being so unlike themselves. Then getting angry, they turned on him, and would have killed him as a madman dangerous to society. But, seeing their purpose, he cried out, 'It is dangerous to be sane in a world of madmen!' — and, throwing himself into the water of madness, he came forth as mad but not more miserable than they. For now they considered him a good fellow who had regained his wits."

"Well, moral?" ejaculated Althea.

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"It is that we, — you, I, Daniel, and perhaps even Robert, — in our unlikeness to some of our neighbors, may seem a good bit off the base popularly prescribed as sanity of mind and manners. But yet, for the sake of being like our neighbors, we will neither of us plunge, nor ask the other to plunge, into any waters not acceptable to the individual self. Will we? Sanity, real sanity, is Wisdom-life. The sane, if they dare, can live down among madmen, and teach them the life of the Golden Age."

"Well, then, you would better begin with Robert," said Althea, who was very angry and distressed at Robert's methods of life: "though, how you can go to work to untangle the snarl of right and wrong, into which men have gotten things in these days, I am sure I don't know. Robert ought to have been whipped when he was a child. A man with no better idea of things than he has, has no right to liberty, or any such leniency as Daniel would always persist in showing him.

"Come, Ethel, I have heard enough about some mysterious powers of yours. If you have any, why don't you use them, to give Robert to see the atrocity of his" —

She stopped, arrested by Ethel's look, as she stood with her eyes on a statuette of Una and her lion, which gleamed whitely against the crimson velvet bracket that supported it. Pointing to the nude beauty of that heavenly innocence, which was as high above thought of modesty as her faith in her furious defender was above all thought of fear, Ethel said, gathering Althea into the thought, —

"Look at Una! Don't you understand? Sanity, in *me*, dares do that!"

Still not comprehending, yet thrilled by the invulnerable unity of THE LIFE in Ethel, Althea cried out, —

"Oh, you *should* have been a mother, Ethel!"

"*That* I am! That is what I will be, for Robert. For it is the whole *spirit* of the Eloihim which is to be propagated in this great age. Was it not that which you, from the first, desired as the crowning glory of the Eloiheem home?

"Wait. . Think of the time when Roman women, having lost their hope of their republic as it sank under brutal rule, slew themselves rather than to live *not free!* While Marcella, Paula, and others, consigned to contempt by priestly rule, fled to monasteries in loathing of sins which not they but Rome had committed.

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"Saints there were then who attained the power to 'traverse the air,' having achieved empire over flesh and space. And such great spirits, now incarnated, not in Rome, but in America's republic, are ill content to live lives prescribed to them by woman-dishonorers in Church or State. Anchorites we still are; but it is with the will and wisdom to *anchor* as we ourselves think right, — even where the surges seem to roll muddiest, if so we choose. That thus in freedom we may give the lie back to those who first uttered it, — the lie that life is evil, and that love is vile, and that wisdom and woman are devil! We give back that lie, and announce the truth: that all is good, and God; and that woman's wisdom is vicegerent of heaven!"

"O, my child!" cried Althea, thrilled by shock on shock of magnetic life, which made seem vocal all the air about Ethel, as if attendant hosts, with songs and dances, were already leading her and womanhood to victory. And Althea, fired by the powers in the air, cried out, —

"Tell me not of Rome! Think rather of our own prophetess, the JUDITH, who — when priests and warriors of Israel quailed before Holofernes, as he marshalled his impious hosts against the ramparts of Betulia — herself entered the tents of the brutal reveller; and, taking Holofernes by guile, came back to her people, bringing them his head and victory!

"'Tis the blood of that Judith which is in your veins. And Betulia? Do you know what Betulia means? It is 'the Virgin of Jehovah!' And it was against the ramparts of Betulia, — against the sacred mystery of life, creative life, that sacrilege, rapine, and madness set themselves of old; as they have set themselves in this vice-licensing, *profane age*, when reverence is lost for the miracle-working Odic force, which womanhood holds in fee for an unborn race."

Her outburst had ended; and now, drawn back, with eyes fixed on Ethel's, Althea wondered at her total ingulfment in her vision of the Judean ideal, for the sake of which she had urged *Ethel* to self-sacrifice of some most romantic sort. Such urgings were the reverse of her methods. Yet, full of pleasure in the inspiring sight of her own prophetess's achievement for her nation in that olden time, and with a certainty that Ethel's mind was filled with a project, the achievement of which would as badly misrepresent her purity of character

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as the Judith's of that olden time had been misrepresented, when she, arrayed in beautiful attire, had left her people, and had passed into the tent of the enemy and sensualist, Holofernes, Althea stood, drawn back in mingled pride and terror.

"Just so did all her family regard the Widow Judith, as she went forth to save her nation. Yet she did it."

It was as if Ethel had uttered the words. But the silence remained unbroken, and Althea, with increased wonder, still stood a little drawn back, with head a little raised, looking into eyes just above the level of her own, when Ethel said, aloud, —

"What would you?"

"I would gladly be thoroughly, warmly at one with you and your purpose, my Ethel," faltered Althea. Then firmly she added, "I would, indeed, Ethel, receive from you some gift of your power as simply and serviceably as *you* have received gifts of *my* wealth."

"Is it your wish?" said Ethel definitely.

There was that in her manner which gave Althea to feel the thing proposed was not a trivial thing. She knew something of the power which a mesmerizer gains over the subject of that art. But she had a purpose to accomplish, and the years of life with the unobtrusive, personal-liberty-revering Daniel and Ethel had given her perfect faith in Ethel's fealty to the law, which it is so difficult for one with full Eloiheemistic powers to never infringe. And, thinking of all this in her own shrewd, business way before closing the bargain, she at last answered, —

"Yes, transfer to me your life for an hour, and let me go where I would."

Closing strong arms about her mother, Ethel lightly carried her to a couch, and, laying her there, kissed her, lingeringly, again and again.

"With every kiss I drink your soul! Oh, wonderful!" murmured Althea. "Wonderful!"

As a moment afterward, Ethel stood looking down on the sleeper, she found herself sharply struck at by Althea's conviction that, now, after the forty years' attempt at developing Eloiheem results, it was high time the dreamers of the family should work, and should let the worker, Althea, dream as they had so long dreamed. She was struck at by the thought that, according to the law of the Eloiheem union,

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Daniel and she ought to possess more of the Eloi, and aid Althea and Rob to become possessed of more of the Heem nature. And as she stood watching her mother, there crept through Ethel's very blood and brain a stinging vehemence of life, unlike the equable, sustained force of pure vitality, now habitually hers. Almost trembling under this inflow of foreign afflatus, she stood a moment, wisely acquainting herself with the cause of the change which had already set in on her spirit. Deharmonized, irritated, ready for a fight, she felt suspicious, and prepared to overbear others. In short, that had befallen her which often befalls you and me, reader, as we come in too close a contact with persons who are the embodied ghosts of our own nearly conquered evils.

Just then Adolphus appeared at the door with Judge Elkhorn's card on a salver. With Althea's vigor of manner, and with a curious kindling within her of Althea's ready antagonism, Ethel found herself taking the initiative (contrary to her custom), as, swiftly approaching the judge she said, half combatively, quite haughtily, —

"*You* have surmised rightly. I *have* accepted the patient, the salary, and the responsibility, as items in the mass of work which drifts to my door demanding doing."

Elkhorn had half drawn back with distended eyes, amazed at something even more new in Ethel than was this manner and method. And with a swift thought that she was "like her mother, after all," he, rallying, found himself able to say, making much of the advantage which she had given him, —

"Seeing *you* have entered on the matter, I will remark, *I* will give five hundred a year toward carrying on a kindergarten enterprise, if you will drop this other matter. For the kindergarten work will be in accord with the womanly nature."

"Have you one?" was the swift reply.

"Pardon — one what?" stammered Elkhorn, moving back from her eyes, which seemed like swords half drawn from the scabbard as they flashed at him.

"A womanly nature!" was the keen response, followed up by the words, "No? Well, then, we have two in this family. And I will tell you, for your future use, that the womanly nature inherently knows for what cause it came into the world, and, left in freedom, intuitively sets 'about the Father's business.'"

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Arrested, then angered and freed from the awe which usually held him in check before her, — "Do you know you are appropriating the words of the Lord himself?" said Elkhorn, coming nearer, and feeling decidedly "heady" at this change in Ethel. For the poised, reserved impersonality which marked her way of silently waiting upon and then *supplying* the mental and moral needs of people was far enough removed from the brusque talk about herself and her plans with which she had met Elkhorn. And to him this change in her meant nothing more than a sign of his effect upon her as an admirer. Her strange way of giving an account of herself and her actions was intoxicatingly flattering, and brought him back to the days when, as shepherd and bishop of other people's souls, he had felt perfectly competent to teach woman the mysteries and duties of womanhood, without stopping to consider where or how *he* could ever have learned those mysteries. Now occurred a curious thing. The real Ethel, who had been psychologically ousted from control of the moving body on which Elkhorn was gazing, — this real Ethel felt herself to be, at a little distance, inspecting the sayings and doings of the two interlocutors, as the woman-form there replied, with Althea's crispness of manner, —

"Oh, certainly! For it is woman's *nature* to appropriate just so the best words and the best things. These words become woman's life, and this life she has power to lay down into the depths, or to take up into the *new and heretofore unrecognized heights* of human *needs*, as she chooses. But no one has power to take this life from her, or to direct its use within her, contrary to her will and wisdom. You see, it accords with woman-nature to act in the freedom of the law of her being: and the law of woman's being and the law of Christ's being is the same glad law."

There was in the utterance a consciousness of reliable power like that with which a vine flings its tendrils above the tree-top, as if growing were but fun. Growing, to Elkhorn, what little he had done, had been hard work, and by him supposed to be all in the wrong direction. While the inspirational daring, alertness, and winsomeness of a natural woman's wit had been believed by him and his ancestors to be the very devil, whom they were set to bruise with the heel. So the Elkhorns had all been bruisers, fighting

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against God, woman, and devil in a confused way, which made up in vigor what it lacked in discrimination.

In the pause Ethel had come back to herself; and now she stood looking at this man, as at a blind man born of blind parents; for it would be hardly too much to say, that the very reverse of the old line of reasoning on these things was that accepted by the Eloiheems. And now, returning into union with the methods of orderly Self-creation, her tender, pitiful soul looked out on him. And Elkhorn, seeing that look, met it, half intoxicated, by coming very near her; and she, with something of Althea's crispness of manner, met the intrusion with the words, —

"See! The Eloiheem home exists, for the sake of a better culture of womanly nature in humanity. The law of it is *liberty;* and this law and nature are the nature and law of Fair Columbia, the *real* republic, which the Eloiheems are silently unfolding, or inaugurating, according to its real inmost principles."

"This is — insolence!" the infuriated, rebuffed Elkhorn burst forth, bewildered and maddened at the impalpable, ineffable, but impassable barrier which had so suddenly been thrown up between him and the woman who, a moment before, had seemed somewhat near his own level. "It is — insolence! What have women to do with planning the unfolding of republics? What are the Eloiheems more than any of us? You are inaugurating insanity for yourself, every one knows that. The Eloiheem home! What's the Eloiheem home?"

Full of the bliss of it now, Ethel bent toward him, while through her soul rolled waves of peace, as, safe again in "the red pavilion of the Most High," she rose into a sphere where fears and fightings could not follow; passing away so (as people often fail to do) into her own realms of peace, instead of letting Elkhorn draw her lower into his realms of strife. And in a voice mellifluously tender she said, —

"It is a spot where deharmonized souls catch glimpses of the vision of peace."

Elkhorn caught at a chair, sinking into it, and covering his face.

Whatever had for the moment befallen him, in another minute he had started up, looking at her, having swiftly lost his hold on all except that which his eyes could see; and

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that was the outward loveliness of Ethel's perfect repose on her vision of the unseen. And as he gazed, there grew on him a desire to possess — not that lovely peace, but — the woman who looked so lovelily peaceful. And as he still gazed, there swept over him a conviction, long cultivated in him, — taught as he had been taught, — that his longing for a woman's love carried in its nature a claim of the grant; and in the violence of overwhelming passion, he precipitated himself at her feet, beseeching her to marry him and save him.

She looked down on him in tenderest motherliness, and, seeing in all this how it so often comes about that men marry much more than they can afterwards either manage or comprehendingly enjoy, she said, —

"Judge Elkhorn, I could not do you a worse turn than to take you at your word. Don't you remember? A moment ago, decent words did not suffice to clothe your sense of repulsion from us, the Eloiheems. Our purposes you called insolence; our plans for aiding the country to practise its own principles, you called insanity; and our home-law for the development of the womanly element in human nature, you scorned. Yet, our purposes, plans, and law are the Eloiheems *per se*. Look then!"

What was this, like an army terrible with banners, that filled all the circumambient air? To Elkhorn's gaze — as when a standard-bearer becomes inwrapped in the ensign of his king — so Ethel, inwrapped in the mystical infoldings of the purposes, plans, and principles of the Eloiheems, was effaced from the sight of the half-dazed man. Till, left alone, he stood — or seemed to himself to stand — facing the fact, that it is the principles, plans, and purposes of an intelligent woman which a man marries, when he vows, "leaving all others, to cleave to her." Principles, purposes, and plans? Were they, then, vital entities? Yes, in sooth; so he saw them now. For he saw that *they* were much more truly the real, immortal woman than was the mere physical form; for that the physical form is but an enswathment of that soul which Itself is fashioned but according to the quality and flavor of Its principles, purposes, and plans; for that these were the living entities of woman's being; and that he who, in wiving a maid, cripples and slays these her principles, purposes, and plans, not marries, but slaughters the woman, and widows himself in the act.

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Had Ethel thought these words into his mind? They were there arrived, at least; and the sight of them and of this magician maiden, as well as his experience of the medium through which all these great facts and fancies had been so pleasurably conveyed to him, made Elkhorn but wilder than before to possess her and this mystery. And with a cry of mortal longing, he swore to her he would love what he had hated, if only she would take him and lead the way to the realm of beauty which she called Home.

"We are leading the way. So is Helen Aleen. Follow and welcome, Judge Elkhorn," she said.

And then, he hardly knew when, he found himself outside the house, with the swift touch of her fingers thrilling his hand, as his bride's had done in the days of that early marriage which he had made null and void, because of his mistaken thought that *mastership* is dependent on the mastery of others, instead of the mastery of the poorer self by the more affluent self.

After he was gone, Ethel tarried a moment in the parlor, sending after him fair, true thoughts of the grand principles, purposes, and plans, which, first and last, had actuated Helen Aleen Elkhorn, this man's divorced wife.

And then, separating herself from thought of him and his affairs, she looked back to see what had made her so unlike herself during the first part of this brief encounter. For in Ethel's condition, her inner-world, — that is, her relation to the world of unseen influence, mid which she had, unmoved, to stand, while she gave most mystical aid to others, — this Ethel's relation to this unseen world, was to her a matter of critical attention.

"Was that kiss and embrace of mine too much of a venture? Is soul-afflatus exchanged so easily, and yet the thing so constantly and promiscuously done by people on all sides of us?"

Thinking thus, she hastened to her mother's side to recover herself, and to break up the adulterated conditions of her own and her mother's strongly defined individualities.

Ethel stood for a moment looking on this strong-willed sleeper. She believed she had empowered Althea to go on a motionless journey which would be pregnant with results.

"Where has she gone? What was she desirous of accomplishing?" thought Ethel. "Has she gone to overmaster

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Robert? Did I half, though then unconsciously, hope she would do so? If I did, and if she has gone, she has gone carrying enough of my personality to make very dangerous and very confused conditions for poor Robert.

"What shall I do?" said Ethel, concerned to know the amount of seeming mischief which she might have done by thus giving Althea this fire to play with. And kneeling at her side, Ethel went after her mother, and found her, and all that she was doing. Then, —

"Let Robert go free to do *his* best," she said aloud.

Althea, awakened, rubbing her eyes, exclaimed, "Dear me! How I have slept. I have wasted the morning. I dreamed I showed Robert that paper of Daniel's; yes, and your 'Needed more Beauty.' It was a queer dream. But it is just noon. I must attend to my business."

"Was it a blunder? Then it was my blunder," thought Ethel, with her soul lifted up to heaven in aspiration for guidance in the midst of this epoch, when the travail of the birth of the new powers of the new age makes society to-day a woman in labor, agonizing to be delivered. And Ethel, with the far-seeing eye of one who will not accept what is, to the exclusion of the greater things which are yearning to come forth out of the womb of all that has been and is to be, stood looking on her mother, wondering what would best be done now with this mannish woman, who had gotten her hands on Pandora's box. "With her domineering ways, she will abuse power. *I* can look into her eyes, and *make her* think that all this which has come to her is but a dream. But to do that would, for me, be to lie, and a liar is a murderer from the beginning. It did take place. The fact remains."

"Ethel," exclaimed Althea fierily, catching Ethel's eye and that thought, "I believe I did more than *dream*. What, I can't remember. But I tell you, if I had your powers, I would fetch Robert into fealty to the Eloiheem law. I'd make him join a regular church, and marry, and become a preacher. I'd bring him to publicly honor the Eloiheem law, so that no one should have a chance to jeer at it."

"And by so using your power, you would destroy it and the honor of the house. As for your experience, reverential silence is the law of the mystic," said Ethel, leaving the room.

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She was met by Daniel; and, in response to her glance at him, he said, "Yes: your personality, combined with the mother's intrusive, coercive methods, have made most confusing conditions. I knew all, and followed with her on her mistaken mission to Robert. But even with my aid, the effect on Robert will not, for the time, seem to be of an elevating character, but quite the reverse. At this epoch, like not a few other men, he is in a state where all sight or sense of what you and I call 'morality' is whelmed in passionate fury to get out of life all that can gratify him, in view of the few years now left him of — what he calls youth. He is in a maelstrom of devil floods; dizzy and delirious with the anticipatory delights of hell, ready and eager for a plunge; and only alive to the thought that, if annihilation is his guerdon, he will first drink hell-fire before that annihilation comes.

"You have a strange piece of work to do for Robert, a work which, in a way, is the summing up of the ante-typal sister woman's work for brother man, as that man in this crisis of apparent devil-driven fury feels himself to be in this age. There is nothing either stupid or good about Robert. Robert is Robert, the same as the blazing dog-star *Sirius* is Sirius; but, like Sirius, he is, with all his soul (appearances to the contrary notwithstanding), trying to be his best self. And, Ethel, the self that he is, is a being native to the influence of the blazing dog-star. He is, in some strange way, temperate and orderly; for if he had ever been a drunkard, a glutton, or a man of loose-reined passions, he would have died in early youth as the mad dog dies.

"His days of dread trial are upon him. He walks the streets as thousands of men walk, with calm faces, while piteous, lonely horror of themselves, and of the heavens which seem brass above them, fill their nights of revel or of solitude and despair. They live in hell while heaven presses close upon them, and they know it not. They see in woman a mystery whose smile allures and maddens them with distrust, dismay, and jealousy of what it half reveals and half conceals.

"Ethel, you have a work to do, as you told me you had! But it is as the meeting of heaven and hell. One moment's loss of your self-wholeness — and what that means, *you* well know — would make you powerless, nay, more; would, as you

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know, turn you into a channel through which hell's floods would flow to Robert. Can you but hold to the 'unity of peace in the bond of perfectness,' all power will be yours! I have thought of this, your assurance of what must be done for your brother. It is impossible to man, but not to The Mother of heaven and earth, nor to her vicegerent, the woman, 'who is worthy to be woman.' Peace be with you!"

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BOOK IV.

In a passionate confusion of mind, engaged in a dislocated review of himself, Robert Eloiheem sat in his office with locked doors, going over accounts, the like of which perhaps no man before Robert ever systematically kept. He had twice told himself he meant to carry to the end the burdens with which he had saddled himself, but that the complications were getting to be terrific.

Wearily he threw himself back in his chair, and tried to think of himself as his fortieth year was finding him. And such was his habitual reliance on Daniel, that his effort to think of himself as he was, ended in seeing himself about as he knew Daniel saw him. In trying to account for himself, he had to take into the reckoning, the fact that Daniel's aspiration toward the feminine in deity, vitalizing all his teachings, had affected his pupil as such teachings, of *old*, affected the graceful Greeks; separating him, Robert, from certain crudities of thought, and arousing him to a certain order of chivalry toward woman. Yet, owing (as Daniel believed) to the quality of his Karma, Robert's chivalry by no means fitted in with the law of the Eloiheems.

Still, Robert told himself, that, up to a given departure, he had acted on a sense of honor which had aroused his associates to new ideas as to the fact that momentous results are dependent on the character of the relations sustained by those of one sex toward those of the other.

And now, while Robert told himself that nothing could be further from his principles than the average morals of the triad of knights, of whom Scott says, —

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"There were two who loved their neighbors' wives,
And one who loved his own,"

that yet, if he had been one of the first two knights, his crime would have been sooner condoned, than was his peculiarly applied principle of self-reverence and of chivalry toward woman. For these two principles of self-reverence and of chivalry toward woman were the pillars of the edifice of his carefully constructed character. But his chivalry toward woman had not hindered him from rejecting for himself the bonds of matrimony. He had heretofore satisfactorily explained to himself, that his reason for rejecting these bonds was not only that he feared to enchain himself with habits of *matrimonial license*, but, also, because his expectation of what woman ought to hold in fee for the satisfaction of man's hungry being discontented him with the thought of taking any one woman as a life companion.

He knew Daniel had once asked him, if he, Robert, had not rejected marriage because his love of possession, of preeminence, and of beauty, was founded in his love of himself; and whether, however gracefully decorated this foundation might be, the fact did not remain, that it was a foundation of sand, which the flooding waves of time would wash away, leaving his life's superstructure a wreck?

And it was this question, of where ended the "use" and began the "abuse" of the love of self, which Robert was now pondering.

He felt irritated and oppressed that morning, as if called upon to give an account of himself to an exacting interlocutor. He found himself explaining that the complications of his life were innumerable; but that, from the first, he had acted on the conviction that it would be criminal for him to call upon creative power, except with the reverent purpose of finely meeting the responsibility thus incurred, of probable fatherhood. This Eloiheemistic apprehension of the sacredness of creative power had then, of course, kept him high above the things which passion drives common man to do. But, as a result, he only had this fact to face, — the fact that no amount of self-sheltering lawlessness mid fashionable ways of vicious living would have brought on him the condemnation which his peculiar, self-restrictive faithfulness to his principles had brought on him.

"So, church and society condemn me, not for being bad,

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but for being bad in a way which makes some of the acts of the professedly good look very bad indeed. And one of my virtues in evidence against me is, that I hold myself morally and financially accountable for the well-being of persons of whose existence a different sort of man would live and die ignorant, and comfortably neglectful."

And with his eyes on the strange money accounts before him, Robert found himself feeling curiously put about by his knowledge that it was his contempt for the passing opinions of a transitory age, and his scorn of what he called "the pharisaical," cruel methods of certain men who protected their miserable reputation at the sacrifice of the well-being of woman and child, and it was his utter absorption in the serious business of meeting his *own* demands on *himself*, — it was these things which had made him seem so very bad.

He had long since admitted the peril of the crisis at which his Ego was this time incarnated ; and knowing what he did, of the weird story of the fight for re-incarnation which the Eloi of him had made in those wilderness days, Robert now confessed to himself he had had from the first a half-terror of an act which might summon to the arms of woman as self-torturing a being as was he himself! From childhood he had been held spellbound by Daniel's recognition, that it is the quality of the parents' lives which signals invitation to a like quality of devil or of angel spirit, to come and home itself under the inviter's roof. And mightily and mystically empowered with evil potentialities as he felt himself to be, he feared, yes, *feared*, to summon out of Devachan any such poor, furious soul as himself, to fight any such terrific battle for immortality as that on which he had entered. So his intellectual appreciation of the portentous character and consequence of the conjugal act had, from the first, called a halt to his otherwise passionate impulses, and had held in awful arrest the violent nature which otherwise, in his ill-balanced mental state, might have developed into the fury which filled the fiends of the Whitechapel murders, and which fills other regions where the slaughter of the priestesses of life is legalized for the pleasure of Hell.

That his awe of the great mystery of re-incarnations, and reverence for the wonder-working power within him, had arrested him, hindering him from entering the path of

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licentiousness, commonly ascribed to him, Robert thankfully knew; and he knew that Daniel knew it too.

Yet life, the preciousness, the relish of life, was always strong upon him. It was as if the fury for living which had hustled him back so swiftly into re-incarnation, not only still possessed him, but also gave him a tormenting pity for those *bad* old spirits, who (as *he* once had done) were seeking on all sides for such a rehabilitation of their dire powers as he had sought and found with Daniel Heem. The thought of children murdered before they could be born, was always in Robert's mind. And his ears seemed filled with cries for vengeance against men who fling such children into life and swift death with as little care as they fling the burned-out ends of their cigars into a cuspidore. This slaughter of life-loving monads seemed, to this life-loving man, a most maddening crime. And the thought that cowards thus slew the eager applicants for life, simply to hide the fact that the cowards had passionately and unwittingly summoned these life-lovers back to earth again, made Robert almost maniacally wrathful against the tangle of popular false measurements of right and wrong to which *he* was expected to show respect.

But recently something had happened which had shocked him indescribably; for the affair had shown him, that, as far as the influence of his reputation was concerned, its effect on the minds of the average sweet women, was to place him in the category of certain men, the mention of whose names seemed to him to be an unclean act

Then, he found himself assuring himself aloud, that reputation was one thing, and real character was quite another; and that his real character was — well, what was it? If all was as Daniel believed, then he, Robert, was Malchi Eloi, come back to make what he could out of life this time. And now, what had he to show for his forty years of newly borrowed time?

With a swift horror, Robert realized that he was within a few months of the age at which Malchi Eloi had been swept out of the body, and into —

Had the breath of dissolution, the horror of annihilation, swept close by him? Was it *that* which now sent him gasping to the floor?

It was as if fibre had sundered from fillet, brain from blood, and marrow from bone

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Then had the old sword-drill of the soul been audibly sounded in his ears by Daniel's voice? —

"Unite thyself, turn to the right: direct thyself, turn to the left, whithersoever thy face is set."

The summons seemed ringing through the room, fetching the fainting man to his feet. Then, like one in the power of antagonists, who seemed clutching at him, he, helpless, sat fallen together in a chair, benumbed, and at their mercy; while intimations of things more horrible than is any yet-guessed-at-order of punishment in an under-world laid hold on him.

"I am dying, locked up here alone!" He was conscious of that swift thought, and with it came his old relish for life, and power to fight for its repossession. And with that came a consciousness of the presence of some power or powers which were intruding on his personality. And like a madman confronting space, he cried aloud, —

"Who and what are you? And what do you want of *me?*"

Then, drawn back, listening he stood; but only at the next moment to break forth in wrathful answers and questions.

"What? *I* cut loose from the results of my life, and *I* go as a penitent into a church, and leave my past life-results for God and the criminal court to take care of? No! What I did, I did with my eyes open, and Robert Eloiheem must make the best of the results of Robert Eloiheem's venture. Back, tempter! It is useless. Come what may for me afterwards, I will set matters right for the souls that I have fetched with such forethought into a re-incarnation mid this devil-driven age

"Bah! You are wrong: all wrong. I have not lived an unprincipled life. I have lived, keeping myself in just relations with persons and my *own* principles. I have held myself bound to act toward all women as if I were their brother; and when to any of them I have added the relation of lover, friend, this added relation has not, to my mind, done away with the eternal brotherhood which immutably exists between man and woman as well as between man and man. You are wrong! My principles of conduct were devised because of my great need to be untrammelled hour by hour, and alone when and where I chose. But — who are you who dares intrude on me, wresting from me an account of my doings? Do you think to frighten *me?*"

He sprang back panting then, with eyes fixed on space.

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For, as if supported by an unseen hand, a paper with Daniel's writing on it was before his eyes.

Daniel's writing! At the sight had come back some sense of ease, as if a friend, courteous and helpful, had supplanted an intrusive domineering power.

And Robert read, as by the heart-throbs, what seemed to be isolated quotations, beginning thus: —

"Thäi Kai (B.C. 1725).

"But the young king was not able to change his course. I Yin said, 'This is becoming unrighteousness, and by practice is becoming *nature*.' I Yin said, 'I will build him a place at the palace at Thung, where he can be in silence near the grave of the former king. This will be a lesson to him which will keep him from going astray.'

"The young king went to the palace at Thung, and remained there during the period of mourning."

With starting eyes Robert inwardly questioned, "Was a like purpose back of Daniel's method of dealing with me?" — reading, meanwhile, the words, mid air, —

"Then Fi, on this, made a song, saying, 'We must deal cautiously with the favoring appointments of heaven, at every moment and in the smallest particulars. Let him be wary and fearful: for in a day or two days there occur ten thousand springs of things.' 'Great heaven has favored the house of Shang, and has granted you, young king, to become sincerely virtuous.'"

"Virtuous! virtuous! what is virtue?" he shrieked, in muffled wrath and terror, as if to powers implacable, sent at last to judge him. "What is virtue? Who first told who what who must do? And this pagan thing that sets me a-trembling, why should *I*, who care nothing for the approval of a bedazed church or world, care for the four-thousand-year-old words of this Chinese? — 'This is unrighteousness, and is becoming nature.' Is it? — what, say you so? — is it that the consentient voice of *universal wisdom* recognizes that by practice unrighteousness becomes nature? And that the nature of those who do unrighteousness becomes not self-united and harmonious, but dissolute, dissolvable, and dissipated into the nothingness of elemental animality?

"What? *I* not *able* to change my course? I, who have shunned the bonds of church and society — *I*, entrapped into bonds more relentless? I? I? — I, the self-reverent, self-protecting, self-purifying fanatic? *I — dissolute?*"

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He fell back at the word; for with it had come an image of mortal decay, a horror of charnel-house conditions, which felled him to the earth in what was like enough to an epileptic fit. He lay grovelling on the ground, lost to all else except a sense of not-alone entombment amid corruption, but of himself being a dissolving, dissipating mass of corruption's own self; a thing of crawling, writhing animality, turning and returning from lower to lowest and most unsavory horror. Was it but that all that which Daniel had told of things seen by him in Robert's pre-natal days, had vivified within his tortured soul?

"Daniel, I die! help!" he cried, as with mighty power he fought for self-control. And with glaring, anguished, seeking eyes, fixed on space, he saw — what was this?

A hand, Daniel's hand! And in it was held a paper, illumined as if with letters of flame, fashioned as Ethel fashioned beautiful words which she loved as she wrote them.

A soft cool breeze swept round him, and his fevered brain, quieting its throbs, and his stifled senses (ridded of these sights, smells, and deathly silence of the horrors from which, more dead than alive, he seemed to have emerged), were now baptized in such a unity of peace as, for the moment, gathered all that he was into a new bond of perfectness. For there flamed upon him like a June sun through vapors the words, —

"Needed more Beauty.

"For beauty, *when it stands in rectitude to the law of its being*, is a moral power so inspirationally dauntless, that, of old, even ignorance gladly enthroned it, and hastened to do on earth its will as that will is done in heaven. For when the beauty of universal wholeness reigns, the fear which the ignorant feel for the wise is conciliated by the faith which the wise have in the ignorant; so, from the blending of *these* opposites, there are created new forms of life, of knowledge, and of beauty, which is beauty indeed. *The* beauty which is moral power.

"Moral power neither fears nor fights. That which fears and fights is immoral weakness. Immoral weakness carries in itself the seeds of dissolution."

With a shriek, as of one again pursued by fiends, while he was reposing on the succor of angels, Robert struck at the words, sending his hand through the luminous air. Then, half insanely, —

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"Immoral weakness? What is *It*, and what *is Virtue?* What is immoral weakness? — this vile, this traitor thing, that carries in itself, that brings to *me*, *me*, Robert, me, Malchi — the *seeds of dissolution!* Damned, damning dissolution! O word of horror! O thing of torture! O pains of nothingness! O destroyer of even a *hell* to which man clings when he has nothing else, rather than to take nothing, — dissolution, and utter annihilation of his beloved self! O Daniel, Ethel, help — save! What is it? What can make me whole? What deliver me from the Moral weakness, which carries in itself the seeds of — of — my God — of dissolution! *I* — am, Moral Weakness! *I* haste to my dissolution!"

"*Therefore*, *wanted*, MORAL POWER!"

Those words glowed in the air; and Robert sprung now to his feet, reading again as if for his life, —

"THEREFORE, wanted, Moral Power; which neither fighting nor fearing is the Creative Mother of Beauty — *the* Beauty whose self-renewing delight, full of the flavor of Liberty, is in Itself!"

Wilder than absinthe would have made him, he — the Beauty-Lover — flung up his arms, uttering strange, inarticulate cries of rapture, of longing, and of maddened desire for the possession of this unborn thing — this Beauty, whose self-renewing delights, full of the flavor of Liberty, is in Itself.

Flash on flash of light dazzling him half revealed and half concealed within its flame foregleamings of this Being — the Being of Beauty, whom now, with wrath, he felt, had been kept, by man's becrippling laws, from homing Itself on Earth.

"Man's becrippling laws, hampering, enslaving for ages, this Mother of Beauty, have left me, Robert, starving for a mate," he raved; for all that had come and gone in his truly epicurean life was now to him as mere starvation compared with what had flashed before his imagination as the woman ideal, the goddess glorious, a guess at whom had sent his brain and blood reeling with some new torrent of life. He flung himself down on a couch, under the electrifying shock, giving himself up to think of the fashion and flavor which absolute freedom and fealty to the laws of Its own being would have brought to this — the true fruit of Eden's true garden.

"The laws! The laws! Great God, the laws! Who can discover them?" he cried. Then —

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Had torrents of heaven's supernal delights been let loose within *his* being?

"O rapture, mighty and affluent! O solace of this hunger! O Spirit of fire and freedom, hast thou been so long time with me, and have I not known thee, *thee*, Ethel, Ethel!"

With outstretched arms, and in melting anguish, he cried aloud, more and more insurgently still, iterating and reiterating, "So long time with you, and I have not known thee! Come! Come! Stay — O stay! You are leaving! O come! O stay! Spirit of fire and freedom — O" —

"The young king is dissolute."

The words rang through his brain.

He dashed to the water, deluging his head there, cursing and crying like one mad of starvation in sight of food which he could have for the taking. With some mighty power of self-control suddenly he fell on his knees; for, like distant bells, he heard the words, "Let Robert go free to do *his* best." And then like a man yearning toward hell, and arrested by a look of eyes in heaven, he had halted — expectantly.

He was alone — himself, and alone. Panting wildly, dazed with a sense of having missed what he believed Heaven could now never replace, he stood looking about him, with face and limbs stark and stiff.

Then, "O come! come! come back! Stay, sweet spirit, stay. Was it a dream? Was it real? Are you, you, Ethel, such an one? O Ethel, come. Teach me more as you taught me then! Come, I die for you! I lie at your feet, to learn, to be, what you are, what you will!"

He waited.

No sound, no answering heart-touch. Only desolation, cold and blank, for the life — that new, strange, upspringing, winsome life that had made itself known within him for that one moment — *that* life was gone.

And with cries of bereftness too terrible for noise, he pleaded again, "Come. Come to teach me what is right — what is wrong." Then, as if a far-away voice in running from him had flung back the words, he heard again, "Let Robert go free to do *his* best."

He sprung to his feet, enfibred with a strength like that of the giants of old, shouting out, as if across spaces of distance, "Yes, yes! I *will* take care of my debts and my ba-

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bies. Yes, I *must* save the poor devil of an Eloi, who else can never be born again! But help me, Ethel. Help. Answer, I wait." It was useless to wait, useless to listen with strained nerve. She was gone. And he cried like a child after a fit of passion. Yes, cried himself to sleep. A sleep from which he awoke ready for mighty deeds of daring, whether for good or ill.

Men who later that day saw Robert looked again. One said, "Eloiheem is in for some big thing." — Another, getting out of the way of his eyes, muttered, "O but that fellow is going to the devil on the gallop." — "Not by a good bit," said another. "I came down from Keewaumil on the cars with Mrs. Mancredo, this morning, and she told me he had just deeded a hundred-thousand-dollar place, furniture and all, to his sister. And that the Eloiheem home is like heaven on earth. And that she hopes to take up her abode there. Whether that means this fellow's marriage with the very handsome and very rich widow, I don't know. And she told me, too, something about a will which is reported to have conveyed large trusts in money and in that poor paralytic's welfare, to this Miss Eloiheem."

"Now, you know, a fellow who comes from a home like that, where money tends to nest in that style, is a fellow to pin to!"

"O yes! I see. 'Cling to me, and you shall dress in diamonds,'" was the laughing retort. And Robert's quick ears caught it. And that phrase, for a moment, brought back to him an old smart, under which he had suffered at the hands of one of his *protégés* (?) — but, in the next instant, some solacing power which had come to him in the sleep that had followed his terrible morning's trial was brought to him again in the re-echoed words, "Let Robert go free to do *his* best."

And, to do *his* best, he set himself battling against contending passions; as he told himself, he would finish up all those other matters, and rid himself of all bonds except bonds of duty; and then, send home the clear deed of that house, and then see what he could get out of life under the old roof and law.

Just what he meant by that last thought, he did not clearly define to himself, as he fiercely pushed ahead.

And no less fierce of eye and heart was he at the end of

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that month. Though, then, men said, "All he had touched had turned to gold, and that that month his enterprises had been many and mighty."

And at the end of that strange month, Robert told himself that all that he had planned was accomplished. The clear deed had been sent to Ethel, and now, fiercer than ever, he was going *home*, to see what there was in life, there.

One evening Mrs. Eloiheem, watching from a tower-window at the top of the house, saw Robert with his lithe, long swing of limbs, coming up the avenue.

He, with surprise, saw her in that unused portion of the house; and, in response to her beckoning signal, he entered at a side door, and went directly up to where, at the head of the stairs, he saw her awaiting him, as she stood between the parted *portières* of a room at one end of the chapel-like hall that occupied two-thirds of the width of the double-winged mansion.

"Come into my new retreat," she said, enjoying his surprise at the metamorphosis which had taken place there. A quick glance showed Robert that the third of the space which was left by the chapel-like hall had been equally divided between two rooms, one at each end; and it was under the brown and gold arabesque-patterned stuff of the *portière* of one of these rooms that Althea Eloiheem stood now in all her regal beauty. The Chapel was draped in crimson, and was wainscoted half-way up with bookcases, partly filled with old books. There were tables and a good number of chairs in the Chapel. It was evidently not a lounging-place; there were some not easily understood appointments there, also.

Mother and son stood silent, Robert looking about. Althea looked at him. She relished his surprise. She always had found surprises spicy, when another, not she herself, was the surprised *parti* to the affair.

At last he took her hand, and she, lifting the *portière*, invited him into the room there beyond.

He saw gathered into it the beautiful, Oriental things which, from time to time, he had brought to his mother from other lands; soft, beautiful things. It was as if he had inherited Daniel's old impulse, of trying to deluge Althea's not soft nature with the enchantments that beautiful things

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fling around beauty-loving souls. But heretofore all the beautiful things which he had given Althea, had been somewhat grimly folded away in silver paper, and laid in cedar chests, where no harm could come to them, and no pleasure could come from them. Althea hadn't liked the presents, for she was a proud mother, and a prouder woman, and did not at all relish the conviction that other women, who were neither Robert's mothers, sisters, nor wives, had received many equally exquisite attentions, and (as Althea jealously believed) for the same reason; that is, much as the "peace offerings" of the Tailors' Guild used to be carried home by the too-well-dined gentlemen there, to the wives who, not amiably, await the midnight carousers. So Althea's cedar chest, full of beautiful things, shut up with haughty civility, had been to Robert a not-forgotten cause of silent war; and now it meant something to him, when Althea, with outstretched hand, very courteously, yes, and with an almost passionate warmth of welcome, drew him into a room furnished almost entirely with his gifts to her; furnishings mid which she stood, bedecked in a dress which he had brought her; a dress of golden-colored, Oriental stuff, which fell about her stately form in something of an Oriental fashion.

Motionless she looked on him. Seconds passed, to the number of sixty, before either spoke. The color had flamed over Robert's face. He liked to feel like a bountiful giver of good gifts to woman. Yet this was a little too much like a transformation scene; a trifle theatrical it seemed. He suspected Althea of some manœuvre; for the years had taught him, and his own likeness in nature to her had also taught him, that Althea always acted with a purpose, rather theatrically climaxed.

"There are changes here," he said.

"Oh, yes. Ethel is mistress of the house now. And I found one day, that she had gathered into this beautiful room the things which you have given me. And, too, you see here, draped with that marvellous old altar-cloth, is my little, old, first business-desk; for Ethel calls that desk 'the altar of mother's self-sacrifice (or self-whole-making) for the good of the family.' She really is doing very pretty things, now that she acts as Queen of the Home which you, Robert, have given her to Queen it in. She has not forgotten the story of the Cedar Monarchs, who serve, as monarchs should,

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protectingly; spreading out gracious arms, blessedly. And now there is something she expects me" —

Althea halted, really bashful at stating what Ethel had proposed. Then, "Why, Robert, she expects nothing less than that *I*, from my matter-of-fact standpoint of view, should take the next three, six, or nine years, if necessary, to write up Daniel's philosophies, with the purpose of showing how they can be and have partially been practicalized in this our attempt to make whole Eloiheems of the very ill-balanced Elois and equally ill-balanced Heems!

"Of course, it seems like nonsense to try. Yet, if I am to live to be as old as Daniel, I have forty years more of life before me; for Daniel must, can, and shall live to be a hundred, at least, and I the same. Though I must confess, till this idea came to me, everything seemed so disappointing, and I was so tired of fuss, conflict, noise and pretence — that I felt quite old and didn't care for much more of it.

"But I declare to you, Robert, up here, in this tower-room, at the top of the house and away from all the toils below, I shall take a new lease of life. And, Robert, it is funny enough! But they will have it, Daniel and Ethel, that I must do the philosophy business for the family, for the next forty years; and they, Ethel and Daniel, have become absolute worldlings, money-users, and manipulators. O, things are turned just upside down, and *I* am at the top. You see, they have found out that money is something, after all; and glad enough they are to have it. But, I really didn't think they would acknowledge that, when it came to making their queer philosophies of real use to the world, they would have to give that business into my hands too! But they really do understand me very well. They see I only took to that money-making for forty years, because it was a thing that had to be done for the good of the family; I have better business now."

Robert was holding his breath in silence; his mother, radiant with self-satisfaction, and interested in new plans which had given her back her youth again, had risen, and, with the eagerness of a girl-sovereign, said joyously, —

"Oh, yes, and just see Daniel's retreat, at the other end." Swiftly hurrying across the Chapel and parting the *portières*, they stood within a room fitted up in softest blue and silver beauty. Prominent there was a throne-like chair, on which

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was embossed in silver and illumined by the slanting rays of declining day the words, "The Sunset-chair of the Chamber of Peace."

Robert stood back, blinded with tears of passionate pain, at the thought that this Daniel, on whom the years had long been falling so lightly but steadily, was already far past the age proverbially called "the time allotted to man."

And Althea, turning on him as if with some new power of apprehending unspoken thought, exclaimed, —

"Don't let that thought enter your mind again, Robert. There is, in all Daniel's body or soul, scarcely a death-giving element. Pure, calm, sane in body and spirit he is. Allied to the Fount of Life, as branch is to the vine, — he is. He will, he can, and shall live as long as he chooses. 'There is no death; what seems so is transition.' And, believe me, already he has made such a transition into life Eternal, as inheres in the fact that Life-Eternal is transmitted daily, hourly to him. This is part of the secret of the Eloiheems. This, the mystery of life which I am learning. This, the mystery of the preparation for the marriage which shall yet be consummated between Daniel and myself!"

Wringing his mother's hand, Robert then dashed away, beset with the need to comfort his eyes in the presence of this Daniel from whom he had always taken everything, never so much as sensing that age could lay hold on a frame that had so long resisted the wear of time, and aroused curiously by Althea's words to a contrary certainty that, of course, Daniel must die soon, seeing his age was already so great. As for her words, he told himself, if even Althea was taking the Eloiheem craze, then *he* must stand the sturdier against the madness of the family. And yet, what was that which had befallen him that mystical morning in his office? And what the Power that had so signally upheld and directed him during these wonderful weeks of success, when not his Wisdom but some other Power had given him the desires of his heart, making possible the seeming impossible?

With step almost as rapid as his thoughts, he passed lightly and unobserved through the hall below; passing so a room where sat Mrs. Mancredo, with her back to him, working over some papers. She was facing Reginald, who lay extended, helpless as ever, with his eyes fixed on a floating cloud as he faced a window. Robert had already heard

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from Alitza all which she had told Ethel; and now he was arrested by the thought that the honorable thing called *marriage* had brought this woman, in the prime of her wealth and beauty, to care for this man in his misery; this insensate creature, who was taking the very life of these great women with never a recognition of what they were doing for him. For a moment, Robert looked at the inane creature with a sense of repulsion. At the next, he was deluged with a sight of himself, as he, too, had lived, taking from every side everything from Woman's self-giving tenderness, never sensing that *his spiritual needs* had called upon their unconscious sympathy, as fully as the needs of this physically crippled, mind-alienated creature had called on the sympathy of this woman, Mrs. Mancredo.

With a half-glimpse of some psychical likeness between his condition and the condition of this man before his eyes, Robert, in repulsion, hurried away, angered. Then some jealous thought of the way that house and property had been manipulated out of him by Daniel's few words, struck at Robert, and an anger at the swift changes which were made without even showing him the courtesy of consulting him, struck at him; and a curiosity as to how Ethel would seem toward him, in her new position as his beneficiary, also struck at him. And, nervously quickening his pace with each of these strokes, he found himself in the House that Jack built, face to face with Daniel.

The "beneficiary" of whom he had been thinking was not there. For, unconsciously, he now thought of Ethel as a beneficiary, that is, as a "person holding a valuable possession in a secondary or subordinate position;" and, as a benefactor, he was preparing to greet her most gracefully.

But it was Daniel who greeted him, and who, in another moment, was saying, with that bright cheer which in woman seems like frivolity, and which is but the same sort of frivolity as that which sparkles in the mountain torrent as it rushes toward the sea, "We are becoming a conglomerate household, Robert. You see, we have now Tama and 'Dolph, the colored people, who are warm-hearted Methodists; and we have now, with us, Mrs. Mancredo's old coachman and his family, Sullivan, who is a Fenian, and a drinker of intoxicants; a Chinese laundry-man and a Japanese gardener, one a Confucian and the other a Hindoo; and

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we have Mrs. Mancredo, Baptist and Yankee, late from Boston; and Mrs. Aubrey, Romanist and Southerner, half French and wholly un-reconstructed. Besides these, there are the Othniels, brother and two married sisters, young, proud-spirited Hebrews, relatives of the Eloi family. Besides, of the family, but not dwelling permanently here, is Bertha Gemacht, of whom you have heard; a goddess-like-natured girl, but who, born under the difficulties of illegitimacy, has passed on to a child she was duped into bearing the same difficulties mid which she herself was born.

"But she has learned her lesson, — and it is a big one as unfolded by Ethel, — and is making use of all that she is, for the benefit of other such mothers as herself. Mothers, by the way, Robert, of the one sort who legally own the children to whom they give birth.

"Oh, had you never thought of that? I believe it is a fact, that in many states and countries, while mothers whose children are born out of wedlock own *those* children, married women are not everywhere the legal owners of their children."

Robert had paled. Daniel continued.

"Bertha has been taught, indeed she naturally knew, how to deal with this pitiful class of young mothers, or of young women who are expectant mothers; I say, she knows how, with Ethel's help, to so treat them as to prevent their shame and sadness from driving them to badness. And in this line, we have another very efficient helper in a married woman, who is in the queer position before the law, of having stolen her own baby. For it was born at her father's house, just before her husband had *privately* secured one of those divorces so easily gotten in some of the Western towns, for a little money consideration. The father of the child knows nothing about its existence, for the mother has, for many years, merged this child in a company of others in the kindergarten home which Ethel has under her supervision, or, rather, her inspiration. For the woman who is at the head of that great and growing establishment is no other than Helen Aleen Elkhorn, the deserted and divorced wife of the judge, who does not know of the existence of this child born in wedlock, his own legitimate son.

"In fact, if you remember Ethel's old statement of the C. C. O. S. U. R. K. G. P., you will see what she is now work-

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ing toward on a plane where 'the little child' ***which is in the midst of each individual*** is being cared for in a play-loving way. You must look about presently and see how it goes, when each person has pleasant facilities for doing well what he likes best to do, and time enough to do it, and is meanwhile sure of being well taken care of himself by a happy company of persons as well employed and well cared for as is he. John Sullivan calls it 'an-all-the-year-round picnic.'

"It is a *Kinde*-garten, a Nature-garden, in which Ethel, the Nature-gardener, is working with nature, as women naturally do, instead of working against nature, as man-made society has heretofore done. Ethel serenely secures that nothing which has been begun shall be left to go to waste for want of timely encouragement and added suggestion in the way of carrying on the good beginnings.

"The delight here in doing well is contagious.

"True, the Chinaman did a little object to giving up his peculiar style of sprinkling the clothes; but he is satisfied now with using a rubber-bulb sprinkler instead of his mouth. He laundries all the clothes for the household; the Japanese gardener supplies us all with flowers, and the cook and her helpers supply us all with good food.

"John Sullivan at first felt it would spoil Nora for a poor man's wife if she had the washing and ironing and the cooking and dish-washing all done for her, and the clothes for herself and family all made by the 'clothes artists;' and there's a long story about all that which will make a book in itself, when your mother gets at it; for the Othniels — two married sisters and their husbands — are the clothes artists. There are *four* children there. And Nora has six; and Nora, who is a great mother-heart, washes and dresses the ten of them. She was educated in a nunnery, and knows how to do some ordinary things extraordinarily well; especially to wash, dress, and comfort babies. And, besides, for every one here has a right to his and her pet way of making money, she knows how to mend and restore to their first beauty all textures coarse and fine. So *that* is her pet play at work. The Othniels are really clothes ***artists*** and fine judges of reliable material for clothes. They have time given them to do honest and beautiful work, and no anxiety to harass them while they are doing it. Oh, your mother's books will tell the story a few years hence.

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"Of course, we Eloiheems make a point here, and wherever we reach people we make a point, of protecting against itself the too self-neglectful woman-*heart*. For it is the woman-*heart* which the fearers of the woman-*brain* have so disproportionately cultivated in woman. The law of this house, you know, interposes, like a flaming sword, at the gate where liberty is met by incoming license. A husband's liberty tends to the *tres-pas;* that is, to go a step too far; because false teachers for centuries have taught woman to subject herself to her *husband's* demands, instead of leaving her to her inherent knowledge that not her husband's demands, but her self-recognized needs as priestess of the mother-mystery, is her great concern! Of course, we arrange things so that women under this law do not *have* to sin against themselves or their children in order to try to keep the peace with their husbands. *We sustain woman in that perfect freedom in which character-growths are best put forth; love of purity, self-poise, and love of the development of the higher hidden germs of new delights in life.*

"Understand, Robert? — Now, mark you, seeing that woman transmits her character-growths to her *sons*, this cultivation of free intellectual power, and of the love of purity, self-poise, and of the *love of the development* of the hidden germs of a life of new delights,— all this cultivation of a new order of faculties, I say, will be in the future the dower that free, natural women will give to their sons. Then these sons, in turn, will transmit their gains to their daughters, and so on and on. It takes time, but so it does to grow an oak or a cedar, and yet more time to make the diamond. But the eternal years are ours. The Roman church would have done all this long ago if they had had the wisdom to give perfect freedom to woman, and if they had *not* so foolishly feared her supremacy.

"I am unable to tell you what we are doing. But, of course, in true kindergarten-way, we are emphasizing the methods by which the ability of a crude workman is trained to that of the skilled artisan; and the skill of the artisan is then developed into that of the artist. We are a large, old company of associates, gods and goddesses, young and old, whom Ethel and I began picking up, and setting to work, and initiating into our plans slowly, on the day when she, at twelve years old, 'went about the Father's business' of gath-

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ering up the fragments, that nothing should be lost. And now the House that Jack built is not only a centre of influences rather far outreaching, but I myself, with Ethel, give three hours a day to the kindergarten work and play, at which the six little Catholics and the six little Hebrews are taught as you and Ethel were taught; and their parents, and all of the household who choose, come in and 'play with the children,' as we, Robert, used all to play together. That is the way we are going on.

"Oh, yes; and John Sullivan, as the father of such a happy, secure, and well-cared-for family, and in such a beautiful home as that nicely appointed tenement over the carriage house, has declared his disgust at being a slave to whiskey. He says, 'Bad manners to such slavery!'—and seems delighted with the thought that slavery of any kind, and the 'bad manners to it,' is all that separates him or any one else from his highly reverenced friend Ethel Eloiheem."

"His highly reverenced friend." The words rang in Robert's ears, as, following Daniel's suggestion, he went to look about. The more he saw, the more it seemed to him a poor piece of business that Ethel, this woman to whom Daniel ascribed such powers, should be doing nothing more than to be making a home for the servants and the moral and physical cripples whom she had gotten under her care, and into this lovely house. But, then, as to what he did want her to do, or as to what would be a line of procedure more fully in accord with her principles and powers, he confessed he could not say. But that anything like this was the use to which she would have put her powers, when given free use of money and of her powers, he had never dreamed.

"I'll wait a bit. There's some trick in it all," he thought, as his usual decision in regard to women and their ways. Nor was he any more comfortable when, after several attempts, he yet failed to even *see* Ethel.

He was in a curious state of excitement when he got back to Chicago. Things which he had seen and heard and guessed at affected him as a pyrotechnic display affects a child, mentally dazzling him, and crazing him to "see some more of it." The change in Althea, her mental exhilaration and hold on new purposes, as well as the electrical atmosphere which seemed to have surrounded her, and her blushing girl-like anticipation of some miracle to which even now

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she looked forward as a real marriage at last with Daniel, left Robert to almost conclude that if all this was being crazy, it would indeed be a pity to longer remain sane. Besides all this, the whole tenor of the spirit of the things now in motion there struck awakingly at an element which Daniel had cultivated in Robert as an offset to his strongly passional nature: the element of that self-sacrificing paternal love which is the opposite of common, self-intrusive sex love. For conditions in that home, and one of Daniel's utterances had brought dismay to Robert; as, according to it, he, Robert, the great child-lover, legally had no children.

His utter dismay at the thought seemed to himself almost foolish: and at first, with a laugh, he told himself, "All that was easily arranged;" — but at the next thought he recalled the fact that those to whom his mind turned were not ordinary women in themselves considered; and that besides, thanks to his peculiar principles, they were women now as independent of circumstances and of any freak of his as a comfortable life-annuity could make them. Above all, they were imbued by Robert himself with much of the Eloiheem-home-principle sans the matrimonial foundation of the home.

This is not Robert's story: for it is too large and too strange to be crowded in here, except such parts of it as go to show how near and yet how far the brother of Ethel was from the principles of the Eloiheem-home; and to show the toil, disharmony, and perturbation which his lack of fealty to the law of the house occasioned among the wiser workers there.

One day, when he was in a fury that "women were so hard to manage, no matter what men did to please them," he received a letter from Daniel which seemed to read rather trivially to Robert's heavily laden soul.

"I write," said the lines, "to tell you that the liberty-league man, Elkhorn, has tried to make trouble with the liquor-element, personified in John Sullivan; and that Sullivan has gotten up a bad feeling toward the colored people. Elkhorn, hovering round, has won Mrs. Aubrey, a Southerner and a Romanist, to dislike having to meet the colored people as 'individuals,' 'ideas,' and identities, who are as free of the law of liberty as are the heads of the family. Then, too, Sullivan hates the heathen Chinee.

"So now, I have to say, if you can be with us Wednesday

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evening, and will sit in an unlighted parlor, where we can see but not be seen, you will be able to see how one who carries in her veins the blood of five nationalities may succeed in bringing these perturbed people to a recognition that, as kindred blood of each of them flows so amicably in her heart, certainly it may dwell peacefully in this conglomerate household.

"Looking for you, I am your father, brother, and old friend, Daniel Heem."

Whatever other effect the letter had on Robert, it took his mind off of himself, and fixed it on what he knew of Ethel's colossal way of mentally merging the individual in the Nation and the Nation in the world, and this little world in the suns and systems of the Universe.

"A pretty task she has taken on herself in this attempt to deal with a posse of prejudiced people, antagonistic in nationalities and religions; and, besides, people each and all of whom will be under the influence of Daniel and daughter. An influence which inflames individuality and love of approbation to an extent that causes the influenced people to 'let themselves loose,' as Althea says Elkhorn always does when under Ethel's influence.

"Yes, an influence far removed from that other on which we commonly rely as a preservative of good order; and which is popularly called the 'influence of social *restraints*.'"

Then he sat pondering on the way Daniel, from the first, had set him, Robert, perfectly free from "social or parental restraints." So free that, before he had reached the age of seven years, he had seen himself pretty much as he was; and had gotten so on guard against his own early discovered possibilities of evil that, on "going out into the world" (as the phrase goes), he had gone taking with him self-restraints that he had developed of his own free choice in the matter — from childhood up.

Robert's next thought was that in this new kindergarten-home-making Daniel and Ethel would stand by the Eloiheem law even if the servants ran away with the roof. And next, instead of feeling as he had lately felt, — "out of the game," — there came to him a comfortable sense of patronage, in virtue of the gift of the house, etc., and he had an expectancy of a critical pleasure that should be his when he should at last meet Ethel; for he was sure this gift must be to her

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mind. Daniel had long ago told Robert of Ethel's experiences on that far-away day when she had attempted to adopt the beautiful chamber which Robert had furnished for her, and for which Ethel had never expressed a word of thanks. He knew Ethel too well to think it was a lapse of memory, and, of course, not a lack of conventional civility. He wondered whether (like Althea) she felt an antipathy to be one of the many women who received gifts from him. For he had gotten far enough to know that a repugnance to thus being herded together as dependants and pets of the moment, was at the root of many disagreeable hours which women pass through and which they make their perplexed men-friends and brothers pass through. Then settling back to his permanent conviction that, however much he puzzled over it, he would still find Ethel was actuated by some unforeseen impulse, he told himself, now that Ethel owned the house and all there was in it, and plenty of money to do as she chose for herself and others, as well as had the co-operation of the household in her efforts, he certainly should be able to find out a little bit about how one woman, in liberty, would live. In a way, Althea had shown something of it. But she had come to the age of twenty-two before she had had a chance to once act in freedom, so Daniel had told Robert. But Ethel was born and bred mid thoughts of freedom, and by Daniel, at least, had been sustained in her efforts after a life in consonance with that perfect law.

"She worships Daniel as a consequence; and me she hates. She hides from me. She cannot look at me without remembering that I distrust her, and am principled against having the Nation do for her what Daniel has done for her. I wonder what will come of it all?"

When he reached home the next Wednesday afternoon, the new house-mother met him at the door, taking his hand, with the words, —

"Welcome to the home you have given me, and to a participation in this night's beginning of the uses which it is to serve."

When Adolphus came to take Robert's portmanteau to his room, he found that man sunken into a veranda chair, with a look on his face full of light ethereal; for after that minute's halt at his side, Ethel had left him filled with enlivening sights of the grace of gifts and the gifts of grace;

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sights which in a trice had opened up to him a way of heaven that might at once be lived on earth by men of good will, allied to women of good Wisdom.

As this occurred before the days when the graphophone was created as a receiver of words, which, spoken into it, are transcribed on the surface of its cylinders, to be afterwards (by a reversal of motion) rolled forth again in waves of sound, reiterable again and again on demand, — it was probably by the methods of the *spirit-form which is back of the visible graphophone* that Ethel had then written on Robert's prepared soul the music, light, and laughter of the good time a-coming. A time when the joys of the Celestial Conditions of Society, under the rule of Kindergarten Principles, shall make glad with new plays each moment of life.

Full of wonderment at what had befallen, and determined to know the method by which these swift sights had been brought to him, how acquired, and whither now vanished, Robert hastened to his room to be alone there.

He saw that this room was fitted up for him, as for a permanent guest. The mystically carved old chair, which Daniel had made for him, had been made of a size the capacity of which he then daily looked forward to fill; and this chair, with its quaint motto and its carvings symbolical of profound teachings, was here also. He sat in it, studying the motto. Suddenly a new sense of a third meaning which was in the motto came to him exhilaratingly. In the next instant, as if he had been an operator seated before a graphophone, and as if he had inserted a cylinder with the before inscribed words upon it, and had affixed the ear-tube, and had reversed the motion of the treadle, there now poured through his being something of the music-like joy of the ecstatic foregleaming of the age in which, at Ethel's touch, he had participated.

Too soon that strange moment passed. Then, in his enjoyment of the baptism which had swiftly brought him the knowledge of life as it is to be, he found himself longing for another such *baptism* rather than for the toil of doing the deeds which befitted one who had been thus wondrously instructed in baptism. He was like those who warble, —

> "My willing soul would stay
> In such a frame as this,
> And sit and sing itself away
> To everlasting bliss."

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But, do what he would, he could not bring a revival of that moment's ecstasy, — a moment which had healed in his being all the soreness of past fightings, fears, and defeats, and had left him, first expectant, then angry at the blank which had followed.

With the fury of one fighting against the thwarter of his desires, he set himself to overbear this opposer of his Will. With the brutishness which, if not utterly conquered, terrifically increases under the influences of this portentous epoch, he called out, "Come, I tell you, come! I want your presence, your teaching." But blank as annihilation the moment continued; and, fallen together, he sat, thinking nothing consciously till, suddenly, he realized a vanished voice had left in his mind an echo of the words, "See you not? He who forces Self on others, he who fears, fights, and desires, is *not* the man of Godlike Will to whom Women of The Great Wisdom can safely ally themselves as mystical helpers in this mystical age."

"What? Is it that *woman* is to be manager of this mystery, whatever it is?" he cried out.

Springing up, he determined to find Ethel, and make her tell him what mischief, what fool's trick of playing with fire she had on hand. But he could not find her; and then it occurred to him that if he should talk to her of half the things which he would like to, she would believe him to be what he half believed himself to be — and that was a maniac, needing a keeper. So he went about, — outwardly as calm as is many another perplexed soul in these days, — critically noticing the orderly, business-like methods upon which everything in this large and now well-filled house was carried on by the Ethel and the Daniel, who had been called mere dreamers of beautiful dreams. He went to Mrs. Aubrey, who was the book-keeper, and who had long been (so now he found out) the keeper of the accounts of the peculiar, far-extended money transactions, loans, etc., in which for years Ethel had been engaged, for the good of the hundreds of her individual *protéyés*.

He saw that even brief accounts of the amount of work which they had done would fill volumes, including histories of salvation brought to as many hundreds of individuals. For it was always with individuals that these individuals, Ethel and Daniel, dealt. Then he went to Mrs. Mancredo,

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and looked over her letter-books, and they were many and well filled, and dated back to the time directly after Ethel had clasped that woman's hand, declaring that they were opposites who were to work together.

"Even as far back as that, Ethel had plunged into this work; yes, farther back, quite from the time she was twelve years old. And for years this woman has been Secretary and" —

He stopped, furious.

"She, she, with her home-keeping, gift-scorning-yet-accepting silent ways, she all the while has been shaping a secret end, in which I have had no part; unlocking doors which lead to glory, scaling heights where float heaven-born raptures, and coming *to me* — though I knew it not — pressing round my soul and sense, overpowering me (while I not even discovered it) with scorn of what I was, and with longing for what I cannot be! *She* met me and my princely gifts with a touch of the hand, and a welcome to a share in what she has prepared for the servants, which she has gathered into this home, from the streets.

"So this is what it is to be a brother of such a woman as — as this fire-fiend, this demon-goddess, Ethel Eloiheem.

"But — this shall *not* be all! I will yet make her know what it is to deal with me."

And angry at her power over him, and more angry at her chariness of contact with him, he mentally called that power by such names as passionate men give to what they fear, and will not face reverently, and so cannot understand.

He did not see Ethel till the evening, when he sat with Daniel and Althea in a curtained room, lounging back, and making no effort to see anything except what passed before the parting of the *portières*.

The company was gathered in the large Hall, in the midst of which was the large geographical globe, which in childhood had early familiarized both Ethel and himself with the thought of the unity and solidarity of this earth and its interests. There were scattered about charts, books, pictures, and other illustrations of the subject of the evening.

Judge Elkhorn, for some reason, was present, though not as a participant in the discussions of the occasion.

Presently Robert saw the Chinaman and the Japanese standing somewhat near together.

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Adolphus, naturally, had something the air of master of ceremonies; and this air had put John more in spirit for an exercise with a shillaleh than for an exercise in the study of the globe. And just as, on some pretence, John was hustling the colored man, — "It is a glorious night! It will be my first pleasure to look at the millions of them all," — Robert heard Ethel say. Then, "What are you all at now, Nora?" came John's whisper, as with clattering of feet over the marble floor the company evidently hastened after Ethel's swift step out on to the veranda overlooking the lake.

Perhaps Ethel had stopped there longer than John had expected, for, in his eagerness to get back close to the globe, he overdid the thing. Then the sound of returning footfalls assured Robert Ethel was stepping, not fleetly, but so that those about her could keep step with her to whom their waiting eyes were turned.

"Yes, millions of them are there; and, among them little Earth! She counts for one among the innumerable hosts of worlds! So, one of those tiny stars pictures the size of the Earth, as she floats amid the Universe full of worlds."

"Beghorrah! Is it so?" breathed forth John, big-eyed.

Then, —

"And now here's the globe. This serves as another image of the Earth — the planet Earth. Earth, our little, little world," said Ethel, sighing unconsciously, as, like a fair-world spirit, she brooded over the globe, turning it lovingly, as she said again, —

"Little, little Earth! Too small to have sorrows! But — it is large enough to have many countries in it — and many people."

"Just here — see this little country? That is little Ireland, the home of the Heems," said Ethel.

"And, be ye l'ave, that's the home of the Sullivans!" said John, as one who had at last triumphantly accomplished what he had hurried back so close to the globe on purpose to say and do, as his part of the matter.

"And here on the Rhine is my native land," said Bertha, coming up, Robert felt sure, just as Ethel had expected her to do.

"And here is mine!" said Esther Othniel. "Poor Poland, down-trodden Poland, is the home of my fathers."

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There was a sound of John, whispering over the familiar words, "down-trodden."

Then came a quiet word from the Japanese and Tientse, of the Celestial Kingdom, as each pointed out the place of his birth.

Fleetfoot swept his hand over the Western plain, —

"This was once the home of the Red man. He has none now," said he.

"What-for, no?" said John.

"What? So many lands of sorrow in one little world? And a man born in America, and yet without a home?" said Mrs. Mancredo. "What does that mean? And here's another great country almost as large as ours. Who claims that?"

"Oh, bress yo' soul! I nebber really see Africa myself. 'Dolph and me, we was raised outen old Virginny! Mount Vernon, dat's whar my grandma's ma fuss saw de light in Gineral Washington's time. But, fust o' all, I 'spects we colo'ed people all come from dis myster'ous land — and diamon's? Oh, my *good* Lord, yes; dere's diamon's dere, no end! Oh, no; we none ob us needn't ebber been a slave, if we could jest 'a' gotten off to dis yer land o' diamon's. Up here away, der's wealth an' wonders hidden in dis po'r ruined land."

"What? another ruined land? Never mind, Tama. You don't need Africa, for you are a native-born American, if any one here is. You and Fleetfoot are the only ones of us all who can tell about ante-revolution times."

"Not my anty; it was my *grandma's* relovution times, I know; 'cos my grandma tole her darter, an' that one told I, — how, lots o' times, she was as good as at the relovution fights herself. We was all of us raised by de Raymond family right" —

"Whoi, Tama! Those Raymonds are my own people," cried Mrs. Aubrey, in great excitement. "And the Estranges? Did you know the Estranges?"

Then there was a commotion and a half-sobbing, out of which came Tama's voice. "Co'se I did, Miss Aubrey, Madame. Oh, yes; co'se! And poor Mass'r Tom Estrange, I nuss him 'long wiff my po'r little Jake, jess for boff of 'em to fall at Shiloh!"

"Oh, mammy! And — and Cousin Marmaduke?"

"Yes, honey! Po'r Mass'r 'Duke, I nuss him too, till he die ob de wounds after de po'r Souf fell."

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There they were with their arms around each other, recounting the fate of those whom both had known before the South fell.

Then Elkhorn's whisper sounded near the curtain, as he said in some one's ear, "She told me to-day, if those negr'es did not keep their place, she'd slap them down, quick as wink." and then Robert saw Mrs. Aubrey, with flashing eyes, saying, with sweet Southern inflection, —

"Oh, you may stare! You No'therners don't know how we So'therners feel toward these po'r creatures, the blacks! You've all been showing your countries on that yer globe. Now I am like Fleetfoot. I've not got any country! No, indeed! Ye see, I'm not reconstructed yet. For my men, in *my* family, were killed by you No'therners. But I'm not going to forget manners when I'm in another person's house. I will say for the Eloiheems, they are gentlemen and ladies. And that's a good deal for me to say of people. But I know they won't mind my saying that *I* am proud of being a So'therner, because thar's heaps o' things we So'therners car' more about than we do for making money. Befo' the wah, our gentlemen were statesmen. And by statesmen I don't mean pot-house politicians. By statesmen, in *my* country, *we* mean, men who have given up a life-time to the study of constitutional law! They and their fathers and their fathers' fathers before them did that; and so they were real statesmen. Naturally, such men saw no reason, negr'es and poor white trash — who haven't mental capacity for statesmanship and who haven't been born and bred to it — I say our gentlemen saw no reason why trash should legislate for blood nor ignorance for learning. We just would not have it. And there we meant to have kept it. But you No'therners — well, I won't forget my respect to the people of this house. And, Miss Eloiheem, I don't mean to say that to steal a black man or woman out of his own country is right, but I do mean to say, if the best minds are to have time to study statesmanship and philosophy, there must be hewers of wood and drawers of water, who by hard work secure leisure to the aristocracy or master-mind class. For without ease and leisure the great problems of government and religion (and I call them one thing) can't be thought out by the best brain ever made.

"Now, I'm goin' t' try to be cool an' reasonable," she

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continued, getting greatly excited, and speaking with swift elision of letters. "As I said, you No'therners have no idea of our relation to the colored people. We like 'em in their place. But their place is not among the privileged class. And, as I said, my people, in order to understand the science of government and to be fitted to preside in affairs of State, thought nothing of money so long as the negr'es took car' of them. But it is well known, some of you No'therners would not, at the call of your nation, give up money-making long enough to preside in legislative halls. And I call that a disgrace to the man and to the State which gave that man birth! No man of the South, I believe, ever refused to legislate for the reason that he better loved to make money! No! Our men naturally are leaders — that is, Aristocrats. And I'm an aristocrat! For I hold that aristocracy inheres in the nature of things. Of course some people are superior to others. I am as ready to obey my superiors as I am to demand obedience of my inferiors. As all aristocrats are, I am for a government of the wisest and best, and I'd slap down Tama and 'Dolph, or John and Nora, if they didn't keep their place, or Elkhorn either; but they are going to keep their place. Now, look out that you do, John — I won't take no interruptions! For, you see, I am a So'therner! And I am proud of it, and I know for why. I am a So'therner, that's what I am!"

Into a silence, like a calm before a storm, fell Ethel's words, —

"Power dwells with the soul who knows itself — what it is, and for why it is what it is. Such souls make history!"

"Yes, three such souls made history in the land Tama came from," interposed Mrs. Mancredo, with a real old Boston ring in her voice. "Before Egypt fell, there was a great princess who was an African; and a slave mother who was a Hebrew. The *slave* mother had a child."

"Yes," interposed Ethel simply, "a *slave* child, whose blood was like some of the drops in my veins and in the viens of the Hebrew-born Jesus, Son of Mary."

With a catch of her breath, Mrs. Mancredo, with tear-glistening eyes turned to Ethel's tender face, said, trembling now, as she took up the story, —

"And it was decreed that all such Hebrew baby-boys must be put to death. But this slave-mother knew herself

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for what she was. And for this reason, being a *mother*, she hid her babe in the rushes of the river. And the African princess found him. And she knew herself what she was, and for what cause she was what she was. And she said, 'I am a *sovereign woman;* and I will save this child from death.' And she saved him. And this child was called the son of Pharaoh's daughter. And he too knew himself for what he was, and for what cause he was what he was. And he said, 'I am the Son of Redeeming mothers; mothers who know the power which dwells in, I am that I am!' And this Mother-Wisdom I will carry down to the masses, teaching them" —

She faltered, and, as flash answers flame, Ethel interpolated "— the power of the Great I Am! The Power, which, knowing all things, knows what Itself wills to be; and what it has the wisdom to will, Is — Is."

These words, like bell-echoes, rang in Robert's ears; even while Mrs. Mancredo, taking the word, said, —

"So this slave-born Moses gave his life to teach slaves that they could arise from all bondage if they would but lay hold on the Power within them — the Power of I am *that* which I am."

"Yes. No king but 'I AM'— taught Moses to the Hebrew, and" —

"— thundering through the wilderness-journey rang the cry; till those slaves became men and a strong nation of men! And at last here, and here and here" (touching the globe as she spoke), "the people of these countries, Hindoos, Arabians, Africans and Jewish — at last were all trading together and journeying back and forth, marrying and intermarrying, and becoming so mixed up, that from the new race which sprung out of these mixed-up marriages there had to be found a mixed-up name by which to call them. So at last these people of different blood, manners, and religions were historically called Hindoo-Arabian-African. But that was after the history of those times was made. Understand? For, you see, during the time that they were making their new history, each party fought valiantly to let the other know that he was a Jew, or an African, or an Arabian. For always in each person's mind there stirs the thought, 'I am that I am.' And this thought, this self-recognition, fires each person with a little longing to make a little history.

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But, though, for a long time, the Jews were very Jewish, and the Africans held fast to all that the Africans liked best, yet, at last, as I said, when they came to know each other as we in this household are coming to know each other — they then learned so many good things about each other that they blended their lives together daily, and their manners and their religions, till, now, as we look back on them, we almost forget that each one still privately kept thinking to himself, '*I* am that *I* am.'"

"But they did. Through all ages, and in all lands, there were some special souls still ringing with the thought 'I am that I am!' 'And I know what I am, and for why I am what I am!' And wherever these souls were, — and they drifted, many of them, to Europe, — they were bound to make new beginnings of new history! Till at last, two or three hundred years ago, some of them came here to America. And a hundred years ago America caught the word, and sprang into being with the cry, '*I* am that *I* am!'"

"It was the cry of happy Columbia, who knew herself for what she was, and for what she willed to be!"

"And what she willed to be, was soon made known to the world. For, like Hebrew slave and African princess, she was a *Mother*. And so she cried to the world, 'Come to my arms, sufferers! No more fallen, though you call yourselves Poles; no more without country, though you call yourselves Irish; no more enslaved, though you call yourself *Negro:* no more outlawed, though you call yourself Jew; come to the home of the brave and the free. Children of the ideal Republic of the united states of the religions, manners, and the blood of all Nations of the Earth!'"

"And so we have now in this land, living under its law of liberty, people from all Nations. — People who have come here as we have come to this Eloiheem home, to learn its law and its ways of pleasantness and peace," said Mrs. Mancredo.

"But, if ye plaze, Miss Eloiheem, whoir's the Church o' Rome all this time?"

That was John's voice.

"The fathers of the Church in the old time were working away diligently in Africa. Many bishops, Origen, St. Athanasius, and St. Augustine and others, were born in Africa, John." That was Ethel's voice.

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"In the land o' the Nagurs!" with an audible falter, as if John were doubtful whether to whack or to worship Adolphus.

Then Robert, looking out, saw Mrs. Mancredo rapidly saying, —

"— time the great Ptolemies had gotten together all the books they could collect from the world over, and had built great libraries and schools up here in Alexandria. See? Here is Alexandria, in Egypt, in Africa. And it was to these Alexandrian schools that St. John, and, some say, St. Paul, came to be taught the great Wisdom of the luminous religion; the religion which is the one great light of the world. So this was a great thing that Africa did for the earth. She gathered up the Wisdom fragments into her schools and libraries for the good of the race. And, Sullivan, I suppose you were named after St. John?" she added, with a spice of childish mischief. "Well, St. John was a young Jewish teacher; and he was taught in this African school."

"A nigger school? A Jew fellar? Me named? By all de hol' saints o' the Cadolic Churrch er Rom', it's — it's a lie, Mrs. Mancredo, madame! Beghorrah, no! I never was named for no nigger-school fellar. My St. John, ever hol' be his blessed name, was born in — in de hol' Cadolic Churrch er Rom'! Miss Athel, hear her, how she talks!" palpitated John, laying his cause and his mistress in the hands of one he trusted better than he did his own powers of argument.

"I hear," said Ethel. "And, John, will you, for *me*, ask Father St. Michael if St. John studied at the great Alexandrian school? I know one whom *I* very greatly love, studied there. That was the great Philo-Judæus, a teacher born of the Jews, as St. John was, too. These great minds were friendly then, and were united by that mightiest tie, the love of Truth. There was much friendly trading, visiting and studying carried on at this time between the people of Africa and Asia and great Rome."

"Rom'?" shrieked John.

"But all these things must have been in quite a different part of Africa from where Tama came from," said Mrs. Aubrey. "Now, I should think the slaves must have been caught about here."

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"Perhaps so," said Mrs. Mancredo, looking at the spot gingerly touched by Mrs. Aubrey's delicate finger. "Oh, yes, well! That is Madagascar, and the queen of that country reigns over a quarter of a million of people, and has so far brought them under Christian rule that they are called a 'Christian Nation.' So my 'Gospel in all Lands' tells me. Besides, she is said to have established and enforced such penalty for the manufacture and sale of intoxicants, that she practically put an end to the traffic. She seemed to be a person who knew who she was and why she was who she was. She made history for the land she lived in. It was as if she had said, 'I am a Woman-Sovereign! And as a Woman-Sovereign I will be a Queen-Mother, righting wrongs, and giving life to my people, *not* taking life from them for my coffers!'"

"Yes, this Queen made history for the land she lived in. But it has lately come to light that a preceding king, when full of wine, gambling with a French adventurer, made a land grant of the whole island to him. And I recently saw in a paper that the Island of Madagascar is now in danger of falling into the hands of the French."

"I is mighty sorry to heah a colo'ed man ebber done dat," interposed Adolphus, drawing away the shame of the thing from the French adventurer, for the half French Mrs. Aubrey's sake. "Eben if he was a King, dat's just why he orter known better. Tama, dat's de wuss ting I eber heard about Africa."

"What ye 'spect of a Nagur?" ejaculated John. Then Robert saw Adolphus had picked up Mrs. Aubrey's fan, and now stood using it for her, as long hours of practice in his boyhood's days had taught him to do most skilfully. And Robert noticed the soft flush of satisfaction in old-time association had mounted to that lady's cheek, as, cooled and comforted by this delicate recognition of old-time methods, she sank back languidly in her chair, remarking carelessly,—

"—didn't specially mean Madagascar. Don't really know just whar the po'r creatures did come from, I'm sure. Likely up here among the mountain tribes!"

"Let's see! Oh, yes, your hand is on the Mountains of the Moon," said Mrs. Mancredo, showing the spot on the globe to the people about her as they pressed up. "And right up there is the Kingdom of Urgando. This fine old

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missionary magazine of mine has a word to say about that country and its young emperor. Here it is in this one of '82. Nora, pass about those '1882' magazines. I want you all to see the picture of the young emperor. His name is *Mtesa*. See? He is teaching the sword drill to a company of young women of his kingdom. Have you each found the place? Well, then, you see quite a company of strong, lightly clothed young women, drawn up in line on an open place in the shadow of a forest region, learning of their Sovereign the art of self-protection!"

"You are in great luck, Tama. Not only to have Mrs. Aubrey for an old friend, and yourself to have been such a friend in time of need, to her family, and to have had a grandma's ma who served General Washington when he was doing what he could to make a Nation of us, but, besides all this, you have had the luck to come from a land that has so many fine historic things, that I don't know where to begin or where to leave off. But, Tama, suppose you give up the Queen of Madagascar, who put down the liquor trade in her realm, and try to content yourself with the Emperor Mtesa, who taught the girls the art of self-defence. The fact is, *he* is a man who knows who he is. I imagine him saying to himself, 'I am an emperor. What I have the Wisdom to Will, I do. I have the Will to make women self-protecting beings. And I have the Wisdom to do what I will. So I will put in woman's hands the weapon of defence which we men of Urgando dare not be without.' So you see him here in this picture, teaching the sword-drill to them."

"Now, that is my idea of manliness! And Mrs. Aubrey will agree with me that such a spirit as this is fitter to preside in our national councils than is any statesman of North or South who withholds from woman the weapon of defence, be it sword, education, or ballot, which men themselves dare not be without."

On this sentiment those two women shook hands laughingly; and Robert, looking from them to Sullivan's eyes, found them travelling from the globe to the Jew, the Heathen and Christian comers from down-trodden countries; even looking at Tama and 'Dolph, as if now more perplexed than angry. For these black people were now before his mind as natives of a country where were the mothers and the Moses who dared to *be themselves*, and so who had made history!

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The country where the queen made such quick work of the whiskey trade, and where the young king of Urgando, in the Mountains of the Moon, was teaching the girls to swing the shillaleh, in case the French fellows came up to get the diamonds, after sweeping the stakes down in Madagascar.

For that these stories had — to John's imagination — made Africa a scene of doings as lively as those at Donnybrook fair, seemed, from the glare of his wild, mild, blue eye, evident to Robert.

Later that night Robert said to Daniel, "Of course, it is no time now to ask what particular good can come of teaching persons like these such principles as those. For, of course, the great principle of the self-sovereignty of the freeman is exactly what America has announced to the world. And every beggar and refuse criminal who lands here imbibes the idea with his first breath in this land. But I should have said they learned it altogether too fully without being taught it in this way by such a woman as Mrs. Mancredo — not to say Ethel."

"Or," suggested Daniel, "do you not mean, they learn it altogether too *foully*, in that they are not taught it *fully?* But that if they were taught fully the meaning of the Liberty to be the '*I am that I am*,' they would then have a joy in life unknown to mortals as yet."

"But it seems to be a very poor use for Ethel to make of herself," said Robert, speaking under the utter absence of the recognition of great purposes and inspirations; an absence of brightness and light which, when it befalls a person of habitual clarity of vision, is like the coming to the soul of a deluge of confusion in darkness and death.

Then, having said this, he sat motionless and silent, wondering heavily how it had been with him in his child days, when here, in this room, he had had at least so much of a part in the light and inspirations of Daniel's thought as to have admiringly looked upon it, though he did not even then dwell within it as from the first Ethel seemed naturally to have dwelt.

And now, when Daniel asked him to suggest a better use for Ethel to make of herself, he had not much to suggest. For, as society is now organized, and as some men are now mentally attitudinized toward women, he could not see any service that such men demand of women which would be at all

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commensurate with Ethel's powers. And he sat silent, looking into Daniel's eyes. Presently there flowed through his mind a recognition of what Ethel was now purposefully doing. He thought he saw that she was bringing to those about her a self-recognition of the *best* that was in themselves and others. But he knew by experience that these sights of self and of possibilities were so exhilarating that probably other men (the same as had been true with himself) were at times thrown off their balance by this sense of freedom, and by this sight of their as yet unused, glorious possibilities. And the fact that Ethel did not utter in words those views, but did by her very presence and by thought-transference fill to overflowing the soul of those on whom she thus looked or steadfastly thought, not only made it impossible for her mental interlocutors to antagonize her, but, in addition, gave them a pleasure in her presence which left men — unused to the knowledge that the finest delights are those beyond the realm of mere physical sensation — unfit for contact with Ethel's super-ordinary radiation of this new power of the new age.

With a most enlivening recognition now of these facts, shown him silently by Daniel, Robert presently said, with an effort, —

"Oh, I see! A self-recognition by each of what each is, and why each is what he is, will be, indeed, a momentous accomplishment in the right direction. And if, added to this, there could be given a social freedom which would leave each unfettered and unharassed to be that best self, then — why, then" —

He paused again; and, springing to his feet with his hands in his pockets, he walked the floor rapidly. At last, with whitened face, impelled by some new view of himself, he half whispered, —

"But — I don't know whether I should *dare* to see *who* and what I am! I don't know whether I would *dare* to have that freedom! For I am afraid — yes, *afraid* — I should show myself to be a" —

He whispered the next word; flinging it into Daniel's ear as a poor soul at the confessional tells his direst secret to one on whom he relies for succor.

And Daniel gently said, —

"This fear of madness is very common with persons whose

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conceptions of truth outrun the age they live in. Especially so when the truths perceived by them are of that mystical sort which had apparently, for a time, quite disappeared from earth. Men and women who inwardly hear the voice of that old Wisdom, but who do not desire that Wisdom, because they are not ready to embrace that Wisdom to the exclusion of all else — such men feel to be haunted by a spirit which wars silently against the other spirit of wilfulness and self-delusion, chosen by them for a god. But, Robert, those who thus fear are not those who can receive the promise, 'When thou goest, thy steps shall not be straitened, and when thou runnest, thou shalt not stumble.' Neither do those who *fear* receive the Heavenly manna nor the philosopher's stone."

Robert, with bowed head, and eyes searching the depths of his father's, had stood with hands in pockets and hunched shoulders, listening as one who listens for life.

At last, like one in agony, he said, —

"Have you dared to *not* fear? Have you dared cast yourself on the Current of Life in, above, and about you? A current which is a torrent; and a torrent which is as the floods of the demons of wrath?"

"No," said Daniel, "never on *such* a torrent: for I know of no such. I know but of 'the stream which makes glad the city of God;' a torrent which, having free course, glorifies the whole being. For — listen! when the torrent courses freely, it flows regularly from brain to feet of man, without fevered congestion of any part, but with divine vitalizing of every part. On this torrent thus flowing through me, *I* — cast not myself — but was myself cast from the time before the flood comes, which overwhelms those who *fear* it. This flood is I. In it I live, move and have being. My faith is fixed on nothing less than this torrent and its Rightness."

"My God!" ejaculated Robert, but not with high intent.

"Yes, my God and my Lord. Life's Beauty, Life's Rightness," said Daniel.

"No, no! Life's slavery, fascinating horror, and hellish heaven," said Robert, flinging himself down, cowering before this man, whom he furtively eyed. The man who, *womanlike*, had sounded depths of Life, as he had, sat at home with God and his own being; but, too, the man who, unlike woman, dared manlike to tell what he had learned of the Great Mystery.

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"Does Ethel understand this as you do?"

"Ethel *images* this as I do not. Ethel is this Life incarnate!"

"You are mad!" cried Robert. For this frank, glad recognition of the mystery of Creative Power was not of the sort held by most religionists, nor by the men in the midst of whose rough theories Robert at times tried to steady his own furiously fired brain.

Robert knew, too, that in these days insane asylums were filled faster than they could be built. Yet, as he looked at Daniel, he was forced to ask himself what was this realm mid which Daniel reigned so peacefully? For, in these days, Robert had to confess that whatever might once have been true of Daniel, he now certainly carried himself as one whose citizenship in this present world was proved both by his use of the world, and his way of letting the world use him. And Robert told himself that if, as Daniel had once said, sanity of mind is shown by an habitual, discriminating selection of the orderly and true, that then, certainly, Daniel's was a pre-eminently sane mind.

"Yet" —

And that "yet" was still in Robert's mind, when, a few months later, on returning home, he found a small edifice had been erected on a rise of land at the left of the laundry-building. The new edifice was a circular building of one story, and was, in external form, like the pagoda at Nankin.

The three rooms on the ground-floor were cut in toward the centre of the house, as the thirds of an orange are commonly cut; except that at the centre was a space which served as a little entry, from which uprose a spiral staircase, that ran to a tower, divided in three stages: each stage or story of which was on the outside surrounded by a balcony. And from each balcony seven little bells hung so pendulously that they rang forth at the touch of every breeze. This staircase was entered from each of the three rooms, by means of a door opening from each room into this stairway. This structure had been elaborated in all its parts with great retiredness, and then had appeared as a thing done with magic suddenness.

Robert had heard on the cars, as he came up from Chicago, from some of the Keewaumil men, that Miss Eloiheem had had a deed of this Hindoo temple made out; a deed in

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which was left a blank space, to be filled in with the name of a yet-to-be-discovered maiden from China, or from the Flowery Kingdom.

"What far-reaching moral influence, now?" one merry soul had asked another. "And how goes now that old business in the 'ichor of the gods'?"

This, Robert, in virtue of his intensely keen hearing, had heard as he had ridden home on the cars. He had often warned men that his hearing and sight were more acute than ordinary. But they had taken the warning as a joke; for they did not believe he differed so much from the average, in these particulars, any more than they believed (reputation to the contrary notwithstanding) that his character was so far removed from the average character of the men about him. Not that these men were bad men as the world goes; quite the reverse. For they were generally kind, serviceable, jolly men, good home-makers (as the idea goes), but they were not men troubled with the phantasies or aspirations of the Eloiheems. In fact, most of the things which came to their nets were food either for fun-making or for money-making. They had had a good many jollifications over "the ichor of the gods business;" and the revived mention of that "old craze" had been met with comfortable merriment. Robert had heard one of them say,—

"As for this last thing, it seems one of the three rooms is fitted up by the Japanese fellow himself; as softly Oriental as you please. The fellow is quite a scholar withal, and has books of his own there. The other room is for the Chinaman, and is as neat as a pin, or as are the average Chinaman's own well-kept clothes. John Sullivan told my coachman that no one knows what the third room *is* for. But they are all near a good quarrel there now. For on the pyramidal top is placed, not even the cross, but the trident of Siva. And they say at every breeze the tintinnabulations of the twenty-one little bells make the men from the Orient as happy as they make the other religionists grave."

"Even Mrs. Mancredo, who goes in for everything with Miss Eloiheem, thinks this is giving too much encouragement to the Heathen. She says, as the Nation leaves all religions alone, the Eloiheems might do the same. But it seems *Mrs.* Eloiheem has said, that 'on the contrary, the Nation countenances most fully whatever Church — Protes-

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tant or Romanist — has the most lands and other values untaxed.' But it seems Miss Eloiheem and Daniel make no explanations. *I* suppose they think, if they want to put up a house for servants, they have a right to choose any picturesque form they may fancy."

"All the same," had remarked another man, "the end of peace has come in that family, if they have got to meddling with religion or politics."

"Yet, after all," the first speaker had replied, "if neither religion nor politics is to be discussed, we shall be reduced to the level of English societies' subjects of conversation, from which all topics of interest in this world and the next are carefully shut out."

"Yes; but if politics and religion *are* discussed, it is the end of peace, for we all get in a passion over religion and politics, you know."

A jolly laugh followed, and the train reached town, and Robert reached home. He found things much as they had been reported. Mrs. Mancredo and Mrs. Aubrey, as well as Sullivan, each in her and his way, felt greatly excited over the new building. Though the fundamental tenet of Mrs. Mancredo's religious sect was, "Liberty of conscience, and the divine right of the individual to self-government and self-expression."

As for John Sullivan, it seemed to Robert he counted for quite a factor in this household, considering how very little there was of him, mentally and morally, or any way except as a fighter and a drinker.

"What is there which makes him of any significance in this Eloiheem-household?" thought Robert to himself. "Oh, I see. It is not for what he is, or has ever done or been, mentally or morally. It is altogether because of the power of the ruling religious idea which is back of him and his kind." And with a disgust that "the Eloiheem law was used to cultivate the self-esteem and bluster of every ignorant lout who chanced to be under its noble protection," Robert had gotten away to find Ethel, in order to present to her a gift, into which he had put much thought. Then, greatly exhilarated by what occurred at that interview, he got back to Daniel, saying, "It is a very poor use which Ethel is making of her wonderful beauty and more wonderful powers."

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"Are you sure of that? Think, first, that she believes if we had a higher ideal of man we should soon have a higher type of man. Ethel is thinking winsomely on the John that is within the outer John, and is so summoning him forth."

"She might do all that fine work on a better man," said Robert.

"As the Patriarch of old stood at his tent-door, and welcomingly entertained those who came in the name of the Lord, so she receives such persons, when they come to this home, in love of its law!"

"But," said Robert, not well pleased with this last allusion, — then he hesitated; and then added testingly, "I should think it was something that — that *I* am her *brother!*"

"Yes," said the mystic, "in one way, yes. But then, you know, to the Eloiheems all are brothers."

"What, that Sullivan equally with me?" said Robert, with a purpose.

"Yes, in a fundamental way, yes. You know very well our philosophy of universal spirit life! You know every thing and every one contains a deposit of the Jewel of Light — a reflection of the absolute mind! Your mystical, wonderful present to Ethel this night, shows that you know that Ethel radiates her recognition of this truth, with every breath; for that her life is a sustained, silent argument in favor of the fact that there is nothing in matter which is not subject to mind; and that Mind united with Infinite Spirit is invincible Power: — yes, a silent argument in favor of the fact that this sublime union can be consummated in any soul which has the wisdom to will the consummation of this union through self-harmonizing purity."

"But what can this sublime philosophy have to do with these people who are but the ordinary house-servants which naturally get together in a large establishment?"

"As to the 'servants,' they *may be ordinary*, in this extraordinary age and country. As to the question as to what this philosophy has to do with this people — I reply, it is the philosophy of the possibilities of the *individual* of this great era. Therefore it is pre-eminently the philosophy for Columbia to teach her household, not by strifeful words, but by the sustained silent argument that mind is master; and that the Master-Mind is the Creative Power who imparts to each individual-deposit-of-its-jewelled light the wisdom to will self-union through self-harmonizing Purity."

"But, surely no one here can understand such words or thoughts," said Robert resentfully.

"But all here can *see* such a life — that is, a life of self-harmony, and of Union with Power Invincible! That is, they can see all of it that we can exhibit.

"Like the big world outside, some of us are *quarrelling* our way onward to an understanding of this thought. Many world-fights go on here in miniature. Just now John Sullivan is wild with religious rage at the respect shown to 'hathen fellers.' But a Priest of this place, and some others higher yet in authority, for good reasons, second Ethel's work, in a way.

"You see, Jung Loo's room, with its shelves full of books, would have been too much for John to have borne, but for the discovery that Jung Loo brought all those books from college, where he had paid his way as he went along. Nora had told John that some men put their money into the enlargement of their brains, and some into the enlargement of their stomachs; so the sight of those shelves full of books made John feel — oh, there he goes into the house! He'll find Nora putting her babies to bed with all the leisure and attention to them, physically and spiritually, that the richest mother in the land has time to give. And, too, he will find her before a picture of the Madonna of the Lilies, which Ethel has just had hung there. But it is time, now, for me to go to Ethel by your artificial lake, Robert. By and by, when John and Nora leave the house, suppose you come, too!"

It was a perfect night in early summer, and if ever Peace stretched her wings over a scene on earth, it would seem that such wings were stretched over the scene then before Robert's eyes.

Yet, whatever other emotions, pleasurable, perplexing, and racily new, filled his being, among them Peace had no place.

There had evidently been invented a fine new Kindergarten play, but he was out of it. "It seems to be the plan to lift up all the beggars in the community, yes, and this Daniel and Ethel seem willing to lay down life to teach them *playfully*, the Wisdom of the Ancients, while they leave me to go to rack and ruin," he muttered angrily, like a spoiled child.

Just then Nora's voice came out on the quiet air, —

"John, it was Miss Athel herself hung it there! An'

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she told me such beautiful things about the self-sacredness of the mother, that you'd think a'most that the Church had fitted her for the sacrament of marriage!"

"Oh, Nora, darlin'," cried John, tilting from one foot to the other in excitement, "oh, if those hathin fellers could once look at this picture, they'd fall down convarted by the grace of Mary. I do' 'no', w'u'd ye be lettin' them see it? It might work a miracle on their poor sowls."

Looking out of the window, he caught a sight of something. In a few moments he was clattering down the stairs. A few minutes later, he was back again, whispering up to the window whence leaned Nora, —

"Oh, Nora, shure an' there at the Pagoda I found the shut-up room open! An' in it were lights a-burrning as if it was a Church! An' the light a-fallin' on the beautifulest picture iver ye did see wid yer two eyes. A picture of a mother holdin' in her ar-rms a babe; an' she a-floatin' in a great lily-blossom! An' for all the world ye'd say the mother was the glory of Mary herself, — an', God forgive me for sayin' it, an' me a sinner!"

"O John, shure now?"

"Yes, faix! An' whiles I was jist lookin' in a bit, not so bowld, round the corner, up came a voice: 'Perhaps if we knock, they will ask us to come in, John.' An' beghorrah! it was herself an' the ould gintlemin. An' that came over me, Nora, that I wouldn't for the world have been lookin' in that a'way. For when I saw Miss Athel sthandin' so tall an' white, an' all covered with sunset an' sthillness, I knew well that to knock like an angel of God was the dacint thing. For, beghorrah! she had said, in that voice of hers, — 'Perhaps if we knock, they will ask us to come in, John!' Oh, an' Nora, the sweat jist started out o' me!"

Robert groaned inwardly, full well understanding the look, and the power of it.

Then John was saying, "—— asked us, an' we went in; for why wouldn't we, and the Jap a-bowin' at us? And then Miss Athel, an' we all of us, an' Mr. Eloiheem, stood at the door of the shut-up room, but it was open, ye know. An' Miss Athel, holdin' back her white dress off the step of it, an' Mr. Eloiheem, with his hat reverent-like in his hand, an' I, ashamed of me life to be there; an' those candles a-burrning, and Miss Eloiheem, and the light of it all a-fallin' on the

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mother and the child, an' me heart a-beatin' that ye could hear it, Nora!

"An' then, steppin' assey jist as you do in Churrch, Miss Athel an' we all walked over to the queer little stairs, where we could look in. An' then she towld us the manin' of it. '*Siva*,' she said (that's him wid that thing atop o' the pagoda) — 'Siva, in the Hindoo religion, was the holy child of Vishnu, like in our religion Jesus is the Holy child of Mary. An' the trident of Siva is to them like the holy Cadolic cross is in our religion! I do' 'no' but it was Miss Athel herself said it. An' there's the O'Connels to them, you know, Nora!

"An' then she told it all out plain, that the real Cadolic Churrch was the Universal Churrch throughout all the World, full of truth an' grace. An' I up wid me fist, and said, 'An' how's that for you, Jap? Darst ye go agin Miss Athel?' But he jist looked at me quair-like, as if I was not jist a-longing to give him a lick for the good of the Churrch! An' Miss Athel, she hadn't stopped talkin' at all, at all; but was telling in her *voice*, Nora, — an' — an' ye know how her voice trembles the hearts of yer. She was tellin' about a Great River, where Solomon, a Jew King, sat in his palace. And there it was, beghorrah, there were lilies in the river by the palace. And what did he do, but call the Son of the Blessed Virgin 'a lily of the Valley.' An' so, then, Miss Athel asked us 'if an Irishman, a Chinee, and a Jap didn't call a house by the same kind of a word, was it surprisin' they couldn't call the Great Spirit by the same word, seein' they didn't talk the same langwidges? Then she asked me to say House; an', Nora, I said it as a man oughter. An' then the other ones talked it off in their gibberish. An' we all said, 'Yes, it was a place to take comfort and rest in.' An' that's truth for ye, Nora! An' then Miss Athel asked me to say the name of *the Son of God!* An' I said it solemn as at a confessional, wid the sign of the cross. And those other fellers, one said Buddha, and one said Siva. And Miss Athel said — when we all cried out the word, what did we all of us mean, but a gre-eat longing for rest to our poor souls. An' she said it wasn't anny way loikely that either of us would be turned away, jist because we spoke different langwidges. For all the time the Mother of Heaven knew we all wanted a home wid her; — a resting-place to our poor souls! An' there they all are now, down by the lily stream, an'" —

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Then Nora was down at John's side, and together they started off for the lily stream, longing to hear more.

"'Wanted a home; a resting-place, for the poor soul:'—And she is with such pains teaching these creatures how to find what I so hunger to find," thought Robert, as, a few moments afterward, he stood down in the garden, back a little among the trees, looking at the Orientals, and at Daniel and daughter.

Just in the line above Ethel's head, in the deep blue of the evening sky, lay the crescent moon, and in its curved embrace rested a star. The crescent bowed over the star, and both, like a not distant diadem, seemed set above a head as silvery white as they.

And Robert, watching from out his shaded retreat, saw that the men from the Orient were caught up into some thought which held them motionless, as they looked from the closed lilies in the water below to the living lily standing near, and thence to the planet which sentinelled this lily life. And while they were thus inwrapped in the benisoned memories with which Lotus and Lily had stored their inherited religious consciousness — Daniel, speaking, added a new element to their thoughts of worship, as he said, "— the American gentleman, too, worships the Lady of the lilies. For he sees in American womanhood the Lily of the home of the brave and free; the lily which blooms in pure perfectness, when it floats on life's stream in perfect freedom!"

Then those who watched Daniel and daughter, as they, turning, walked toward home, noted that, like aureole round head of saints, their white hair shimmered in the light of the contending gleam of sinking sun and rising moon.

And Robert, with a new certainty, beheld that there was that in the lives of these two beings of which his own was not a part, yet that in which he so nearly had a part, as to feel that peace could never be his till he had solved the mystery of the manner of Love, in which they lived and moved and had their being.

Daniel had passed up the steps into the house. Ethel, pausing, faced the shrubbery. At the next moment, Adolphus had come out, bringing to Ethel a white burnous for her protection.

"She is waiting for me," said Robert, quickened, as he approached. And then with head bared, bowing, he paused

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some steps away. It seemed to him an age since they had met thus. She stood, turned fully to the light and him, not moving; but held with one toe-poised limb straightened back as in turning it had rested, when her weight had fallen on the foot nearest him. As a fetterless Greek, free of limb and soul, might have halted, so had she.

Robert faltered, alert, waiting, gazing; as if at some new sight of what is Woman. For the moment, ordinary relations of thoughts and things seem carried past and away from him on the wings of the soft air that swept by his face, as the light on sea and land, and a light more softly sacred still which was never on sea or land, whelmed him with a foretaste of peace profound. For in the Peace was an assurance immutable that all was good and for good and forever.

He trembled under her look, as if some spirit from a distant sphere had alighted so, in his pathway, bringing him a message from the land of *Real* Being.

Then she said, —

"It is this, Robert! Christ was an Oriental. His was the religion of the Lily of the Valley. And that Lily and that Valley were the Lotus and the Nile. And that religion followed Nature, instead of fighting her; then tell me, why some talk as though Nature were not a safe guide to follow far and freely?"

At last, standing well apart from her, he said in tones scarcely audible, —

"Did you ask our Daniel this question?"

"I ask my brother this question," she said. "Come, the night is warm. Let us walk. Conversation between us is rare. To-night, I have a relish for it."

Like a magnolia flower on a summer night, whose old family tree, root and branch, drawing up the fervors of a thousand suns, had laid them up at a white heat in its cool-looking blossoms, such was Ethel to the heart she now regaled.

This Robert told himself, musing at her. Here she was, the Spirit who at birth had come into Daniel's ideals as into a home. Here was she whose unfaltering loyalty to these ideals had been (so Robert believed) less of conscious choice than of Nature. Here she was, a magnolia flowering forth in the freedom of fealty to the law of its own being! Here

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she was, a magnolia; *a magnolia which to touch is to blight.* And he bowed before her, waiting, wisting not how to answer. Then bethinking him that Daniel and this daughter spoke freely together on Life and on all its mysteries as speak the pure in heart to whom all things are pure, he raised his eyes again to the blossom-like balance of the form of her who had asked why some persons talk as though Nature were not a safe guide. She had asked it as Una might have asked, "Why do some women fear, all nude, to ride a lion's back?"

And Robert, looking at her, saw that this Ethel doubted not, she could go free through the world, trusting that Lion of lions, the spirit of Life.

Scarcely clothed in a body at all she seemed to him; as looking up and away and back again, he thought these things and prepared to well acquit himself as a philosophical answerer of philosophical problems. Then said he, hushedly, —

"The question whether Nature is a safe guide to follow freely and far, is, perhaps, the moot point of spiritual philosophy as known to the ancients." He halted: then said, half-questioningly, —

"You must know, Ethel, that ecstatic Nature-worship is easily pervertible from use to abuse. Many mystics think that they can keep their hold on the highest only by quite separating themselves from even remote contact with — Human Beauty, Ethel! But a nature who inherently knows what it wills to be; and who has the power to be what it has the Wisdom to *Will*, — such a nature, thus far developed, may be a safe guide. But — are there *any* such developed beings on earth, Ethel?"

Cool and restful as mother-gaze ever fell into heart of child, Ethel's fell into Robert's.

And like one revived, and ready now for a mountain journey, greatly distrusted before, he exclaimed, —

"Yes, let us walk and talk. Oh, what a night this is! That young crescent looks as it used to do when, under its light, with Daniel, I, in childhood, made some fine guesses at how it fared with lilies as they clothed themselves out of themselves, as you do, Ethel."

He halted, and faced her, re-absorbed into those days and delights, and out of them said slowly, —

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"Yes, then I saw the delights of lily-life. I saw them doing what you are doing, Spirit of the Magnolia — I saw them then, — I see you now!

"But often and often, then, I plunged my face into a bunch of lilies, regaling myself in their life's essence. And the lilies bore that treatment unharmed!

"Not so, the magnolia! No, no. Tilt daintily on thy far-away stem, haughty, holy magnolia. It is good enough of you that you have learned to *be!*

"Oh, fair, fine, fervent essence of life, hold thine high estate! Stoop not, droop not, near to Earth. No mortal should touch *thee.* All thou hast for man's behest is flung broadcast on the balm-laden air; *air,* which alone can touch thee unharmingly. And which, touching thee, wafts from thee to man all that man like me can crave for a baptism in the new white fire!"

She waved her hand before his face, brushing his gaze away. And like a bee tumbling up out of the depths of a lily, he dazedly came up out of her eyes, — saying, recollecting the matter in hand, —

"Yes, well I know that that worship of my boyhood was pure Nature worship. But, Ethel, as a boy grows older, Woman attracts such a boy's heart out of all else into herself, as the lily attracts the bee. But that too is Nature, and that is worship. For me, I early learned that to fight against it was like steel trying to learn to fight against a magnet. Besides, I said, it is Worship. Why, then, not worship freely and in gladness of heart?"

He paused, waiting for a word from her; a word of rebuff, a word of interpretation or of acquiescence. But no word came. And with a swift change of manner, as of one now angry at life's cheats and at life's abuse of man, he said, —

"And, in the midst of my blundering, I learned that, out of fear of this sort of worshipful tendency, many men seek recluse lives; and that, because of their love of this very sort of worship, these men commonly, after all, but make fools of themselves, instead of philosophers. They refuse marriage, thinking themselves too good for it. Whereas, real marriage sanctities (as Daniel understands them) are much too holy and passion-restrictive for these persons."

He paused; then in the light of her cool gaze found steadiness to continue more freely.

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"— and knowing all these facts as to the various ways in which men make fools of themselves in their fight against this worshipful impulse, I — being a man of but the average sort of development — dared not pledge myself to Daniel's ideal marriage sacrament; neither would I blaspheme the holy spirit of that sacrament, by degrading my ideal of it, to the level of a less exalted life and purpose."

He stopped again, wondering whether he were excusing himself to Ethel; wondering too what he could be hoping would come of this conversation. He felt something *ought* to come of it. That, beyond question, there were in the world vastly nobler things to be had than he had ever gotten out of life. And ferociously he exclaimed, —

"Ethel, woman *ought* to be more and better to man than she is. I hate them, that they are not. Their very existence, with all that the look of them promises and fails to perform, is a standing lie — a cheat, a delusion, a damnable snare! Ethel, if one-half that Daniel says of *you* is true — you, at least, know that a woman-worshipper, hungering for satisfaction of soul, sees here a charm and there a grace; but never anywhere that which satisfies his hunger for what — he never can long keep hold upon in fickle, maddening, hateful-dealing woman! — yet, still fool-like, — he hungers and hopes for what he feels the woman of his soul — could he but find *her* — does hold in fee for his ineffable satisfaction."

He wiped his forehead; breathing heavily, glancing at her, and seeing — only grave attention, tender and true. Flushing up, he said, —

"Ethel, men are not bad. They are beset and bereft. Men of imagination are widowed hearts; are starving souls a-hungered for bread, getting always but a stone."

"You were explaining to me that, however far such men run after their ideal, it always journeys before, leaving them at last as dissatisfied as at first, — were you not? — Well, Robert, then I am waiting to hear what a reasonable man does under the circumstances? Does he conclude that, *if* (thanks to bad social conditions) womanhood is so meagre that men of imagination have to supply in imagination the lacking charms of each imperfect beauty, — does this man decide that he may as well cease roaming, and seek a permanent union with one whose life-ideal is nearest his own ideal of the sanctities of marriage and parenthood? And, legally

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joining his life with the life of such an one, does he, even so late, seek to become a priest of power in a home ideal?"

"Ethel, you are not what is claimed for you," cried Robert angrily, "or you would know that it is no fine climax to a chase after soul-satisfaction! *No* climax, to send a man back to worship at the shrine of a deity who at the first flush of attraction had not fired him to vow eternal allegiance!

"Ethel, what I must have, or sink, is one chance to throw myself in utter abandonment of brain and being at the feet of — Oh — can't you understand? — at the feet of One who comes to earth but once in a cycle of cycles.

"Yes, yes! Could I but have such an one to abide with me, even as you abide with Daniel, I would have a home for my inmost starving spirit."

"Make the home, and such an one as Daniel hoped for may come to it!"

"What? marry that I may make a home for — for" —

"Yes, for souls who (as badly as did you and I) need Daniel-like care. Real Priests of home marry, not for self-pleasing alone, but for *self-sacrifice*, self-whole making for the good of those who are seeking re-incarnation."

Angrily he turned away; then breathlessly, —

"Ethel, a moment ago I looked into your nature as into paradise. Your inward bliss maddens me for a share in it!" he said.

"Yes; you did look in on woman's *real nature*. Such a nature has Alice Merton!"

He sprung back surprised at her daring and her knowledge which made it possible for her to have so spoken that name. But there was that in her kind and all-comprehending gaze, and in her loving utterance of that name, which tore from his mind all thought of disguise, and left him to but stammer, like a boy, —

"Well, I once thought so too! But it is no use; any attempt always ends in a scene — no, not a scene — but then, you see, Ethel, a man never knows when he is safe with a woman."

Had Ethel turned clean from him, looking back over her shoulder that her eyes might not just then have fatally flashed her mother-wrath into his poor soul?

So one could have said who, by mishap, might have stood

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back of her and have caught that gaze. But she had gathered herself well in hand before she turned to him; and then there was that in her eyes which caused Robert to throw off all captivity to reserve. There was that in her strange smile which exhilarated him with the glad certainty that there were ways of life already trodden by her feet, which might be surmounted by his.

Was *this* duplicity? Was this because her momentary passion was quick but weak, and was but the slave of her wiles, as Robert would have thought had he seen it? No, it was that the right antagonism to Robert's misapprehension of woman was swiftly reined up and held in hand by this Una who rode the Lion-like life of her lives. Not to destroy but to make alive, was her work. Not to overbear him with the fury of her power, but to arouse him to a knowledge that, hidden within him, his real Strength lay awaiting his call. So, not a false heart, but a wise head, looked winsomely out of the eyes, shadowed a little by the battle so swiftly fought and won over the Lion of Lions, of which she was the keeper, and which in turn was her keeper and sure defence.

And this shadow, Robert saw, and, not understanding it, he (obedient to his age-long distrust of Woman-power) told himself, she was tricking him into something which she wanted to gain; and then, with his bad, old nature getting ascendency, half maddened by the inflow of his unconquered evils, he told himself, — "All women were his sisters. She not more than others." And, with eyes whose look Ethel easily read, he said, —

"Come, come! Let us go back to the point you made when first you met me in the moonlight. You seemed then to fling wide open doors to a new Existence. You as good as said, Nature-Worship was safe. But — first — what *is* Nature-Worship?"

He had not meant to ask that question; but Ethel's eyes, full of pure purpose and good Will, had held his, and he *had* asked it. And, silenced, he stood looking on her; as whitening the whiteness of the very moonlight, she stood unmoved, looking into his eyes.

Free from fears, from fightings, from desires, in the beauty of Moral Power, full of the flavor of her fealty to the law of Liberty, she said, —

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"Nature-Worship is *visible* to those who study the worshipful methods carried on in flower and nest, as there family-relations *are* religion. Religion is 'a binding back to God,' you know. And this Nature-Worship *will* be made visible more fully when a now oncoming humanity, following on to know Yod-he-vaw, finds religion in The Life of the Whole family of Heaven and Earth."

Like one intoxicated with the walk, talk, and with all things within and about him, he said, radiant with satisfaction, —

"I will swear your words are truth, even without waiting to understand them. But — to understand them is to have the kernel of the pleasure! And, if I do understand, you mean the regular, unavoidable, captivating, old-fashioned thing, dear, — the Woman-worship, you know, of which I have been telling you. Yes, that is it. Of course that is what you mean?"

He halted, silenced by the glory of the whiteness of her presence. And with a catch of his breath and an inward malediction on something within him, he half whispered, like a man fighting against many foes, while yearning toward the Mecca of his hopes, —

"Yes, it is that. But, there is something in the sound of it, as you say it, which fetches it to right loyal limitations. And under certain circumstances these limitations would be none too narrow. But, Ethel, show me the man surrounded by those circumstances, and I'll show you the man who should call himself King, and bid himself live forever."

Ethel was silent. Robert said, after a pause, —

"Let me see if I can repeat that! There is something in your musical nature, dear, that fetches mine up to concert pitch! Something so exhilarating that, at your utterance of the word, the *family* seems embellished with a bravery which, like a flourish of trumpets, calls a dead man to life to prove his valor as a head of it. Let's see! You said, 'Nature-worship was that which first makes religion of family-relations, and then finds religion in the whole family of heaven and earth.' That is enough to make a man's head reel, take it for all it might mean. But" — he said, seeking the eyes which were on the moon, and looking lingeringly at the face as coolly radiant as was Luna's, — "but suppose, Ethel, a man has missed it out and out in his search for this worship-

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ful one who has power to mix delight with all that is right, does he wrong if he goes to the brink of" —

"No, not wrong if he goes to the brink of the Great Unknown World within himself," interpolated Ethel, "and, with pure hands and clean heart, yearns over *Her* whom he finds *there*, till he arouses from within himself the Sleeping Beauty *there!* For well you know the Kingdom of Love and of Wisdom is within you. Surely, Robert, you have long known that the *real* Human, the Christ-like, Jehovah-like being, is a dual-being, Androgynous in Spirit and power of performance. You remember, as well as I, that it was this Kingdom of inward blessedness that Clement of Alexandria said should come 'when that which is without is as that which is within, neither male nor female; but both male and female;' — such a developed and self-harmonized being was the Christ. And we, who, in this age, 'see him as he is,' are becoming like him, the Woman-man. And, *literally*, in these days, there are those who have power to become one with Jehovah, and who are free of the old way of life, and full of bliss which fades not away."

"Ethel, you used the word '*literally*,'" ejaculated Robert, with staring eyes.

"I did!"

Robert stood glaring at her. At last, out of some point in his cogitations, he exclaimed fiercely, —

"Do you know it?"

"I know it," she answered.

Then —

"But me — me — *me*. Where does this philosophy leave *me?*"

"Who can tell that, so well as Robert Eloi-*Heem?*"

With blackening brow, he thought of Daniel's strange teachings; — teachings which Ethel evidently believed were statements of the truth as it is in the real Christ-Life. He thought of what he knew of Ethel — or of what he *thought* he knew! — then, doubting his own senses as well as her good nature and good conduct, he exclaimed, —

"These are the vagaries of the insane! What is more, they will make the sane insane. — Where does this philosophy leave you?"

"That you can see for yourself if you will next month come to our home-reunion, to which each of us — according

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to a by-law — is entitled to bring three guests, to whom each acts as special host; — instructing these guests in the law of Liberty, and securing them in their privileges. Each of us, Chinese, Indian, myself, and others, will do this, — if we can tell our own hearts that we love that law, and that we live, and aid others to live, in that law! If you cannot tell yourself that, then you can come as my invited guest. Come then, and you will there see that this philosophy has brought me to the joys of an Eloiheem-Motherhood! And now shall we go into the home?"

"No," said Robert, with anger; "stay here — and explain to me what you mean! Stay, Ethel," he entreated.

"Words cannot, — but perhaps the Lily evening will partially illustrate the thought. You are not far from the Kingdom yourself; else you could never have devised so significant a gift for me, as that which you have imagined and presented to me this night," said Ethel.

He kissed her hand, holding it detainingly, but she moved away. And he sat alone pondering and finally thinking, that, queer as the proposed company might seem, — there were yet wonderful souls to be there, and that though John Sullivan and his three guests, and all the others and their guests, were to be there, yet, that there were Mayors and Congressmen who, not long since, were quite as Irish Irishmen as was this particular Sullivan, who had not yet fought his way either to Congress or to the admiration of brute-force-loving Royalty abroad. And he knew that at the gatherings at the White House, there commonly convened Nationalities, manners, and morals quite as various as those to be found at the Eloiheem home. And he then thought of the fact that, at this assembly, the conventional black suit was to be dispensed with, and that the men were to wear instead, garments of the darker tints of color found in the lily-pads and stems. While women were to wear White or other shades of the same flower, in costumes of many charming designs, devised by the taste of the artists, who in the Eloiheem home, for months, had been thinking of this occasion. And now, Robert, as he sat in the stillness, could see again Ethel's flower-like face and head rising like a blossom from the green, as he had seen her early that evening, when, arrayed in *his* new gift to her, she had said what she did say, and had done what she did do.

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For Robert had designed the material and the costume which Ethel was to wear on the lily evening.

It was a fabric of shimmering, changing hues, woven in lengths for a robe that reached from the neck to the floor; woven so that the changing lily-pad color darkened at the waist-line just as the color of the lily-pad darkens where it merges into the stem. The effect was to make Ethel's figure look lithe and supple to a degree charming to Robert's taste; for as the robe fell away from the waist-line, the dark greens (murked with that undertone of red seen in the lily-pad) lightened almost imperceptibly but steadily, till, at the trailing hem of the robe, the red tint was set as free as it is on the edges of the lily-pad. And also, as gradually, the color at the waist-line had lightened in tone as it came up over bust and shoulders, to the throat above, while the sleeve-tops, taking their color from that of the shoulder of the Robe, from thence fell away down the slope of the perfect arm to the darkest hues of green murked with the red that was quite set free at a hair's-breadth, where Ethel's perfect hands and pink-tipped fingers emerged to sight.

On the breast of this dress lay a fadeless lily. In the heart of the lily blazed the similitude of its cup full of dew. The dew was a jewel into which Robert had put a pretty fortune and thousands of miles of travel, as he sought and found a skilled Ionian worker in metals; a prince adept of the royal secret of the almost forgotten art of transferring hidden powers in Nature to Jewels and their settings. This Ionian claimed that he knew the secret and had wrought the work in this jewel modelled by Robert. The setting was formed of a thread of mingled metals as fine as it was strong; a setting which was a network of twenty-five small cubes placed together as were those in the Eloiheem-diagram of the life results of Eloi and Heem. In each of these twenty-five cages blazed a diamond of purest water. And on this effulgent cube there were constructed settings, which made a pyramid of divided cube-shaped cages, each of which held captive the form, but not the light, of the individual jewels therein. While at the apex of this pyramid — as must be seen — was the topmost stone four-square, placed one point up, and blazing away, mingling its superlative brightness with that of all the rest.

This ideal (which had curiously grown on Robert's mind

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as he had worked away at it) had first only symbolized to him Daniel's and Ethel's ideal of the Real Republic which they hoped to see evolved out of this roistering young Country. But a new thought had been swept into his bethrilled being when Ethel, arrayed in this dress and jewel, had looked on him.

After he had sent the gift to Ethel that afternoon, and before he had seen her, a messenger came to him, bidding him to that very room where, as on a bank of violets, he had once hoped to win Ethel to fall asleep in love with this present world, and her own ease in the midst of it; the room where were the many mirrors, set so as to bedazzle her with shadows of self. In this room, mid reflections of her own regality, arrayed like a lotus, he found her awaiting him.

"No violet is she! A lotus she is. Egypt's Queen as Egypt's Queen might be, were she incarnated now in this era and land of liberty," thought Robert, dazed with what he saw, or with what he *desired* to see in this woman, always prejudged by him.

But —

Sweeping into her own soul the many images of herself which something other than the mirrors gave *her*, and then sweeping *these* sights of herself into Robert's soul, —

"The imaginations of your heart are beautiful continually. Nature is your loving Mother — come to Nature's heart," she said, swiftly folding her arms about him, and holding him in an embrace comparable to nothing ever yet sensed, imagined, or now definable by him. For there had been that in this embrace which had thrilled through realms of his being, the existence of which realms had theretofore been not conjecturable by him as possible existences.

And all the evening since, dazed, hungering, doubting whether she were demon or divine, he had been filled with thoughts of — not what he knew of his sister Ethel's life and deeds, but with thoughts of the Cleopatra the history of whose *still* unknown life and powers men have interpreted as men might have chosen to interpret the ways of an eagle chained in a barn-yard.

"Yes, that is what I have been doing all this evening. The Lotus of the Nile; the magnolia of the Southern Swamp-lands, I have seen her to be! Was I wrong?" Robert, self-condemned, asked himself. "She knows her-

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self for what she is. And Daniel knew and meant to tell me what *that* was, when he said, 'The American gentleman worships the *Lady of the Lilies;* for he sees in American Womanhood, the lily of the home of the brave and the free. The lily which blooms in pure perfectness when it floats on Life's Stream in perfect freedom.'

"She is not Lotus, not Violet, but the American Water-lily.

"And this jewel is to her but a type of her own self-unioned lives; and now the previous forms of knowledge and the previous forms of beauty gained in those other lives and garnered up within her, in this most wonderful nineteenth-century re-incarnation of Womanhood, *these* have become unified forces. Unified forces, which, like these untamable, refractory, electric jewels in this lily's heart, but feed the fire-body which is the begetter of her focalized Spirit-power.

"Yes, her eyes, turning from those reflections of herself, swept into my soul a swift account of the meaning of the stories carved on the Cedar dresser. The story of ancient forests full of fallen trees which carbonized into coals, next have been crystallized into diamonds, which, now sublimated into living-light, gives Itself forth, as she gives herself forth — losing nothing by *this* way of self-giving.

"This was what her look told me. 'Losing nothing by *this* way of self-giving,' she had said to my soul, when she clasped me, bidding me come to Nature's heart. *What* does it mean? Demon or divinity? She bade me come to Nature's heart; but it was to her own bosom that she pressed me in that clasp; a clasp which I swear, by all the mystic spirits of the thrice great gods, shall be effaced by no lesser thing, *whether* it were demon or divine."

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CHAPTER XII.

COLUMNAR HUMANITY.

"YOUNG Eloiheem is getting as queer as the rest of them," one man said of Robert. For hitherto Robert's likeness to the strong-willed, self-contained, yet seemingly frank and outspoken Althea had carried him along nearly as free of public comment as is the average man who does as he chooses in these days. Like these men, Robert had plenty of money, and "asked for nothing but what he paid for," while he minded his own business, and left others to do the same, as self-controlled and externally placid he went his way, polite and sufficiently reserved in manners, and, on the whole, well liked, as successful, unobtrusive, well-dressed, well-mannered men are liked by others like themselves in these particulars.

To be sure, men did not understand Robert: but, then, not all men make it a point to understand one another, seeing that not all take the trouble to thoroughly understand themselves.

But Robert had been born and bred with a man who had nothing better to do than to try to understand those who were greater than he, and to *comprehend* those who were less than he in mental and spiritual development. So Robert had gone through the world, looking forth from under black brows with something of solemn comprehension of the wild whirl of hurrying faces that passed him like cloud-forms driven before the tempest. He had been something of a kindly, though fitful helper, of one and another of this whirling multitude with which traffic, want, and pleasure-seeking fill city streets.

In fact, he had, in a way, taken up Daniel's *manner* of dealing with people while having a very insufficient hold on Daniel's *reason* for thus dealing. For, it is one thing to be a man who realizes that he but throws an occasional bone to a hungry dog who is to die, and is in turn to be eaten by some other form of the voracious, cruel, fighting, fearing,

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desiring, fiendish thing called Life, — and quite another matter to consciously stand a Priest of the holy mystery of the harmony of all that is, — and consciously in every act to minister to the ease and order of the Universal Whole.

Sometimes, Robert asked himself, whether it was that being so much of an Eloi, he was by nature too little of an idealistic Heem to see what Daniel saw in Life; and whether it was the lack of this Heavenly Vision that left him so "at sea" in regard to the beginning, end, use, or interest of anything which did not at once contribute to the satisfaction of the chained-up beasts within him? Beasts, which, he told himself, he had kept well chained through youth, young manhood, and maturity, — had, in fact, passed his life keeping them chained — and all for what? "To die at last, robbed of that which — if Daniel's story be true — I forced myself upon him, in order to get. I came here to be 'beastly prosperous;' and no prosperity of beast or man have I ever known. The beast of me, I fear, fight, yet desire. The *Man* of me — why that? I know not what it is — yet, Ethel knows, and Daniel knows, and, my God, I will know."

Then there came to him a fury to imagine something that he might contribute to the oncoming Lily-evening, that which should make it provocative of worshipful sentiments, like those which had filled him in the moment of Ethel's embrace, when eloquent and secret promises of some divine thing had been made to his soul by the Most High.

Then a religious Entheasm — a God-fulness — took hold on him, firing him with a desire to fashion something of decorative design which should be an archetype of a Love so unselfish and entheastic that it need never be checked or quenched by power of Will. A love which might be given free course, and yet be glorified by a requital that, blissfully feeding, should yet never *satiate* man's being. He seemed suddenly to have received an assurance that such love existed, and that even now it brooded near, waiting to see a soul which — weary of the passion-riven existence that distorts all things — really yearned for the Heavenly bliss, a foretaste of which had evidently come to Daniel and daughter.

Then, it was as if, through the Temple of his being, One had walked, and, with "a scourge of small cords" in hand, had suddenly driven out the money-changers, and the beasts with their bleatings and their brayings — leaving his inmost

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Consciousness alone, in the silence of that stripped and desolate place; — alone in the silence of death — or of a place where whatever lived slumbered.

"It is Ethel!" he gasped, faint as you would feel if out of your being for a moment were torn all fears, all fightings, and all desires. "It is Ethel. She has come. For a minute, let her do what she will!"

A minute passed.

Robert, like a man who had lived through hours of wonder, stood erect, with glowing face and eyes, with arms outstretched after what had left him. Then, as a man might look back on a self who was not himself, but a greater than himself, who had revealed himself to himself, he said swiftly, proudly, and aloud, —

"Yes, as is she, so am I. She, Ethel, a descendant of Judah, that small tribe of independent action, who asked no favor, gave no offence, and offered no rivalry, taking commands from Jehovah alone, and caring nothing for the traditions of men, she, the descendant of that tribe, has set herself to call forth the *sign* of *Judah* from where it is hidden in Zion! The sign of 'one who prevailed with brethren;' — the sign of one 'to whom the father's sons should bow down.' And the sign? What was it but the sign of the 'Lioness and her whelp' — 'the Mother and her Child.'"

Like a flame lays hold on stubble, this thought, this old Hebrew ideal, laid hold on and burned away all things else, and, for the time, left only the basic element of Robert's nature; left him as he was, an Eloi — not a Heem; an Eloi, a Hebrew, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, a pharisee of the Pharisees, a fighter for the standard of Judah!

There was neither slumber nor deadness in that Temple of his being now. Like another temple which, we read, was once swept and garnished, and to which the Spirit, driven out, returned, bringing with him seven other Spirits more wicked than he; so now, to Robert's soul — which, for sixty seconds ridded of fightings, fears, and desires, had instead been filled with Ethel's *peace in mere being*, — to this soul there had now returned a sevenfold purpose, to do at last that which should revolutionize this Era. The rabid enthusiasm of the old fighters against the enemies of the Hebrew ideal of God laid hold on him.

Was not this that for which he had been born and bred?

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Was he not, in many a sense, the very man for this work at this crisis?

As has to be said, again and again, this is not Robert's story, except in so far as he, an Eloi (with antenatal prejudices and fundamental religious principles the seeming exact reverse of those of the Heems), is a member of the Eloiheem family and an Element in the Eloiheem problem. So, passing through all that followed in the course of the next weeks, it can only be said that in the midst of his new conditions and purposes Robert at times so far remembered himself that in horror he cried aloud, —

"Is this devotion or diabolism? Am I kindling the fires of Shekinah or of insanity?" But at the word a recurrence of that Vestal touch, like a coal from the Altar of Jehovah, melted his heart, with an assurance that all would end well, for that a Good, new to man in these days, was baptizing in *Itself* "everything that hath breath." And then, singing and surging within him, like a sound of rushing, mighty flame, *Life* seemed to Robert to be demanding of *him* that *he* should learn and make a use of It commensurable with Its holiness and might.

Was he mad? Mad or not, these Enthusiasms seemed now to him to fill all things. Till all that had breath, bird, bough, and man on earth, with angelic hosts of spheres above, in grand antiphonal harmony called from height to height, "Worthy, Worthy, is *The Tenderness* which has been scorned, feared, and crucified by those who know IT not, even when It comes to Its own, who receive It not, but who put It to an open shame."

"The Tenderness? What is it? Is it the element within me which I have feared, fought, yet desired to pet and pamper? My God, I am mad! And Life itself is a madness, a thing of foul confusion and fierce despair."

And a madman he felt himself to be, while, like a man who looks for help from where, he yet tells himself, none can come to him, he waited for the lily-evening.

He had to hear that which showed him that there was much public curiosity concerning this "first party of the Eloiheems." Then, "No cards, no cake, and no one to be there," was one of the philippics that came into circulation among people not in the play. Next it was said to be a carrying-out of their old god and goddess scheme; for

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that the very people whom one would think should be in it, were shut out, and that those who were in, were people whom no one would expect to see anywhere. "They are cranks, that's all!" said another.

"Not altogether," was answered, "but they have queer ways of enjoying themselves among themselves, and very low, familiar manners toward their servants. At least, they ask nothing of society and offer it nothing. They are bright, but have no religion."

"On the reverse, they have all the religions there are, I hear say. The only thing about them queer is this," said another man, "they attend to their own business so exclusively that we society people are getting a notion it must be an interesting affair. Why do we bother about who they invite or who they do not? It isn't the sort of thing *we* would care for. 'No cards, no *cake*, really *no* refreshments, you know—and no one to be there.' It is nothing."

Yet, when the company gathered, Robert saw a unique order prevailed among the numerous hosts and hostesses and their guests.

Adolph received and presented all comers to Ethel and Robert, who stood under a great archway, of which little can here be said, except that it, with all that it was and all that it and its decorations signified, was Robert's new gift to the Lady of the home and the occasion. This archway was put up at such a portion of the great Central Hall that it filled the space between the grand staircases which wound up on either side near the front outer entrance to this hall, and thus this beautiful archway so far closed up the great breadth as to naturally bring the guests (on their descent from the dressing-rooms above) face to face with it and with Ethel and Robert, who stood there to receive them, and to pass them through this archway. An archway supported on two pillars and brooded over by the spreading wings of a strange figure, whose wonderful and startling face looked down on them with eyes which gathered them at once into the Spirit and purpose of the place and the hour.

Here, then, under this archway, of which nothing comparatively has been told, Ethel and Robert received the guests; Ethel first receiving and then presenting them to Robert, who passed them on to Mrs. Manceredo, who secured a

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prompt meeting between each of them and the host or hostess whose special guest the individual might be.

This was easily done, and with the good effect of a familiar welcome, which, without obliterating the sense of awe and mystery which inhered in the peculiar circumstances of passing under that strange archway, yet warmed back into its natural flow the blood half-arrested at the heart of the guests.

Then, with no abatement of their sense of the unexpected, the guests had next to see a raised dais, in the centre of the great Hall into which the surrounding rooms were thrown open. The royal-looking Daniel and his raven-haired wife were seated on a throne-like double chair, in the centre of this dais, which was large enough for several persons to stand upon, among the flowers there, while being presented to the heads of the family by the several hosts and hostesses who took this duty on themselves in relation to the three guests whom each had in charge.

Mr. and Mrs. Eloiheem were dressed in a way scarcely describable in its departures from the mode, yet which had in it something of that time when softer methods of patriarchal living included a relative grace in costume.

And if in the interim of passing under that strange arch and Ethel's eyes the religious awe then inspired had left those who were strangers to the sentiment, it returned with a double power as these persons met Daniel's eyes and greeting.

Yet one, a friend of Mrs. Aubrey, who resented something in the air, exclaimed to her next companion, —

"Oh! If this is the down-levelling democracy of the Eloiheems, pray, tell me, how shall Aristocrats go to work to prettily distinguish themselves?"

"Why not ask instead," said Palmer, "if *this* is the way the Eloiheems submerge themselves in the masses, how will it be when the masses are baptized into Eloiheems?"

"Now you have hit it," said Reinsvelt, the artist. "For what have they not gotten here in the way of significant art! And, to see the servants moving about full of high themes and purposes — like dim copies of the Eloiheems themselves! They neither neglect nor bore their guests. They are all as unself-conscious, and are as strangely uplifted in manner and face, as though — as though, not death — but a sight of God had aroused their angel and allayed their meaner being. See! the coachman has brought his priest as one of" —

"Hold back, Reinsvelt. Look to your own manners, or you will not deserve the praise you are giving to others," said Palmer. For these men had but just passed in through the arch, and Ethel had given them each her hand; and, with a thud of the heart quite free from hope of personal gain, Palmer knew he had become her knight for life. Reinsvelt's excitement angered him; but his anger was changed to pity as Reinsvelt, looking at the ceiling as he spoke, said swiftly, "Notice, Palmer. She gives her hand to less than one in twenty; but those who are touched, fall away, as *you* and I have done, as if they had enough to do to keep their wits. By Joe! among them, struck up into the third heaven, are two of Jung Loo's friends. So your secret is out, and I have told you mine. Bah! I am sick of the daubs which I have made and called pictures. If I were at my easel now, I could paint! To-morrow. No, to-night. Oh, I can do it, and I will be an artist yet, a painter of things unseen!"

Palmer gazed at him. "That is what her touch and look do! Yes," thought he, "she dreams her dream of *perfectness* into the soul of those whom her hand welcomes to this Sanctuary. She fills them with hunger for what she sees and is.

"But — but what can *I* do with *this* hunger in addition to all the rest?"

With a new color in his thin cheek, this rather dilettante yet withal hard-working young fellow looked back to the archway. It was spanned by a great Image of the winged Hermes Trismegistus, the winged World-soul, the winged head, Spirit thrice great of the Egyptians.

The bronze pinions stretched across the space under the curve of the Arch, so inclined forward that the bodiless head between the wings seemed to be looking down on those who passed under them.

With consummate art, the designer, Robert himself, had thrown into this face the peculiarities of Ethel's own. It was a face whose fervors were lifted above emotional excess only because of the intellectual might of the brow and the ethic character of the mouth and chin, which yet seemed melting under the fervors of the eyes, which illumined all.

"Did ever *Egyptian* thus picture in that winged thing

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that not the *passionless*, but the being whose fiery floods of life are upborne on Reason's pinions, is the thrice great spirit who *inherently* rules the World?" thought Palmer.

He started back. Was it the power of this mystical thing which had been swept in on him at the moment that that woman's hand had touched his? Had, even now, All-consuming Egypt, descending from the wings stretched there above, lifted her into a union with itself? Had the brooding Spirit of the bronze poured itself into the Woman-soul under its wings, or had the woman there, at this instant, with uplifted eyes, given life to the bronze? Was his head reeling? Surely one — no, both — no, one of them had moved. It was she who had moved; she was moving slowly back a step, her clinging dress with its changing hues shimmering about her svelt form, darkened here and there as it trailed along the floor after her.

"'Tis the Nile moves. The scarabæus comes. It is harvest time for man!"

"Was it *I* cried that aloud? Or was her thought, with meanings profound, sent through my soul?" Palmer found himself asking himself, a few moments afterward, as, like one awakened from a sleep full of revelations of mysteries which had theretofore tormented him, he stood confused, yet glad and proud at all that had come and gone.

Presently, while wondering whether there was power on Earth capable of making a second of time seem centuries, and capable of filling that Second with the knowledges and experience which the progress of centuries had been but adequate to unfold, he realized that Ethel Eloiheem was now near a great jardinière, which was placed on a mirror-topped table. Nora's guests and others were pressing up close, examining that which was reflected in the mirror from the under side of the globe-shaped jardinière, part of the base of which was made of glass. So that, thanks to that fact and the reflections seen in the mirror-topped table, there could be seen in this mirror the underside of a lily, with the sullen green of its outer leaves and stem, as well as some unformed buds and bits of decayed vegetable life, and a slug or two and other things belonging to the mud-world below. Meanwhile those who looked into the jardinière from above could see only the blossoms in that much of their beauty which they vouchsafe at evening.

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"Miss Athel, will you rightly tell our friends that story as you told it to us?" Paul Palmer heard Nora say. "Please tell them what you would think about the world of the lilies if you were a slug living like that one in the mud-world below."

And he heard Miss Eloiheem, with the simplicity of a little child telling her fancies, answer, pointing to the table-top,—

"I almost know that if all I had ever seen of a lily's world and way of life was this which we see reflected in the mirror here, — that is, this mass of mud, stems, slugs, and dead leaves, — I should say, if any one talked to me of the beauty above, there, 'I see no white-robed wonder! I see no heart of gold!'"

Nora pointed at something which seemed making its way into the mud; and John said, "Oh, that's nothing but a little snake-like thing, wid a little head on it!" and Ethel said, as simply as a child, —

"That is what I should have thought, too, if I were that slug living down there in the under-world among the beginnings of things. For probably I should have been so busy crawling about in the darkness that slugs enjoy, that I should never have noticed when, one day, a ray of light, striking down into the mud, won away that little wormlike-looking thing, and strengthened it to climb up and up, out of reach of my eyes, such as they were. So that, if any one had said to me, 'Look, slug, that is a lily bud which is warming into life at your side. Look up, now, look up above you! She is out of the mud. She is standing, head up, in the midst of water, through which she is making her way! There are liquid heights above this mud. And through those heights the lily bud is climbing, drawn up, and up, by a thing called Light and heat! Away and away she will go, till some day she will find herself on the top of dancing waves; and there she will blossom, a circumference of purity with a heart of gold. A heart like, somewhat like, the rolling orb of furious fire, whose ray struck at and won her out of the mud at your side!'— I say, if some one had told me, the poor slug, these great things in ever so loud a tone, I, knowing nothing of 'dancing waves,' 'heart of gold,' nothing of heights, or light, or heat, and caring nothing, would never have heeded anything but my own life in the mud-world below! I would neither have believed nor disbelieved, I

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simply should have known nothing of things quite out of my world.

"So, when, some day, long afterwards, I might have seen at my side that which this slug here in the mud may be able to see — that is, the wormlike-looking thing which Nora pointed out, see it? — well, if I, as a slug, saw it, I, who had had no understanding of what I had been told of the uprising of the lily bud to its lily life upon the dancing wave, would now neither know nor care anything about who or what was this wormlike-looking thing, which is pressing head downward into the mud. For as I could have had no idea of all that had come and gone since a bud had climbed up to float in freedom on the dancing wave, under the heat of the ball of fire which rolled through the blue of the expanse above, still less could I understand, though one should tell me, that this Climber, having done all that which it befits a climbing lily bud blossomed into maturity to do, had, at last, *holily turned on its stem, and had come back down into the mud, to plant its life there, that from it new lilies might grow.*"

"O Madame!" cried the Japanese, "*down* into the mud, did you say? O Madame, down is up, in a world that turns. In my land, too, we tell it with awe, that 'the Lotus springs from the mud!' And there, as here, we know that when the lily turns on her stem, and goes back to plant her life in the mud, she but seems to begin again with the beginnings of things; for that at the climax of her glory she had exhaled into the upper air an order of life, which could not be used in a world of *beginnings of things!* But, as that which was planted downward was lily-life, so was that which was exhaled upward. For the Tree of Life has roots both ways, so our sages tell us."

"By Joe! That was a hard hit for Eloiheem!" whispered Reinsvelt. "He turned as white as a sheet."

"It was never meant for one, you may be sure of that. He goes his way — and the ways of this house are not his. I doubt if the sister knows his life — and yet" —

"You may well say 'and yet,' Palmer. I believe it would be a job for any man to keep much from her knowledge with all the innocence of that face with which she told the lily-story. What is she made of? Is it all acting?"

Just then Palmer heard Miss Othniel tell Robert and Ethel that an old friend of Mr. Eloiheem had come from the East, and waited to see them at the dais.

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At this announcement there came to Ethel a thought of Araby or of India, and of some mystic from thence.

A moment later she had paused a few steps away from the dais, large-eyed and silent, as she beheld a flurried and flushed-looking gentleman, talking rather boisterously to Mrs. Eloiheem.

Cool as a lily mid its green leaves afloat on the water she looked, as thus drawn apart she waited; when, —

"Ethel, this is my art contribution to this affair," said Althea, enjoying "the surprise" which she had executed so skilfully. "And this you will appreciate when the Rev. Arthur Braum — to whom I now introduce you, and you, my son, Robert — shall presently talk to our people on the theme of the evening."

A man in the early seventies, who had had unbroken ease of mind mid a class of admiring parishioners of the quiet old town, left behind by Mrs. Eloiheem forty years before, — such an one had turned amiably to the young person whom he expected to see.

But her eyes arrested him. Recovering himself with a forced attempt at poetic expression, half quoting and wholly perplexed at what he saw, he said, —

"'Abou Ben Adhem awoke from a dream of peace. And in the moonlight in a room, making it rich, like a lily in bloom, he saw an angel writing in a book of gold. Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold. And to the presence in the room he said — "What writest thou?" The angel, in a voice made all of sweet accord, said, "The names of those who love the Lord." "And is mine one?" Ben Adhem asked. The angel spoke more low . . . Then Adhem said'" —

He paused under the serious gaze, which had made of this greeting a solemn season of self-revealment and self-dismay to the man, who still, under the power of it, added now, almost beseechingly, —

"'"Write mine, then, as one who loves his fellow-men."'"

"But, *do* you?" said Ethel.

Three words only were they, and uttered in love's own tones; but Arthur Braum, looking after her, as she turned away in response to a timid word from one of Nora's guests, became conscious that he chiefly loved Arthur Braum, and liked best those who, like himself, best loved Arthur Braum.

"Well! She is your daughter!" said he to Daniel, with

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Sphinx, and Karnac's Temple! So, now, direct your attention to that picture of a ruined wall, on which is sculptured, in high relief, a group — possibly Osiris and Isis, and their son Horus. For in the elaborate theosophies of Egypt each pair evolves a third; and this third God is, for a time, worshipped as the trinity: till afterwards he becomes one of another duad, who, united, evolve another triuned Deity. For so an attempt is made, in these stone-records, to lead the mind of the worshipper, up and on, from a great to a greater order of development. The chief result is that a confusion of mind sets in upon the bewildered student.

"Now, through all this confusion, the impressive thought that is put upon *my* attention is, that of Family Life! A family life in which, on each plane of being, the *Mother* completes and compasses the work of triuning the force that furnishes the habitat for the incarnation of each new form of *knowledge* and *beauty*, as well as life.

"I will assume now that the sculptures on the walls of the temples, representing numerous gods sitting apart in family groups, teach that not only was family life so sustained as to be, in itself, a worship, but that the *three orders of society* knew that the one thing which distinguished the basal class from the middle, and the middle from the superior class, was nothing less than a difference in the *discrete degree of creative faculty possessed by each of these classes.* For instance, those who were possessed only of the creative faculty which brings forth physical life belonged to the basal class. Those who were possessed of the creative faculty which brings forth mental life in newly formulated knowledges belonged to the middle class; while those persons who were possessed of the creative faculty which brings forth births of *Spiritual Beauty* belonged to the superior class; and for reasons that shall be presently laid before you. Meanwhile, there was a universal recognition that each was, in its place, as good as the other; and that all were equally necessary to the construction of the pillars of society, on which pillars rested the temple above.

"I will further assume, not only that in each class, family life was worship, but that in each family the mother element, like the Goddess Hathor, was the priestess there; and that the fundamental axiom of family (as of society) building was, Spiritual Power rests on the dual harmony which is the law of Universal Order.

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"Now, having assumed these things, I ask you to regard those pictured pillars of Karnac, which you see before you, as types of what I will call Columnar Humanity.

"Notice these pillars rise up as if hewn out of the bed-rock. Rock whose substance was curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth, as the Psalmist said his 'substance' was.

"In the base of the pillar of Karnac I see basal society; — but a basal society which is composed of men well fibred physically, and well taught in the 'One law' of the land. The law which, having been for generations taught to all, from the least to the greatest, had brought all to live in that *self-harmony* which secures the happiness of each and all, and the commendation of each by the other. For it had secured that inward development of the real distinctive characteristics of each man and woman, from base to top of the social pillar; and so had secured a social order as natural and free as is the *social order of the leaves of a tree;* where none dictates, none overrides or crowds the other; but each grows the better for the healthy growth of every other. A social order of free individuals, then, each of whom had age-long acted on the knowledge that the Mother of Mothers, Great Hathor herself, asks nothing more of men or angels than that Creative Power, physical, mental, and spiritual, should be never abused wastefully, but always used fruitfully; for that all abuse was blasphemy of the whole free Spirit of Life; while all use of Creative Power was Worship of Hathor, the Mother of Men and of angelic hosts: — a social order which, as I said, for generations had recognized that the thing indicative of the class to which a matured individual belonged was the 'discrete degree' of *the Use* of creative Power which the individual naturally loved to perform. There were offered no bribes of any kind to cause one to pretend to one degree of ability rather than another. So that while there were certain persons whose use of creative Power resulted chiefly in furnishing habitat for forms of physical Life, and others who were ever pregnant with new conceptions of forms of Knowledge of how to apply Science for the good of the race, and yet others who gave birth to new forms of Beauty of a spiritized excellence, yet this diversity in Unity was of a sort which but the more fully emphasized the freedom of the law of liberty, in which each soul there *knew* it had its being.

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"Now, if you ask me how this was done without bribes and without threats, I will say it was done in something of Daniel Heem's mother-manner.

"For instance, —

"We all see before us that picture there of the Winged Bull Ashurnazipal, and beside it the picture of the Ram-headed god? Well, I can fancy — can't you? — a noble meaning in the words if some wise teacher of the country shall have said, 'It is too much for you to go up to the *Capital* of the pillar of the Temple of State to the Worship of the Lily which crowns *it!* These be your gods'" — pointing to the Bull and the Ram. "These be the symbols of your order of Life, my good fellows. Come, then, if you choose, and we will readily tell you how we, the Elders, when we were climbing up through *your* order of development, lived innocently, healthfully, and helpfully, because not ignorant of the law of the transmission of Life from the Highest to the least of these transmitters! A law which teaches animals to live as rightly by instinct as you are competent to do by Reason. A law in the keeping of which is great reward to you, your children, and to the social pillar of which you are the *Foundation, without which nothing!* Come, then, fine and frisky kids, and we will teach you how to walk in paths, and to feed in ever *green* pastures, so that at shearing time you will not be found to have robbed the wool sack."

There was a stir in the room among men, conscious that they too would like to know it, if there were a way to live as joyously as the flocks, and no more criminally, as pleasurably but not in a way to produce after-penance or poverty of any kind.

The moment's perturbation was followed by an outburst of reverent applause, as the tender gaze of the eyes of Daniel and Daughter, full of devotion to the Principle of right living, fell on the company. And Arthur, like a man carried out of himself, said, — "Don't applaud me! I am but speaking as if out of things taught me fifty years ago by our host, who was then blamed for teaching that delight in Life becomes increasingly fine and ecstatic, as the monad ascends from plane to plane; when on each plane — as on the plane of animal instinct — all obey the mother-law of use to the exclusion of all abuse. Our host was blamed for teaching that were this law inviolably kept even by our so-called su-

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"MEN OF PHYSICAL HARMONY, NOT HAVING BODIES WHICH ARE THE CONTINENTS OF SHATTERED NERVES." — PAGE 359.

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periors, the masses, taking knowledge of *such* leaders and such manners, would follow their lead; and, as a result, there would be evolved such an ever-increasing power of self-conquest and self-creation as would secure the evolution of an aristocracy of God-empowered beings — inspirers of the new life of the new age! He was blamed for believing that the race was good, and that under proper conditions, could become godlike.

"But to return to my story.

"I was telling you that the *foundational* class of men and Women — the worshippers of the benevolent Bull — at Karnac were sustained in their right to make the best use of themselves compatible with their idea of things. But that, as the mother-nature of each family was the priestess of the house, mother-wisdom inspired the individuals there in their choice of self-use. These families at the base of society, then, naturally rose into the habit of selecting such self-use as made each and all more and more like the beings at the shaft of the column of the pillar of the Temple of Society.— Beings who were worshippers of the Winged Hermes, which you see above the Arch through which we passed on entering this Temple of the Eloiheems.

"Look well at the winged Hermes! Can you not imagine that the sight of it may have inspired the mothers of Karnac with the conviction that, as race-horses are bred for speed, so must the man of mere physical harmony be bred up to a point at which the body is practically effaced from crude intrusion on attention, before the Mind, infilled with the Vast flow of the Vigor of the gods, can naturally fly far afield through realms of exact science?

"But, as you may conjecture, it was far from difficult for men of perfect physical harmony to embrace this idea, or, in fact, to attain to something of that necessary self-effacement. Because there is a point at which extremes meet; and these men of physical harmony, not having bodies which were the continents of shattered nerves or a congeries of insurgent desires, were men so self-poised amid their harmonious conditions that they *naturally* were capable of sharing more or less in the rarer delights, attainments, and deeds of the families at the *Shaft* of the column. Delights, however, which were *fully* attainable only through a life of self-restrictive toil, and Virtue, not altogether alluring to men who better

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like a life nearer the healthy, animal plane, which gave them what was to them the almost sufficient happiness of Physical harmony. Almost sufficient I say; because 'more toil, more reward, more self-restriction, more self-development' was a motto only partly alluring to men, 'pretty comfortable as they were.' Yet, they knew perfectly well — not by wordy talk, but by the age-long sustained exhibition of the fact, — that men and women at the shaft of the column could find no words in which to preach either the toils they endured or the pleasures they enjoyed in their middle-class life. While as to what Life at the Capital was, the men at the base of the pillar appreciated that they could no more conjecture *that* than the slug of whom you have heard could conjecture what is the life of the Lily, as it floats mid Water and fire beyond the ken of the slug-world.

"Now, then.

"While the utterly unknown may be a subject of curiosity it can hardly be a satisfactory source of information. Therefore, as I have said, for the help of the basal class on their unfolding way, they were given to see by the men and women who were filled with Reason's might that such devotees lived mid pleasures and toils finer far to *them* than the delights of mere basal life would be to them; and that their toils and pleasures had developed in *them* powers which enabled them partially to guess at and to yearn for the delicate doings of the Priests and Priestesses at the Capital of the pillar of state; — delicate doings, however, which were as intangible and invisible to the people at the base, as are the labors of the lily, as it ascends and descends for the behoof of those above and those below, while to the casual observer it but seems to be floating at ease in self-continent glory.

"And yet another form of Knowledge tended to bind this free people into a natural unity. That was, — the people at base and shaft knew from traditions of state that even those at the Lotus-crowned capital paid devotion to their unseen Superiors, vitalized by the knowledge that, when base, shaft, and Lotus-crowned Capital were complete, this Unified Whole then but served as a support on which the Temple above could rest 'the forthgoing of Its beams.'

"Well? Have we now a guess at why the Sculptured walls of Egypt's temple show groups of gods (i.e., Self-Con-

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querors) friendly encouraging one another? Are they not each and all approving the general faithfulness to the one All-Sufficient principle of that Theocracy? The principle that Spiritual Power rests on the Self-harmony which is the law of Universal Being? Is it not the happy faithfulness of the Priestesses and Priests in each home to the law of Self-harmony, which brings the lily-worshippers cordially to recognize that the self-consistent worshipper of the Bull is also *Self-sovereign Servitor* of the pillar of State, in that he does on his plane all that the gods above can do; seeing that not even gods can give forth to the Universe more or better than they have or are?

"Can we not see, then, that it is natural for those who assemble at the Capital in *this* kind of a democratic association among this kind of equals, — to receive and give approval and encouragement each to the other; for the reason that each being at the base, at the shaft, or at the capital is yearning upward, *each* on his unfolding way toward greater deities, doings and delights, in a not quite comprehended sphere of life on the plane just above him?"

Arthur paused. Then drawing a long breath, he said, —

"Here we will halt, and, vaulting the space between old Egypt and young America, let us glance to see whether we have in our midst men who believe the brute will to live is good enough worship for them. Your merry faces respond that there are such persons. I will not stop to ask whether you think these worshippers average to be the intelligently instructed, self-reverent and physically perfect men which I have pictured in the masses of Karnac. But I will say, if the worshippers of muscle and mere brute will to live are with us *not* self-reverent, physically perfect men, it is because they are not *hereditary practisers* of the law of that Temperance which is principled against the abuse of anything.

"Perhaps you will admit that our lower class is not intelligently beneficent in its use of itself for Self and others; and that our middle class has not yet perfectly grasped the idea that Mind is Master; but instead, at best, has only grasped at it in a spasmodic, non-achieving way which leaves men of mind, as we see them among us, more nearly at the mercy of an insurgent, diseased physique than they are in the position of mental Sovereigns over matter.

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"Wait a moment. Don't say that our men of mind don't pretend to sovereignty over matter. Instead of combating, follow along as if this were a fairy story; and for the nonce accepting my picture of life at Karnac, come along with me and measure life here at Christendom in America, against it. Then tell me, has our Nation — much less the Nation just over the Atlantic — yet gotten together a well built *base* or foundation for such a columnar humanity as I have pictured?

"If not, why not?

"I ask again, if not, why not? And I answer, for I feel uncommonly put upon to answer — that what made the men at the base and shaft of Karnac's columns sound and reliable was, *they* knew the people at the Capital were Lily-Worshippers — were self-reverent, harmonized, dual beings; and that, in addition to their own real high-mightiness, *they* too were Worshippers of divinities greater than themselves; and who showed their greatness — as did those at the Capital — by using their power for the *good* of all beings less powerful than themselves. I answer, what made the basal class sound and reliable was, — that they knew themselves for part of a unified whole, whose Prince or whose President was as sound physically as he was mighty mentally; and that his mental might was only exceeded by his Spiritual Beauty in the perfection of Self-Wholeness. What made the basal class sound and reliable was — not that those at the Crown of the Capital gave *adulation* to men of muscle and the mere brute will to live — but because this basal class knew those at the Crown of the Capital were Priests and Priestesses of powers supernal, and of pleasures *not* of the flesh!

"One glad and simple law inspired them all; the law of temperance in the *use* of the wealth of the King of Kings.

"And now, dare we seek a glimpse of the structure which rose on the colonnades of the temple of Karnac?

"We will attempt it, because in this structure there was that which symbolized the transcendent Vision of unseen and unutterable things which was vouchsafed to Priestesses of Beauty. Visions of the things not made with hands, in the Eternal Heavens.

"Perhaps at Denderah we get the best hint of these things; for there mounting staircases covered with bewildering revelations made in stone carvings led up to the mystery of mysteries, dear to those who, 'flying high,' 'lived

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"A FEW MINUTES' SILENT STUDY OF THAT PICTURE WHICH IMPRESSES SILENCE ON THOSE WHO, READING, UNDERSTAND IT." — PAGE 363.

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by not withering the lily-flower.' The mystery known in those ages, but which was hidden again in the darkening times that afterwards rested on the world, but which in *this* age is to be known again as of old.

"A type of this thing of mystery was found high up in a chamber sacred to the Priestess of the supermundane State of Being. And this symbol of this mystery was called 'the golden Sistrum of the Goddess Isis.' And the story of the mystery was a sacred secret, told, perhaps, to but few, and those the *holiest* of men."

He pointed to a picture opposite; and after leaving the company to a few moments' silent study of that picture, which impresses silence on those who, reading, understand, he said, —

"Here I am bidden to stop in reverence before the Arcana of the religion of the whole family of Heaven and Earth. The natural religion of those who, through generations of unimpregnable fidelity to the law of Lily-life, compacted Heaven with Earth as they strove to sustain union with the incessant, ineffable blessedness which fills the being of the Mother of us All. The Mother, who in the Highest Heavens is the Whole Spirit of Love in Wisdom, and who is to all who know her, the place of beatification in regeneration."

Again he halted, like one aroused from talking in his sleep. Then, —

"Help, ye Powers, if still I must speak! And look, ye people!" he cried.

But, if he said this at all in *persiflage*, Robert Eloiheem was mistaken in his conjecture. To Robert, this man had seemed to be speaking under an influence just a little short of overpowering. It was not overpowering, but it was so agreeably exhilarating that, while he knew he could rebuff it, he yet, with a half-protest against it, definitely chose to accept it, following on, speaking word after word, as one might do who listened so, in half-surprised attention, to a final sense which these words finally made, as they fell from his lips. And, as he had before thus listened, and then spoken, so he now listened and then paused, expecting to receive that which would make him speak again.

But this pause was over-prolonged. For not a word had come to him since his pettish ejaculation, "if I *must* speak," and "look, ye people!"

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Sardonically, Robert gazed at him, — this man, who, carried out of himself, had let himself say as "unauthorized" things about Egypt as if he were not the man whose wise conservatism, while riding the popular wave of advance thought, had made him heretofore as safe as he was brilliant.

A stage fright had seized him; a shock at the things which he had said; and then, "But do you?" rang in his memory, putting to flight his predominant thought of taking good care of his own reputation, whatever resistance to momentary inspiration it must include. Had he been speaking for the good of others, forgetful of consequences to self? Should he retract? "Help, ye powers!" he cried aloud. And highly dramatic and effective the moment seemed to the hundred there. But Palmer, Robert, and others not of the hundred, noticed his look as Braum pointed to a pedestal near which Ethel stood.

But still he halted, while there flashed through his soul some keen sense that he, who was going to tell others how the lilies grow, had himself, in a most strange, *vegetable*-like way, been basking in some order of sunshine and air which had filled his mind and soul with warmth and delight in being, and had caused him to exhale in words the sweet perfume of a received knowledge of things, for the truth of which, at the time, he felt ready to swear, though he could cite no authority. His eyes were on Ethel. Hers were in his, as her full, slow respirations lifted the jewel on her breast. The jewel, whose scintillant, electric, and magnetic life seemed part and parcel with the fragrance of lilies which filled the room, and part with the whiteness of the light which filled his soul as he lived in the moment. Lived, with his eyes now on the marble on which Ethel's hand rested. A marble of old Atlas, with the world on his shoulders, as he crouched under the burden that he found it to be. In the daze of the moment, the face of the crouching man looked to Arthur like his *own* face, now seamed and scarred with a smile that had in it nothing of joyousness, little of real special kindliness, but much of the wish to conciliate those whose world of demands upon him he had long carried and crouched under. Was he dreaming? Was she laughing at him, that white witch, who stood there by the pedestal with the crimson curtains falling about her and it,

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and defining so sharply against its red folds the face of that crouching Atlas?

"No, no!" he cried aloud, like one released from a nightmare as swift as it was horrible and chagrining. "*That* is old *Atlas!* Look ye, who worship the mere brute will to live! See *him* staggering as he crouches under the burden that he finds *his* world to be. But, do we all cry that we have never been brought to our *knees* by our task? Well, then, look at that picture at the left. In that bit of architecture you see Atlas appearing as the Grecian Atlantes. There those figures serve as pillars to that temple. But is he — even he — a type of the columnar humanity of whom I have told you? Look well at them. They are men of mighty bulk, with arms tense, shoulders braced, and with bull-like neck a-strain in the struggle by might of fight and Will to uphold the Temple. Each is a burly fellow, though a bit brutal withal, like the force which fights for empire in lands upheld by armies.

"But look to the left. What see you there? Another style of columnar humanity. Behold, the Grecian *caryatid!* This being, without grimace or strain, supports on well-poised head entablature and temple, while soft robe falls in easy grace 'round form erect and womanly fine; and on placid brow is writ, "Peace rules the state, supported by beings of right Reason."'

"O fair and stately Caryatid! what more than such a columnar humanity can we ask of Heaven for the land we love?"

Applause, somewhat hearty; yet the unattainability of the unfaltering mental might which could so coolly do that which the Atlantes did with such sweat of muscle, pressed back the vigor of acclaim.

Men were there, lovers of the fight and rough frolic of life, who relished better the style of those burly fellows whose sinewy effort was nearer the popular idea of what constitutes achievement. The most intellectual of them scarce relished results obtained with so little of that fire and pain of conquest which is to that class of men, in itself, a pleasure.

Robert saw, with sympathy, how, in spite of their applause of the sovereign-mannered caryatides, the eyes of the mass of the people there returned with relish to the big fellows

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who so strained and fired themselves up with fervor to do what must be done to support the temple of society by force of muscle and mere brute Will.

Then was it that the manners of the Caryatides made the Atlantes look *too* preposterous? Or had a disrelish come upon them all, at having either muscle or brain of humanity forever taxed for the support of the Temple of State?

With the coming of the thought, Arthur voiced it, exclaiming, "Yes, we *will* ask more of Heaven than either this or that. With Greece against Rome our souls cry out, 'Humanity is not for the upholding of the State. The state is for the upholding of humanity.' We want — we know not how to name what we want! Give it, Heaven, and then, receiving it, we will at last know how to name that for which Earth's aching heart has yearned through weary cycles. Give, Heaven! Give better than we can ask or think!"

Ethel flung back a curtain.

"Look, then! The State, yes, the World, is for humanity!"

Was it a muffled cheer? was it a growl of displeasure? Certain it was, under it Arthur Braum had fallen back into his seat, and on the instant, with the crimson currents swiftly climbing up and skirting the pale curve under his luminous eyes, and bounding with a swirl to the centre of his cheeks, Robert Eloiheem filled the place vacated by Braum, as, pointing to the picture of the Sistine Madonna, he exclaimed, —

"Yes, behold, Omen and Sign of oncoming social order! 'Tis the Mother and the Child! 'Tis omen and sign of the time a-near, when neither by torture of muscle nor toil of brain shall the State be upheld. No! For, with the child in her free arms, the mother shall surmount the earth; and *it*, at touch of her free foot as she rises to her native heights, shall throb upward through space as *her triumphal car!*

"For, where else, save in the above, will the centre of gravitation *be* for man, when to the above, *Woman* shall rise carrying 'the child' with her?"

Mid a silence too greatly thrilled with feeling for acclaim, Robert stood motionless. There were haters of the Church there; who hated any of its pictures. There were guests there who hated Robert as a man who made very light of their virtues, as light as he seemed to make of his own

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crimes against society; — crimes which (as has been said) made the virtue of certain false pretenders look very criminal indeed.

He knew what they thought of him; and he knew what he thought of them, as statuesquely he stood, sovereignly looking on people who so little knew him and who so freely blamed him.

An intoxicatingly enlarged vision of the beauty of life, and of his power over It, filled him with joyous pride in It and in the use which he at the moment felt competent to execute. And, filled with this, he halted still, letting those who had so freely maligned him gaze freely.

And gaze they did, getting more than they could well carry. For no god of the Greeks, not Apollo Belvedere nor buoyant Mercury, ever imaged forth this man's momentary Vital poise. For, through mere athlete's muscle breathed here the infibring, athletic soul, as Thorwaldsen's ideal of Beauty, in Robert, asserted, "What my *Spirit* must, this body *shall*."

For one magic moment, eyes a-weary with the sight of devitalized, discontented mortality were refreshed in the magnetic baptism which had come to him as he stood, taking all that *he* was getting, and giving it back, shock on shock, to those who gazed on him.

Then clearly came through the room a low voice, asking,—

"What were the joys the hope of which proved such a tonic to the Morals of Karnac?"

"It was a tonic which I, Robert Eloiheem, have drunk from birth," he said promptly, and the timbre of his voice proclaimed the perfectness of the tissues of his unpoisoned physique, where reigned equilibrium of forces.

"Know, then, the *Substance* of the hope that is tonic to morals is the *sight* of the fact that — the joys of family union, being more fervent in man than in Mollusk, become proportionally increased as common man develops into man divine; and, thence increasing in geometrical ratio, they find not even their climax in the flame which fires Arch-Angel!"

Sweet Heaven! What had shocked through the room making immortal, for one fine moment, every being there? During the space in which five shocks of a battery might

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complete a circuit, rapture deific swept brain and vein of all those people, as if among them was but one Vital cord, and that a-throb with Life Absolute.

"*This* — THIS is the Substance of the hope which is to be to the morals of *Eloiheems!*" he cried with a lurid power: when, —

"Yes, from mollusk to man; and from man to Arch-Angel; — *so*, Life upclimbs!" interposed Ethel, stepping to Robert's side, and laying her hand and what was in it against his madly beating heart, as she said, "See? This is a mollusk. You can see for yourself that this little creature is much less than man! Look! See how much greater than a mollusk a man is!"

A sigh floated up from overstrained souls, as Ethel there brought to view a pretty, pearly Nautilus-shell, and an exquisite Chinese drinking-cup, formed and carved out of another such shell.

Paul Palmer saw Ethel's eyes as they looked into the flaming orbs of the man she called "brother;" and he told himself, if ever touch and look tamed rampant fiend in demonized soul, that touch and look did that thing in soul of Robert Eloiheem. For Robert, turning, had met Ethel's eyes as one who would whelm another in his will. Then faltering, and catching at the throne-like chair, his hand fell on Daniel's shoulder, whose tranquil gaze steadied him. A low groan fell from his lips.

A moment after, with arms folded and with head sunken on his breast, and eyes looking out on those who gazed on this father, this son, and this mother-souled Ethel, he stood hearing again those simple words, —

"You see how much greater man is than Mollusk! Man divine is a wonder scarcely yet known to 'prodigal sons' who have wasted in riotous living '*the Substance*' which God shares with His children! You see how great man is! A mere glimpse at his englobed power causes us to fear him: and causes him to almost fear himself! So great is man divine; so great is even the *dawning* man of the divinely dawning age, that 'over all his glory there is created a covering.' If *this* be the quality englobed in those 'whose strength is as the strength of ten,' because their hearts are somewhat pure, — tell me, if you can, what shall be done in the grown Tree, if this is done in the bud?"

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Robert, with eyes full of wonder, looked on her, — this woman, who had thus gathered up in her utterance the glories of that other phenomenon, interpreting it, with the glad assurance that there was a sweet and a humanly comprehensible element in that other lurid moment, — showing, that that fierce and scarlet ray was but one of the seven colors from around the Throne of Love Divine; a ray which by her white magic, the next instant, was blended with the other six, into a light as white as eyes like ours can bear.

In the whiteness of this radiance of Life she stood; on her face was a look of triumph, half shy, wholly glad, caught perhaps from the incomparable expression on the face of the Sistine Madonna, as, with babe in arms, she upbuoys the joyous Earth, careering away with it to realms of being-blessed; realms whose existence is unbelievable by those who habitually imagine that Evil is Lord of the Universe.

With dimpling cheek flushed and warm, with parted lips showing pearly teeth, glad with the gladness of Hathor herself, stood she, — pleased as a child is pleased with a beautiful toy — and because of the fact that Life (as it is known to the Wise) is fairly fitted to the delicate doings in which Daniel and daughter delighted.

Then wrath swept over Robert's face, as he saw the "child-likeness" of her look. For, though there was Love divine in her heart — and that is Love full of Wisdom — yet it is a wonder so long homed in the heart of Woman worthy to be Woman, that it brings to those who look on it — only the refreshment which comes from the presence of a pure child and from the ways of a natural Woman who acts herself.

But it was not in Robert's suspicious, woman-distrusting, domineering nature to understand it. Yes, "domineering," for a hand in a silken glove can keep a grip as firm as one in mail. And wrath almost smothered him, as this Ethel, receiving again the fragile cup, the priceless thing which had been passed about for inspection, now said simply, —

"But it is not of Arch-Angel nor of human that we now will talk. It is of the Mollusk. And the special Mollusk of which I shall talk to you is the pearly Nautilus. See?

"This little shell is not the Nautilus — it is but her house. I think the Nautilus must be the original Queen of Home,

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of whom we hear some men speak. For on no account does she leave her pearly palace. The father Nautilus has no shell. So the palace of pearl is entailed property inherited only by the female branch of the family. Here the husband visits his wife; here she rears her children. She never leaves home; but that is because wherever she goes she takes home with her! And this home, according to the dictates of her convenience, serves at her will not only as a cradle for her babies, but as a pleasure-yacht and a diving-bell, when such she desires it to become.

"For instance, if, when on a visit to the mud-world below, Madame Nautilus sees an intrusive visitor approaching too near, in a dexterous way of her own she takes a rise through the waters to the surface of things above. Now what she does there *no man-Nautilus* can tell! But, as Nature gave him no diving-bell attachment, and no balloon-ascension amendment, and no yachting afterthought, he, being a sensible little fellow, concludes that she knows 'her own business, and he will mind his!'"

There was merriment at this point, which subsided as Mrs. Aubrey at this moment removed a dainty scarf, which had hidden a picture of a stretch of blue wave below, and of sky above, done in silken stitches. And out on this expanse, tossing on the billows of raised silk-work, was a pearly Nautilus, attached most naturally to the blue waves; and with her cobweb sail set, and her little rudder out, as she seemed steering at ease over the sea. It was an exquisite thing, done as the skilled Japanese do these exquisite things.

As before, time was given for the examination of this work; and, as before, the loftiest conceptions of the artist, who had made it with a distinct recognition of the meaning that he had striven to put into all the beautiful parts of it, were *thought forth* into the minds of those who, otherwise, would have gazed unseeingly: — thought forth more clearly than intrusive words could have uttered them, even if words had yet been coined that would have conveyed to these souls those thoughts of life. "Silence is golden," said the mystics long ago, who knew, as knew Eloiheem father and daughter, how to make it golden.

For not even in this dawning new era do all mental Alchemists always transmute silence into gold. More than enough of them there are who know but just enough of the secret to

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transmute silence into *hell-fire;* from which, not gold, but the lowest sediment of the dross of earthiest earthiness only, comes forth. And this was what — so Paul Palmer believed — had been in a fair way to follow on that silence which Robert, left to himself for a few seconds, had nearly controlled; but which was wrested from his control when Ethel, with the pearly Nautilus in hand, had done what she did do.

And now, calling back attention to audible words about the picture, she said, —

"What Mrs. Nautilus did in that unknown world above him, Mr. Nautilus could not tell. But this beautiful picture, made for us by Jung Loo, shows us what the Mother Nautilus is empowered to do in that upper world of hers.

"When she rises free afloat in her native element, you see she hoists two arms, between which is stretched a tissue that serves for a sail. Then, she puts forth her other two arms, and with these she steers away, Queen of Home still, and none the less, though off she goes as a gallant Rover of the Main. Queen of Home, all the more for being Queen of the World, in virtue of the fact that, for her, home is wherever she takes it and herself."

Applause.

"So, you see, the law of the life of the Mother Nautilus is — liberty!"

Soft triumph illumined her face as Ethel looked at the Madonna's eyes. Then, turning again to the little Nautilus, she said, —

"Curious, isn't it? *Ought* liberty to be the law of that little thing's life? — governed by her feelings as she is? Can it be? Yes, it is so. The law of the life of Madame Nautilus is the same as the law of life at Karnac. But, what was the limit of Liberty, at Karnac?"

"What the limit of liberty always is: *Temperance*," said Palmer.

"And what were we told was the motto of Life at Karnac?"

"Spiritual power rests on that dual harmony which is the law of the Universe."

"Yes," said Ethel, simply, "from the Mollusk Mother sailing on the sea, to the Madonna-Mother afloat on the sphere of universal being, liberty is law. And when man intuitively reverences this law, as the father Mollusk in-

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stinctively reverences it, then Mothers and children all, will become great, as is that far-famed spouse and Son of Heaven."

The eyes of the people were, with Ethel's, on the Sistine Madonna.

"Rather a new reading of that old mystery-picture, is it not?" said Robert, presently, to Father McAlford. "But it *is* a wonderful expression in those eyes! Could you say that there was in them just a glint of winsome, good-humored irony? Is it so that she looks away from the dear old monk at the left, as, with the babe in her arms, she floats away from that unmarried man!" Whatever Robert was trying to say, there was passion suppressed in his voice and look, and the presence of an inward tumult which had stirred in him since he had first addressed the company. And the beautiful-faced old man, well understanding it, said, —

"My son, sing with that monk, if you can, '*Salve, Regina*,' and you will then know that he fears no evil from the triumph of My Lady."

"Well, well!" ejaculated a robust voice from across the room. "It seems to me, we are on the way to have a religion which will do for us what the word *religio* signifies. That is, it will bind us back to an intelligent co-operation with Creative Life. Whence? Why? What? and Whither? are the questions of life. Answered, it seems here, thus — Whence have we come? From Creative Life itself. Why? To ourselves create new forms of life, of Knowledge, and Beauty. *What* are we? Part and Power ourselves of that from which we constantly emanate. Whither do we go? On and on eternally, ever approaching, never reaching, the end of the fulness of ineffable, infinite, rapturous Creative Life!"

"Of this rational, yet spirit-thrilling 'religio,' *Marriage*, the noble and mystical union of the sexes, is, *I* think, the one great sacrament. But let me say just here that the mystery of sex is at the basis of all life; and is none the less all-pervasive in creative energy because so little understood. This the ancient Theosophists well knew. But of this deeper mystery I will not here speak.

"Who was it told us, the people in a certain town on the Atlantic coast are a 'company of ladies and gentlemen out in search of a religion'?" I know! And now I say, I feel

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as though I had found it. And of this religion, the one sacrament to me is the great mystery of marriage; and the three great principles are Justice, Temperance, and Liberty. I say *justice* first, for it will take years to release the popular evangelical mind from the *befuddlement* brought on it by Calvin's teachings on the subject. I, for one, propose to make a great point of that *Justice, to protect us from which* CALVIN CONSTRUCTED HIS SCHEME OF SALVATION!

"When I was a boy, I heard a minister call on his audience to 'adore a God of Love, who, with the sword of Justice, pierced the heart of a guiltless Son, that the innocent might suffer and the guilty one might go free.' And *this* was given as a summing up of what was called 'the scheme of salvation.' But, mind you, that scheme was one planned to get the sinner free from — not sin, but from the *punishment* of it! I must repress myself! and only say that since I have come to manhood I have noticed that this is just the sort of justice (?) that is practised by England and France in their management of what is called 'the Social Evil.'

"Now, don't get frightened! I have only a few direct words to speak, to the effect that it is not an evil heart of unbelief which makes men rebel against this 'scheme of Salvation'! But it is good, God-given common sense, which rebels against this false teaching as to what is divine justice, and what is the real trinity of Creative Power! Justice is not the punishment of the wrong man or woman, neither is it a weak punishing of any one, instead of a *reforming of every one.* But you can see, yourself, after Calvin had so horribly befuddled the popular mind as to what is *Justice*, he next befuddled the popular mind on a point which any child, left in freedom, would understand. And that is, that whatever is meant by the Father and the Son in Heaven must include a co-related Mother; because in no sense can a father and Son exist without the existence in the same sense of a co-related Mother. A Mother who, in that given sense, must have conferred Fatherhood on one, and existence (or re-incarnation) on the other of these two persons of the trinity. And I don't hesitate to declare, that any *fabrication* concerning the birth and conception of Christ implicates the Creator in illicit transactions, and degrades the idea of marital love to a level at which it is very readily inundated in the sloughs of divorce or the worse sloughs of marital debauchery! I

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want an end put to the idea that Christ was flung into existence by a perplexed law-giver, who saw no way to justify poor creative work and worse law-giving, except to precipitate a woman into irregular motherhood, expressly for the purpose of furnishing a son who should die, the 'Just for the unjust.' Something like this is Calvin's unnatural 'Scheme of Salvation from punishment;' but it is not the infinitely Wise Method by which the Blessed Creator saves his creatures — not from punishment of sin, but — from remaining in *lower lines of life* when nobler methods are to be had for the taking!

"One minute more, please. I want you all to understand that, while I object to the teaching which seeks to make it a creditable thing in a man that he should be willing to have another being punished for or instead of him, I yet perceive a very different and much more profound meaning to the words, he (or she) 'bore our sins in his (or her) body on the tree.' That is the *tree of Life.* The sacred sense of this thrilling truth fills my soul with tears, and with yearning, to cease crucifying the 'Spirit of the World,' so long stretched on the 'Wheel of Ixion.'"

"Let me understand just here what all this means," interposed a little minister, with the air of a detective right on his man. And the first speaker, with a quizzical nod and laugh, fell back; for this little minister had to support a mingled reputation for wit and for orthodoxy. He was tiny, and the *rôle* was large; and he staggered under it, with oratorical gyrations of body appalling to people not used to this style of self-expression. But, such as he was, he now said, in a voice very big for his size, —

"Accustomed, as most of us are, to avoid the mention of sex," here his lips were drawn in tight, while, with a twisting of his head and a flinging back of his body, he searched the ceiling with rolling eyes, and then, with a mighty lurch of his ninety-pound frame, ejaculated, "I *recoil*, yes, recoil, from the indelicate idea of God the Mother.

"I admit the human Mother *does* lay down her life to give life to her children; and I do not desire to rob woman of this her high privilege. But the intrusion of the woman element into the thought of the trinity would, for me, debase the Godhead.

"Perhaps"— he paused, swaying back and forth, pleasur-

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ably contemplating a connection which he fancied might exist between health and sensuality, a connection from a suspicion of identification with which, he thanked Heaven, a poor constitution had delivered him. Then, "Perhaps it is because I am so *gross!*" he ejaculated.

"Perhaps it is," said the first speaker. "Here is a good test of the situation. Spiritual natures see the Spiritual meaning and use of (so-called) gross things, and so *make* them a power for purity. Gross Natures see sensual meanings in Spiritual things, and contrive to make them food for grossness. A disastrous differentiation from use to abuse, you see. It is necessary to get hold of the fact that pure Spirit is back of all forms of Life, Knowledge, and Beauty. When we get hold of that, then we may see what the Eloiheems see; that is, that the supra-sensible blending of the Divine Love and Divine Wisdom of the dual Unity creates from this blending whatever it wills to create. I will add, also, that not until a man has served up to the level on which stand the pure in heart, to whom all things are pure, is that man morally *tall* enough to *see* the Lord of Creative Life as He is in His glory. So morally minute people must do as the little fellow did in the Bible. A ditty tells us, he 'climbed a tree, his Lord to see;' a fig tree, a sycamore tree, which, some say, signifies a 'life of Goodness on the natural plane.' So he who wishes to understand the great truths of the great teacher, will better get up as high as possible into a life of common-sense goodness, and by 'doing the Will,' learn the great doctrine of Life in the Lord of Life. But, remember, without purity no man can see the mystery!"

"Mercy on us! That man is my guest! Oh, I'm so glad! Ethel has gone to speak to him," ejaculated Mrs. Mancredo. And Palmer heard Ethel saying, —

"— think of religion as the exact science of the transmission of the Life of the Love of Wisdom and the Wisdom of Love, which is הרחץ Self. This dual unity of life is the Beauty of real ELOHIM. And we little Eloiheems think the pure reception and the pure transmission of that Life to others is the one business of those who serve this age through the creation of new forms of the Beauty of Self-Wholeness!"

The little gentleman had ceased tilting to and fro on upstretched toes; and now stood looking into the eyes bent upon him, as if the speaker were a maniac.

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He was a man overwrought every way from childhood. And as Ethel had once quieted the shell-bound chick, breathing on it the breath of her life, so now the grand vitality of her being, like some new wine of life drank in some new Kingdom, exhilarated divinely the overtaxed struggler at her side, as quietly she continued, —

"Of old, the practice of this one science of Life was the Worship of the Wise. Those who were ignorant of 'the use of the sacred fire' were then known as the profane.

"We Eloiheems simply see that when people know that the Motherhood of Woman is like the mother-element of Deity, then Woman's now crippled and bound powers will become enlarged, as man's have been somewhat enlarged by the half knowledge of the fatherhood of Jehovah. For even the fatherhood of Jehovah is not yet understood, because the man-alone ideal which has been foisted on Jehovah by the cruder Hebrew writings is, of course, *not* fatherhood. The dual-unified Deity is the Mother-Father full of the Wisdom of Love, and the Love of Wisdom. As Wisdom's ways are pleasantness and her paths peace, Life, had in the very currents of this blended unity, is exquisitely vitalizing," said Ethel; adding, after a pause, —

"Don't you feel it so?"

"Like one whom his Mother comforteth" was the Reverend Atkinson, when, he could not tell how long after, he found himself in a chair listening, with a vigorous comprehension of a new method of family life, to what a rough man was saying near him.

"— the interior of Hampton Court's large Vine-House. And it seems that since the year 1768, a hundred and more years ago, that Vine has had perfect care. And now, though the vine-house has been enlarged three times, so that it covers twenty-two hundred square feet, yet, I say, each year they only permit one additional, extra bunch of grapes to ripen. So that in this year 1887 they will have but 1887 bunches of grapes. So you see, *all the years* growth of the vine will go to the birth and perfecting of that *one* bunch of grapes. For you see these bunches of grapes have to be mighty perfect things, because they are going to be offered to the Queen of England and the Empress of India. And as I saw this vine, and thought of the care which each year was given to the thing to keep it from wasting any of its

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vitality in making a lot of poor little half-developed bunches of fruit, I said to myself, 'Sir,' said I, 'Gosh! Why don't we try some such care as that on getting up a family? Why don't the English Sovereigns try it in their own families, and set an example to the scrub fruit in the families about"—

"—So you perceive," some other voice more distant and more publicly toned next was heard by the Reverend Atkinson to be saying, "—you perceive it was this gross misapprehension of Womanhood that, of old, drove reverent Priests of the great Mystery of Life to veil this worship in symbolical forms and words. Passionists in Church and out always sooner or later degrade the worship of the Woman element in Deity. For, sooner or later, the restrictions which the Wisdom of the Mother places on the encroachment of passion make enemies of those who do tend to thus encroach. The result has been again and again the rule of the Wisdom how to live wisely and Well has been overthrown by the Will to live in licentiousness, which is the reverse of living in Liberty. So *the* incommunicable secret of the Wise has always had to be drawn back under the shelter of forms and symbols and of promises, of what by and by would come as a new endowment of power to the race, would they but conform to the order of worship hidden under the symbols of the 'Moon,' the 'Mound,' and 'THE MOUNTAIN.'

"It is too late in the evening to go into this subject. But I declare I would like to do so! It would not take a very pressing invitation from the Eloiheems to bring me to give a whole lecture on it here some evening."

"Well," continued this man, after a pause, which did not contain an invitation to lecture, "I suppose all I can say among a lot of such bright people, all of whom are suffering to get in a speech, is just this: The peaceful Aztecs and Toltecs, who were among the Mound Worshippers, hint to me that their civilization was the outcome of their worship of the Feminine Element in Deity, and of the consequent reverence for the Feminine (rather than the fighting) powers of the human family. We all know that Mahomet elevated on the banners 'of the hosts of *Ayesha*' (his wife) the crescent Moon as the symbol of the Unified Allah! There is a wide outlook offered to the mind by this ever recurring

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Mother-symbol present in all great religions. In fact, the popular term 'family religion,' which popularly with us Calvinists means chiefly prayers offered night and morning by the man of the house, in the sweet, natural old religions meant rightly securing and rearing the family. And this natural religion is revealed religion, revealed chiefly to Woman as only God can reveal it, either to the Mollusk Mother or to the Mother Madonna 'blessed among Women.'"

"Just one minute more give me to say that to me the little mollusk is a fascinating picture of what life would be even at its poorest if man trusted Woman as the Father Mollusk trusts the Queen of the palace of Pearl."

"And I do want to ask, if creatures below man get on so well by following their orderly instincts (instincts which recognize that the Mother knows her business), how does it happen that the peace of the family is broken in upon, and disease sets in, as soon as *Men* take things in hand? Is it that Nature grows disorderly as types climb up from Mollusk to Man? Or is it that, leaving the true use of woman, man abuses woman instead, by interfering with her intuitive knowledge of what is good? — and that Man has so arrested the course of that orderly evolution of a superior humanity? A humanity every being of which might be like '*the child*' to whom the eyes of Wise men have so long been turned? The 'man child,' which the old dragon of sensualism has stood before woman, ready to destroy ere ever it could be born?

"I think it is the last. We have tried to establish a reversal of true order. Not man, but woman, is the natural head of the family. For no woman ever was a mother without knowing it, while men — well, I drop that. The point is, the prime interest of every mortal is — not to have a furor of a love-romance — but the prime interest of mortal man is that he shall be well born. And *this* matter lies entirely at the option of woman, or would if she were left in the freedom of self-government. No conceivable method of law can make a woman the mother of fine sons and daughters. Compulsion of any sort in this matter brought to bear on woman defeats its end.

"Look at the sons of slave mothers. Then look at — well — say the pretty pearly Nautilus.

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"Mr. Nautilus knew that, in the nature of things, Mrs. Nautilus was Mistress of the home and Queen of the wave, and that he was neither. But, meanwhile, we land-lubbers assume that *we* are Masters of the home and rovers of the wave. And, cunning fellows that we think ourselves to be, we fancy that by getting up a yacht of bigger size, and a diving-bell of material form, that we can have things all in our own hands. Yet, meanwhile, the best of us know enough to wonder how women can be content to let us go on so, turning the world upside down, and fetching disease and starvation of heart and brain on ourselves, and on the children which these women continue to bring into the world for us."

"There is a secret connected with all this, that I have got hold on since — well, I mean there is a secret known to all women who take the trouble to think about it, and known to some men. It is that the real womanly nature half scorns the mastership claimed generally by the yacht-and-diving-bell monarch, because, like the Nautilus, Womanhood has the real original things at her service, whenever she chooses to call them into play.

"Now, then, you don't believe this? You think I am getting on the rampage and talking trash? Well, that's because you don't know! But time will show you I am right. And there's another thing which I will tell you. But, when I tell you it, you won't believe it. But here goes.

"The War of the Maha-barata, of which the Orientals talk, is upon us. This is a war, not of races, but of opposed fundamental principles. It is the War of Mother-Wisdom against the mere brute will to live ignorantly and self-ruinously. And I feel like saying in addition that the opposite principles which we commonly know under the names Democracy and Aristocracy are really founded on nothing other than the very principles which are back of this war of Maha-barata. For Aristocracy is the rule of the Wisest and best, while Democracy is the rule of the strongest or the mere brute will to live.

"Now, what I have to say is, that if, with us, the Moral Beauty of the Lily-worshipper reigned at the Capital, then our masses would have some idea of the meaning of the word 'superiors:' and, as a result, reverence for these superiors would, in each successive generation, evolve higher orders

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of capacity, insight, and elasticity in power of performance, even among these masses, till all were developed into a social order of Aristocrats, ranked according to their fealty to the law of liberty."

Cheers followed this fragmentary address: then the speaker discovered that he had apparently, with his bow, dispersed the company, who began to make their adieux. And he realized that "under the inspiration of the hour" he had said things which he would have to review, in order to become himself acquainted with them. And so, when people began pressing up, asking him to further elucidate some of his assertions, he found himself only able to say, "Wait till next evening;" and, at the moment, heard the Reverend Braum answering the same thing to a like question.

"Is that what the Eloiheems call liberty? As for that, what is liberty mid a world of irrevocable law?" thought Palmer.

"Freedom from suppression or repression."

The words had seemed shot into his mind as Ethel's eyes met his; while, at the moment, with Daniel and Robert, she bowed good-night to the guests. And Palmer, perplexed and half antagonistic, told himself he, for one, would neither write nor speak except as a free result of his own unaided cogitations, but at the same moment he told himself he would, before he slept, write such an editorial as his pen had never put on paper; and precipitately hurried off to do it.

"There is a guest whom I have taken to your retreat in the tower," said Robert, just then, to Althea.

And, in the event, whom did they all meet in the Chapel-room but Judith Eloi!

"Yes, it is I," said she. "For when you, Althea, at last made your whereabouts known, by writing to Braum to come to your fine party, I said, 'Invitation or no invitation, I go too.' So I was smuggled in among the curtains and heard it all. And I say, Daniel, you have done pretty well for a lunatic. And you, Althea, deserve all you have won. And you have won enough for the most insatiable, even if this were the end instead of the beginning of the Eloiheem family and fame.

"Yes, I am glad I came. Hug away, Althea, I haven't had much of that from you in my life," talking on through

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all the excitement and questionings, and putting Ethel's arm back again, as if she could not get enough of *that* vitalizing embrace. And when Ethel said, "Live forever, Aunt Judith" — though flushing at the oxygenizing touch, she but dryly answered, —

"Well, I'll think of it, Ethel."

The next day and the next, it was something to see Althea as she showed Judith what a splendid time they were getting out of life. But Althea was a little startled, as Judith suddenly said, —

"Yes, but you ought not to have broken your own law as you did, by opposing Ethel when she and Daniel wanted to adopt and bring up those children under it. Oh, yes! Among the millions of other swift doings which this firefly flashes into existence, Ethel, from childhood, has written to me and to a little girl whom I know, keeping us up with her enthusiasms. You see, Althea, you had the poor, old idea that children must be your own flesh to be interesting. But, of course, it takes time and blunders by the way, before we can embrace the idea of Daniel's doctrine of re-incarnations! It is hard to keep the mind fixed on the fact that it is the poor old upclimbing Ego, wherever found or however clothed in flesh, which claims help.

"Never mind. It seems to have been this house and this work, and not the other house and that work, which was to be done. And I confess I never dreamed it possible that such springing, bounding pleasure could invigorate a lot of servants — *if* these are servants — as does invigorate the independent *ladies and gentlemen* who move round this mansion of ease. Such order, precision, promptness and execution, with such perfect freedom of individuality, I never saw. They all do as you would have them, yet they all, in a way, use their own ingenuity and do as they choose. Ethel is a Sorceress! Yes, and, Braum, you may thank her good manners, not your good Wit, that she did not make you talk nonsense instead of but bring you to tell a pretty story about Karnac's ruined pillars."

"No, the law of her being restrained her from doing anything more obtrusive than to illumine my mind with what I might say if I chose, and then leave me to choose. And I did," said Arthur Braum.

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"There, there! we would better both get away while we keep our old-fashioned good-sense," said Judith.

And away they went after a brief week's visit, in which they had at their command everything except the *total time* of the chief actors there.

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE REAL WAR FOR THE REAL UNION.

ON a sleety day, months after the "lily-evening," full of black retrospection, Robert had turned from the piazza to enter the house from which he had twice before as restlessly emerged.

Since the night of the "lily-evening," Robert had been haunted with glimpses of a life which he believed would be Beulah's Heaven to attain; and had been maddened by the certainty that this glimpse of that life was a thing impossible to express to any one not a participant in something of this mystic kind, but that Ethel *was* such a participant.

When he had bounded into the place vacated by Braum, Robert had become the centre of currents deific, which had nearly maddened him with triumphant pride. And then Ethel, touching his breast, had lifted his submerged being into *her* recognition of the divine use which this deific force is competent to subserve. But, since those experiences, Robert, having tasted both forms of delight, had been riven with longing, sometimes for one and sometimes for the other, and meanwhile had been sundered from everything, except a death-in-life blankness, a sense-obliteration, that verged on that horror called annihilation. And in the tortures of this settling-down of Death on him, or this coming to him of some new form of Life, he had hurried up from Chicago to the Eloiheem home. And now, with an arousal to life again, there came to him a fourfold fury against the power of Womanhood as Ethel was forcing it on his attention. A power which in his ignorance he told himself should never be freed; for that, if freed, it would play on man's younger Ego as a harper plays on a harp.

It was a power he could not comprehend, and as he could not it angered him. A fetterless thing, it seemed to him to be insulting over him in its unfathomable, untouchable mys-

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tery of Majestic might. He now felt Ethel's power was diabolical, or if it in itself were not diabolical but were divine, then it was by so much the more a diabolical thing that Woman, instead of man, should be chosen as prime recipient and Custodian of it.

So filled with this half-hate, half-awe, and overpowered by the exasperating attraction for the devil or demi-god, woman, who held him in chains, he entered the hall, glancing about furiously, this side and that, till in at an open door of a little room he saw a fire blazing on the hearth. He entered and closed the door after him.

This is not Robert's story; for, in the nature of things, he, not yet being an Eloiheem in Spirit and purpose, but makes a background for the high-lights of Daniel's Vision of peace.

And this was about what Robert realized concerning himself, as, smarting under his exclusion from some order of life known to Daniel and Ethel, with hands in pockets and shoulders raised, he went directly to the window to look out on the rime-covered scene from which he had just turned away.

"Ah! you here!" he said suddenly with a start, turning and facing Ethel.

"Good! I have something to say to you alone," he added, and without looking at her he drew a little sofa up to the fire, beckoning her to sit there, quite as if months had not passed since there had been between them anything like the social hour had on that night long before "the lily evening" occasion.

He motioned her to the seat where he meant to sit at her side, knowing meanwhile that there was between them not only the reserves peculiar to persons of self-poise, but also that at this moment he felt toward her an inner antagonism equal to the sum-total of all the half-hates, half-fascination of all passionate men toward all women. An antagonism which, for months past, had had in it that war-to-the-knife element that fires one order of Sacerdotal spirits everywhere at any practical recognition of that Woman Supremacy which is freely avowed in Art and Song; and which has made Art and Song so generally denounced by one order of Sacerdotal Spirits. This is not Robert's story; so it can only be said he faced Ethel now, *not* as a brother dealing with a sister

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whose dignity and best self-development were precious and at one with his own. He faced her like an incarnation of brute Will dealing with an incarnation of percipient Intelligence, or as Sacerdotalism dealing with the Free Soul Sight which eyes the Sun and nothing between it and the Sun. And now as this Ethel's Sun-Seeing eyes met his, through Robert's hurtling pulses there throbbed what equalled all the hates, jealousies, and consuming passions of the mere brute Will to live as (the world throughout) it rages against the law of the Wisdom to live divinely. Roman met Geeek, as looking into those eyes of hers he set himself to do what should prove to this woman her weakness or worse and his greatness and better.

The next moment he was thrust back by the light in her soul. Then more furious than before, he told himself he would not believe what that light revealed. He would not believe that the intents and purposes of his heart were to her as is the thumb-marked primer to the man who learned it in childhood. The *Crudeness* of him repulsed the sight. "Believe it not," It said, "All that rages in your being, and worse, rages in hers. Why should she stand *panoplied* in the power which sweeping through you made the people in that room that night to be but as withes before your Will? Doubt it not. Man's Will is the sovereign thing. *It* creates and It destroys. Your passionate energy is a cyclone raging within you, direct it against her and her boasted Wisdom is but as a straw before the tempest."

Then if devil enforced by the fiends of a hierachy skilled to the verge of infallible power over subjects like Robert ever took asile in beautiful man and looked forth magnetically from eyes dark-splendid, such devil looked forth from such eyes as Robert said in winsome, brotherly tones, —

"I have great trouble with your lovers, Ethel. And now a gentleman from the East begs me to commend him to your Ladyship."

Slowly Ethel seated herself with her arm on the back of the sofa, facing Robert as he in the same attitude, sitting so, faced her.

"Have you not yet understood about all that?" she said. "You know, don't you, I love Love more than I ever could love a lover; and even then I love Wisdom more than I love Love. This it is to be a natural woman, man's verdict to the contrary notwithstanding.

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"Is that hard to accept? Nevertheless, Robert, it is but the first letter in an alphabet, learning which man will be then enabled to read somewhat of the lore of real woman nature."

Stifling back his wrath at this self-explanation vouchsafed so calmly, Robert ejaculated lazily and winsomely, —

"Now, now! you are going too far afield for mortal to wish to follow you. The difficulty is, as you looked that night, yes, now, so lithe, self-radiant and with that smile full of the thrill of Hathor's own self-going joy, no one would take you for the Ancient Goddess of Wisdom that you are." That's what he said, meanwhile he thought as others have thought of self-poised, affluent-natured women, "She is the very devil of a woman." Then added, "Oh, never mind! Only you break up men's comfort in their old ways, and then leave them to pull through without any hope of special interest on your part."

Ethel looked at him with a slight curious smile, meditating on the fact that this petting sort of pleasantry was a thing which all women listen to more or less wistfully, because it hints at a God-implanted Thing in man for which woman has a God-implanted interest. And that Thing is, Man's faith that Woman stands on heights wherefrom she can naturally lift man over the crucial hours of life. But also she saw that at this stage in the evolution of the race a half-blind faith that woman has this ability is not enough. And she knew that in Robert, as in thousands of other men, sweet primeval faith in woman was almost smothered by the "fire and smoke, the vapor, wind and water of death" with which false teaching concerning Woman's nature has cursed society.

She was looking at him with infinite tenderness, as, in fact, she always looked at everybody, thinking of manhood, rather than the man, and of the needs of the race, rather than of any one individual of it.

Just now this Robert to her was a type of that confusion of fears, desires, hates, and suspicions which, well admixed, make up the sex-sentiment of certain men of the period.

Robert hated to be looked at in that way. No other woman ever did it. It was to him as if she knew it all, and as if he were only a part of the all.

"If you would marry there'd be an end to all this," he

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said, perhaps impelled by that portentous fear which first originated the old scoffs against "old maids." "You see, you have such an adorable way of looking at us, at your brothers, you know! For that is the way you reckon us all in, is it not?"

"Yes, all men to me are brothers," she said quietly, going to the window. Robert followed her. As they looked out on the snow-scene, made sullen-dark by the clouds lowering so near, Ethel said, "Look! This is white snow; but a black sky broods over it, and, repelled by the forbidding aspect, you say you hate snow. But"—

They sprang back. The gray landscape was sun-seized. Trees, fences, housetops, the very air blazed in this metamorphosis. "Robert, this is frost in fire! Repellent looked the snow before the sun had come. But now the sun has come, and the whiteness of brightness blinds our unaccustomed eyes. It is frost in fire! It is Ice in flame! A blending of opposites as antagonistic as are fiery passion and cool intellect.

"Robert, when Woman is left to be herself, and to rule herself in the whiteness of the brightness of pure intellect, then men's sun-like ardors will not work woe, but weal, to the world. Robert, there is a mystery within a mystery here. But of this be assured, Life, for brightness and whiteness, shall be as is this scene, when Love in Wisdom shall have re-illumed humanity with ancient states of enduring delight."

"But what will bring about this fine and blinding state of things?" said Robert, satirically, at last, while trembling under the power in Ethel's words.

Then Ethel was at a task. For what she wished to make Robert see, "prophets and kings have desired to see, but have died without the sight;" and women, seeing, have had little encouragement to utter. What Ethel had to tell was certain to be not agreeable to ears of Robert. So she said, for this time,—

"These things will be helped well on their way when men love all women as sisters, and women all men as brothers."

"It won't do, Ethel. That was my theory. It won't work; not while humanity is humanity."

"Or do you mean, it will not work *until* humanity is humanity? You know, Robert, clouds now lie between man

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and woman. When sun shines on snow, when Godlike Love in Man meets Divine Mother-Wisdom in Woman, then Humanity, indeed, will shine forth in Its glory."

He turned on her fiercely.

"Ethel, you must know that this blaze of beauty comes but at the supreme moment of the union of sun and snow. Then, soon after that, of all this whiteness the Sun's ardors will have left but — mud, Ethel, mud," he said, scornfully, as men in his state of mind do speak of the orderly steps in the transits of Nature.

Cool as frost, but with eyes aglow with love for Life, All Life, on Its upclimbing way, she said, —

"Mud? Yes. Well? 'The Lotus grows from the mud.' What better can frost and fire do than to prepare a bed for lily-buds?"

He sprang up. Was it possible she dared even mentally to countenance practices such as he had espoused? Brought to himself by his concern for her, —

"You do not understand," he said, for he had hustled upon her words his *own* interpretation of them, and of the relation of the sexes. And Ethel, with large eyes far-gazing into the glories of her vision of the future, had lost all sight of the things with which Robert's acquaintance with the disorderly side of life filled his bedraggled mind.

"You do not understand," he said again. "White theories of love and the scarlet practices of passion, which swelter in cities, are separated by a gulf that cannot be bridged."

In a moment Ethel had returned from her Vision to the facts near at hand. And with a tone which Robert had never heard in her voice since the whitening of her hair, she said, —

"The gulf cannot be bridged? Have you decided that, at last? What? Not yet bridged, even though into it men like you fling holocausts of women whom you have turned out of the kingdom of wifehood and motherhood?

"You are right, Robert; there is a gulf between White Love and the scarlet practices of passion. It is a bottomless pit; and yet men of your principles hope to fill it with the women which you hurl into it!"

"I? Ethel, you are mad. I? Do you know whom you are talking to? I? I have lived as a brother among sisters. Before you assume to know so very much of my life you

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would better know a little more. You cannot even tell, you book-worm, *what* a brother feels for sister, what a lover for wife; much less then can you tell me, What I felt toward Lily Antwept. What? Do you know the tragedy? Well, you shall hear it from me.

"She was an art-student, a struggling genius, toiling, almost starving, as has many a one in great cities. I helped her with money and with little outings, restful and mentally elevating to her; as riding I talked to her, brotherly — if I any longer know what is 'brotherly.' — She knew I was unmarried, and perhaps misinterpreted my intentions. Then some other things she may have heard. So while I thought this dependent little sister — yes, I did regard her so — was happily at work in her art-world, a note from her came to me. Within was this statement, — 'I love you, but I know now your life and distrust your purposes. I have gone to my mother in Heaven. As for my body, that can be found in the morgue!'

"Oh, my Lord. The keen-cut fiendishness of the insult, the murderous cruelty of the insult! There, I did find it — the beautiful thing; with mud in the golden hair, and lips and eyes. Face downward into *that* mud she had gone, — kissing it, you would say, in a furious, passionate spurning of — of — the other kisses, which she believed I was seeking to buy!"

Drops of agony were on his white face, when presently, lifting his head, he said fiercely, —

"Do you see? The ideal relations which we image in our minds are *not* sustainable in the thick of life outside. I leave it to you. What could be more brotherly than my attitude toward that woman?"

"Your attitude toward man is more brotherly," said Ethel promptly, "for that is the attitude of legal equal toward legal equal. If that was man's attitude toward woman, then this Lily's thought of you as a possible husband, added to her distrust of you as a master treacherous and selfish, would not have robbed her of faith in you as a brother, disinterestedly helpful and kind. It is not the scarlet practices of passion which rob you of your chance to enact brotherly love. It is that your attitude toward woman is not that of brotherly love, any more than was the Southern masters', an attitude of brotherly love toward his

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best petted colored slave. You see this now plainly, for the moment, as you did while you last summer listened to the Nautilus story. Yet you will hold on to your old attitude. Shall I tell you why?"

"If you choose," said Robert, waiting his time.

"It is because your love of possession is founded in the love of Self, and not in the love of use. So is your love of dominance and your love of Beauty. This fact causes you to desire the practical enslavement of Woman that you may be her master. You, yourself, don't know what death saved Lily Antwept from! She probably knew you better than you knew yourself. The man is not yet born who is great enough to have the power over woman which wealth and woman's subject state give him. You know it. But you love it too well to relinquish it. What you do for yourself by your attitude toward woman is, you despoil these — your god-empowered helpers, and you make of them something very different! Shall I tell you what? You make of them gulf-fillers, living, writhing human-bridges, over which men of your kind and worse, pass to and fro, as you test your theories of love without marriage. And worse men than you make of this holocaust of Women, *mudsills* by which men worse than you think to keep comfort in the homes which they thus hope to lift up out of the mud!

"They say these gulf-fillers are of a strange and different sort from us, who dwell in the 'protected home.' I find they are perhaps worse-treated, not worse-natured. I have been to that bridge, not with tramping feet to cross over that writhing mass to any sort of share in any sort of scarlet practice — but to set on *their* feet my sisters who are as blameless as is my brother; and as blameless (but not as well taught, perhaps not as many ages old) as am I."

Robert's pulse quickened angrily, determinedly, furiously, as he looked at Ethel and listened, like a man beside himself, thinking what a world it would be, if women generally were like this, all-comprehending, infuriating, self-poised, Vivisectionist.

"I'll conquer her damnable arrogance or I'll kill her," he thought, for he stood *within* those flames which ages ago had purified Ethel and had refined and refashioned her then, into the woman-form and power which was now her inheritance and dower. Flames which now no longer roared and

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flashed *about her*, but which within her had now become the steady white fire of a life as white.

Of Woman-tormenting and torturing Robert had done his share. He was used to torturing them, and more or less consciously, while "murdering the just" with "incomparable mildness," and while "believing he did not oppress them," — he was used to studying, artist-like, their beauty as it paled and flushed under this treatment. But here stood some Sovereign Soul, unmoved, untouchable by pleasure, except indeed some fine perennial flow of delight from the fount of Life, which neither the world gave nor could take away.

To have all women like that? He would murder them first. To have Ethel continue like this? No, he'd have it out of her. "Who or what in the fiend's name does she think she is?" thought he, white to the lips as he bit his mustache. Then, —

"Oh, come, Ethel, drop the goddess for a little while! I want to tell you something. Come and sit on my knee, like the nice little sister you used to — to seem," he said.

What sister could resist that? What wife? What soft-hearted, young adorer of him — and Ethel knew they were many — could stand against his scorn of goddess-like qualities, and against the lingering, loving cadence of his voice as it breathed the words, "little sister"? Thinking this, and gathering into her Spirit's arms all faltering maidenhood, as *for* them she now prepared herself to win a victory, she sank to that seat, passing one arm around his neck and looking so into his eyes.

He sprung up, white with horror, and with face bowed in his hands; while a moan terrible in its almost inaudible weakness smote on his own ear.

At the next moment, with a swift loosening of self-restraint, and a triumph in the assurance that he was competent to scale heights of Spiritual Evil more entrancing than were even those blissful things the sight of and the fear of the loss of which had wrung from him that cry of yearning and dismay, he said lightly, —

"Queer philosophy this of ours! For if all women are my sisters, then, whatever woman I marry, I shall marry a sister."

"Yes. That, in a way, the noblest, patriarchal Hebrew teaching, sweetly taught," said Ethel slowly.

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He tried again,—

"Queer! Out of all the thousands of years that you and I have lived, any time before and any time after this time, I may have married or may yet marry *you*. For at other times these old souls of ours were cradled in separate homes. But now, by some accident, I am called your brother in some *passing* sense."

"But, over and above the 'passing sense' there is the ever permanent sense in which all women are the strong and reliable sisters of all men," said Ethel, quietly.

"Well—and what if they are?" said Robert, staggered and routed out of the soft, Mephistophelian look with which he was regarding her. A look in which—as in his old, old soul—there was summed up a relish for the loves of Heaven and for the loves of hell as he, like many a half-crazed man in this crucial age, flamed alternately with the glut and the glow of the last and the first.

But Ethel, older, far older than he, *and knowing that she was, and knowing of what she was capable*, standing on Heaven's *foundation* (which is the love of use), and full of Heaven's love of possession, pre-eminence and purity, waiting, looked on him silently. Then with all evil allurements summoned into his tone and presence, Robert, le diable, said,—

"Now, Ethel, once. Both arms about my neck and your head against mine. A good one, Ethel, a—a kiss; your soul into mine, or mine into yours, and victory to who wins. Now for the kiss!"

Was it a devil's contract? Was it a summing up of the battle between unseen hosts, which make for the Wisdom to live wisely and well, and the forces of the mere brute Will to consume all on self and for self? What else could result from such a kiss between two such beings, but that she would draw in at her lips the spirit diabolical, or he in at his the life beatific with which she had learned to fill herself betimes? Was it demon against demi-god? Was all the hurtling air filled with confluent Powers struggling each overmasteringly betimes to fetch to one and then to the other of these souls that help which each at the moment desired? With these silent questionings, Ethel stepped on a foot-cushion. Then, with eyes on the level of his—"My Brother, Robert Eloi*heem*, live forever," she said.

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His arms went about her, and, with lip sealed to lip, she, with a call on the Mother of Wisdom, let him draw the breath of her life through her sweet mouth, as he hung there, marvelling midst his passionate frenzy at the coolness, gentle and noble, of her clear eyes, and unmounting color and pulse. Full, fuller yet, and yet more full of that sweet thing so little understood, *a sister's love*, his starving soul became. Till, his weird and luckless devil, whelmed in *that*, rending and rushing away from the heart of him, as if at the sight of the crucifix, did leave the real, right, oncoming Robert Eloiheem standing like a weak child, with his head on Ethel's shoulder, weeping as if he would weep his very soul away in horror of the old self which was not his very self. A self from whom this radiant, white, and fearless woman had, for the time, delivered him through her faith in the best that was in him, even when the worst seemed nearly to have deluged it.

Thus and so, in retrospection, Robert afterwards saw this crisis.

Yet, after this obsession of his soul by the fiend element of his old karma, Robert still thought of himself as but a man consciously and momentarily as ready for a final relapse into the depths of irremediable ruin as he was for an ascent, steady and toilsome, to heights which, in those mad days, had for him no other attraction than that Ethel and Daniel stood on those heights, and, standing there, seemed indubitably blessed.

One day, soon after this affair, Robert came home from Chicago, and going directly to the house that Jack built, and finding Daniel there, at once broke forth with restrained ferocity, —

"The thing which I can't abide is this cold calculation in woman which balks a man just as he depends on her. It is selfish scheming, is it not? If not, what is it?"

Daniel answered elaborately in one word, —

"Wisdom."

Robert flung himself out violently. His long legs, with his heels planted in the rug, stretched far before him; his hands in his pockets, hair tossed, and eyes bloodshot. The very clothes on his back having risen up in such disorder as it would seem Robert Eloiheem could never have exhibited. But, as has been before intimated, from childhood Robert had habit-

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ually in this home let himself out at the very worst which he ever permitted himself to do, even when alone. That Daniel knew. So, whatever of repression there was now in his conduct was the repression which he habitually exercised at his worst; and in these days he was fast getting toward his worst. Furiously now he exclaimed, in a muffled tone, —

"Wisdom? A fine name; but it would be hard to prove in this case." Drawing his legs up suddenly, and bending forward violently, with his hands in his pockets, he added, "Alice Merton has refused to marry *me*.

"What! You expected it, I see you did! Why, I offered to marry her, and give her my name!"

"Merton is a good name too," said Daniel.

"Now, that — that's dámnable!"

"So she has found out by experience. Perhaps she thinks she will now make it creditable, and teach her sons to do the same."

Robert sprang to his feet.

"Do you uphold a woman in a life like *that?*" he ejaculated.

"I think I would uphold a woman in an effort to make creditable a name which a man had damned. Yes, I think so!"

"Why, what are you and Ethel coming to? I mean" — Robert halted, as perplexed as others have been at the considerate attitude of dispassionate people toward conduct in others which these people do not in the least lean toward themselves. Then he stammered, —

"But I say I'll give her mine legally, and a wife's position!"

"Perhaps she thinks — Women are so wise in their love — that at *this* late hour that would but discredit the name of Eloiheem!

"Oh, *that* is your trouble! Your old pride in the name of Eloiheem!"

Daniel looked at Robert. This was the old sneer used by Eloi (so Daniel believed) long ago, when that spirit was seeking the incarnation through which it was now fighting its last fight, unless victorious. The face before him did not seem to be Robert's. There was that in it which robbed it of the fine traits of the character which for years Robert had sed-

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ulously tried to cultivate. For in these days loves founded in the Hell-love, love of self, had swept away all else from face and mien. "In a day or two days," as the Chinese have it, the *beginning* of the final end, or of the new beginnings, would set in. Of that Daniel felt sure. For that on which he looked was, in some terrible sense, the face of a dying creature. A face on which the traits of brute and human were mixed and marred in the throw and overthrow of those combatants. Combatants soon now to close in a death-struggle from which, in the arena of this soul, only the man, not the brute, could live to rise. It was too late, now, for the brute to be a living Victor. Death to it would give life to man: but life to the coming man of this epoch could no longer co-exist with the life of his brute nature; no, not in this stage of Robert's evolution.

These, Daniel's thoughts, had again arrested Robert, as they were precipitated silently into his soul.

Breaking the strange silence, Daniel said, —

"I have observed in Woman a sustained self-sovereignty which keeps the insurgent folk within her subservient to the great uses for loved ones which it is Wisdom's Will Woman shall serve when she acts in freedom."

"I should think, then, woman would serve the good credit of her family before the world. That is what I have seen Althea do! Yes, I think the good credit of those boys of mine before the world is a little something!" he reiterated.

"And the good comfort of the family when they are *not* before the world is something too," said Daniel.

"And — and you doubt my ability to make comfort in a home?" he said, looking at Daniel queerly. But, not meeting Daniel's gaze, he himself took a swift review of certain matters: — presently ejaculating angrily, —

"Well, come to the root of the matter. *Why* does she refuse?"

"Did you by any chance ever say to her that, in your opinion, the other way was as honorable? And that she was the Mother of the children (quoting to her the Mother of the Gracchi), and could do with them miracles? And that you could never honor her more as a wife than in the relation which you had asked her to sustain?"

"Well, supposing I did? I have given her perfect respect and real liberty: and now I am willing to do the only thing

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that I left undone! What more does she want?" said Robert, like a man discussing the particular order of morality which, above all others, most affected conditions of life present and to come. For, right or wrong, Daniel had taught that man's treatment of woman was the pivotal point on the turn of which depended the making of Heaven on earth, as well as hereafter.

"She wants nothing more," said Daniel. "Long ago she accepted your fiat, 'no marriage.' Relying on your ingenious arguments against it, she faced consequences, and prepared for the end. That end has come. And the strain under which she has for twelve years lived has taught her an aforethought for the good of her children, which you call 'calculating shrewdness.' She may have even a sense of relief that the end has come. So, in her calmness, you see coldness. I see wisdom — Mother Wisdom!"

"But, who — what — why does she see the end when I ask her to — to — as you might say, make a beginning? Besides, you talk as though all the beauty of that home had been artificial!"

"There must be something artificial in the life of a woman who is living on a thin crust, which she knows will but break in the quicker, if she once appears conscious of its thinness!"

Robert looked like one dazed; while swift reviews of the life they had led passed before him. A life which, from the first of their curious contract, had had in it no tears, expostulations, or "scenes," a life full of noble reserves, and what he had flattered himself were "ideal family relations." A family where — as occasional visitor and protector from afar — with no petty talk about money he had settled all those things silently, generously, and on an increasingly broad basis as the family increased in number and age. A family where he was not an inmate or a burden-bearer in the home: because he had explained that, if he had to live constantly with an angel from heaven, the poetry making on his part would soon fall to very poor prose or worse. A family, then, from which at the least approach of anything liable to *bore him*, he had gracefully withdrawn, journeying to the world's end, if the fancy struck him, simply bidding Alice to expect him when he came, and not until. A family where no questions of "his affairs" had ever been tolerated. But a family whom he had provided for, "whether he lived or died." In

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one swift picture all this passed his mind. In another, he saw *her*, this woman, whom he had never thought beautiful, with the softness of face and manner which he called Beauty. A large, ruddy-haired, hazel-eyed, strong-featured girl, daring in purpose, perfect in health, and unfaltering in rectitude to her own chosen principles of action, she had been, when, at sixteen years of age, he first met her. And (though this does not belong in this story) that meeting had come at a time when Robert was in a state of such clairvoyance and clairaudience as would have made him seem a madman to a more timid and sense-fettered maiden. And not till two years after this meeting, not till two years of a strange and virginal friendship had existed between them — and not till Robert had fallen into a habit of relying upon this young girl's all-apprehending, winsome way of listening to his story of the necessity he was under to "live a rare order of self-restrictive Virtue, in order to attain a more rare order of development," did this Alice Merton accept the relations which she had since sustained. And Robert now believed she did it then in faith that certain intellectual and spiritual results could be thus achieved for him and his children. She had accepted the story which he had told her, and her alone; — the story of his ecstasies and of his horror and fear lest his tempestuous nature should drive him into a life that would not only rob him of the aforesaid great achievement, but would leave him to die at last as a mad dog dies.

Since their union he knew he had relied on her as if with the Oriental proverbialist he too believed, "Every book of Knowledge is implanted by Nature in the heart of Woman."

She had sustained him in living a truly epicurean life, in which he never blunted sensibility of palate or of emotion by the least intemperance; a life in which he had made a stand against forming any bad habit, as it was especially against the bondage of bad habits that he fought. But also his fugitive way of flying over the world hindered him from forming those *good habits* which had been Daniel's salvation at the time when his actions in the Wilderness were for months *purely automatic*. Robert had heard often of that year on Lake Winnebago. Daniel had not failed to tell Robert that the habit of methodically doing skilful work when he was mentally master of each act had stood him (Daniel) in good stead when his mind for a time had ceased

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to dictate act after act. For that then, in his mental alienation, he had done by force of habit what his strayed mind did not cause him to do by force of Will.

Something of all this Robert had once told Alice. And when one day, years afterwards, in depression he had also told her that their sons necessarily must be mad men; for that their grandfather was odd, and he, Robert, was odder, and that for a finality his sons would be mad, — she had answered, "But none of my people have been odd. My parents were well-balanced. I am better balanced, and *my* sons shall be balanced mentally best of us all. Besides, good habits of self-use and self-knowledge do away with the dangers which mere fearers fear! And again, besides, it is yet to be proved that 'the grandfather, Daniel Heem,' was not a great deal more sane than were those who called him mad. It is hard to prove that you are not; and as for the third generation, it is my opinion that the world will be so wise by the time my boys mature in the first of the next century that they will be found to be seers of the deep and secret things which dwell in the darkness. For the age will then have learned to understand themselves as the Eloiheems, father and daughter, understand themselves; not as fearing, fighting antagonizers of others, nor as loud-mouthed leaders and dominators of others — but as desire-freed makers of homes for the development of the Individual: — the Individual who at this crisis has climbed up to so lofty a plane of self-unfoldment that the continuation of existence is dependent on the answer given to the question, *License* or *Liberty*, WHICH?

"Fear not for me and my boys, Robert. Leave me still in liberty; and my boys, nameless though they are by law, shall yet be proven to be Eloiheems by nature."

Well Robert now remembered this fiery yet quiet outburst. And certain he was that this woman — whom his conduct otherwise would have loaded with shame and her sons with the lot that naturally befalls bastards — had been sustained by that sister who had "crossed the gulf" which Robert expected would have sufficiently separated her from his hidden ways of life.

And, pondering thus, Robert now decided that Alice, having accepted a life recommended to her by him for reasons shown by him, a way of life for which sons would naturally condemn her, did not propose to attempt by a tardy marriage

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such a white-washing of those twelve years as would cause her sons to believe that what she had done on principle (true or false) had been done on mere brute-impulse.

"'If this way is wrong it ends this hour; and I will take care of my boys,' she said," thought Robert. "It is Ethel who is upholding her! I could swear it! If *good* women are going to lock hands with — Oh, what a mess it is!" he ejaculated. Then aloud, "— Confound it! She knows I won't take any mean advantage of her!" he said challengingly to Daniel.

"Yes! Of course she knows that," said Daniel in a way which showed Robert he was himself not so sure he would not punish that woman to the top of his bent, unless she exactly came to his terms. For it seemed to him it was one thing for him to wish to keep free of "marriage entanglements" with her and quite a different thing for her to wish to keep free of him, whatever her reasons.

From the time she was sixteen till now that she was thirty, he had trained her in all Daniel's high strained theories *sans* the marriage ceremony. But also, by his real selfishness toward her, he had trained her in that hardihood of self-reliance which comes to a tortured woman soul through hours of isolation and of that fear which is conquered by drowning it in the very heart's blood of the woman who sits at home with only her principles for company.

This he now pretty clearly saw. Her years of loneliness had inured to a Self-Oneness a Self-Union! A Self-Union which had looked out of her clear grave eyes when, in response to the marriage proposition flung at her so cavalierly, she had answered, "If the other way is wrong it ends this hour. I will take care of my children."

"It just comes to this!" he exclaimed: "If a man marries he legally owns a woman and her children, and can do what he likes. If he does not it is his business to disable her with fetters of poverty and shame, and to howl down every other woman who looks toward helping her with counsel or toleration of any sort! The old Braminical law was right. That law which commanded priests to make women 'feel themselves to be vile and abhorrent' and which kept them utterly crushed down and crippled with ignorance and false shame. For, as Heaven is my witness, I vow that to give woman a sense of her own value or ability or an inch of freedom is to let

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loose in her a sort of devilish courage and — and — Lord! — their self-knowledge and endurance, yes, their endurance of loneliness and the pangs of child-birth — and of sights and sense of the unseen worlds — what *don't* they endure? What *do* they enjoy? What do they get or ask for — I mean — what am I saying? I am saying that they are devils! that's what I am saying — yes, devils and tricky fools, and they outwit us every time! Would there had never been a Woman made!" raved he, on whom Daniel, with a blenched face, looked in sudden horror.

"My son, my son! Would God I could die the death for thee!" he cried, springing to his feet and clasping to his heart this son of his own days of defeat by Passion. Days when in the Wilderness, mid tempest of passionate desire and of shame and abhorrence of his own enslavement, he had begotten this *slave* of and *hater* of Woman. His arms were about Robert, as full of remorse and love he clasped him, while tears — *Daniel's tears*, sight of wonder! — fell on the younger man's astonished face.

"My son, my son! 'Tis *I* who have made your battle so hard! 'Tis I who branded you with fightings, fears, and tumultuous desires! and with the wild impulse to fly from yourself, from woman and from life! But, Robert, out of all my life it was but for a few months that I feared, fought, desired, and hated Life! At your birth-cry all this horrible madness passed away and left me sane and glad!"

"Yes, *passed*, but not far away, old friend!" cried Robert suddenly. "Blame not yourself! Mayhap it was I — I Malchi, that devil of a cabbalist, Malchi Eloi, who, forcing myself on you, forced on you my conditions; and mayhap, at the first breath of the life of my new incarnation, I took what was my own and left you free from this relish for life; this relish which is so full of fear and fightings. I no longer doubt! I feel I *am* that devil, Eloi! I relish his deviltry better far than I can relish your vision of peace! Peace? Why, man," cried Robert with glowing eyes, "never looked *you* so fine to me, never so fairly a man, as just now, when remorse for your sins — sins (?) — and when a thrilling remembrance of how alluring they were to you and *are* to me, swept you out of that said peace. Peace? Pah! I like not the deadness of desireless peace! — 'Tis worse than womanish — yes, worse. For, by the Heaven that hears me,

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there is something strangely different from 'desireless peace' in the quiet of these sleek lionesses, of whom your Ethel is the chief! Hate them I do not! Yet devils they are; and slay them I could, for the still treachery that is in them. Chains can't hold them, though they break not their chains; Death can't slay them, though they die."

His head fell on his hand, which clutched at his throbbing temple, while he talked on strangely, — "'Tis their seeming acquiescence in what we men do, and then their forestalling, overthrowing, and circumventing of it all at last — that's the deviltry which can't be caged or slain. Purity? Sanctity of Soul? I doubt it! If so, tell me why — while men, who go into swash, come out silent, too decent at least to talk — women, the very saints among them, puzzle and whisper over what little they *do* know, with a pertinacity which —

"Daniel, what does it mean?"

"Wisdom," said Daniel.

"How in the fiend's logic do you make that out?"

"In the light of my own womanly nature. In my youth my questionings got me the discredit of being a loiterer in 'swash-regions.' But, Robert, the truth is, there is no 'swash.' What you call so is — 'The River of Life which makes glad the city of Jehovah' — the pure River of Life. And Mother Wisdom knows it for what it is — and Woman intuitively, even though unconsciously, knows herself for what she is, that is — the maid of the fountain? But yours is the old story of the Wolf and the Lamb at the Stream. You remember the intrusive Wolf, tramping into the stream, stirred up the soil; and then, disgusted with the mud he had made, began blaming the lamb, who was daintily drinking from the bank down below, that the water was so muddy. And when the lamb replied, — 'It is you who muddy the water, and it is I who have to drink the mud which you make' — then the Wolf, complaining of critical remarks, devoured the lamb in a rage, only too glad of an excuse.

"There are men who call women shameless, — that means 'not to be shamed.' I ask why should they be? Orderly life is not a matter of shame, and orderly life is what woman naturally loves. So that, when man-made license forces disorderly life on society, Woman's Wisdom does lead her to 'puzzle over it,' pertinaciously determined to know why and how the stream of Life, from which she is desirous of daintily

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and healthfully drinking, has become so muddy; — and desirous of knowing why — any attempt to rebuke the mud-maker should bring down on her the charge of liking to dally in mud-regions.

"I say it is Woman's Wisdom which leads her to inquire into the cause of the muddiness of the stream of life from which she has to drink. It is her inherent love of health and purity. And it is because of her inherent love of health and cleanness, and because of her pertinacious determination to have it or know the reason why, that in freedom she is the protector and savior of the human race."

"— amn! She'd better know less!" muttered Robert, with growing coarseness.

"You remember your own old law of conduct, don't you, Robert?" said Daniel presently. "You used to say, could you but put yourself and keep yourself in just relations with persons and your own principles, you would be invincible.

"Sure enough, that is so! That is the whole problem of Life. And it will be greatly simplified when men shall have put themselves in just relations to the persons called *Women:* for then these persons, *in freedom*, will be able to put themselves in such just relations to the principle of Life itself that men will find Wisdom's ways are pleasantness.

"Mark my words. When this is done man will find little difficulty in keeping himself in just relations with his own principle, and will readily become *invincible*.

"That this can really be done, you will understand when you recall the fact that the first, second, and third definitions of the word 'Principle' are successively, 'beginnings,' then 'Original Source,' and third, '*primordial Substance*' — And herein lies the mystery of mysteries!

"Remember the definitions. And then put yourself in just relations with the 'Original Source,' the 'Primordial Substance,' the *principle* of Life, and you will be" —

A knock at the door was followed by Althea's entrance.

"I have a letter from Judith! It says, Judith Eloi's first visit to the Eloiheems will be her last. That she has prepared for another life, her will is drawn up, and she wishes to end her days as Judith Eloi in peace. She desires us to come to her '*on*, not before, the seventeenth of the month.' For that then, while she is living, her Will is to be read in the presence of us all.

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"Just think of it. Poor Judith! What a notion! Not a word about her sickness. How can we manage to get there on, and not before, the evening of the seventeenth?"

Althea had thrown herself into a chair, plunged into the problem of the exact balance to be held between the reserved simplicity and evident state that should mark the return of herself and family to the old town of Alford.

"Did I boast cruelly to Judith, Daniel, when she was here? I didn't mean to. I only wanted to show her that, in marrying you, you had been as far from hurrying my children into the insane asylum as I was from giving an ordinary man to my children for a father," Althea had said, as the carriage drew up at the door of the old Mansion in Alford; and then, one of the mutterings which Althea considered was a mark only of Robert's increasing ugliness of temper, brought from her the ejaculation, "Come! Do be good-natured and bright, Robert! I don't see *what* — with everything at your disposal, and nothing to do but to follow your own sweet Will — can ail *you?* Though, of course, grief is another thing," she added, catching herself up. For the remembrance of how, forty odd years before, she had crossed the Continent with much internal trepidation, and external assurance, suddenly decided her that, in view of the *occasion* of this visit, she would perhaps better reverse those conditions, and not let her inward assurance and satisfaction be *too* apparent.

In the excitement of returning to her old town, clothed upon with such satisfactory results of her experiment at making an Eloiheem home, she had almost forgotten that Judith Eloi had invited them to a deathbed scene. And the shock of the memory had completely overcome her, when —

If this, into which they were welcomed, was a house of mourning, it was certainly as good a likeness to a house of feasting as Althea had ever entered.

Then it seemed as if the joke would never be told; for there was Judith herself, looking at her best, while declaring herself as penniless and effectually dead and buried as was ever self-renunciating nun.

"I tell you, Althea, you are not the only one who has the courage to follow Daniel's Eloiheem principles. I have done it now, even to the extreme of making legally defunct Ju-

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dith Eloi, and, by an act of legislation, resurrecting her to newness of Life as Judith *Eloiheem.* Yes, I really have taken that name legally! And, having ended my days as Judith Eloi, my Lawyer shall now read you the Will of that defunct Spinster."

Then, later, the laughing, questioning company, having greeted the new Eloiheem, settled themselves to hear the Will.

But over forty years had elapsed, and few there were present of that old company which had bidden Althea and Daniel "good speed" on their Western journey. But Arthur and Mrs. Braum were there, and a very few others into whose faces Althea gazed, while searching for the old traits which years had metamorphosed into traits less or more beautiful, according to the growth which had been going on within.

Yes, gone was the old time, and well gone; for, whether all present there knew it or not, it had gone to make way for better things. But of this, not all the conservative, change-fearing, death-fearing people of that little town were at all persuaded. More than a few of them there had spent all their energies clinging, soul, hand, and heart, to their meagre possessions, fearing death, fighting old age and desiring desires. And this whole transaction and the presence and atmosphere of the family of the four, large, fair Eloiheems seemed like a tornado from over the Rocky Mountains, sent to sweep away the mild little primnesses of a stagnant little town. But the Braums and their coadjutors liked this well. And their laugh was at the merriest and most heartfelt, when the Will had been read, transferring to Ethel one half of Judith's property. For the church of the Braums had received a certain portion of the other half. And then Judith exclaimed, —

"*Now*, I am stripped of all *impedimenta;* and, penniless and homeless, I cast myself on the Eloiheems, begging to be housed under the roof which so readily shelters all who are Eloiheems in principle and deed. Daniel has always said that at the end of the century there would be a great American Jubilee. And that, in order to fetch it about, it was only necessary that bright people should make a brilliant and hardy use of self for self and others. So, I have been trying to be brilliant and hardy.

"Money was once my *impedimenta*, as the lack of money is

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the *impedimenta* of some other people. So, I have gotten rid of my *impedimenta* by removing certain *impedimenta* from the way of the Braums, who hold in trust, responsible to no one but their own good sense, money enough to ease them up a little in their efforts at making the world better through their church methods. Then — but I need not sound my own trumpet. I have been trying to be 'brilliant and hardy.' And now I will leave it to my grand-niece to tell you what she thinks of it all."

Althea, with trepidation, watched Ethel, as, with something of Daniel's humor, she looked round on the company, where were several persons seething with the social questions which now animate everybody. Self-poised, glad with the gladness of self-giving joy, she stood a moment, till Althea was taken up into wonderment that there had been a time when she had feared for the continued balance of Ethel's great brain, and had fought against her development along "those unheard-of" lines of research through mystical self-evolution; — a time when she had desired her to plunge into the "social swim," for fear this sustained scrutiny of the world's tangles and of the cause of those tangles should make her "a witless, ruined mind."

"Was it that" (Althea swiftly wondered) "Ethel had, year by year, heard the message, 'Who knows if you have come to the kingdom for such a time as this? If you altogether hold your peace at such a time as *this*, deliverance shall come, but *you* and your father's house shall perish;' — and was it that, always hearing and always obeying, in little and great things, the Word 'This is the way, walk you in it,' she had not only *not* hindered, but had constantly, mystically and practically, helped forward the successive crises of this era, where clear thinking and high living are the great necessity among our moneyed, eager, impulsive people?

"Perhaps so. And how strange that Ethel, who has not seemed to care for money, should now be getting it right and left! The very money now which Judith would not give me when I needed it so! But, after all, if she had shared it with me then, and had secured me in a certainty of freedom from the question of what to eat and wear, and how to live decently, should I have been the woman I am, with the children I have? Should I have cared so furiously to marry Daniel, if — well, if she hadn't thwarted me so?

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Oh, the pleasure of life is in the strife of it, at least to me and lots like me! But, curious, in these days, I find pleasure in expending what we have in these new ways planned by"—

"Yes, the exploit *is* decidedly brilliant," Ethel's voice broke in on Althea's ruminations. "I doubt, though, if, for '*my Aunt Judith*, this disposal of her *impedimenta*' *is* so very hardy. It might have been *once;* but now, you know, she has been 'born again.'"

Merriment.

"A fierce battle to *obtain* and *keep* wealth is, at a given stage of development, 'a brilliant and hardy use of self.' At another stage, 'to give away this wealth' is a brilliant and hardy use of *self* for others. But at a *third stage* of development it would not be 'enduring hardness like a good soldier' of this present age, if such a possessor of wealth should indolently throw off these *impedimenta* on to others. I am sure my Aunt knows that the Eloiheems are nothing other than precisely the bearers of the burden (or the blessing, as we say) each of his and her own individuality. The Eloiheems are dreamers of beautiful dreams, and believers that 'there's nothing half so sweet in life' as the practicalization of each life's young dream!"

Her eyes fell laughingly on Judith's, and Judith exclaimed, "Yes, I suppose so! I know now that my life's young dream (come to get to the very kernel of it) was to be an *Eloi-Heem.*" (Merriment among those who knew the old love story.) "But I didn't fully realize then that I loved my Love better than I loved my Lover! and my love was to follow my own wisdom, and to carry out my plans as I choose,—and, thank Heaven and Althea and the rest of them, I have done it. I should have made Daniel Heem miserable, for I was always half afraid of him, and always on the half-fight with him. I wanted him to carry out my ideas: but they really then were not very clear. But they are now. And, as Ethel says, *I* too have had to bear the burden and the blessing of a strong individuality."

"Yes; and so this aunt of mine has married; that is, has married one-fourth part of her wealth (including this spacious old mansion and grounds) to Mrs. Riddel's love of"—

"Oh, they know about all that, Ethel," interrupted the

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aunt; "they know that, of course, after Althea went off with Daniel, I began to wonder what I could do with my house and servants. And dear old Riddel knew I was something of a match-maker, and I knew she was just alive with thoughts of past blunders made by herself and others. For she was a grandmother; and, though she had given birth to ten children, and though she had had among them twenty-five grandchildren, yet, in her old age, she had but two daughters and three grandchildren left. Why? Oh, *that* subject will do for those who complain of the past instead of mending the future by taking care of the present. The point was, she had her memories, her experience, and my fireside; I had my memories, experience, and *her;* so we fell into the easy business of marrying our opposites, and of making this home the centre of a society called F. O. L.'s. Do you know what that means? It means Friends Of Lovers. It is a secret-service division which has its weather-eye out for the breakers on which young folks run down their pleasure yachts, all because of knowing nothing of the high seas on which they put out unprepared.

"Young folks are all right, but *ignorant* of the mighty forces of the Natural laws of the Spiritual World. And it is this ignorance which leaves them often to injure their *reputations* before they have formed their characters; and which also tends to thrust back souls whose orderly longing for re-incarnation goads young people to conduct befitting only those who have prepared a Temple of home to which to invite the Monad, who is so vigorously claiming cradle and bodily rehabilitation.

"Yes, of course these are Daniel Heem's ideas of the springs of things. And it would take a volume to unfold the final effect (and the steps by the way) of this practical teaching — a teaching which cools passion, enlightens Reason, and warms the heart of young people with divine Love! A love that of itself thrusts back impetuous, passionate, animalized spirits, and which, instead, lures to the lovers an order of beings whose 'descent into generation' is needed indeed by the age we live in.

"Believe me, it is only necessary that young people should perceive the momentous character of the results of conjugality in order to the awakening in them of awe and a longing to win some grand and glorious soul to their roofs.

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Intelligence concerning this mighty mystery rapidly changes passion into Love divine, and directs creative energy to Use instead of to abuse.

"Here's work, then, for the 'surplus women' who, they say, are found on this North-Atlantic coast. Work for women, old women, who no longer sit in chimney-corners smoking pipes (as it is said once they did on old farms), but who, chewing the cud of bitter memories of the too many enforced births and too many consequent deaths of babies badly born, may now, in every home, set up a 'secret-service division,' and mentally arrest lovers who *shall* so be saved from adding themselves to the class cruelly called 'spawning paupers,' by winning them to make of themselves Priests and Priestesses of Eloiheem-homes instead."

"But if all babies lived, might not the world be too full?" some one questioned.

"If babies live but to be paupers, criminals, and lunatics, a very few of them are too many. But if every young pair of people in the world set up Eloiheem-homes to which they invite, from time to time, '*individuals*,' each of whom should be trained to be an 'idea,' an 'identity' with a part to discover and to perform 'characteristic of their being,' the individuals they are, I do *not* think such would add much to the poverty or the stupidity of the country," said Judith.

"For a while, at least, they could find a little something to do in the thousands and thousands of miles of unrecovered wilderness over which I have lately inspectingly travelled myself," remarked Mrs. Eloiheem.

"Then there is a land called South America, and there are Siberian wastes, and Africa, and Asia, and a few trillion billion planets, that the oncoming Eloiheem individuals may think it 'characteristic of their cause of being' to harness to the earth as homesteads for Eloiheems."

"Now," the aunt broke in on the laughter, "I'm going to say what other people are thinking: that is, that Robert and Ethel should be made to give an account of themselves, that *they* have not set up Eloiheem marital homes?"

"You forget," said Althea briskly, "that under the law of liberty no one forces on others one method rather than another. Son and daughter are left to practicalize the law of liberty as each pleases; as long as neither, by intruding, breaks the law of liberty! As things are in this Nation

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to-day, the average woman, in order to do her work as one head of a home (as I have done mine, or as Ethel is doing hers), would likely have to remain unmarried and childless; and make a home for herself and pick up her children from the street, where they are not scarce. You see it is rare to find a home where a woman has not even to 'manage her husband in order to get fair treatment.' But Liberty is a stringent law. It excludes all emotional trickery and manœuvring on the part of woman, for that is a kind of soft enslavement of men, and carries on a wrong development of them. A thing especially outlawed by Liberty. And this law of liberty is the good, old, original law of this land of America.

"A law *not yet tested:* though some light heads, not realizing that it has never yet been tested, do talk as if our government were a failure. The government? Why, except Daniel Heem, I never knew of a single man who is godlike enough to have tested the law in his own family yet. My opinion is, if half the men who are raging round speech-making in pulpit and on rostrums, in England, France, Germany, and America, would try Daniel Heem's fashion of practising what they preach (when they preach about liberty), Society would reconstruct itself in less than another forty years. But yet, after all," she said, with a flush as she unconsciously glanced at Robert, "the root of bitterness, which is the love of domineering, is a terribly tough, gnarly, underlying root, *especially* in men's natures, — well, yes, in — in the nature of women too, if they take after their fathers, and most women do! Then, again, *that* is just where the advantage comes in when men are reasonable as Daniel is, for that gives us daughters like my Ethel; and if such daughters have sons who 'take after them,' well, you see," — she added with a merry wave of her ever handsome hands.

Whatever the final arrangement of the Will matter, Judith Eloiheem took up her abode at the Eloiheem home; for she wanted to be in the midst of the things which had so laid hold on her interest; and, above all, she wanted to be near Ethel's strangely oxygenizing presence.

Whatever she expected to find the people of the household doing, she in fact found a singularly quiet, well ordered though gladsome and healthy company of people, who evidently relished their work and play most heartily.

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In the early summer of 1889, Daniel said, one evening, —

"At our next social gathering we are to bring forward the idea that family unity depends on the freedom of each individual; and that as *our* idea of family unity includes not only the unity of the Nation and of all the Nations of the Earth, but also the whole family of the Heavens and the Earth, it of course embraces a recognition of our relation and responsibility (that is, ability to respond to) to those who have passed to other spheres of" —

"O Daniel! I beg! Leave out Spooks and Spooks Country till we get there!" cried Althea.

"I declare, Althea, that's a very cruel way to talk about people who are as alive as you are, and more so, though they have passed out of your sight," said Judith. "I considered the notion of things which Braum ascribed to the people at Karnac as quite pretty. And doubtless if we, of this country, could get up as well-harmonized physiques and as well-winged minds as the *Karnacians* had, we could get a better hold on unseen things above us. If you were in your eighties, as I am, you would like to be in a line of thought and life that would familiarize — that is, family-ize — you with those who have gone on into finer doings and delights than are those which depend on the medium of mere physical senses."

"But, Daniel, why not have a good paper read on the subject? *That* would shut out interruptions."

"Oh? what? Not allow people to answer back? and to interrupt, if that is their idea of things? Of course we shall not have a smooth evening. For we shall have people with us who mistake license for liberty, and formula for religion; the trouble of all lower development."

"But discussions and antagonisms are precisely the things which keep idealists on *terra firma*. Dreamers in the upper air precisely need contact with 'inferior people in whom is the brilliant dreadfulness of Heaven,' so the ancients say. We shall have sufficient of that 'brilliant dreadfulness' next evening.

"Elkhorn is to be with us, and a few Fathers of the church which he does not love. But then, too, there will be my old friend Konigscrown and his ward, Frantze — now *Lord* Aneuland. So there will be an English Lord and Sullivan's free tongue; and — well, 'brilliant dreadfulness' in short."

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"Ethel, why *don't* you marry!" said the aunt suddenly, wondering about Ethel's whitened hair.

"I am wedded to the Principle back of Daniel's Vision of Peace," said Ethel amiably, laughing back at the aunt, while leaving the room.

Robert joined her in the hall.

"Look here, Ethel," said Robert, determined to have it out — "you say you are wedded to the Principle back of Daniel's Vision of Peace. And I have said, if I could put myself in just relations with persons and my own principles, I should be invincible. And Daniel said, a while ago, that Principle means 'beginnings,'— 'Original Source' and 'Primordial Substance.' Now, look here, just what do *you* mean by saying you are wedded to the Principle back of Daniel's Vision of Peace? Do words mean anything? If so, what did *your* words about your wedded-ness mean?"

He had taken her by the arm fiercely. And Althea, seeing his look, half sprang toward them, as she had been passing on through the hall.

"I believe he will be off his head next, with his ferocious temper," she thought; for he looked as though he would kill Ethel on the spot.

But Ethel, with a dazedly happy smile, a half-intoxicated, satisfied look of perfect bliss, stood with eyes fixed on glowing clouds and reflecting lake, in full reception of the delight of life, as at last she murmured: "Why, yes! Primordial Substance — Path, Motive, Guide, Original, and End! *This* is back of and through all visions of the new things of the new age; this is peace, and makes for it. Why, yes!"

"Yes, I am wedded to that."

And Robert, with an indescribable look at her, as he stood half drawn back, and with some swift thought of the way the old women at Aunt Judith's had talked on, like intoxicated Sybils, seizing her arm again, whispered in her ear, —

"Do you remember the ice-scene last winter? Well, let me choose your dress for this coming occasion. It shall be frost, Ethel. The fire will be within!" And he drew back, looking at her as if he had revealed to her his knowledge of some crime of hers.

She met his eye quietly, with an enigmatical yet sympathizing smile, as if she were just brought down from *her* heaven to the remembrance that her brother dwelt elsewhere.

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The dress of which he spoke was even then planned for her by this restless Beauty-worshipper. It was a glistering, white tissue, that seemed in its diaphanous quality as like as possible to clouds of diamond-dusted air. It was a Greek robe in form; except that it was bound high about the throat with strings of the old Houndsheath pearls. On the bosom of it, when Ethel was dressed in it, blazed the jewel, symbol of All-in-One and One-in-All. From Ethel's coronal to the hem of this robe no color was seen save that on cheek, lips, and lustrous eyes, which glowed forth under dark brows and darker lashes.

In this soft Greek robe, given and designed by this brother, and wearing the jewel and living in the house which was his gift to her, this Ethel Eloiheem stood at Robert's side, while he with her received the guests as on the former occasion.

Was she not then evidently a woman whom he delighted to honor? Was it not a reasonable thing for him to expect, as he met her eyes, that he should see in them a look, not only of perfect complaisance in him, but of self-abnegating reliance on him, and of self-absorbing love and reverence for him?

Reasonable or not, Robert's wistful eyes saw nothing of that kind on Ethel's face; and he knew he never had seen it. He saw her beautiful with a beauty over and above that which high vitality gives to perfect form and feature; — beautiful with a grace added to her from the Fount of Life, which, newly opened for the sublimating of the love of oncoming humanity, laved her being — and — his by reflex influence. But in her eyes, turned on his, was not the self-abnegating reliance on him which this Robert considered his due. But what was there sharpened his doubt as to whether all that of old had in other women seemed to be self-abnegating love might not have been only a something given in exchange for certain equivalents proffered by him to those who, but for this seeming self-abnegation, could not have hoped for his gifts? Was all that, then, counterfeit stuff? the self-tormenting man asked inwardly, as he looked at what *he* called "this thing of Fire dressed in frost," at his side.

Was it only that this Ethel, independent mentally, morally and financially, was now able to act out toward him

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what other women, lacking this triune independence, were disabled from acting toward all men? Was it possible that they, being thus disabled, fell away from such poise, and, in self-defence, abdicating Ethel's alert, judicial, and peculiar self-giving methods, simply did what they lazily could to pet men up, and make them comfortable amid the social tangle in which they found themselves and these men?

"I believe it *is* just that!" he inwardly ejaculated, and he felt angry at being made comfortable, as if he were a sick baby; but more angry at any understanding of the sex mystery which might tend to lessen his pre-eminence as a man to whom Women should be *tributaries* in the old sense of the term.

So, wrathful at what he felt was the "counterfeit stuff," of which the social market was so full, he stood at Ethel's side this night, utterly giving himself up to understand her showing of the sex-mystery, as it seemed to him revealed in her words or her silence, her motions or her statuesqueness, her deep, slow gaze at him, or her more frequent and long-sustained manner of — for hours and days seeming to forget his existence. And he told himself, now, that, though this Ethel did not make great pretences of gratitude for his gifts, yet she had let him spend fine sums of money on her, with quiet, not over-enthusiastic thanks given as equivalent.

"Pah! What's the use of bothering! They are all alike. All plotters to gain their own selfish ends," thought he suddenly. And, with the coarseness that was taking a tight hold on him in these days, he internally wondered "what in hell women wanted more than they had now!" for he could not see that the things which women want are not in *that* place at all; but are on the fair heights to which they — like eagles chained with their mates in a barn-yard — but fret to win away.

Suddenly Robert's face whitened.

He stood next Ethel at the entrance, in a position to greet the guests whom Ethel passed to him, and whom he passed to Mrs. Mancredo, whose business it was to further convey them to their respective hosts and hostesses. For the organization of methods in this home was as thorough as it was elastic and inspirational in its way of working with — instead of against — the personal liberty and nature of each member of the home.

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This was what had happened and what had whitened his face.

He saw Alice Merton standing before Ethel, a guest in Ethel's home. He saw her in her grand, grave, strong womanhood, as Ethel's hand clasped hers, and as Ethel's presence infolded her in Ethel's peace. There was little difference in their heights, so the clear gray eyes looked levelly into Ethel's, as eyes look into eyes of a friend tried and proved through many a hard strait and through many years of growth upward.

So when this Alice, passing on (as passed other guests), took Robert's extended hand (as did other guests), her eyes were still full of the glory of the assurance of the goodness of Life, which Ethel had looked into her soul. And Robert, baptized in the wonder of this much-revealing episode, had only aroused to himself after Alice Merton had passed on with Mrs. Mancredo to be presented to Mr. and Mrs. Eloiheem. And Robert, watching, saw in their reception of this guest that which showed him Alice Merton was no stranger to either of these three persons, however new a guest she might be in this house which he had given to Ethel. A house for the gift of which Robert now remembered Ethel had thanked him by welcoming him to a share in the good uses which it would enable. "This, then, is the sort of plotting and scheming in which she is engaged! What does she think she expects to do?" thought he, again with whitening face, but otherwise unmoved in self-poise.

This is not Robert's story. It is an attempt to give a swift hint at Ethel's, Althea's, and Daniel's practicalization of his vision of that peace which is foundationed on the freedom of pure individuality — *not* individualism.

So it cannot be Robert's story; for he was not yet a participant in the vision, the *ideal*; much less, then, could he be a founder of that freedom for himself and others which is based on this ideal. And of this fact he caught a most scathing perception as he saw . . . but all that remains for another story.

At this moment Daniel and Mrs. Eloiheem, Jerome Konigscrown, and Lord Aneuland, were the centre of a group pressing about them. There were in this company this evening — as there are in America — certain persons who saw something very desirable in the opportunity to be introduced to

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a young English lord. It was enough that he was said to be an English lord. A perturbation of mind was the consequence among certain people present.

There was a marked degradation from the level at which the spiritual atmosphere had been sustained on the lily-evening.

To Ethel there had come some sort of a crisis. Was *she* perturbed? Was there cause?

Well — not alone had she braved public opinion by inviting to this gathering the woman Alice Merton; — not alone had Robert's antagonisms (long sustained under the masked battery of gifts, graces, and influences which might deceive the very elect) now assumed a peculiarly virulent form of disorder; — not alone had even Daniel apparently forsaken her as he stood chatting, down among those who crowded up about the young lord and the heavy-looking man, his guardian; — not alone had strange, sweet eyes regarded her as if she were some unplaced, unnamable specimen of creature. Worse than all this had come to Ethel.

There had come to her a shadow of doubt as to the possibility of doing what she had heretofore known must be done in order to achieve the portentous task of fetching Robert — her brother-man — to take the upstep into the barphometic baptism through which womanhood has passed.

There had come to her a recognition that, if even the man, Robert, born under the Eloiheem-roof and taught as she had been taught, distrusted *her*, as she dwelt mid the "thick-flaming thought-creating fires" within her soul, if even *he* burdened *her* with non-comprehending misjudgments of *her* purposes, powers and alliance with the affluent friends unseen by him, but whose presence enfibred her very flesh and blood as she *inbreathed* that presence — much less could such a womanhood be apprehended or well treated by the millions of men who had never so much as "heard whether there be a holy (whole) *G'host*," which, in these days, has come to abide with the pure in heart.

There had come to her, for the moment, a repulsion from the isolated, *self-crucified* life which she lived in the midst of the beauty which surrounded her. The words "young lord" had (so it seemed to her) drawn even the father himself to the side of the young man, good enough and fair enough indeed to look upon; but who yet only, so Ethel took the

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trouble to tell herself, was as is every other mortal who is struggling through the path of flame called Life.

Just then a stranger near whispered some poor comment on a copy of the vase-picture of the Dioskouroi which was on the Wall.

Ethel heard it as she stood a-halt before her heretofore valiantly followed-up task. It was a good thing for her, just then, that she overheard that whisper, for it brought her to a sharp inspection of the picture: where, according to Daniel's translation of the myth, God-Kings were working on, in spite of the derision of the Amyclas, watering the Tree of Life against which was chained one of the half-Centaur-like beings, and doing what Dioskouroi can to cultivate in the younger order of development those slumbering faculties which, age on age, must be evoked by such labors of such Hercules.

"Yes," thought she, "this age and this *America* is what it is, because god-Kings in other times and climes worked on mid the derision of the scorners of new ideals. Each age begets such Hercules as each age needs to serve it at its crisis. And now this Electric age, full of new wonders within and without us, requires that its would-be enlighteners shall be persons whose *Principle* allies them to the whole Power of the God-Host Above! Come then, *My* Helpers!"

She had turned on the room with the thought, "*Where* are the Dioskouroi?" And her fiery glance — so unlike her usual calm peace — met Daniel's as he ascended the dais with Mrs. Eloiheem, followed by Mrs. Aubrey, who was about to give Lord Aneuland a seat there.

"Mrs. Aubrey," said Ethel, stepping forward, "*that* will be a meaningless act. Lord Aneuland, there is an ideal in this home. It is the religion of the family. You were right in hesitating to take that seat. Doubtless, Mrs. Aubrey now remembers that such honor as has befallen the heads of *this* family is for you yet to win!"

"As are all my honors," was the prompt and amiable reply.

Daniel's eyes were on Ethel.

A torrent of blood rushed over her face.

Althea saw it; and was delighted beyond measure at Ethel's amazing descent into what Althea inwardly called "nice, comfortable human blunders and perturbations;"

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little perceiving that what, among other things, had caused this "blunder" (?) was that Daniel had just shown Ethel that it was she, herself, who had unfocussed the room. For that first her thoughts had gathered about Lord Aneuland; and that then the people had done so.

In an instant, like an electric message, the inmost facts of the case seemed to travel round the room. It was as if all the world there at once knew that Ethel, the imperturbable, had laid down her sceptre at the feet of this new-comer. And Jerome Konigscrown, with a something that jarred on the sensibilities of this Woman who had drawn herself together in white amazement, was next heard saying in a general way, —

"— this country, lying as it does between transatlantic and transpacific culture, will speedily draw to itself the occult scholarship of both realms of thought. So that when daily life is arranged in a way to secure all Americans in leisure, that leisure added to their natural temperance of thought will enable them to promptly fashion Oriental dreams into Occidental activities. A sort of practicalized culture from which passionate prejudice at present shuts us out."

"It is the Church which shut out free thought," said Elkhorn, adding his lawlessness to Konigscrown's irregularity. And then Mrs. Mancredo, as if utterly unhinged by conditions, called out loud enough to be heard by Elkhorn, —

"It is the *opponents* of the Churches who doubly do it."

"Blast the Churches!" said the judge.

"Can't be done," said Konigscrown. "Might as well talk of blasting the Rock of Gibraltar; for on *Petræ*, THE rock, the Church is founded. Wait a minute. It is all right to have free speech, but, seeing you, sir, have thrown this rock into the conversation, I will pick it up by directing the attention of the company to the picture opposite me: the picture of the ancient Bedouin city of *Petræ*. A city cut out of the living rock and protected by the Bedouins as ferociously as they protect their veiled women. Oh, wait if you please. I want to say just now that when the Rabbi of Galilee told a certain man 'Thou art *Petros* (Peter), and on *Petræ* will I found my Church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against It,' — it is my opinion in this play on the masculine and feminine words Petros and Petræ there was an esoteric reminder given *to* Peter, that the *Spiritual development of the*

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race is dependent on the development of reverence for the Feminine element of All Life! And I speak of this just here, in order to remind the man who seems still so eager to interrupt me that if he would cultivate the feminine element of his own nature, he would, by and by, be able to breathe in the atmosphere of those who differ from him without wanting to fight or to blast them."

"All the same," broke in the judge furiously, "I am against having *foreigners* bring to this free country their old superstitions and priest-craft. Englishmen and the English Church, or Irishmen and the Irish Church, or Spiritualists with the Buddhist Church — I say down with them all; and just tell people this life ends all. And then, whatever they hope to do for those who come after them, they'll just put ahead. Down with your religion and up with your morals: that's the theory for a young country. Tell them they will die as the dog dies, and then you'll find they will make the best of themselves while they are in the body."

"Will they?"

It was Ethel's voice, but — what was that tone in it? Her eyes were very bright; but before they had struck Elkhorn's her hand passed over them. "My God, hast thou forsaken me? Unite ME to serve *Thee*" — went up the cry inaudible. Yet the shock of that insurgent call thrilled through the room, arresting somewhat the surging, fighting company, who, a moment before, had been but eager to side with Elkhorn against Konigscrown or with Konigscrown against Elkhorn.

"Oh, my people, my people, come up with me to our own safe heights," Ethel's soul called out to them again, through the silence. Then in a voice not yet truly her own, because of the quiver of a well-founded sense of humiliation at her own soul's sudden disruption, she said slowly, —

"We all believe Judge Elkhorn's honest wish is for the liberation of the dormant powers of the race as he understands them. The question is, will these powers best be aroused by the announcement that man dies as the brute dies, or will they be better aroused" —

She paused. Elkhorn was pressing up, only too eager to spoil this Eloiheem-Supremacy and "to lash down the Englishmen." That thought was in his soul. Ethel saw it; and, calling again on the Uniter of her being, she then said,

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with marked separation of the clauses of her sentence, — "by showing man such sights of infinite Beauty that" (her eyes were on Elkhorn's) "he will welcome the hope of infinite leisure — that he may therein find time to taste — just taste the miracle of Self-Wholeness."

There was a commotion. Elkhorn had fallen into a chair, with eyes fixed on space.

Mrs. Mancredo, vexed at the disorderly opening of the evening's discussion, "with Lord Aneuland here," said to him, "I don't see how *he* crowded in! He isn't one of us. He just kills everybody with his ugliness."

"No. Her look struck him down. It *touched* me, but" —

Elkhorn had staggered to his feet, looking about as if for something he could not find, but with a face so full of light and gladness that no one durst ask him if he were better, for that would imply he had been ill. And so far was he from illness that the stir in the room — strange to say — was as if some exhilarating drink had been imparted to all near him, bringing an uplifting of intelligence — yes, of physical temperature, like that which comes when comes a glad certainty concerning some before distrusted event.

While analyzing this mental wave, Aneuland heard Palmer saying with swift intensity, "— some new force is at work, releasing within humanity a power, long repressed or slaughtered, — a power an intelligent use of which will work greater changes even than have been worked by the electrical contrivances which have netted the world up into a list of calling acquaintances. We all know our splendid and far extended system of intercommunication is making Japan and America to be next-door neighbors. While humanity is, in these days, so nearly overwhelmed with the electrical conditions within the soul and body of each well-evolved Ego that — sick for more worlds to conquer — man is at the point of spurning all those pleasures which have not in them something of a *Spiritized* excellence!

"Yes, we are sick of life on the old plane of fears, fightings, and crude, selfish desires. Fools of their own sensuality are disappointed in Woman, while wise men, spiritual-minded men, look forward, longing to see woman-wisdom unfettered, unabused, given such *supremacy* — if need be — as will enable her to put to test the question whether such womanhood in such freedom can evolve buoyant, virginal-natured humanity.

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"There! There! Don't interrupt, by saying that past experiences of woman's use of liberty does not engender bright anticipations for the future. For I shall remind you that *leave to participate in man-made license is not liberty!* But *that*, on the reverse, this participation in man-made license which has been *forced* on the subject-class (woman) is, instead, an augmentation of woman's slavery. And as this man-made license is the thing granted to woman, I say — hedged in to license in marriage or out, as she has generally been — we men have yet to learn what *Woman's* ideal of Liberty would do for woman and the race. Man's best idealization of Liberty so far has been a stone statue standing mid seas, lighting up the harbor to keep men out of danger. Good as far as it goes, but that statue doesn't 'go' at all. It stands stonily still, striving to save mariners from destruction.

"The Goddess of Liberty has warmer work to do. She is no stony negation. She is a living affirmation. She does not save from death. She gives Life. She is life; and such life and such fulness of life is hers — forever, more and more and yet more, that many a fool will mistake her for — license. But fools, blinded fools, they will thus be proven to be for their blunder.

"Now, supposing even that it shall come to pass that women of exceptional development shall — without vows — choose a virginal life for the sake of developing those powers which enable woman to sustain a natural union with beings in spheres finer than this sphere, I ask, will the development of this Psyche-like, aerial nature be a robbery to man? Will woman get away from us, if we let her wings grow? I say no. And for this reason. Whatever added faculties — whatever new powers of locomotion woman develops, she transmits to her sons. And if such a spirit of air and flame chooses to have no sons, she yet in future time — when acting in the freedom of her own pure Spirit-power — may be able — in some mystical way known to herself — without fear and without reproach to re-invigorate and free mankind from the devil-driven conditions which make life a weariness, and the thought of Eternal life a most hellish horror to half-insane passionists. I wish to the Heaven above us, women would break up the devil-driven conditions with which they have let us men saddle them and society."

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Elkhorn, who had listened like a man hearing a newly understood language, ejaculated, in a half-whispering tone of awe, —

"If this — *this* is what liberty given to woman-powers will bring the world, for the good God's sake let's have it, and a whole eternity of it!" He halted, and stood looking at Ethel with a face alight with some soft, reverent, and awful joy, perhaps reflected from her soul, perhaps projected by her soul into his, — adding at last slowly, questioningly, "Yes, I am for liberty! But the problem of how to secure the individual in the utmost freedom compatible with public benefit is difficult. Because brutishness among the degraded is so brutish that only brute force can repress it. And yet, if you oppose brute force to brute force it becomes practically a knock-down fight, at least so it must seem to the Rough when a policeman uses his billy on him. Now in the liquor question, fellows of my stripe say we have to license that evil for the sake of personal liberty; don't we, Miss Eloiheem?"

It was a perplexed yet trustful look with which Elkhorn shot this question at Ethel, who answered, —

"The Eloiheem ideal looks to a state of development in which no man or woman is amenable to any other. Hence no man or woman can either license or forbid any act to any other."

"Anarchy!" cried Elkhorn, who had an indistinct notion of a sort of liberty over which should preside an *autocracy*, and *he be it!* He wanted to free men and women from their present masters and to give them instead liberty to do exactly as he should bid them do. So he shouted again, —

"Anarchy!"

"Certainly," said Ethel, "Anarchy would follow if liberty *could* be given to self-acknowledged brutes. It did follow when self-acknowledged brutes about a hundred years ago had not liberty but license in France.

"Notice the point. Liberty is of use. License is of abuse. And also an attempt to give anything more in this country to a people to whom everything is already constitutionally conceded by *liberty*, is an abuse of terms. For if, among ten people, everything is granted to each that is consistent with the liberty of the other nine, then, to grant more to five of the ten is to encroach on the other five, and to make

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the favored five, masters, and the others, partial slaves. This has been done in this land. The result is, Liberty is dethroned and licentiousness is set up as King."

"But if it were agreed to all round for the sake of peace?"

"Then it would be an agreement to dethrone Liberty, and the compacters would be traitors and self-made slaves, and war — not peace — would reign. It has been done. Liberty is dethroned. The compacters are slaves. War does reign!"

"For Freedom's sake," cried Palmer, breathlessly, "tell us how we *could* keep brutes within bounds without throwing this sop to Cerberus?"

"To keep brutes within bounds is *not* the National problem, as *Woman*, the *mother* of man, understands it!" thrilled through the room. "We deal not with a menagerie, but with a Nation of immortals whose native air is Liberty!

"Yet it is a fortunate simile which compares the license-system to a sop thrown to Cerberus. For, mark you, that sop was (in the old story) first flung up to Cerberus — the hundred-headed creature — by those who, down in Pluto's Region, *desired to content Cerberus with his enchained position in that lower world!* Do you see? There are those who desire to chain and content men with their chains in the lower regions. Those who beg for license are such.

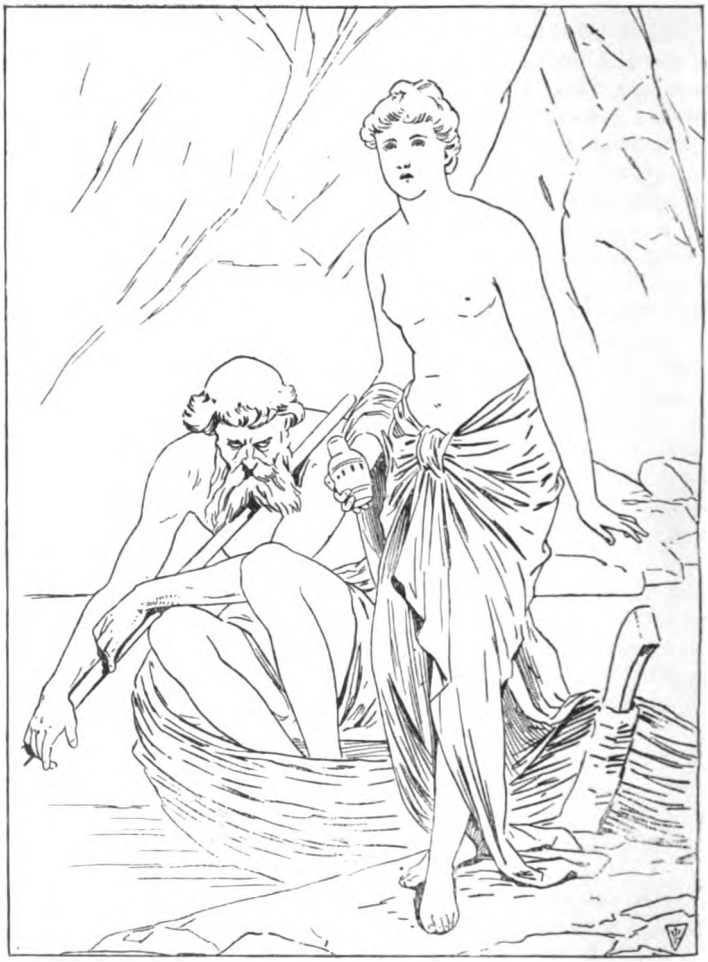
"But to return to the old story: you remember the many-headed Cerberus was promised by Pluto as a gift to whoever could 'release him and bring him to the upper air without the use of weapons.' Well, the Greeks had a godlike man among them who could and did do it. How? Certainly not by licensing Cerberus to remain chained down in Pluto's regions. No! What Hercules did do was this: he brought Cerberus a morsel fresh from the feasts of the gods of Olympus; and, entranced by the delicious fare, Cerberus was easily won away to the upper air, where such feasts awaited him.

"Friends, do you see? As we discovered at our assembly last year, the trouble with our Nation is, there is a dearth of deities at the Capital! There is little at the table of our Olympus the flavor of which would be very new to our desiring, fearing, fighting Cerberi!

"It is not that our masses are so greatly degraded, it is that our so-*called* superiors are so little *superior*, are so *much* at one quality with our masses that there is no man who for

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"In every man there is somewhere hidden the psyche which looks up, when the outer man of him looks down." — Page 423.

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the gift of the Cerberi could bring them to the upper air. Worse than that, faith is gone from the masses that there *is* any upper air, or that there *are* gods at the Capital."

"The least said about that, the soonest disposed of," remarked one man from Washington, laughing. "But I would like to ask Miss Eloiheem what, with her idea of perfect liberty, can be kept restrainingly before the masses, if we take away the fear of devil, priest, and punishment? For, right or wrong, they say that is what the Eloiheems propose doing! They say you Eloiheems don't believe in the existence of evil, and *you*, Miss Eloiheem, have just said yourself that the Eloiheem ideal looks to a state of things in which no man or woman is amenable to any other. Hence, no man says to his brother, 'What doest Thou?' How, then, do you propose to manage it?"

"I suggest that no *fear* should be kept before child, man, or woman. But that, instead, from babyhood there may be cultivated in each soul an intelligent repugnance to making chains for one's self by forming habits that will *fit* us to dwell in Pluto's Region. I reiterate, 'How to keep *brutes* within bounds' is not the National problem as Mother-souls understand it. Had we had *Mothers* at the Capital, those who are now called Cerberi would long since have known themselves for what they are; not brutes, but — look you! — Souls, sweet, pure Spirits, perplexed and homesick at having for any cause to sojourn for any time in the lower region! I know no brutes on two legs. In every man is somewhere hidden the Psyche which looks up when the outer man of him looks down."

Ethel pointed to an engraving of Psyche in the lower regions, a fair spirit standing in a dark defile of a Plutonic shore, in a maze of wonder, gazing upward, with hope deferred.

"Believe me, *that* is the Spirit of the new age; a beautiful thing, intelligently expectant of the coming of that which shall lift to new realms the new Life of the new age."

Elkhorn felt as if he were walking on a wave of light. A pride in what had recently befallen him set him to declare it. Feeling as if he were one of the very gods of whom Ethel had said there were none in the land, he opened his mouth to boast. Ethel caught his eyes, and for a moment carried them with hers to the picture of the bit of sculptured wall,

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where the seated priestess impresses silence on the neophyte whose hand she holds. At least, this was Ethel's thought of the picture, and that thought she sent to Elkhorn. But a sense of insult was all that reached him from this, her endeavor to win him to choose silence; and, more eager than ever to tell all he knew, he again opened his mouth to boast in a way which would show who he was and what was his intimacy with the Eloiheems; but, behold, even a memory of what had befallen him was swept away, and he felt himself sinking back deep and deeper into the darkness of mind from which, by Ethel's psychomachy, he had been lifted. He had almost said, "I have tasted! I can give these things to the masses," when disbelief in what had befallen swept back everything except his desire to boast. That was left, even though all else was gone. So, with sudden coarseness, he exclaimed, "All right. We are both for personal liberty, — the Eloiheems and I. But *I* know I have no more soul than a pig. So, as a sty-dweller, I must grant some license to my fellow-pigs. What does Miss Eloiheem say to that?"

And Ethel, with a light in her eyes unlike that soft radiance of peace, which for years had illumined the spirits of those on whom it fell, said in deep, vibratory tones, —

"To root, fight, and die, these *are* the annals of the sty, doubtless. But no one sty-dweller can either license or forbid any conduct among such compeers."

She paused, gathering herself again with an effort, and turning away from the part of the room where Lord Aneuland was; and, with eyes directed to those whom she knew were endangered for lack of equilibrium in her soul, she said with a full utterance, —

"My friends, *We* are dealing with immortal men! And even those whom the Pluto of sensualism *seems* to have chained in his regions, are *not* chained there, except by the fetters of one delusion; *the* delusion that they think themselves beast, instead of human. Now, those of us who ages ago left that realm, with all its delusions, and who have passed on to the life of the gods, — the Dioskouroi, — such persons know there is food in the upper air, and place and pleasures there, convenient for the hundred-brained Cerberi, who are but undeveloped gods!"

"Oh, come, come! What we want is to get rid of so much struggling. What we want is to have life joyous and easy,"

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interposed Elkhorn, pressing up close to Ethel, and fixing on her his eyes, with a purpose now to put his thought and mesmeric power on the room, and therefore on this woman, who, he now felt, had given him power, and had taken it away at her option. And Palmer, seeing what he was about, and seeing that for some reason Ethel Eloiheem was not altogether on her unmoved heights this night, said lazily, —

"Oh, I have an acquaintance who has been joyous so much that life has been getting too sweet for anything. And a month ago, instead of blowing out his candle when he went to bed, he blew out his brains instead. Good brains we had all thought them too. He had taken up the motto, 'Death ends all,' and so thought he would end all by death. Now, the point I make is — that if a pistol-shot don't really put an end to life, what's the use of the pistol-shot? Now I'd like to ask John Sullivan whether he thinks, if a fellow has gotten tired of life, it pays for him to shoot himself?"

"That's not for him to say. Tired he may be, but it's a hot rest he'll be getting in puggatory," said John.

"Oh, you are too bright a fellow to believe in purgatory. Souls can't burn, John!" said Elkhorn.

"And is it your opinion sowls can't suffer tormint? I think the young feller must have had a bit of that same, before he popped himself off so suddint like. I see what ye're at, Judge. But this is a house where we all perlitely say what we think and take no offince and give no offince. An' I'll freely tell you, whatever else ye have aginst the sons of the hol' Cadolic Church er Rom', you'll never find *us* murthering ourselves or our spalpeens *one way nor another!*"

"That's the reason there are too many of yer," said Elkhorn.

With a look at Ethel, John coolly remarked, —

"Oh, we feel acquainted loike, on this side the grave, an' we haven't thride the other yit."

"No, no. Ye're afraid of catching purgatory if you kill yourself! — Confess it, John," said Elkhorn.

Put on his mettle by Ethel's look of interest in his answer, John said, "Oh? And wud ye be teaching me that I'd be a fine feller to break the laws of me country? No? Well, John Sullivan is a citizen of the United States. An' I'd be

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ashamed to murther him, an' to rob the country of his valuable services. Now what has the *Judge* to say to that?"

"But if you killed the right John Sullivan, you know, why, *then* you'd stand a chance — of — of escaping hanging."

John flushed under the insolence of the whole thing, look, tone, and words; then, —

"Would I deserve hanging if I killed you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Faix, then, I'd deserve an eterr-nnal bur-rning, an *they* could anny way manege it, if I killed such a happy, temperance feller as John Sullivan, an' *me* the father of a creditably fambly!"

After the merriment at Elkhorn's expense had subsided, he said, —

"Oh, he stands for his Church, of course. And he knows Mrs. Eloiheem will prime him with Irish wit. But I'll ask Miss Eloiheem herself how she finds it in conscience to fetch into this home that Chinese-pagoda business; when anybody knows the Chinese masses are the greatest suicides and cowards going, — and that they have no respect for their women and do not believe in immortality? For, even allowing that *John's* religion does keep his people from suicide and leads them to marry early and to contribute a decently healthy stock of citizens to the country and plenty of them, such as they are — nothing like this is true of the Chinese. So why cultivate the pagoda business in this family?"

He had pressed up near to Ethel, not only with assumed familiarity but with all the prehensile power of his Will's tentaculæ; cuttle-fish-like, as of old he once had done. Ethel's temptation was to turn on him and to smite him into a silence of shame, of horror, or of self-annihilating ecstasy in some such vision of true Life as she had before given him.

But — and here was the great and disabling law of her order of life — it was not right for her to use her power for her own convenience, nor for the gratification of *any* impulse other than that which seeks the highest and the unalloyed good of him on whom it is exercised. And in the depths of Ethel's soul, on this strange evening, there was a new element of perturbation, disabling her. Heretofore, with soul full of peace and free from self-seeking, and free from any thought of any being except the DUAL FOUNT OF LIFE,

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Ethel, allied to It, had drawn forth supplies from It which she had fearlessly, safely, and effluently given forth to others.

But — horror of horrors! By some means the lines were down on the electric circuit between the heights of her being and the Dynamo of Paradise. She had not been in the habit of talking much any more than a bird is in the habit of *walking* much. But now, shorn of her perfect peace which is strength, she said, with no present attempt at inspiring others, —

"To use Judge Elkhorn's term, we 'cultivate the pagoda business' in this family for several reasons. But first let me say, it is the religion of the *Pagoda* which we admit here. And the religion of the Pagoda is not that which is given to the masses of China. To them there is — I believe — given chiefly the moral, irreligious code of Confucius. A code in relation to which Confucius himself said, 'As for the spirit-world, I have nothing to tell you about that.'

"So now, before I proceed to tell you why we *do* cultivate the 'pagoda business,' I will explain to you what, in my opinion, renders the merely moral but irreligious code of Confucius and Judge Elkhorn altogether insufficient and ineffectual for the masses of China or of America.

"Come, my Helpers!" She inwardly breathed that aspiration, steadying herself as she had had to do so repeatedly this evening, and for a cause which she could not yet understand. Then, —

"First, let me say, as what the masses learn from Confucius is separated from the teaching that Immortal results follow on high moral development, it follows that these irreligiously taught masses, like the irreligious among the French, English, and American masses, are burdened with a spiritual darkness that tends toward self-loathing, abuse of woman, and suicide.

"But to the *real* question: What has the religion of the *Pagoda* done for its worshippers? I respond, the religion of the pagoda has given China an inconceivably strong moral government; in which, next above the masses, there stands a middle class ready to thunder in cannon tones, if need be, the will of their superiors: and that these superiors are a race of rulers whom the masses know reverence a Power as much greater than the Emperor as the Emperor is greater than the smallest particle of dust. The masses know that

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these superiors are an aristocracy of Learning, at the head of which is the Emperor's family, who have at command (both women and men) Ancient and Royal preserves of Spiritual Science. A science too ineffable to be communicable to any persons except those whose age-long-sustained processes of refinement have developed within them certain excellent realms of receptive capacity. An order of capacity which is the outgrowth of ages of most exalted Karma.

"I accredit then the god-Kings of Chinese Spiritual Science with having symbolized in the Pagoda not only the constructive form of their government, but also I accredit them with having made the Pagoda to be in a sense an image of the Emperor, who, to the Chinese mind, is the One in whom all others live, move, and have being. I have accredited the Pagoda architect with the attempt to say in stone language, to all who looked on the pagoda, just what Paul, the great Chinese traveller, said nearly nineteen hundred years ago to gross-acting Christians, 'Know ye not that *ye* are *temples* of Jehovah?' So when men from Japan and China came here I homed *them* in my idea of a pagoda, as eagerly as Paul once tried to home the pagoda idea in the Christians of his time who had forgotten the fact that they were images of that divine Christ who had added to the animal and rational stages of development that triplicate power known as harmonious Spirituality.

"Perhaps the Chinese say of their government theory what Burke once said of the English. He said: 'We are resolved to keep an established Church, an established aristocracy, and an established democracy, each in the degree in which it exists and no greater.' In any case, the fact remains that the Chinese have a basal class made up of the masses: a middle class of the military, and a class of hereditary aristocrats who are the custodians of Spiritual Science.

"So if among the Chinese this pagoda images a Sovereign who has summed up in this, his advanced incarnation, the triplicate powers of all other ages in his own High Mightiness, even *that* would but fit it to become a suitable symbol of conditions in THIS LAND AND ERA. A land and era where, in the constitution of certain grand old souls (Christ-like), the animal, the rational, and the triumphant Spiritual planes of being are knitted up into Temples of the Whole Spirit of Creative Power! making of such souls real practi-

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tioners of the stringent law of Liberty, and true sovereigns of this land of the Free!"

There was applause, but there was only a very meagre comprehension of the thought which was burnt into Ethel's mind as never before by her own sense of some defeat, which she was now somehow sustaining.

Daniel understood her pallor. No one else did.

But Mrs. Mancredo saw it, and good-naturedly exclaimed with jovial interposition, —

"Now I hope you all know why we Eloiheems take the pagoda into the family along with Burke's Church and the Pope's and my Baptist Church and all the rest of them. If we are going to serve up meeting-houses for refreshments, it is time for me to say that the fundamental idea of *my* Church is 'Liberty of conscience and the divine right of the individual to self-government and self-expression.' And in our fight for liberty they called us bigots. But who cares? I don't. What I do care for is this: We Eloiheems propose to substantiate the fact that this Eloiheem mansion, like this country, is the House that Jack built. And that all the different germs of the thought of other times and climes are 'the *corn* that lies in the House that Jack built.' And *we* don't propose to carry on any further that self-seeking, destructive, rat-like egotism which of old (and of *new* as well) sought and seeks to devour the corn that lies in this house that Jack built."

"What Jack?" said Elkhorn.

"*Not* Jack Calvin, but the Jack of All trades," was the quick retort flung at Elkhorn's interruption. "Although Jack Calvin's self-assertive power, coming to these shores, did aid in making a vast howling wilderness into a land whose invitation to the world was such as has at least brought here the seed thought of all times and climes. But, as I said, through those historic nursery days of our Nation, rat-like Egotism did its best to destroy this grain; but fortunately sects and parties, with cat-and-dog-like antagonism, flew at one another, so much engaged in the fight that the precious grain of truth (for which cats and dogs do not hunger) lay almost forgotten in the house that Jack built.

"But now *Ino* has come to the rescue. Ino, the cow and the symbol of that Mother Isis who is known as the 'I am all that is;' this Ino, tossing aside the would-be vic-

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tor in the little fight, now at her leisure feeds on the corn, ruminating it, and at her leisure transmuting it into a finer form of food for finer feasters. For now the maid all forlorn (the percipient Wisdom-element in Society, which has long been engaged drawing forth from all that is a transmuted essence of the seed-thought of the ages) is being better understood by the tattered and torn creature who has heretofore shambled through the Man-alone methods in politics and religion. So that we have come to the days of that marriage feast at which the true Priests of power, clean-shorn of self-display and self-seeking, assist at the marriage of all opposites into a family of One-in-all-and-all-in-one. So we of this Eloiheem-home are

> 'The priests all shaven and shorn,
> Who marry the Man all tattered and torn
> Unto the maiden all forlorn,
> Who milked the cow with crumpled horn,
> Who tossed the dog, that worried the cat,
> That killed the rat, that ate the corn
> Which lay in the house that Jack built.'"

"Yes," said Palmer, breaking in on the merriment, "I see that if America had been as true to her principle of One-in-all-and-all-in-one as China has been to her principle of all-in-one and *for* one we should not have people here wishing for a return to a Monarchy before ever a Republic has been tried. We have not yet had a government of a people, by a people, and for a people, for we have left out half of the people. And the half that we have left out has brought to us exactly a reversal of the Chinese methods. In China the aristocracy — that is, the Spiritual element of the Nation — governs the others. With us, all the others govern the spiritual element; that is, Womanhood.

"Wait a minute, Judge Elkhorn. I said the spiritual element, and I want you to notice there is a great difference between the *Spiritual* element of Society and the *Sacerdotal* element. In fact, true Spirituality is inherently averse to Sacerdotalism; for Sacerdotalism makes for bonds and limitations set by man. I claim that the enfranchisement of woman would not tend to bring the country under the bonds of Sacerdotalism; and this empirics well know. Hence their repugnance to the movement. What it will do is this. It will set free in woman the peculiar leavening power of her

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nature, and (as woman never has and never will organize against man) this freed spiritual-power — like leaven mixed in a sodden mass of dough — will leaven the whole mass of humanity. You know how leaven works? The lively globules, mixed in with the dead flour and water, swell with their life-giving power till, bursting forth, they impregnate with their vitality the dough which is in contact. Then that dough, made lively with this newly imparted power, itself becomes a leavening force, communicating life to the sodden mass near it, till the whole sodden mass rises!

"The result will be not a revolution, but an *evolution* of social conditions; not a breaking-down of family, of religion, or of State, but a building-up, in all its individual particles, of a natural self-governing people of One-in-all-and-all-in-one. As has been said, there probably will arise an Aristocracy. But not an Aristocracy of broken-down Lords and Dukes, who wish to buy up the land of this country in the hopes of perpetuating here an order of Aristocrats which Europe would be glad to vomit upon us. No, no; but an Aristocracy founded in an inherited and cultivated ability *to best serve the greatest number while asking least for self in return.* As a faint specimen of such Aristocrats glance at what you know of the Eloiheems.

"Do you see? The individual of the oncoming Republic is nothing less than a being on whom has come the prophetic entail of all that which old Nations symbolized in the pomp of Imperial Power. In old Nations the investiture with Imperial Power was held to be the divine right of Kings alone, or of the Pope, who contended with those Kings for supremacy. Do you see? Up to a certain point history repeats itself. In this Home and year we have passed the point of repetition and are at the point of inauguration. The point at which such conditions are pressing upon the spiritual sense of the masses as will secure that only persons who are really filled with Imperial Power shall continue to be externally adorned with the trappings of its state!

"Not much longer will it be possible in the nature of things for priest or minister, by bedecking themselves with woman-like dress, to cut a short path to the assumption of having done the more difficult deed — the deed of the full cultivation of that Woman-power the possession of which

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this wearing of canonicals may signify! Wait a minute! There are wearers of these Woman-like robes here — men of the Church of England and the Church of Rome. And I will leave it them to say whether it is not time for them to give full scope to those who by Nature are priestesses of the mystery of how to live wisely and well, — those whose right to reign, men, in chivalry, art, and song, have always recognized; those who by Nature are so allied to the forces of the Worlds above that they are inherent Mediators between the seen and the unseen, the above and the below, — are in fact the jewels of this Republic because they are the consummation of past Self-unioned existences."

In the midst of the doubtful sort of applause which followed, a curtain was drawn back from a recess wherein stood the old cedar dresser, placed so as to reveal the Cross and the Crown with the Jewel upon it, which were carved on the back panel. Then followed a buzz as the different hosts and hostesses tried each to explain to his guest that old Eloiheem-story of how Nature works on with the patience of infinite leisure, while developing that wonder the diamond, and that greater wonder the Self-Sovereign Individual; a wonder got together as the diamond is gotten together at the cost of the growth and decay of forests full of Monarchs of the green old order of life.

And Robert, sharply noticing Aneuland's interest, said to Father McAlford, in his half-mocking way, —

"Is it possible, think you, that, at last, not sacerdotal force, but the new development brought to man by free woman midst the free institutions of this country, will evolve, not only the Jewel of the Republic but also the Jewel of the triple-crowned Mother of Heaven? You may rely upon it, Sir, that the various existences of the sixth-round man of this age can only be knitted up by leaving *woman* in perfect freedom! My Father believes there are thousands of women whose mighty powers are altogether repressed or slain by the misapprehension with which popular distrust overbears them!"

Slowly answered the priest, — "Perhaps it is to escape this popular misapprehension and slaughter of their powers that some gifted women go into cloister, where these powers may be reverently cultivated. Meanwhile, it seems, there are others who think themselves strong enough to live a life of

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nun-like austerity of spirit mid a flowerlike recipience of the things of Beauty which the New age has to bestow on women whom men delight to honor; strong enough to strike up an alliance between the things of a new civilization and the philosophies of the Eternal Presence with us here — in this Communion of souls, above and below!" His head sunk on his breast, as his thrilling voice devoutly uttered these words.

Robert and Aneuland looked at one another like men questioning concerning some secret, which they suppose is known only to themselves. For each knew the other to be a Freemason, and each had learned many noble philosophies known to the Ancients. But, in addition to what he had learned by verbal teaching, this Lord Aneuland was, by nature, a discerner of deep and secret things which dwell in the darkness. But, amazed he was, at seeing how this Ethel Eloiheem's faith in the practicability of divine mysteries had made her a strange, grand creature with a mind accustomed to reach through time and space, and accustomed to transmute so-called base things into universal good.

His eyes fell into Ethel's, at that moment, as into deep wells of Wisdom. Then thrilled with the blissful significance of things which Konigscrown for years had gropingly been teaching him, he stepped upon the rostrum, saying in ringing tones of cheer, "Indeed, yes, these things are true! It is upon America — the land of Sovereigns, who know not yet their own dignity — that the 'ends of the Earth are come.' The land which has never yet tested its principles; neither indeed was it during the first hundred years of its childhood competent to test those godlike principles.

"But now the second decade of the second century of this country's childhood is upon us. And it is time, *sweet* time, that it should learn the C. C. O. S. U. R. K. G. P. — which being interpreted means, — it is sweet time the country should learn the Celestial Conditions of Society under the Rule of Kindergarten Principles.

"To this end give us land for our garden, and give us free Mother-Wits for gardeners, and then will we educate Eloiheems, of whom these here are but dim suggestions.

"Yes! I too am convinced that there is the same connection between Irish distress and landlordism as there is (in its degree) between hard times for the American laborer

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and the American land system! It is practically true, everywhere, that the owner of the land is master of the tenants on that land, whether in China or America."

"Do you own land in Oirland, me Lud?" said John Sullivan, coming up with the eagerness of a young cub that smells blood.

"I do!"

"Will you give up yer rints?" said John, sure that now if ever he had a chance to stand up for the old country, and Nora a-listening.

"That, you know, is just what I want to ask your advice about," said his Lordship amiably. "I hear that you, John Sullivan, are a landholder here in America."

John pricked up his ears, wondering which way he would better jump. But Lord Aneuland went on, "And the question which some of us are thinking over is, whether it will be a good plan for all countries to remove taxes from all other property, and, instead, tax all land up to ground-rent values? In that case, my friends, you all know John and I, as we understand it, would have, practically, to give our lands back to the country. And, then, if either of us wanted to make use of some of it right away, we would pay the country a rent for as much of it as we wanted to use, and would leave the rest of it for some one else to hire, who wanted to *use* it, not *speculate* on it. He would give back his land here in America to the United States Government, and I would give back mine in Ireland to the government there. I would like to ask John Sullivan if his land is lying idle."

"Yis, me Lud. It is waiting to come up in price. I'm growing rich while I shleep! But, me Lud, did ye say *me* give up my lands? Wud I be gitting hould o' yours in Oirland, if I gave up mine here? Is it to swop, you mane?"

"I should not want you to give your land to me. As for me, I should give my land in Ireland to the people of that country."

"And is it to the Oirish people that you mane?"

"Yes, the Irish lands to the Irish people."

"Well! All right. I'm one of 'em, I may as well take the land!"

John saw no sense in Nora's nudge of his elbow nor in the general merriment, but he fell back a little abashed. While the young Lord, who, strangely enough, was a Boston-bred

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boy, and an enthusiastic American in principle, notwithstanding his title, said significantly, —

"Practical work in engineering a new road shows that there is included in the business not only a good deal of levelling down, but of levelling *up* as well. The question is, *Where do we mean to run the line?*" Then, in a slightly different tone, he said, turning his face toward John, "If I want Ireland to own the land of its country, I give my estates there to Ireland, but not to any one man in Ireland; though by the gift every man, woman, and child there would, I hope, finally share in the National benefit. And I want to ask John if he would do for America what I would gladly do for Ireland? Would you give this country all the land you own for the sake of doing the people of this country all the good you could?"

"Oh, be ghorrah! I've only a shmall bit o' land! No country couldn't find my poor little bit. I've only jist got it. It's nothing to spheak about" — grimacing disparagingly with head and hand.

"I have but recently gotten mine too. I haven't even been to see it yet," said Lord Aneuland, quite in the spirit of the thing. John looked at him with big eyes full of inherited distrust of that being called "me Lud." And at last asked squarely but not clearly, —

"An' vhawt *for* w'u'd ye be giving it up?"

"For the love of Justice to the Irish people," was the answer.

"An' you — an Englishman — born an' me-ludded?" cried John.

"I am an Englishman by birth, the same as you are an Irishman by birth — but we are both something more and better than either Irish or English."

"An 'vhawt is that, then?" said John at length, after gazing enchained at this countenance and presence, full as it was of virtue, sweet, broad, and far-sighted.

"That is — we are Sons of this New Age!" said Frantze Aneuland. Then turning fully to the company, he said, — "Yes, we are sons and daughters of this New Age; and, as such, we, like the sons of Amos of Jerusalem, and of Gracchus of Rome, and Pliny, later on, — we too all know that 'by the aid of man's instinct, follies, and aspirations, eternal laws work themselves out.' We know that through the aid of

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these instincts and aspirations there has been an outworking of the Eternal law by which the land of a country tends to fall into few and fewer hands. So that in Ireland, Russia, and other such countries, the cry of land-hunger has gone up from the masses, and this hunger has driven to this Country thousands of paupers, who, in their own country, have been fed on little else except the exciting thought that — not knowledge but — land-owning is power. So, Poles, Germans, Irish, and all, they have come to this country to get *land*. The result is, those who twenty years ago were paupers are now land-owners here; and some of them are put up by a constituency of their own sort to job jobs for each other in city councils and National deliberations. While from paupers a little bit more newly arrived in the land there goes up a howl against these '*rich;*' who, many of them, are beggars newly set a-horse-back, and who, many of them, are 'riding to the de'il.' Even going so far, some of them, — after a year or two of money-spending in Europe to go languishing round with the toadying cry of '*Give* us a monarchy, and relieve us from the rule of these *dreadful masses;*' — yes, languishing round, drawling out, '*Why* don't *we* have a standing army and a Navy, you know?'

"But, not to take your time with a reviewal of this nonsense, we will face the pleasanter fact that there are in this country *two hungers*, — a hunger to get, and a hunger to give. The hunger to get has put the pauper of yesterday into the legislative hall of to-day, and, as you know, has turned what should be 'an administrative agency of co-operative association' into a machine kept running by the grab-and-keep instinct; which *instinct* has enabled (as I said) its possessors to become monopolizers of land-owning and law-making.

"But now some of the hard-working, successful, well-intentioned of these men begin to feel the new hunger; and are miserable that it is so difficult to do wisely and well with their money when they attempt to aid others. So now, not a few are eager for the full out-working of the law by which land tends to fall into few and fewer hands. They go so far that they would like to see the land of this Country fall into the hands of *One*. But that One is to be 'the One in All, and the All in One' which this government will be

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when the Woman-power is there, setting 'the little child' in the midst of the people's hopes and aims!" Applause.

"Then we would live amid the C. C. O. S. U. R. K. G. P. with the whole American soil for a Kindergarten, and freed Mother-souls for the gartners of the Kinder here."

Lord Aneuland stopped, his glowing eyes meeting Ethel's. Then, with a full breath-taking, said, —

"*Not* by standing Army and Navy with the concomitant of young males educated in the murderous manners of old countries, where a holocaust of Women are sacrificed yearly to the passions cultivated in these males by their worse than useless lives, *not* by the establishment of *such* 'avenues of employment for our young men,' will America ever use the surplus wealth in our National Treasury. Have we no better use for life than to kill it?

"As was said long ago by our host, 'the cultivation of the tools and arts of peace is the best defence against the intrusions of War.' And, my friends, you who know the Eloiheems *must* know that that most exquisite Art of peace, known by magicians of old, is evidently known and cultivated by these priests of the new power of this new age.

"So God give America grace not to lay down her great principle of *Living* for Liberty! God give *each* American the grace to *forget* the brutal madnesses of the lands *they* have left behind them, and to apply their hearts to the Wisdom of the new age!

"Are you remembering that I am not an American? I *am* in principle. And if America were true to her own principles — if even now, at the beginning of this second decade of her second century of life, this Nation would, not make new laws, but would promptly practicalize her one fundamental law of Liberty to the Individual, then, I would rather *be* one of the Sovereign people than to be Sovereign of all the people of Great Britain and India."

"I'd like to ask the young lord who has so much advice to give America, if he owns any American land?" said a rich old farmer, with a misleading drawl in speech.

"I do not and will not, unless I first get rid of my title and my property in Great Britain and Ireland and take out Naturalization papers here. I know I can't serve two masters. And, all popular talk to the contrary notwithstanding, I see no similarity between the principles of England and of

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America. This land, according to the constitutional declaration, idealizes and crowns the individual. The other bows down before the assumed divine right of the subjection of the individual to the customs of the Crown. I have a repugnance to this subjection, either to crown or to government machinery. For a government of a people by a people and for a people is, in truth, not a machine, but is a living organism."

His bright eyes glanced over the room, swiftly scrutinizing the intelligent faces before him, then with some new thought he exclaimed, —

"Yes! If once the great doctrine of the re-incarnations should lay hold on people as it has on the minds of your host and hostess, then the individual of this age would '*know as he is known*,' and so would recognize each the other, as a being full of the climaxing fears, fightings, and desires of the past centuries, but whose *possibility* in this age is Self-Sovereignty. Then each *Individual*, whether wearing the Crown and the countenance of the Sovereign of England or a similar countenance under the different head-gear of a penny-gathering toiler in the overcrowded cottage of the poor, would be recognized *not* by head-gear, but by the degree of advancement which had been made by the Ego under the head-gear."

"Come, come, young man. Don't go too far. Remember you haven't been to England yet. I have. I have. And I tell you, you will feel a sort of fascination in something or other, — the Lord only knows what, I don't. It can't be the morals, and I don't say it is the manners; because they are that stolid and non-committal and self-satisfied that it bores a lively farmer who is used to the infinite variety of Mother-Nature's methods. But I say it is not in the nature of man not to like a monarchy if he can be the monarch, and" —

"Pardon! It seemed to be in the nature of a man named George Washington."

Applause, out of which the farmer, unmoved, continued, —

"— or not to like a Lord-ocracy if he can be one of 'em. And that is what ails some of the newly rich people here, who keep up a great deal of talk to the effect that this government is a failure now that it is getting into the hands of the *masses*. For the sake of Jesus of Nazareth and the Galilee fishermen, tell me, if you can, *What* and *Who* are the

masses? Do we mean those who were born in poverty and 'grew up' without a college education? Abe Lincoln did that; and Grant came near it, and — so did *I*. If we believe in the great Doctrine of the Incarnations, sure as you live, we are all masses. And nobody knows which is t'other till he and she show us who they are, by showing us what they can do for the age they live in!"

"Now the thing interesting in you, young man from Boston, is that *you* have got an idea. That makes *you* a titled man: that is, a man entitled to my respect and to the attention of this company, while we talk over a little this old Jew theocracy idea, which Mr. Henry George has put into a popular form, and which you seem to like pretty well. I don't see myself why, in the year 1900, America shouldn't have a Great Jubilee like the semi-centennial occasion enjoyed by the Jews in their old God-government or Theocracy. We have changed the face and the spirit of things so much in the last fifty years that *I* reckon we can do a little more during the next eleven. You see, fifty years ago we lived in the woods here in Wisconsin and all round hereabouts. So then we had to organize against Wild Animals as best we could. So we built ourselves into towns; *then* we had to organize against wild *animalism:* that set us to build jails, insane asylums, and hospitals to shut *it* up in; and we had to pay policemen and doctors to catch it for us; but still it has been getting ahead of us so awful fast that now our houses are full of it, and our churches are full of it, and we are full of it ourselves. So somehow *I'm* getting to think this organizing *against* animalism don't pay, it don't work well. *I'm* beginning to think we ought to find out some *pootier* way of fixing up things among such a lot of *naturally* wise old souls as Lord Aneuland and the Eloiheems take the whole American Nation to be!

"Now, come, let's take it for granted that you and I and all of us — *are* gods and goddesses in disguise. You can see *I* am; *I'm* one of the old jokers of Olympus, sure and fast. Well, this being so, — oh, by the way, young Lord, is this land system of yours an English fashion that you want to transplant to this country?"

"Never heard so," said Aneuland, with the farmer's manner. "But I should far rather see this land system planted in England than to see any foreigners, not avowed

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citizens of this country, own one foot of Columbia's soil."

"So should I. So should I," said the old man, "because that would be a good deal worse than the heathen Chinee way of carrying money out of this country back to their homes. And some of us howl them down for that, don't we? Yet *they* do give the country some clean clothes in exchange for the few dollars they get together. Whereas these other fellows who are getting hold of land without becoming citizens, and while clinging to and trying to inoculate others with their monarchical notions, they don't even purify our clothes, and I haven't heard that they particularly purify our morals in exchange for what they get out of the country.

"Our old cry was, 'No taxation without representation.' So *I* say, if Mother America *is* to give her bosom to fatten supporters and allies of the Crown, then, if Mother America *is* so taxed, Mother America must be represented in the British Government. But the safe and swift way out of all this is to cry, '*Hands off!*' to those Englishmen who are not of the family and do not wish to be of the family, who do not love the *principles* of the family, but who are seeking to undermine the principles of the family — and who certainly therefore should not own one foot of Columbia's land! Because the ownership of land, as we and *they* very well know, is power!

"*Fools or traitors those Americans will be proven to be*, who put in English hands the weapon against our government, which the ownership of American land by the English will naturally become! For that the English are *distinctly* and *pre-eminently* the enemies of this government was forever demonstrated by their attitude during our civil war! It is no thanks to the English that we are still the Republic of the United States of America! It will *be* no thanks to them if we *continue* to be the United States of America. Believe me, *lucky* it is for the stability of our principles of government that we have here — set over against the clique of so-called 'British-Americans' with their schemes and plans, — the *Irish-Americans;* who ought to know the English manners as masters, well enough to stand squarely against the ownership of a foot of American land by the 'Subjects of that Crown,' from the bondage of which

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America once escaped, as Ireland would now be glad to do!"

Cheers.

"Yes," said the old man with a large-sized smile at his own heat, "England is a *cat* that will bear watching, and I reckon *Ireland* in America ought to be the dog that worries that Cat if she needs it! Let them fight it out! It is a good thing for the life principles that lie in the House that Jack built! If Ireland don't know English ways and manners, *I* don't know who should.

"Meanwhile, America is neither English, Irish, German, nor French. America is the Goddess of Liberty, under whose patient, ruminating air of Motherhood to all, there is yet an alert observance of the fact that those who love not and protect not her law of life must be tossed aside, to make room for those who do!

"Now so much for all that! Next, as to this one-tax system, all the young Englishman has to do is to show us Yankees there is '*get*' in the scheme. That comes first. Then, as to the 'give' and all that *that* might lead us to — that comes afterwards.

"First show us about the 'get' that there is in it. There was a time when the chief of my property was in land, and in the sort of 'stock' that can't well be hidden away, they *bellow* so loud! And so it was all taxed for what it was worth, land and cattle. So if I and all my family put our brains and muscles into making a farm that was worth a few hundred dollars become worth as many thousands, and if we meanwhile furnished the country with such pure butter, milk, eggs, and meat, as gave health to citizens, did a discriminating government reward us for it? No, 'coz why' — we hain't got no discriminating government! On the reverse, what government did do was to make us pay extra taxes, like it was a sin to be so thrifty. I don't go for having thrifty farmers taxed more for raising good breeds of cattle and for enriching the land and putting up handsome buildings than a lazy fellow is for starving the land and for getting scrub cattle and consummate ugliness out of it generally!

"I'd have a bad farmer heavily taxed for his abuse of Mother-Earth, so that he wouldn't be able to afford to keep land *and* neglect it! And in that case it would fall into the

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hands of people who would deal decently with the grateful creature. For there is nothing so grateful for a little skilful kindness as is Mother Earth, except, of course, the rest of the Mothers. The land and the ladies! — They do like respectful treatment and a chance to use themselves honorably and advantageously. And they both grow 'mazing beautiful under a little fair play.

"So, young man, if you make a point of it that while in other cases 'taxation lessens the amount of the thing taxed and increases the cost of the production of the thing taxed' — yet, as men don't generally make land, 'the amount supplied is not checked by taxation' — why, if *that's* your point I can't go against it. I have to agree land is a gift from God, never a drug in the market and never a dearth, as long as men are hindered from speculating in it. And if the young man says that when nothing but ground-rents are taxed the system of taxation will be as simple a matter as the appraisal of a piece of real estate, and that this method of taxation will send thousands of hucksters out of the present demoralizing business of tax-levying and will put a stop to the bribes and expenses connected with the legal proceedings of the Customs-house officials, I can't contradict that.

"And if he says," droned on the old man, "that we shall so cease educating the criminals for whose sake we are now taxed to support policemen, criminal courts, and prison-houses, I have to agree to that too.

"By the way, I'd like to ask Mrs. Eloiheem how they made their money," he suddenly snapped out.

When Althea recovered herself she answered languidly enough, "There has always been *money*, as you are pleased to call it — among the Hounsheath and the Elois; and Wisdom among the Heems. The Elois and the Heems are — the Eloiheems! This *wealth* of the past is the Eloiheem *wealth*."

She paused haughtily, while letting her words take effect. Then, —

"As to our Western history, new among new people — old family jewels at different times were turned into money, which bought land that was the foundation of '*money*' here.

"My son Robert will answer the gentleman's further questions," she then said, ill pleased at the whole tenor of this singularly tumultuous evening, with its incessant out-

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break into personalities. To her surprise, Robert, with a swift look at the corner of the room where Alice Merton was seated, stepped to the platform, saying with clear tones and heightened color, —

"Most of us men probably prefer to retain positions from whence we can reach out generously to help others if *we choose*, rather than to abdicate these positions and then from somewhere down among the masses — possibly from under their feet — fall to work on a platform of mere justice.

"Now I have to say the best man — the Psyche in me — has always seen that Woman should be so placed as that she could use her woman-wisdom for herself and others as she saw fit. And now I will publicly announce that, come what will, I desire a *bona-fide* government of one in all and all in one. I desire that the Mother-land and the Mother, Queen of the land, shall be free to use Self for Self and others.

"In this way, I see there will come a baptism of men in *such* a love for their sisters and their brothers as will conciliate all old antagonism. A finer enthusiasm will fill us than filled the land twenty-six years ago. Though even then capital and labor, learning and ignorance, women and men, all threw themselves on the National altar, for the needs of the War of the Union. And now, for the sake of establishing a far finer, truer, and more fundamental Peace, can we not each lay on this altar all that each has of land and of prejudice against Woman's legal equality with Man, assured that thus all antagonisms will soon become conciliated and worked together by their opposites into such new forms of life, Knowledge, and Beauty as are born spontaneously from the union of such self-unioned Souls!"

One arm encircled Ethel as he spoke, while with the other hand he lifted to the eyes of the company the Jewel on her chain, now well known to the people there in its mystical significance.

Then midst the applause he added, "So, there will come to our Nation, *homes* by the millions, wherein Hierosalem, the Vision of Peace, will be practicalized; because the homes will be built on the one foundation of peace, other than which no man can lay — the Eloiheem foundation, which is the liberty of the sons and daughters of God.

"Yes; the irrepressible, buoyant, and elastic element of the

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universe is the Woman-element, an element which it has been the aim of Sacerdotalism to, not set free, but to crush back under dominant, masculine Will. And it is this exaltation of Will-power in family, Church, and State, that has been given to the world by canon and cannon, but not by the 'consent of the governed.' This man-alone rule has brought the world to a condition of fightings between individualism on the throne and individualism off of the throne; but man-alone rule has *not* developed *Individuality*, neither can it ever. For Individuality, from the word *individuus*, means 'not divisible;' and to me signifies that an Individual is one in whom the dual feminine and masculine elements of Understanding and Will are so equally developed and so harmoniously united as to produce a life whose every act is full of the Beauty of Unity of design."

His eyes, blazing with some purpose, sought the clear gray eyes which met them quietly from out the far-away corner of the room. And then, as if catching back what he had sent to that corner as an eloquent and appeasing compliment, he added, turning fully to another part of the room, —

"I have taken the time to explain that word 'Individuality' because I wish to state — what is perhaps already well known — that the Eloiheems make a stand for this *Individuality*, recognizing the excellence of it in their fellows, appealing to it, and relying upon it as upon a Spirit Supreme in the Masses. Our policy is not to merely educate a few leading minds and through them to *control* the masses. No; it is to educate at the best every mind and then to leave each to the Self-use dearest to each free soul.

"And, as I have said, I see to-night that the swift way to accomplish this is to remove the pressure of the ponderous machinery which hierarchies and governments for ages have brought to bear against the natural growth of Womanhood! Yes; for I see that this ponderous machinery of Church and Social canon is nothing less than a dynamometrical measurement of the buoyant power which it has been scarcely able to suppress! Therefore a measurement of the buoyant power of which that repressive machinery has robbed humanity.

"The man-mould is the Mother-mind. And the Mother-mind has been crippled by the ponderous machinery of Church and State. Folly it has been! For midst this con-

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tinued becripplement of the man-mould foolish Hierarchies have attempted to institute occult and religious *brotherhoods* for the up-building of men, while yet holding to the becripplement by their foolish machinery of that man-mould which, left in freedom, would do better work with half the pother."

Robert had been speaking with great rapidity, looking now, from time to time, into Daniel's eyes; and at this point, with a laugh, he reached out his hand to Daniel, who permitted himself to rise, saying, quite as if he were Robert still speaking, —

"— and the thing which makes us all so glad is that the mass of European *individualism* drifting to this country is met here by an order of institutionalism, as opposite meets opposite; that is, not for antagonism, as in old and unnaturally organized governments. No, crude individualism meets here an order of institutionalism that is founded on the elastic recognition that 'all souls are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among them life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' I hold that deliberate foresight and design did establish the institutions of this country on the principle of Liberty, and for the purpose of meeting the peculiar needs of this crude individualism as it climbs up on its unfolding way *toward Individuality!* I see in the American genius for new and varied organization a common-sense readiness to give free scope to this individuality, and a tendency to work with instead of against the nature of individual activities. But an organization which in the least subjects the genius of the individual to the machinery of the organization is by so much off of the perfect methods seen in Nature, and such an organization will fail of *spontaneity* in the proportion in which, at any point, it works *against* instead of *with* the nature of the *individual*.

"There will be no working against nature when, in the near future, 'the Mountain of the house of Yod-he-Vaw shall be established in the top of The Mountain.' For then the centre of gravitation shall be 'established in the top of the Mountain,' and all people, all men, will flow up thereto — scaling Alpine heights for love of the Woman there!"

"Alpine heights! Woman there!"

It was a cry of rapture from beyond the portière, where Reginald sat. Ethel, followed by Robert, got away quickly to the invalid.

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"Year after year he remains about the same," Mrs. Mancredo explained, as the guests were dispersing. "He occasionally ejaculates like that. But I don't really know how much, if at all, he follows conversation. Yet he does pick up certain poetical turns of expression, which seem to apply to some fancies mid which he seems to be living. He has his fresh roses every day, and claims possession of his Petrarch, and remembers me as his old playmate, and not at all as the woman he knew at the hotel. He thinks Miss Eloiheem is his mother. When he speaks, if he forgets a word, he moves right on and takes up the next that he happens to remember. He has caught up a good many of Ethel's expressions, as we all have. The unexpected is the rule with all his words and doings. He seems happy, and there is something not shocking at all in his condition to us, who are in the thought of it."

"It is strange that people who claim such powers as the Eloiheems do haven't cured that paralytic yet," said Reinsvelt, walking home with Paul Palmer. "There's no look of imbecility on his face. It is more like a far-sighted solemnity, an absorption in something full of satisfaction to him."

"And would you consider it a *cure* to bring him back here into our condition of popular dissatisfaction?" said Palmer. "Now, I confess I should think he would feel more comfortable out of his wits than in them, as long as he has no body to mention. He strikes me as a man who is watching a most entertaining exhibition, unseen by our every-day sort of wits!"

"Oh, but the point is, the mental healers could fetch him right up in health of mind. As for his body, there are mental scientists who — oh, by the way, what do you think of the new cure? — it is said to be effected by the use of the vitals of pigs, rabbits, or bullocks, I have forgotten which; and it is claimed for it that it will build up an old wreck into a revitalized young Swell!"

"If it would, Reinsvelt, the more is the pity. When a man has wrecked himself as hundreds do, if, as the Eloiheems say, Wisdom *so* puts the animal of the man under arrest, it is poor business to prime him again with the ability to do more mischief in the world. When a man has managed to paralyze himself, I don't know but he is best off in

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the retirement which his condition forces on him. It gives him a chance to think up the question whether a life of fightings, fears, and desires *is* quite a human life, or worth the living.

"Besides, when a man has 'wasted his substance' in the riot of fightings, fears, and desires — the substance which God divided unto men — it is an abuse of more orderly rabbits and bulls to kill *them* for the sake of giving vitality again to a man who only abuses it and others by the exercise of it."

"Oh, but not all paralytics are bad men."

"It remains with you to prove it if one of them has been a real *Christ-man*. If one of them were (as the Eloiheems evidently think poor Grove is) a spiritual-natured man, then in *his* case I should say *beast*-vitality would not well assimilate in the *veins* or brain of him."

"Oh, Palmer, don't you remember years ago, when the Eloiheem craze about 'the ichor of the gods business' (as it has ever since been called) first came out? You know it was said they believed there was one kind of blood of beasts, and another blood of ordinary man; and that above that, in the veins of perfectly pure, healthy, spiritized beings, there was something like 'the ichor of the gods'? Remember about it?"

"Then followed, you know, that treatment of the paralytic by the transfusion of life from the veins of" —

"Oh, quit, Reinsvelt! I know all about it!" ejaculated Palmer, white with the memory of what Ethel had done to recruit the invalid.

Reinsvelt looked at him askance; but he was too anxious to know about it all himself to be put back from the discussion, so he said, —

"Well, only this. It seems to me, all that time ago she must have had an idea of a giving 'a life for a life.' Is there not a Scripture like that, 'a life for a life'? Her method is rather different from the debased misinterpretation of it which the cruel Jews finally put on it. The Eloiheems think there was a most lovely meaning in it. But then, if you consider it an abuse of an orderly rabbit to put it to death for the sake of a disordered man, what do you think of her use of herself for this Grove?"

"If you will press the subject: don't you see yourself it

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is a very different thing for a godlike being to lay down her *own* life to save another, from what it is for an unconsenting party to be robbed of orderly life for the sake of a disorderly wreck who does not know how to use life when he has it."

"Well, supposing Grove could possibly get well owing to this care, wouldn't he come under the category of the wrecks you talk about, and whom you say would make mischief again?"

"He isn't healed yet, is he? Well, wait till he is, before you begin distrusting *her* ways of managing things," said Palmer with a flash of passion, which, perhaps, took its rise in the fact that he had never forgotten that Ethel's hair had whitened at the time Grove had been paralyzed, and that ever since she had watched over Reginald and studied into his luminous eyes in a way that was something more than a puzzle to those who saw it. Palmer was a broad-shouldered, square-headed man, with fine clear eyes widely parted; a man who had had great satisfaction for years, now, in Ethel's company. His friendship for her was a most racy thing, so racy and so satisfactory, *just as it was*, that he hoped for nothing more than that it should remain just as it was. But the thought of Reginald Grove's recovery to perfect health of mind and body annoyed him the more from the fact that he had that evening been sharply aroused to anger at Lord Aneuland's presence and crisp espousal of the Eloiheem theories, and especially at Ethel's momentary perturbation during the first part of the evening. .

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BOOK V.

THAT night, contrary to his habit, Reginald had objected to being removed from his chair, and so had spent the evening there (as he occasionally did) behind the half-closed portières. And when, later, he still objected to being removed, the extension chair was lowered at a comfortable angle, and the Indian nurse was bidden, as usual, by Ethel to yield entirely to Reginald's wishes in all these matters. For Ethel did not suppose she had a right to carelessly antagonize the individuality of an *Ego* simply because, for a time, sickness, insanity, or "the Article of death" placed the sufferer at the mercy of his attendants.

Perhaps it was her large, fair sight of this mystical wonder — the individuality of the age-long, up-climbing *Ego* — which bedecked her presence with the tender, majestic, and mighty helpfulness so potent in influence over poor Reginald Grove.

Certain it was, nothing was more repugnant to Ethel than the miserable flutter of fears and of intrusions on the sick, the dying and the insane which make horrible the grand mystery of Nature's ways of working her wondrous ends.

So, like a priestess coming from officiating in a temple looked she, as, after a peculiar episode of which more anon, she came out upon the moonlight-flooded balcony where were grouped some of the guests of the House.

Mrs. Mancredo and Mrs. Aubrey were seated on either side of Lord Aneuland's chair, and just beyond were Mr. and Mrs. Eloiheem and Mr. Konigscrown. Palmer had returned to the garden, and with Reinsvelt halted at a distance; while Elkhorn, though he had made his adieux to the com-

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pany, seeing Reinsvelt and Palmer return, had returned too, and now stood on the lower step.

As Ethel came out of the hall with Robert, John Sullivan, catching sight of her frosted dress and her jewels as they gleamed in the light, drew a step nearer. Then something whiter, more radiant than frosted dress or diamond fell upon his sensitive, worshipful nature. The majesty of the strange moments through which Ethel had just lived was upon her. And John, thrilled by what he could not understand, ejaculated in hushed tones, —

"I tell you the thruth, Miss Athel, there's a powerr goes out of ye into a man as makes him wish he was a praste o' God; and God forgive me for saying it, and me a sinner! You'd be parfec' if ye were in the hol' Cadolic Churrch er Rom'."

"The sight of your growing obedience to its laws of purity and temperance will win us toward the true Church, John. And inasmuch as you do that you are, in a sense, a priest of it, John."

He crossed himself; Ethel did the same.

"What will you do next?" said Elkhorn.

"I will next repeat the act, and for the same reason that John did it."

"Oh, he did it for the common-fool reason of his Church."

"Or might it not have been for the wise reason which for ages has led devout souls to try to thus stanchion themselves against intrusion of possible evil. He *may* have wished to protect himself against the Evil which might lurk in my suggestion that he, in any sense, could be a priest. To some souls the cross-sign, like the marriage-ring, has become but a symbol of self-subjection instead of Self-union! I made it, thinking of the meaning it had for the early pure Hindoo and Egyptian worshippers, from whom the early Christians may have taken it. See?

"This horizontal line," continued Ethel, drawing it on her heart with her finger, "I suppose to be the sign of the receptive Wisdom element, a mark which worshippers of Vishnu (I believe) cut in their foreheads; and this perpendicular line is the sign, perhaps, of the male Will element. And these, united so or so or so" (said Ethel, making with her slender fingers the forms +, ×, †), "give us the various cross-forms, which, 'towering o'er the wrecks of time,'

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typify in their higher sense an order of cultus which brings the dual soul into the blessedness of harmony with All that Is."

Robert sprang forward, fiercely clutching at her. Then, as if with an attempt to disguise his rudeness or madness, he shortly bade Elkhorn good-night, while precipitately hurrying Ethel over to where that neglected guest, Lord Aneuland, was seated. Under the unaccountable fury in Robert's eyes Elkhorn had sprung back; but a glance from Ethel determined him to wait and ask the question for which he had returned to the balcony.

A moment or two after, as Elkhorn stood down by the lily-pond, he saw Paul Palmer and Ethel, Mrs. Mancredo and Reinsvelt, approaching, while Robert half haltingly looked back toward Lord Aneuland, who had not risen from his seat. Then Elkhorn saw Robert, in a manner of repressed violence, follow Ethel, as with deftly raised drapery she passed the space between the balcony and the clump of syringa bushes, robe, hair, and jewels sparkling whitely in the light.

Then she had paused before Elkhorn, and Palmer and the others had passed on. And Elkhorn, as if in response to her silence, said, —

"Yes, I wish I could find Helen. Will you make her believe in me as she did at first? She used to say — for I was a minister then — that neither fightings nor cajolery of any sort would longer be taken instead of real instruction in the spiritual science of life; and that we made a better pair, in that *I* was not an idealist. I thought she was just trying to wheedle me into letting her have her own way. And I used to shut her up short. But she saw it so plainly that — that she kept trying to get me to listen to her. But I told her I didn't need any of her help, one day with — well, with an *oath*. She gave me a look and I slammed the door in her face, and went off. When I came back she was gone to her father's. I told her to come back. She wouldn't. So I got a divorce.

"Now, I have found out, you know, where she is. I thought I saw her in the company to-night; but I couldn't find her. Yes, I got a divorce on 'uncongeniality of temper.' And now she's doing a good business somewhere. If she has repented and wants to behave, I'm willing to take

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her back and remarry and fix up her business, on better paying principles. I have told you my story. For I know you can help me if you will!"

He hadn't told all the story, though. He had suppressed the fact that he knew Helen had improved her privileges as a divorced Woman, and so, twenty-odd years ago, had taken up land, first under the "homestead act," then under the "tree-planting act," and third, under the "school-section act," and, as a result, after twenty-three years of laborious, skilful, independent life in Nebraska, had now a round rent-roll, beside other property. He also had that evening learned that she had a son of his, who was not born till months after Elkhorn had hustled on the divorce so easily obtainable in certain Western States. But Elkhorn realized that this boy of hers was now a young fellow of age, and so was legally beyond anything except the claims of affection and duty. And Elkhorn saw that a man who had not even taken the trouble to know of the birth of his son, or how it had since fared with the mother, was not in a position to talk about the claims of affection, — while as to "duty" he was now sufficiently imbued with the Eloiheem-theories to perceive that in such a fatherhood as his there was nothing worthy the respect of child or country.

As Ethel silently looked at him, he vividly realized that, though he had been twice married by priest in Church, and though this child was begotten in wedlock, yet that the sort of Marriage and the sort of Fatherhood which was the privilege of a *real* man were as yet unattained by him.

A fighter, not a lover was he; a self-pleaser, not one who sought the good of others; a restless fragment, a half-human was he, whose very potency of crude *Will-force* left him impotent as a partner in a real marriage with a real Woman.

And now he saw Helen Aleen Elkhorn was a real Woman as Daniel Heem was a real man. That is, Daniel was a mother-man, and Helen was a father-woman, able (because of her life of interior harmony) to leave fightings, fears, and inordinate desires to the man who so revelled in them, while she took the child — *her* child indeed — and, while caring for him, had made a home for several other women and their fatherless babies. So helping them to attain to that triumphant order of self-poised, mother-father life which the conditions of this crisis have tended to greatly develop in multitudes of Women.

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This could not be told Elkhorn in words. But Ethel had thought it in on his mind as she looked at him, while she stood in the moonlight, her figure outlined against the dark syringa bushes. Then her deep bell-tones reached those on the piazza as she said, —

"You told Helen you did not want her help? Know, then, this. Woman in Liberty lives indeed; neither fearing, fighting, nor desiring desires, she welcomes the Will of Wisdom and becomes the Self-unified One. See?"

With a swift movement, one toe-poised limb crossed over the other, then turning, she wound her clinging dress about her *svelte* figure, and with arms extended and head thrown back gazing into heaven's dome, she herself became a white and radiant image of dual being unified in Cruciform.

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What had come to her? Had cloudless space wherein danced sidereal hosts drawn her up into itself? Had the ecstasy of the passion of the Real Cross come to her? — the ecstasy of those who, in their work of blending opposites into unity, count as gain those buffetings which but aid in carrying on the God-purpose?

Had she for a fine finality won away into the company of those who unintermittingly do the Will of Wisdom?

Free and far through empyrean space on Wings of Vision fleetly she sped, gleaning from the gladness of the Star-filled air the Truth — as that Truth is known to THE INTELLIGENCES — the Truth of the meaning of the Straurobatean Victory won over great Samaramis, when, "defeated on the banks of the Indus," "she flew away in the form of a dove" — and gleaning from the hosts above the meaning of "the whirling wheel of Ixion," on which the "Spirit of the world is crucified."

For jubilates in the upper air, vibrating tremulantly pitiful yet glad, revealed that the cries of the world are but the sound of growing-pains. The pains felt in getting those growths which bring forth births into finer forms of life, knowledge, and beauty.

Then the rolling moon could hardly wait for gladness in getting to the blue, where sparkling star-seed was but the dust of ages, not dead but transmuted to the gold supernal of those heights.

And lovingly laughing the Moon and Earth and she

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seemed to be bounding through realms where old beyond compare had grown the seed-thought which now, just falling to Earth, sows itself to spring up in this great day in the lives of those who inwardly yearn after the growths which *this* seed brings forth.

On, on through Spheres where the inhabitants know full well that the crassness of self-hood is but the *manner* of the lower creature as it struggles toward that real human whose form is the form of Will refined to Wisdom.

On and on, till — O ecstasy! — next —

. . . . . .

"Ethel, my daughter?"

It was as if these words had buffeted their way to her across the upper air. Then, somewhere in the star-garden Daniel must have met her; for next, friendlily near with swiftness indescribable they shot earthward together — or so it seemed to Ethel — alighting so, as a thistle-down alights upon Earth.

Ethel's open eyes met Daniel's as he stood beside her. And she, with a memory of how the star-seed was sowing the Earth with light for the new age, cried out ringingly, —

"Was such bravery of beauty ever seen by you, Daniel?" Then — "Oh, I see!" she said with a strange hush, steadying herself under Daniel's gaze; perceiving what Daniel had perceived — that, while she was trying to bring Elkhorn a knowledge of the joy of the Self-unioned, her own sweet and "trusty helpers" had upborne her into such a participation in *their* knowledge of All-Creative bliss as no words, no art, not even music's own, has hinted yet to mind of mortal. For what Seers see, tones nor half-tones, in octaves ever so many, have not yet melodized.

"Grace of Heaven, Eloiheem, is she living Woman or Spirit only?" said Palmer breathlessly, as clustered together these three men watched the miracle, following into something of the mystery by the gift of Daniel's interpreting presence.

"I only know," said Robert hushedly, "that one day the Spirit of Harmony came and dwelt under the roof where I had had cradle. And this is She."

"Yes, yes! 'Tis the new Madonna! The Madonna of the real Cross!" whispered Reinsvelt, and he fled away, on and out at the path from the house to the street.

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"He does well," said Paul Palmer. "He has gone to whiten white canvas with that white Vision's inward illuminings; Visions which 'pierce gross night' and with 'mild persistence urge man's search to those vast issues whose growing sway controls the growing life of Man.'

"He has caught the new art thought of the new age. For see you, Robert — as in the past the picture of the crucified Son has tortured Woman's soul into devotion, so in this age *that* picture of a 'dearer self which sobs religiously in a yearning song' will yet arouse *Man* to become a living image of unified duality; and will make *man's* being (as woman's already is) 'the sanctuary of nuptial rites.' For see you, Robert, Madonna, Self-crossed through Will of Wisdom, is the image of הרדו, the cabalistic, unified duad of the Hebrews; the Jehovah 'which lacks not the Mother there,' but which 'shapes it forth before the multitude divinely human,' 'raising Worship so to reverence more mixed with Love.'"

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It was midnight. The Moon, rolling through the cloud-cleared heavens like a sentient thing, drew tides, seasons, and souls after her.

Often at the full of the moon the Eloiheems lived the night out wakefully in these beams; giving themselves up to the revelry of the planets as they danced their round dances to the music of the spheres.

Ethel had not returned to the balcony. She was carrying the cross of her own making. What others expected of her was no question to one, who, "raised from private considerations, lived mid public and illustrious thoughts."

Full of the solemnity of all that that effulgent hour had brought to her, she had walked unquestioned away to the bluffs overlooking the lake. And now, as alone as though all the earth were blotted out, she stood looking not so much on the moon and sea as on the peace above and the passions below, which moon and sea pictured to her. But now the silver and blue beauty above was reflected in that below; and was to her a symbol of the luminous possibilities of this great age, which she believed *she* had come to earth to enlarge and dignify.

Robert was on a rustic seat near her, but nearer to the lily-pond, which was not near the bluff.

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By common consent all had fallen away from Ethel, studious not to intrude on this woman, because of the reign of that kind of civility which enfibres the spirit of those who love the real flavor of liberty. Judith had not yet the mind which makes the manners of the Eloiheems; so in her desire that Ethel should pay some attention to her guest, the young Lord, she began to say, "Ethel should be bidden to come out of the dew." The dew was not falling; if it had been, it would have been for Ethel only to decide whether the things she was enjoying were worth the risks she might be running. And so Daniel straightly told the aunt. For he knew if Ethel had been conversing with Lord Aneuland out on the bluffs, the aunt would not have thought of the dew; and Daniel knew Ethel was communing with a greater than all earth's lords.

The Heaven above, with its blue profound, was not a darker background for Diana and great Jupiter in train, than was the greensward and the full foliage a-near for Ethel's white, bright figure. To the silent Lord Aneuland as far removed and untouchable as those planets this Ethel Eloiheem seemed.

At this moment, as if a breath from Eastern climes had driven it in from off the desert, there slowly formed beneath the moon a sphinx-shaped cloud.

Billowing up buoyantly out of the bed of blue, lifting high a woman's face above the lion's form, with Mother-breast full rounded, and paws with claws unsheathed, with look alert and eyes intent, this thing of mist and mystery to gazers at that moment seemed the sign of the Judean standard of the Lion and her whelp.

Then, changing at a wind-puff, the lion became more Womanlike, but dreadful by so much the more. For the wind swept a train behind her; and, with majestic pose and mien, the lioness was now "the terrible Dyke" to eyes that gazing beheld her.

Then the rifting wind from this cloud-form tore off a tumultuous mass; and out of the wrack that was left there emerged a sylphidian form, with a cowl-covered head, and a face drooped dolorous. It was the face and the form of the Mother-Judean, who gave to the world the sweet Christ.

Then, clouds piled Ossa on Pelion, heaping high a mass which next shadowed forth the form of a thing not yet

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come to birth; — that pyramidal thing prenatally named SOCIETY.

. . . . . .

"Mrs. Eloiheem, may I go to your daughter?"

"You may go *toward* her. No man on earth could find her just now. She lives in her realm of enchantment to-night. When she is there, we leave her in peace."

"It is into that peace I would like to enter," Aneuland almost whispered.

"Try, then," was the answer.

So next, turning her gaze from heaven to earth, Ethel's eyes looked direct into those of Lord Aneuland, who seemed to have sprung out of the ground at her side.

"Oh, then, since you are here, tell me, *when* will the Tree of Life fruit forth *Humanity indeed?*" she said, at sight of him.

Zestfully stepping closer with manner as glad as hers, "When the mystery of the cross is interpreted by all as by my Lady of the Apotheosis it was to-night," he said.

She looked on him as Miranda may have looked when she first beheld young manhood. For *this* man had seen her thought.

The dome of his head, soaring into a sphere of development rarely yet cultivated, was enhaloed by moonlight that danced through upcurled lashes, and played round the shadows of a chin at least robust enough to support as perfect a dimple as ever repeated the love story told by his Cupid bow of a mouth. And Ethel, with slow inspection and sweet content in him, told herself if he were *not* the Apollo Belvedere, so much the worse for the other Apollo. And he, thrilled by this innocent cordiality, and frankly thankful for the grace he had found in her sight, stood silent with half-drooped head, like that Sir Galahad who in holy hour saw Sanc Grael let down from Heaven.

And Ethel?

Had the pulsing Moon again swept Earth away? Or, bounding earthward, had it underreached her, catching *her* away into a *renaissance*, celestial tender?

"So *this* is the Lord Aneuland whom all the evening I willed not to observe. May it be, then, that Love is a thing as high as Wisdom's self — and not a thing 'gainst which to guard, as 'gainst a traitor sortilege?" thought she.

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Frantze raised his gaze, and saw the white Ethel, trembling, rosy red, with parted lips, and eyes luminous with a deluge of baptismal waters from the throne above.

Then, with delicate satisfaction, she said, —

"I did not know you were like this!"

He looked up, then down, as conscious that a miracle had been wrought in her as she was yet unconscious of the meaning of the *double baptism* which laved her soul. Troubled at this complexity, she trembling said, "I know you, yes, worthily well!"

Such tremulous perplexity on such a face! He almost cried aloud at the wonder and pain of it. He stretched out his hand, feeling backwards as if for support, and touched — space. Then, straightening himself, he said, —

"Yes, Miss Eloiheem; and this is my good-by visit, you know. I sail in three weeks on my bridal journey to my English estates — my wife's and mine. There we will work as you work."

There was no answering word.

"I can never forget this visit. I think I have looked in at Heaven's glory. And" — his hand outstretched waveringly again, but space and thin air met him without; and, with something like a sob, he went within for help, and found it. "In my future life I will live in your perception of the Crucified. And at our orisons my wife and I will whisper the name of Saint Ethel."

He paused, not daring to look at the woman whose silence could be felt. Then, in the cool tone of business-filled purpose, he said, —

"I want to do grand work. Till I knew you, I never dreamed that transcendental theories could be formulated into life."

"Let us go back to Daniel," said Ethel, with a look as if she had tried but had failed to make connection between his words and the circumstances. In her white face and in her voice there was that which made him stretch forth a hand as if supplicating pardon for a deadly wrong. The next moment, facing the light and him, and extending a firm hand: "Yes," she said, "and I wish you that mutual delight in your coming union which marriage in the new age will unfold."

She moved on again, toward the house; then, halting,

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faced him again and the light, bending toward him, not comprehending yet all that was meant by all that had come to her.

He waited, still as death.

"Frantze?"

"Ethel?"

Questioningly she had spoken his name; answering, he questioningly spoke hers. Then, with gentle wonder, she said, —

"Did you see my heart?" bringing forth from him the words, —

"I saw it."

"What was it came to me?"

"O, Miss Eloiheem!" he murmured, staggered at her innocence of all that which, earth-bred, tints with color of shame the coming of That to Woman-heart which woman has been taught to conceal.

"*Must* I answer?" he blunderingly said.

"Not must" — with sovereign haughtiness of grand surprise, — "not *must*, but may. You may tell if you can — what was that heavenly visitant?"

"It was — was" —

"Was it Love?" Straight through his hesitancy struck the words, as if to a timid messenger from a Suzerain she had said, "Was it my Crown?"

"Oh, Adorable! Adonai! Adonai! Baptize thou my world as thou then baptizedst me!" she cried in some great rapture.

And he? He fell before her as fell Isaiah when the Lord came and filled the temple with his train of hosts angelic.

His momentary doubt of her — for he had doubted — seemed damnable; yet, to believe that he had aroused for himself such love of such a being, to Lord Aneuland seemed a sacrilege of some holier mystery. Yet with tears of contrition in his voice for his share in the misadventure he said, kneeling still, —

"St. Ethel, it was love; a baptism from above; but it was for no one poor mortal."

Naïve and alert she listened. Then, —

"Let us go to Daniel," she said, moving swiftly forward as she spoke, carrying Lord Aneuland so, on past Robert, whose eyes, flashing out of the darkness, met in Aneuland's only a warm, wild look of wonder at what had befallen.

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Robert had seen and heard all, as he sat in full view of the actors. He wiped beads from his brow; and in another moment came up to the balcony, so that to the watchers thereon there was nothing even on Aneuland's face different from what Mrs. Eloiheem had seen on the faces of other bright men who had cause to wonder whether this Ethel was a prophetess, a great mother-heart, a child full of flitting fancies, or a new type of Woman whom they would — but might not — call Wife. But Daniel saw there was in Ethel's strangely radiant eyes a look of large surprise as at some new instruction just received. And Konigscrown, catching a glimpse of it, essayed to take her hand to pass her to her chair. But Ethel's hands were not of the easily seizable kind. So not by *that* way did he learn of the swift going of her pulses.

Among the women there was a general conviction that the Lady of the house would "better not ignore the addresses of this altogether lovable man." By which it may be seen, Aneuland's betrothal was a very recent matter; for reasons of his own, Konigscrown had not announced it even to Daniel. After one glance at Ethel's face Mrs. Mancredo permitted no halt in conversation, but she left Aneuland and Ethel unaddressed. Meanwhile she fancied she saw how it was with Lord Aneuland, as he sat with heightened color, wondering at this woman, full as she was of strange achievement and power over the people, toward whom, it seemed to him, she sustained a relation half priestly, half judicial, and wholly maternal. Her white hair and majesty of presence had interested him from the first. But her influence over Elkhorn, and the electrical thrill of that look which, on the way to Elkhorn, had partially struck Aneuland, had kept him aloof from her in wondering observance. Besides, she had been unconventionally neglectful of him, her guest, till suddenly she had appeared at his side, objecting to Mrs. Aubrey's plan of giving him a seat on the dais, because such honor as had befallen her father was for Aneuland to win — filling the theretofore much flattered young lord with a heat, not altogether of anger, as he had answered aptly and amiably enough to this seemingly petulant attack.

But, as has been said before, the Eloiheem philosophy of life, and the relations of seen and unseen Intelligences, was not verbally new to Aneuland. For Konigscrown, his

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teacher and guardian, had been a blundering groper after something of the kind, and had long been an intimate though space-divided friend of Daniel. But, none the less, Miss Eloiheem's attempt to do what her father had dreamed had seemed to Aneuland an invasion of a field of achievement which Konigscrown had marked out for his ward as his special battle-ground, for as long as life should last. So Aneuland had promptly begun to regard Ethel with something of the critical attention that one gives to a competitor who has hopelessly distanced him. Afterwards he had listened and observed, till a sweet new fury to himself *achieve* things for the race of which he had hitherto but *dreamed*, seized on him, and he had spoken as he did speak.

Then, later, he had seen Ethel at that moment when, turning, she had, visibly to him, gathered up into herself all that had seemed lacking, and had safe-treasured up all that yet may be in a divine Human, self-crossed in the pure power of a perfected self-union.

The sight had in it the purity and the coldness of a Greek statue. And as the Statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island enlightens the way of souls tossing on troubled waters, without alluring them to itself, so this sight of her had lighted his way, giving him his true bearings and firing him to make straight for the business of finding his *alter ego*.

So he had gone to her as she stood on the bluff; and when in the glow of a glad surprise she had turned to him saying what she did, his heart and brain, quickened, saw in her — what? *That* he could not yet tell. But into the silence of his soul there came again a re-assurance that this which had befallen St. Ethel was love; but that it was for no one poor mortal like himself. And he sighed, as sighs a man born old, when that man feels the burden but not the blessing of faculties that separate him from — rather than ally him to — the hosts of friends who claim him for their own. He had been born into the midst of a complicated romance, and his love-story had been marred by the meddling of those who sought to control him and his betrothed before either of them was in a position to know what would have been chosen if each had been free to choose. When he had come back to the balcony his impulse was to take himself off early the next day in order to remove himself from the sight of this woman, who had felt, said, and done what had

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been said and done out on the bluffs that night. Then the memory of something in the touch of her hand, her gracious wish for his happiness, and, above all, that outburst of ecstatic thanksgiving for what had befallen, lifted the affair to a plane far removed from the ordinary realm of little timidities, disguises, and disagreeables generally. And now, like one looking in at suddenly wide-flung gates whence issues the dawn of a new Self-Sovereign Love with all its gladsome train, this Frantze Aneuland found himself arrested full of anticipatory satisfaction.

Just then a messenger from Reginald's attendant said, close to Ethel, "He is very queer, and is calling for you."

Ethel arose to go to Reginald, and as she bade the guests good-night, she asked Aneuland and Konigscrown to prolong their visit for a week, "for," said she, "I wish Lord Aneuland to look into our methods of working through others; there may be something which he can make of service in the new home to which he and his lady-elect sail away in three weeks from now. Will you take a week to inspect these matters, Lord Aneuland?"

"I am glad to do so," said he readily and with a curious effacement from his mind of everything except the sense of wide-flung gates and of the issuing hence of some new delight in life.

Robert and Mrs. Mancredo went with Ethel to the room beyond the library, where Reginald was persistently keeping his place in the extension-chair.

"He seems strange to-night, muttering, and ugly and wilful, yet I can't find out what it is all about," said the attendant.

"Dem it!" ejaculated Reginald.

Ethel sprang forth with alert interest, not in the naughty word, but in the old-fashioned ring of grown-up badness that was in this ejaculation.

She stood gazing at him.

"Good-night. Wake me early, mother," said he, in his usual child-like tone, after having steadily received her long and tranquillizing gaze.

Then Robert saw the cripple draw up his paralyzed leg, and, turning over, rub his face with his paralyzed hand, as he settled himself comfortably to sleep, as a child does.

Mrs. Mancredo and the Indian nurse did not see this, for

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they were talking together at a distance. But Robert saw it, and he saw the soft flush on the handsome face of the sleeper, whose regular breathing was now like that of a person who in health is inhaling oxygen.

His eyes fell on Ethel.

"It is a — a queer use you make of yourself," he said furiously. "That old transfusion of your life from your veins was bad enough, but" —

He stopped — irrationally angry, yet knowing that there could be no good cause for anger that a woman should give of her life's abundance to save a poor creature who needed exactly an invoice of Life. Not a *little* thing to need, truly; but as he watched Ethel it seemed to Robert it was a very little thing for this woman to give, because of her great abundance.

Ethel's eyes met his: and then he remembered all he had said a few hours since, as he had espoused Daniel's statement that Woman has super-ordinary powers; and that there are Women over whose very being a structural change has passed, because, as a result of the discipline and suffering through which they have passed in their constant attempt to, in every case, choose the very best and reject all things less than the best, they have drawn to themselves great hosts of tiny *entities;* and have breathed in these atomic bisexual hosts of perfect power; and so are themselves transmuted into a likeness to that on which they have really fed. Only the dual-unified being is whole. And they who live, breathe, and have their being by feeding on these hosts of Whole (or holy) entities know the potency of the order of Life which comes with this change of spiritual diet. A potency which makes it possible for the new-born dual soul to impart moral and physical vitality to any person to whom *an internal impulse* directs such an one to give assistance.

Yes, Robert had heard all this lately from Daniel, in very clear words, but he hated to believe it, because he himself had never received the holy G'host (or God-Host) as Daniel explained it. So the fact that the great Feminine form of God is *Eloihim*, and that divinity is, rather, a unified Woman-form than a man-alone creature (who could not *be* creator for lack of the Woman-element) — this thought always made Robert as irrationally furious as the repetition of it will make many a Robert-like man who reads these words.

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It is a terrific or a glorious age that we live in! Forces furious and fiery are driving it. That Ethel knew; and she knew that the only safety of those who have gotten as far on the "eight-fold path" as Robert had gotten, now lies in learning to *reject* and *resist* the encroachments of the lower forms of predatory, vice-inspiring, disease-creating atomic creatures which are among the "spirits of the air," and in learning how to invite to abide with us, instead, the holy G'host, a God-host of bisexual powers, who, will we but feed upon the life of *this* host, will make us "like unto Itself," a host in ourselves, in very deed and truth.

These thoughts were given to Robert by Ethel as she looked on him. It was as if a catapult had struck him. For it is one thing to hear of shadowy theories, and another to face a person who has practicalized those theories into an order of life that can be felt.

But Robert had followed Ethel to this privacy to lecture her about that matter out on the bluffs; and to get from her a good bit of praise relating to the good things he had said at the climax of the evening. To lecture her now he had forgotten; and, as for the praise, he saw with offensive clearness that he had said what he had chiefly for the purpose of having Alice Merton hear him expound the Eloiheem principles as he stood in the house which he had given to Ethel.

But now, silenced he was, dumb, disabled by amazement as he saw that he stood just at the threshold of a world wherein Ethel had lived and reigned for years, God only knew how many. He saw and thought of nothing except Ethel and her achievements. Achievements? Not even that — but of her being. A being which, for one strange moment, he saw was nothing other than the sum and substance of myriads of flying, flashing joys; tiny, radiant, perfect entities, each one of which was bliss, embodied in aerial light. So, full of Love's own self-giving rapture she baptized his being there withal. Then, that suspicion with which certain Sacerdotal Spirits regard this crowning gladness of natural, perfect womanhood laid hold on him.

He drew back distrusting, as men of his development do distrust, the goodness of this glad life, whose joy is in itself. He drew back, expecting with his frown to change "this blameless laughter of ever new delight into the bitterness of a shame unfounded."

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But, not for the bearing of shame, not for the accepting of any man-made burden of any sort did this self-recognized "*identity*," Ethel Eloiheem, have her being. She knew herself for what she was, — a *rare* being, a great dual being, — and she knew she had a part to execute characteristic of her being the self-conscious dual entity which she had become.

So, unmoved by this younger soul's misconception of her "cause of being," she stood engaged in Wisdom's use of love, baptizing his soul in its holy wave, regally exhaling her flower-like life as does the lily.

Dazed at her daring, he bent toward her, ready to tear out of her the secret of this gladness and joy which is in itself.

For as yet he would not believe in the self-wholeness of the women who are worthy to be women. He did not, would not, could not believe in their oneness with the Tree of Life that is in the midst of the paradise of יהוה. He knew not of the holiness of That, which, wafted thence through all realms of existence, settles lighter than thistle-down into the receptacle, worthy or less worthy, which receives and uses this foison of Life as each may best be able to do.

With the passionate eyes of a man whose faith is fixed on nothing else than woman's utter evilness, he looked at her as such self-righteous men do look on a woman whom they fear: that is, with a summing-up of the fascination which is fuller of hate than of love, and yet which is so full of the love (?) which yearns to consume all on self and for self, that even Ethel, before it, had need to stanchion herself with Power Supreme. So, fixed on "that double centre" — the fundamental principle which made her what she was — Ethel stood engaged in Woman's use of *Wisdom-full-of-love*, baptizing Robert's soul in its holy waves. Under this inflow of Life from the Tree of Life in the midst of the paradise of יהוה, Robert raised his hand ready to smite Ethel; yes, to crucify her as the Spirit of Love devoid of passion and full of Wisdom has usually been smitten, spat upon, and crucified by passionists the world throughout. But, unmoved, she stood engaged in most Womanly use of Wisdom full of Love.

"The devil of a woman she is," he muttered inwardly. For while he, like many other men of the period, had "dipped into" the study of psychical phenomena as exhibited in séances by trance-mediums, etc., yet he knew Ethel neither

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read such literature nor in any way identified herself with any such order of experiments. He had spent money and time consulting persons whose mental calibre was not of the sort to make them (so Robert considered) of any use to anybody except as they, by utter self-subjection, became sluice-ways for whatever low order of influence might pour in on them when all guards were down. He had never told Ethel that he had "looked into that sort of craze," yet at this moment he was assured Ethel was giving him to see that his crude curiosity had led him to use these women — immortal beings — as if they were but mechanical instruments, spiritual telescopes, or sounding-boards, encouraging them to serve curiosity in ways which arrested their intellectual and spiritual development. And to Ethel's mind there was no greater disaster than the arrestment of the orderly, natural development of Woman, the mother of man and vicegerent of the holy hosts.

In his groping, Robert had somehow felt that those strange creatures, called mediums, who can tell so much, should be whipped and tortured, if need be, to make them tell more. For "the much" was miserably little to a mind like Robert's, which longed for all. It was no thanks to his lower nature or even his best will toward those who failed him in his demands on them that he did not imprison and torture in Czar-like dominance those mediums who piqued his curiosity without satisfying it; — curiosity concerning the life to come; curiosity which at times ran so high with him that, half-maddened as he was, he would have made Witches' broth of a certain "red-haired wench" whose trances he studied, if he had believed a draught of this broth would have better informed him of the mysteries of hell and heaven than did his other use of her powers.

And now in the light of Ethel's eyes he saw this was true of himself. Then came to him a Czar-like fury at Ethel. For he believed she would not tell him what she knew. Then through his mind there sped a memory of Daniel's teachings of what *is* the "far-famed nectar of life," and what "the bliss of the Parnassian Mount," and what "the refreshment of the perennial springs there hidden."

"O Lord of Life, *has* she discovered these? *Has* she, free in her own arbitrament, invested herself sovereign of these springs, drinking deep of them? God, answer me!

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Is this of Ethel's a devil-like daring or a judicious, discretionary, יהוה-like use of יהוה-like powers, for the purposes of a dawning new Creation's day?"

Drawn back, with blazing eyes he stood a moment, then dashed to the door, turning there and looking back at her. And she, steadfast, immovable, abounding in the work of the Mother-Father Life, stood still engaged in most worthy woman's most worthy use of Life, baptizing his soul in its wave.

Nearer than ever to maniacal bedazzlement of fury and fascination was Robert the next day. And Ethel, who ages since had passed through this purgatory, and who knew the torture and the tests which come in this development of Peri-like powers, settled to the business of showing him that a real Woman's use of herself was far above the plane of emotional wastes. For that she lived on mountain heights mid the flashings and flyings of fiery Life-hosts, like in appearance (could they be seen) to the atmosphere when sun shines on falling snow, and when, seeing it, we question if it be snowing down shine or if it be but shining down snow.

But he would not, dared not believe that this power, unrepressed, unbecrippled, and free in its own arbitrament as to what is legitimate self-use, would make for good and good only.

"Yet," thought he, "when was ever this power exhibited in an unbecrippled condition, and when, being unbecrippled, has it ever been left free to do of Its own arbitrament whatever It, following Wisdom's Will, is moved to do? Repressed, fought against, feared, and bedevilled it has been; but never before, in maiden known to me, has this power, as a self-recognized idea and identity, been brought to a self-use, characteristic of Its being the worthy Woman-power which It is. No," thought Robert, as he sat in quiet out on the balcony overlooking the lake, "never to my knowledge has male teacher, other than Daniel, taught maiden that it is by this Wondrous Woman-power that Woman keeps her hold (not on man, but) on spheres of supernal Life, and that this power is her crown and her glory. And that they who possess it must give up leaning on or learning from anything below them, except as things below are picture-puzzle blocks, which, rightly put together, emphasize lessons taught woman from the Above.

"Can I, shall I believe Daniel's teachings? Shall I be-

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lieve that those who guard against 'blighting the lily-flower,' the recreative dual faculty within their being's sanctuary, are those to whom even angels cry aloud, 'Worthy, worthy are they to receive dominion and power'? O Lord of Life, is it possible that, in place of all intelligible teaching concerning woman's fascinating power over man, male teachers have made the one word '*devil*' do duty?

"Yes, they have, and right they are. Devil or divinity, nothing between. If devil, well placed they are under heel of man. If divinity, such men as I am must abdicate, and, unlearning the old worship of man's will, must begin at the Alpha of a new Wisdom.

"Never! Devils they are!" he cried aloud out of his thoughts. Then he took a swift review of how certain physicists and law-makers of old, following hard after the devil-theory (perhaps fearing that woman's never-to-be-eradicated dual capacity for receiving the dual forces of the god-host should evolve in her a dynamometrical power subversive of man's sovereignty), had kept running the machinery with which Brahminical, Hebrew, and some so-called Christian priests have bruised and battened the mother soul; withholding woman from even the quiet in which there comes to her a recognition of her self; and all joining, instead, to make her believe that her creative function was the vilest thing on earth: — a thing for which she should be lashed with every species of indignity that the ingenuity of a jealous enemy could invent, and must use, if the enemy hoped to *usurp against nature* woman s position as priestess of the power that links earth to finer spheres of more ecstatic being.

"Damn it all, yes, *all* that nonsense!" he muttered, with wrath against a line of thought, which was like personal offence to his age-long love of pre-eminence over Woman — a thing scorned yet coveted by his every particle of blood and brain.

Book in hand, he threw himself into a hammock, as Ethel and Aneuland, coming out, seated themselves on the veranda.

Almost immediately this occurred.

Out of the silence, apropos to no conversation which Robert had heard, Aneuland, turning to Ethel, with a light beatific on his face, as if assured that help from out of some sanctuary had come to him, said, —

"Yes, gladly. You see, growing up with them as I did,

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the brotherly element had from the first blended with my love for both of these adopted sisters. They had been my tender care from childhood, — that is, inasmuch as the less can care for the greater. For they both were always wiser than I. Yes, Woman — Maid and Mother — is to me adorable, mystical, wonderful!"

His voice had fallen into a whisper. The whisper, not of one who had made a new discovery, but of one who for the first time had had courage to tell, with a new sense of self-justification, of that which before he had shamefacedly held to be a belittling weakness. He had halted, looking into Ethel's commending, loving eyes. Then, more assured, and yet better pleased with himself, he said, —

"Ah! I begin to understand it all better. You do not blame me, then, that, both of them being so beautiful, so different, so near and dear, so sisterlike at times, and I, always so lonely, so full of love that no one wanted, or that I seemed, at least, to have no right to give to any one — you do not blame me, that — yes, I confess it — that I could not clearly tell whom, which of the sisters, I best loved. Yes, I confess it — woman (maid and mother) is to me adorable, mystical, wonderful. Am I to blame that they are adorable, and that I adore?"

It was a curious sight, that Robert confessed; for this man had folded his arms high on his breast, as if to keep the heart there, steady. The light in his eyes blazed like camp-signals, while he, a Soldier-King at post of duty, seemed too grandly studious of rectitude within for much softness of manner without.

And a Soldier-King on duty Ethel's soul saw him to be; on duty before the gates of the new age, within which is encastled the unpredicable majesty of the Beauty of Self-unity: — gates which, opened a little by Ethel's white magic, showed him — yes, let out upon him — something of that which but awaits safe passage to Kingly soul in order to its free emergence.

"Yes," said he presently, "*words* about this great wonder have been taught me ever since, at twelve years of age, in virtue of being a son of a Freemason, I received the rarely administered rite of the Baptism of a Louveteau; my ears have heard of unbelievable things from the hearing of which Woman is shut out. Now, I see, that though woman by man

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has been shut out from hearing of the sacred ark of the new covenant, a Power greater than man's has made her keeper of the very shekinah of its mystery. O my soul! my soul! Oh, St. Ethel!"

Robert, half arisen, saw this man looking straight before him, like one in an ecstasy too exalted for further utterance.

Ethel, opposite, sat quiet and meditative.

Daniel had taken Konigscrown away to the Chamber of Peace, where, Robert believed, Daniel was laying out a plan for the resurrection of the principles of Freemasonry to exalted popular use, by a revelation of the meaning of those symbols which have become either the idol or the scorn of the common mind. Daniel was not a Mason; but he knew much of what is called the "science of correspondential language." He thought the time had come for him to show that the hidden doctrine of Plato, of Pythagoras, and of the Ancient Scottish rites Masons, as well as of the Rosicrucians, was at one with the principle back of the Froebeline method of man-building. And that all these, as well as the luminous religion of all climes, were founded on the fact that The All-Life incessantly gives Itself forth, filling the capacity of each, and enlarging the capacity of those who best stand the pressure of this God-fullness. He believed the time had come when the order of life — which secret brotherhoods have protected in symbols, and from the teachings of which they have thrust out women — might be put upon the world, if women but had the reverent support of men.

Daniel had told Robert, that day, that of old, men thrust women out of these secret teachings partly from distrust of them, and partly because men of old, in presence of women philosophers, commonly found the philosophy of self-development through celibacy less attractive than they found the women philosophers. And that woman had not been ruled out because she was lacking in intellectual acumen, but because her methods of cognition and re-cognition of things learned in past incarnations were of course too swift and far-reaching for the comprehension of the younger masculine soul. So heavy weights had banned them with the convenient word "frivolous." For to heavy weights it seems frivolous for a woman to promptly say of a problematic affair, "I know it is so because I know it." Though it would

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not sound frivolous if the same woman said, "I know twice one is two, because I know it;" for the reason that man knows *that* also. Yet the other thing, not so well known to man as was the multiplication table, might be better known to woman than was the multiplication table, and might be to her an axiomatic fact.

"You are no better than a woman yourself," Konigscrown had said to Daniel, as he repulsed Daniel's theory that all is good, and that woman is a safe guide for herself when she is left to the inspiration of the power within her.

"Your notions are incompatible with the fury-driven conditions of society," he said. And, leaning to Konigscrown's ideas of the matter, Robert looked askance at Aneuland and Ethel, inwardly ejaculating, "Extraordinary self-discipline or he could not so sustain Ethel's cordial carriage toward him. His is a soul amazed at tidings of itself, which it is receiving. And Ethel? She is laving his being with aspirations after a manhood adequate to the demands which the oncoming womanhood will make on it. A manhood capable of accepting unobtrusively the mystical aid which this womanhood is inwardly bidden to give to those who acceptably accept what comes, neither fearing, fighting, nor *desiring* it."

Certainly Aneuland was looking at Ethel as do those who listen for life. Robert softly got on his feet and walked to the other end of the veranda.

"It is magic," he said. "Yet, what is magic in this age, when Nature's forces are become so far available in even partially scientific hands that the practical uses of electricity out-magic all that once went by that name? When we hear of the 'hungry magnet,' 'the social' and 'unsocial magnet,' and of the life-comforting miracles done by that death-dealing force, electricity, what may we not expect to see woman do, when she comes to a scientific use of herself?

"But, my Lord, how will we ever keep a hold on her?" he ejaculated, with such a man's peculiar use of the word "*we*" — a use which seems to band such men together as against something else that they call "*her*."

Then the old Eloi spirit bestirred itself within him, showing him the wonders *he* would have done had he been possessed of this power. A power which Ethel, having, used freely for and through others: not craving to have it publicly known that *she* was possessed of this power; but

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caring only, instead, to be obedient to the life of that self-crucifixion which was making her at one mind with the Mind which is in Infinite Wisdom.

"If Rob had had Ethel's power he would have made the Nation ring with the name of Eloiheem," Althea had once said. And Daniel had answered, "Yes, and by diabolic abuse of it would have sent 'the old man of his flesh' back into the chaos from which, for thousands of years, he has been battling toward the Evolution of the Robert Eloiheem that is to be." And with the memory of those words poor Robert met Ethel's eyes. She was looking at him tenderly, as at a good Warrior who "needs must suffer these things" because they were ordained; that is, were ordered in the course of the things of the life of that monad, as it climbed up the eight-fold path. Tenderly, assuringly, she was looking at him, certain that he would soon be released from the purgatorial sufferings of one whose fiery Will delays his entrance into the paradise of those in whom is developed the felicitous intuitional faculty. The faculty, the perception, which, seeing Yod-he-vaw, makes the Seer like unto Yod-he-vaw's dual self. Certain she was that, one of many brothers, Robert yet would be obedient to influences too great for fame, and allied to that Infinite Unity from which praise nor blame of common commanders can draw these Seers aside.

As Ethel thought these things into his soul, Robert, arrested for a moment, looked at her as a man might look who stood on the brink of an impassable chasm beyond which was the inaccessible Mount and the barphometic baptism toward which he, shuddering, yearns because of the Woman there upon the heights.

Then distrusting all that the hour had brought him as but a phantasmagoria, he strode away ready for anything demoniacal or divine.

"Is it Ishtar whom I see with beryl eyes and brown hair bound smoothly back as she walks with you in the garden of your thoughts?" said Ethel then.

"Oh, is it *thus* you behold her who is with my thoughts? Is it thus, St. Ethel?"

"Yes," replied Ethel, as poor Robert left them. "And when it befalls you to see inwardly those who are soul-comrades, then trust in them as helpers who, one way and another, will work with you in achieving Eternal uses for the good

of those to whom you and they will minister. Trust them, but hold yourself steady, neither intruding on them nor *letting them intrude on you. Beware of* THAT!"

"I see you so," said Aneuland.

"Yes, as I see you! We each know the other now as we are known to the other. And now, of all the serious tests to which this law of the gods — the law of liberty — was ever put, the most serious is coming to earth, has come to you and to me, and to others whose inward being, like ours, is open to good and bad influences. Remember, any intrusive, persistent influence which overbears your will or your free intelligence or your emotional nature is not a courteous, liberty-loving, loyal, helpful friend, and should be put to the proof by rebuffs at the least disposition shown on the part of that Influence to take possession of your Mind or Free agency. If you will remember that 'Eternal vigilance,' now more than ever, 'is the price of liberty,' I will then agree to this, first telling you that when I stood with you that night on the bluffs I saw that which told me that you and the brown-haired maiden and your principles and purposes and hers and ours were at one. And I knew a wonderful thing, a wonder so fine and exquisite that it at least leaves me now to tell you, as a lover of the delicate law of liberty, that, call on me when you will, neither sea nor land will hinder me from bringing to you for use divine all the power I have."

He murmured her name. Had the air grown sweet with bridal lilies? Were marriage bells ringing with soft jubilance, under the sea which had buried past ages? Had the barred gate of the new dawn been flung wide open, that the majesty of a quality of life before encastled there, issuing forth, had now showed him for his use *what Life* IS, and had now made him at the sight of it as are the gods — the gods who, separating good from better, grow wise in the work, as they discern that even in so-called Evil there is the good which brings development to that individuality which is competent, in self-wholeness, to unite with others equally self-conscious for the good of All in One?

Fallen back easily in his chair there had come to him a gracious knowledge of the ability and worth of the new power of the new age as a mystic aid in the work of augmenting and multiplying the forces which the ancients knew how to apply to the realm of motion, emotion, and thought.

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On the last day of this visit, Robert, walking round the balcony, came upon Aneuland and Ethel, and saw on her face a cumulative beauty as of a rose when, at its nuptial hour, it blushes forth its heart's redolence. And he saw the eyes which Lord Aneuland raised to hers — eyes filled with reflected radiance such as Correggio flings into the eyes of the Wise men who shade their bedazzled sight while bending over the Mother and the Child.

"'Mother and child,' she is that. A child in her wholesome innocence, a mother in that might which makes Love subserve the purposes of Wisdom," thought Robert, hastening on, moaning as he went. For the Woman of all womanhood she seemed to him at last. And he called Aneuland "fool" that he did not brush aside whatever interposed between him and marriage with this magical maiden, — a maiden whose gift of Spirit to Spirit was by so much more a vital thing because on it was writ in letters of electrical flame, "*It* fadeth not away."

A hush was on the house. It was as if the servants there had arrested breath in presence of the mystery wrought in the being of the Lady of the Eloiheem home.

Whisperings and soft sound of sweet weeping as of awe-struck joy were heard by Robert as he swept past Mrs. Mancredo's room near Reginald's alcove, and went (starving and moaning because of what he had seen) to the Chamber of Peace. For on Aneuland's face, as he had uplifted it from the redolent beauty of Ethel's, was reverence for that which had but fired to a hundred-fold fervor the heart of the man who yet sat supreme on heights of his own soul's dominion, though half blinded there by glorious things, the like of which have never been spoken.

Daniel's still gaze, as he sat in the Sunset Chair in the Chamber of Peace, met Robert's; who, throwing himself down, whispered mid cataclytic sobs, —

"What can be done for her? What is her power over me? What is this I see?"

"'— discover thou what it is,'" said Daniel hushedly,
"'Without flesh, without bones, without head, without feet,
It has no fear, no rude want of created things.
Great God, how the sea whitens when it comes!

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It is in the flood. It is in the wood. Without hands, without feet; without age, without season:
It is always of the same age as the age of the Ages.
And it is not seen. *It does not come where it is* DESIRED.
It has no form. It bears no burden. It is devoid of sin.
And it makes no perturbation where GOD wills it, on sea or land.'"

Half uplifted from the floor, leaning on one elbow, gazing and listening as word followed word, Robert had waited, but now like one in torment, trying to see that which flaming fires hid from his vision, Robert cried out, —

"Yes, yes. Then he, too, is a god!"

"Say, rather, he is like that Knight of King Arthur's table, 'without fear and without reproach,' who saw the hand and the cup let down from Above, and who, in the light and sight, was for a time glorified within and without. It is the sight of that into which she has taken him which has made this good man to be for a time more than he is. And this he well knows; and this, Ethel knows as well."

"What?" cried Robert. "Does she not then yearn toward him as woman the saintliest might — as every wife should — as Mary the Mother must, before" —

"Yearn to win? Yearn to get? No, there is no yearning to get anything, in that love on which you have been looking. At the first admission to her soul of an element of desire for self, her power would fall. Remember you not the law of Beauty (as of liberty) is the law of just proportions? There is Frost in this Fire, remember. It is this that makes as pure as it is warm — Love in Wisdom. It is this on which you have gazed.

"The frost is her purpose to give all that she has of Wisdom to one whom she is moved to beatify. The fire is her love of serving one who is able unintrusively to receive the great gifts which she has to bestow upon him. And that the fire of the love of such service is fire indeed, only the Leanders know who have swimmed the Hellespont which separates the realm of common passion from the love barphometic of which *Hero* is the Priestess."

"Oh, Daniel! Friend of my youth! Torture me not!" moaned Robert, hoarse and scarce articulate of tone. "The fire in the frost, the frost in the fire! Oh, the pangs of them!"

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Then half raised up from the floor, he cried whisperingly, "Then *he* is a god, or I am a devil. Yes, he is a god, else how stands he unmoved, Lord of a moment so divine?"

"It is by the might of his pure perception of the moral beauty of woman's way of loving when she lives, moves, and has her being in Liberty. Then the fire of love flames through the cool frost of her purpose to prepare — Robert, remember — to prepare for lily-growths!"

"Great Almighty One! Oh, the sight of it!" he whispered, drawn together with eyes shielded from something invisible on which he seemed to be gazing.

"Yes, blissful things, infinite in variety, are coming even now to men, humble, self-continent, such as is he, whom you saw there amid! Had our world the manhood for it, our women could already baptize the world in the affirmation, Love is: and is a self-coherent, self-exuberant gift, blessing alike the beloved and the lover, whether or not the lover is loved in return. Robert, it is this revolutionary idea of love which has immersed Aneuland's soul. He sees in it God's delight in giving Self to the loved one, for the self-exuberant delight of giving self to another for the good of the other."

"Then I say again," said Robert, speaking fiercely and pantingly, like an old man spent with racing uphill, "if he, this man, sees half of the mystery of this manner of love which this goddess has bestowed upon him, then the power to see it makes of him a Seer, Eloiheemistic, and fits him for her espousal."

He raised himself on his arm as he lay half along the floor, and, as a dying man might have done, summoning all the might of his failing forces, he cried, —

"*I*, I will it. She shall marry him. She shall rid me of this damning torture. A torture, old Daniel, which is pulling me, me — Malchi Eloi — out of my grave, my dear grave of flesh and sense, rending me from them with longings, not of carnal desire, but of some far more sublime, inward, and vital pang.

"Pangs like those with which an unborn creature rends and rives a mother who cannot bring to birth the life within her, and who cannot die till it is done.

"Oh, help me! Daniel, help me!" he whispered hoarsely. "If she would but fail by a little; even *so* little, then she, I —

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no, *life* itself — would re-assume its old face. Would she but once seek satisfaction in things outside herself, instead of things within her dual being! — oh, would she once seek a union by uniting with some other mortal, then" (he whispered horribly) "I should be released from the torturing assurance that it is within my soul's own realm that my Beauty hides; my Beauty, of whom I die dreaming.

"No, no. She shall not haunt me with her story that it is within that I must find my other self; to whom — forsaking all else — I must cleave as cleave those who live by the 'immortal juice of Soma.'

"She shall not torture me with that look. Oh! Is it? is it — a mother look? Yes. It *searches* me, me, brooding into being some unborn life within me; a being to whom I cannot, will not, *dare* give birth.

"Daniel, old friend," he pined weakly, in a voice as little like his own as looked the form now grovelling on the floor, "Daniel, save me: save me, I die! Old Eloi dies, ere ever the Eloiheem can be born."

"What is the matter? Whose voice? Daniel! Daniel!"

Daniel stepped out into the chapel beyond, and, closing the door of the Chamber of Peace, stood with his hand on it.

"It is Robert's voice," he said.

"No, no! I am sure I heard — Oh, Daniel, what *did* I hear? Oh, Daniel, what has befallen?"

"Always and ever good gifts from above, my Wife. Fear not. Ours is the Kingdom."

"But — but *who* is with you? What — where, *who is with you?*"

"Robert is talking; — and not comprehending the grace with which thou, the first among Eloiheem-mothers, hast been visited, he" —

"Oh, Daniel," she whispered, glad yet frightened at the solemn joy on Daniel's face, "has — has Lord Aneuland — are, are they to marry?"

"Oh, my Wife!"

It was such a sound as she had never heard from lips of this man. Incomprehensible it was to her; as incomprehensible as would have been the scene now enacting within that closed room on the door of which rested Daniel's hand.

A swift horror of the fact that Robert was within, raving,

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and that Daniel was protecting him from intrusion, swept over her soul. For she was by no means unconscious of the fact that, as she commonly said, "Robert was an excitable thing, whom no one but Daniel could manage." And now this thought but hurried her on, the more to desire that Daniel should do what she had come to make him do.

"I don't know what your ejaculation means; but, Daniel, all the household is agog — and the town too, with the news that Ethel is — that Lord Aneuland is not — in fact, I mean, that Lord Aneuland is engaged, but not to Ethel Eloiheem. There is a terror on the house as of the presence of some strange mystery. I don't know what you are looking at me so for. Daniel, steady your mind and hear me. What did you mean about 'the first among the Eloiheem mothers'? All that I want would come to me if you would but show Ethel that she can carry the day if she will but — yes, *that* is what I want. And it is what she ought to do. Every one sees how it is with Lord Aneuland — an altogether lovable young man! Take heed to what I say. That is the way it ought to go. *He* can't judge. Neither once could you. And where would we all have been if *I* had not known what you wanted better than you knew yourself? You needed me and I knew it. And that man needs Ethel, and it is her business to know it. She'll never marry unless she marries him.

"Such a sight as they are, God knows, was never seen outside of Heaven's gate! Daniel, Konigscrown wishes it! That I can see. Speak, dear! — Yes, what is it, Adolphus?"

"Cards, Madame, and visitors in the drawing-room," said Adolphus, discreetly halting at the spot at the other end of the chapel where Mrs. Eloiheem's glance and words had struck him.

"Wait just below.

"And, Daniel, now I must see those people! What can we say to the World? If only Ethel, — oh, do make her see what she must do, for if but she wished it, ever so secretly, Lord Aneuland would forget all creation for her sake. You should see his face. It is only that he cannot believe that — that such an one as she is for marriage with him."

"And that is the truth," said Daniel. "As true to-day as when first Ethel told you what was her plan of life. He has

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not proposed and she has not refused matrimony: but both know the second would follow the first, and that neither proposal nor refusal has part in the kind of experience which is given to Spirits in heaven who but *conspire unitedly* for the upbuilding of the race."

Quick in decision, swift in action, Althea, rehearsing the words, "he has not proposed matrimony and she has not refused, but both know the second would follow the first," got away, ready for a skilful skirmish with those from the outer world who hoped to intrude on the privacy of the beings whom she loved so valiantly. Yes, valiantly. For heroism and valor are strong elements in Woman's love. Elements which will be better revealed and better made serviceable to the race when for two or three generations woman shall have drunken daily from the cup that Daniel had given this wife to drink. A cup filled with the draught of Liberty to do as she chose. A cup of Self-sanctification — i.e., of Self-Wholemaking; a cup which exhilarates woman with a desire of self-seeking for the sake of self-giving. So now, in a freedom of soul which made all things easy, she comfortably received these morning callers and then joined her family at lunch, after which meal Lord Aneuland and his companion were to take their departure.

At this meal, she not only noticed Robert's absence, but also the look grave and portentous with which, for an instant, Daniel's eyes met Ethel's. But so long had she carried about with her the consciousness that Daniel and her children were, at least, full of peculiarities which ill bore public and crude inspection, that she now from habit protected Robert from comment. And, seizing some presentation of the matter, she soon had made electrical domestic contrivances the subject of conversation; saying in response to Lord Aneuland, —

"Yes, we keep saying with each added application of electricity to daily use that soon nothing will be left to desire in the way of physical ease of living. I think mechanism of that sort is more exquisitely responsive to the laws of its use than are our men and women! I think our next business in life is to get up as grandly responsive and surprising a humanity! One, that, standing mid this splendid and far extended system of mechanical contrivances, shall be found to be regal above it all. That is what young

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American womanhood is determined to create. It is what Old England ought long since to have put on the world, with their age-long talk of aristocracy and regality. I hope you'll attend to these sorts of theories when you get to the other side, Lord Aneuland!"

Those who knew Mrs Eloiheem well saw in her high color and radiant eyes, and in her unusually languid ease of manner, signs of a well controlled inward commotion. For she, like all the household, felt the portentous pressure that was on the mental atmosphere. Sickness, death, disaster, revolutionary conditions of some sort, were in the air. Mrs. Mancredo — impressionable creature that she was — was sitting flushing rosily through her rich olive complexion, and with eyes beaming like stars through a mist. She was, evidently enough, newly come out of a "hard cry," and in imminent danger of going off again into another at any moment. The whole household seemed a-tremble, like flowers in that stillness which precedes a thunder storm.

Only Daniel and Ethel seemed unmoved; if it is to be unmoved when persons are themselves like clouds laden with the electricity from which the encircling air, arrested, awaits charge.

As of old, following the instincts inherited from her father, Mrs. Eloiheem was hiding now from before this coming storm — hiding herself in words. Words in which, to those who knew her, there was a ring of vindictive pride against this "silly lordling who had so little known what was good for him." And now she added, —

"— Because, you see, as the poor creatures there, passing from under monarchical restraints, come to this land, we have much trouble to teach them what traits liberty cultivates in her worshippers. In the vicinity into which the shipping of the world looks, on reaching America, we soon hope to have established such an order of greeting to newcomers as Liberty's 'ladies in waiting' may devise. For assuredly if Monarchical Sovereign needs a court of ladies in waiting, to learn her will concerning little forms of *manner*, much more should the Goddess of Liberty have a court of ladies in waiting to announce her Wisdom concerning *the whole Spirit of American Life!* — A court each woman of which shall be a Sister-sovereign bedecked with the Truth that, though monarchical restraints bind not the American, the

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Spirit of Liberty is a law more astringent than written code could formulate!

"These, you know, — these Sister sovereigns, — were those my daughter, in childhood, went a-hunting to find. Goddesses, daughters of Liberty's Self. And we women of America quite generally expect now to soon be empowered to help arrange such laws as Solon told Plato Neithe (or Athene-Minerva) arranged at Sais — 'laws for the founding of a State which shall produce men resembling herself, the goddess'!"

Lord Aneuland, who was the sweetest-natured of all home-trained, Yankee-bred boys imaginable, and who was pre-eminently susceptible to the strangely overloaded atmosphere of the house at that hour, listened in what seemed to be grave attention; while in fact, as he sat at Ethel's side, he was in a mental state of clairvoyance and clairaudience that made all the impressions attempted by Mrs. Eloiheem to be but part of a whole which was photographed then on his soul for future use.

Mrs. Eloiheem had had very little conversation with this visitor. But now, burdened with the silence into which the rest of the company had fallen, she continued, —

"You see, Lord Aneuland, the peculiar thing about the Eloiheems is — what Mr. Eloiheem calls 'a power of representativeness.' You see, I am quite taking you into the family, in the degree in which I am discussing our principles and institutions with you! — said to be an American vice, you know! So I proceed quite shamelessly to say we, as a family, are distinctly both Jew and Christian. And, though it will be stealing a little of the thunder out of my oncoming book, I will say to you that, at this epoch of the reform Jew movement, some of those reformers say, the Jewish Mission will have reached its end when all idealization of Christ shall have been removed from earth. On the other hand, the Christians say the Mission of Christianity will *not* have been accomplished till 'at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow.' This, you see, seems to give a long look ahead to the fight between the two sects. And as we Eloi-Heems are descended from two long lines of people who have upheld the first and the last of these two aims, you *ought* to be surprised that we have not torn each other's eyes out in this family of Eloi-Heems. But you see the fact is we have

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not torn each other's eyes out. On the reverse, we each seem to have just doubled our seeing capacity — by so working our opposites together as to have been carried buoyantly over all difficulties. But there *is* just one thing that we have not accomplished," Mrs. Eloiheem generously admitted, "that is, we have *not* formulated a brief creed of our new religion. But, you see, there *is* so much *to* a philosophy of *All Life* that, really, you know, I find it very hard — though I *am* attempting it, as my father would have done — I find it very hard to discover the few words which will cover the infinite idea!"

Was this a burlesque of such attempts, or did Mrs. Eloiheem really fancy that she could do this — 'the impossible' attempted by Church after Church? Aneuland asked himself. He looked at her interrogatively. And with a laugh, pointing to the wall, she said, —

"First and last, *that* law and diagram have sufficed for us! For, as Daniel says, seeing he 'who spake as never man spake' did not attempt to formulate a brief creed, we decided we would better do as he did do; that is, habitually look deep into each soul, fixing the eye on the Beauty-spot there; and, looking on it winsomely, as the sun looks on the hidden germs in the earth, lure it to come forth, and *be* a Tree of Life itself.

"As something of a student of Philo-Judæus and other esoteric teachers, I must say, as a Jewess, I do not desire to annihilate the idealisms of the Christ-life. I should call it, not 'reforming,' but deforming Hebrewism, if I assisted in doing away with the power of the representations of the Christ-life which the young Jew, St. John, records in his Story of the divine Logos —the Christ-character.

"Never more distinctly than at this moment have I seen the truth that the idealizations of Wisdom which are enshrined in pure Hebrewism are the idealizations that Christ put into practice. So this Jewish practicalizer of Hebrew ideals was a revealer of the best life of an *old* religion rather than the maker of a new one! I am a Jewess. That is what I am! And I am a lover of the Young Hebrew Jesus of Bethlehem, and of the sweet Jew, St. John, who so pre-eminently well tells us the story of this Christ-life.

"I am a Jewess, that is what I am; and Daniel is a Heem; that is what he is! But we both love this Christ-Character,

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because it is a practicalization of Wisdom's ways of peace. So, as heads of the family, in the course of forty years, without any special concessions to one another, we have, by simply drawing nearer to central Wisdom, gotten closer to each other!

"Now, I have told you about all this, the outworking of the problem of our Union, so that, when you go to England, you can straighten up things more and more in that good land where they are used to but fight for a living."

"Oh, then," said Mrs. Aubrey, laughing, "if Lord Aneuland is learning his lesson at lunch, I hope he will also let in a little light on the fact that *The* Church Universal — and you all know what *I* mean when I say that — is the Church of fragments gathered up from old Egyptian, Indian, and other luminous religions, which held the family idea. And if *The* Church changed the name of the ancient Mother Goddesses, and of *Maie*, among others, to that of 'Mary, blessed among Women,' it was all on the way of getting at the ideal held of the Wisdom who was in the beginning, and from whom all that Is has being."

"So, we see, do we not," said Ethel, "Egypt's hand has hold on London, and London, reaching over the Sea, is seeking the hand of our goddess here. But Liberty, holding only by Heaven, sends round the ring the thrill that comes with a new creation's dawn! So we see, do we not, all things are ready for a marriage feast that will make of the world a Cana, and of life an Eidolon of Love full of Wisdom!"

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CHAPTER XV.

THE RE-COLLECTED EGO.

FIFTEEN minutes after the guests had departed, Ethel stood beside Mrs. Mancredo, as she sat outside Reginald's window.

"Ethel, what is it? There is something portentous in the air. Reginald has slept so strangely. He is awake now, and dressed, but uncommonly dull, almost sulky," said she, looking into the sweetly solemn face bending over her. For this Italian woman's soul was full of pity for the strange outcome of all the might-have-beens which pressed on her heart at this moment. To her impressionable soul, it seemed as if the very powers of the air were charged with some most mighty deed, or with hushed waiting for — for what had not happened. Or, had all happened as this strange maiden wished it to have done? Her eyes fell away. For pity had turned into reverence for the great estate of that motherly maiden, and, instead, there had come to Alitza a pity for herself, who, though married to the man to whom she was giving her life, had yet never known the love of husband or child.

"Let me tell you my story, Ethel," she suddenly said.

"Do so," said Ethel, sitting by her, and looking at this hungry-hearted woman as one looks at the picture of one's childish self; a picture suggestive of times and states regarded tenderly, yet gone, gone forever — and well gone.

Presently, as if arousing from a long review, and speaking of the climax of pleasant child-days, Alitza said, —

"But Reginald's mother died. Then Uncle Grove, as I called him, sent me to a good school. It was thought to be very generous of him, but there was something back of that. I was a thin ghost of a girl with cross-eyes, as they say; I was tall and sallow; but little Reg was used to me, so, to come to it at once — the summer I was seventeen I

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came home from school to the old Grove place. There was no one there but one old servant and Reg, who had been suspended from the academy on some charge against him.

"So there we were for two summer months together, as good as in a wilderness. You see, I was soft-hearted, and Reg was a beauty in those days, and the first thing I knew we were engaged to be married; and then nothing would do for Reg but a drive to Hartford and a marriage gotten up as quick as possible. And I agreed, and away we went. But I knew the minister wouldn't marry us if he knew we were under age. So I was ready for the question, and the minute he asked how old we were I said I was eighteen and Reg twenty-two, and then came the trouble, for truth was always a strong point with Reg. So as we rode away, married tight enough, he wanted to know what I told that story for. And I told him as we wanted to be married some one had got to do it, and I knew he wouldn't, so *I* did. I got mad at him, and I felt to blame too, about the whole affair. Because the minister seemed to think, well, I don't know what all that was disagreeable! So that when Reg began to look at me as though I was a liar I — well — I as much as called him a fool, and he called me a liar, and that was the outcome of our haste to marry. For I would do nothing other than drive straight back to the old home, too mad to think of love or care for his soft talk when he got to it at last.

"And what did we find on driving up to the house but a common sort of a fellow who had come up from the Academy town, and the first thing he did was to joke Reg for riding with me when he was suspended for a flirtation, at least, with a girl in that Academy town. At that I was as mad as a lunatic; for I hated *that* sort of talk and action as badly as Reg hated lying. And while we were in the midst of this up came Grove and two friends to whom, as it seemed, he was going to show the Grove place with a view to selling it. The sight of me there, for reasons that I now understand, made him mad anyway. And, in another minute, everything about our marriage and Reg's affair with the other girl was blazed out before those four men, Reg and all; and then old Grove said things mixing *me*, Reg's good, straight maiden wife, up with that other girl, till I found myself hating Reg and the whole set of them as hotly as I had loved him the week before.

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"Well, I went to my room as if I was going to bed, but instead I got my marriage certificate, and a paper which auntie had gotten away from old Grove and had given to me privately. He had hunted for it everywhere; for you must know it was a legal document that showed the home we lived in and every cent of money on which he had been speculating was all my patrimony, which he as one guardian held in trust for me. So, as it was all my money which he was bound to invest for me, the more successfully he turned it over, the richer I was growing, and — well, you see? The point with me was that I knew this paper gave me a Jack-wrench to put on to old Grove when I got ready to do it. But I loved Reg, you see, and I couldn't disgrace his father without disgracing him. So I couldn't even go to my other guardian and let him know about it all.

"What I did do was to get off, carrying with me a look, I guess, as if I'd as lief as not kill any one who spoke to me disrespectfully as old Grove had done. Luckily I was hateful-looking enough to get on quite well. And so I got a good place to do housework under the name of Jane Collins. I stayed there for two years, saving my money, and terribly frightened lest Grove should find me; for I knew he suspected I understood about that paper.

"Next, the lady I worked for recommended me as housekeeper for a paralyzed old man because I was good and ugly-looking. He was very kind but rather romantic, and I finally had to tell him my story because he wanted to marry me. I was a good nurse, and he said my touch made him stronger. When he saw I couldn't marry him, he wanted me to stay with him as long as he lived. But I told him I wanted an education; for I had a plan of my own, of by and by putting my lawyer on old Grove's track, and then of willing my property to poor little Reg, who wasn't fit to rough it somehow. This notion of mine seemed just fun to old Mr. Mancredo. The result was, he had my eyes straightened and gave me the best of teachers; and, what with his kindness and good treatment and all, by the time I was twenty-four years old, I was not only quite a handsome woman, as dark girls often do grow in maturity, but everything was in trim for me to just strip my fine John Grove of his false position and wealth. But Reg was at West Point then, and much liked. And I just couldn't do it. Then

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they tried to show me that at the next speculation Grove might lose everything; and that Reg was swinging round on my money. And at that I said, '*He* was as welcome as the air to it; for he got a right to as much as that, by his marriage to me, poor little fellow.' And somehow the affair pleased old Mr. Mancredo, and what did he do but adopt me legally as his heiress and daughter. Then we travelled everywhere, in Europe and even in Egypt, which was not so common then as now. And good he was to me, for he even made my guardian stop bothering me about the law of the matter.

"I should not tell you this now if there was any hope of Reg's recovery. But just before we sailed for Europe I did *send* Reg one ringing slap, for I felt angry that he had not fought for me against his father. But I knew he was afraid of his father just as the Mother had always been. So I mailed him a letter telling him his mother in heaven would never forgive him for his treatment of me, that she had left me in his care as a younger sister, and that now, however low he sank, he might look about him in the sloughs there for the *Sister* to whom he had betrayed his trust. You see, I meant he should not take much comfort in his badness if I could put this 'death's-head' at the feast. Besides, I knew that he'd know some such end was very likely to befall a girl who had been passionate enough to marry him and to break off with him in the same day. And besides, I knew this would put him on the wrong track, so that he would never look for me in the self-cultivated class of honorable women to which I belonged. I wanted to make him suffer as I had suffered; and I wanted to make him miserable *amid* his badness, and I wanted to make him lose track of me, and I hit it off so all pretty well I thought.

"Well, we travelled everywhere at our ease, Mr. Mancredo and I. And I grew haughty and leisurely in my manners, and high-colored, and my hair was magnificent, and I knew how to dress, and besides this people commonly called me '*Mrs.* Mancredo.' Sometimes I corrected that, and sometimes I did not. We lived in Italy several years. My mother was Italian, so was Mr. Mancredo. So I felt, and really was, the rich, handsome, middle-aged Italian woman I looked to be, with my now half-veiled, long, narrow eyes. For my eyes were weakened, and, instead of staring them

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open in short-sighted, cross-eyed fashion, I habitually looked through my half-closed, thick lashes.

"Well, when dear old Mr. Mancredo died I was as much a widowed heart as if he had given me his name at the altar. He had called me a truthful, sound nature, and had encouraged me to believe that I would meet Reg yet, and would find that my treatment of him had done him good, for that my last slap was enough to sicken any man of some sorts of vice. He said my nature was sound, but that the false conditions of Woman's environments had cultivated cowardice and the slave's vice of unfrankness in me. At any rate, after everything was over and I had gotten back to America, Mr. Mancredo's lawyer (and he was my guardian) wanted me to come down on old Grove. But there was Reg floating the social wave, buoyed up by my money, you know. For still it went on that everything Grove touched turned to gold, so I learned when I learned that Reg was out West here. And then I said I would come out West too and just look at him first, and that at a word from me my lawyer could come on and fetch old Grove with him, for he was under private surveillance all this time.

"Here I found the poor fellow awfully gone down and drinking night and day like a man with something on his conscience. Sometimes I felt vexed at him for not getting anything out of all that money but brandy slings, and sometimes I hated myself and loved him in a sort of a way, but not like I once did. He never seemed to know me at all, though he had a shy way of looking at me; but I found it was said he was a fellow afraid of other women too.

"He never recognized me till that night on the stairs when I asked him what would have become of that sister of his if she had been as unprincipled as he was. And then — oh, dear! Poor fellow, that was the end of all for him. I have never been much to him, and never anything to any one else."

She stopped and gave way now to the weeping which had once before interrupted her. Then she said, drawing a full breath, —

"*So I am honestly Mrs. Reginald Grove.*"

"Oh, my good Lord!"

It was Reginald's voice.

"Oh, go to him, Ethel. I'm — afraid!" cried Alitza, in

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terror; and, parting the blinds and stepping into the long window, Ethel came face to face with Reginald, who, striding forward, halted, exclaiming at sight of her, —

"By George, I'm in a queer place! And you, Madame, if this isn't my room I'll get out of it. It isn't large enough for both of us. Oh, by George! my leg!" staggering as he stepped back to pull the bell; and then, with wary eyes on Ethel, all in one breath he exclaimed, —

"Now, marm, no time for compliments! Look sharp now. I'm going to have a stroke of paralysis, that's what's the matter! Now, come, ring that bell, that's a good soul; and send some one for Mrs. Mancredo. She'll telegraph to my old father. By George, if you are all right, you know, you have queer manners for a good woman!"

Ethel, with eager inspection, was looking into the eyes of the now irate but *not* insane man, forgetful of the effect even on a sane man of such a look from such eyes as hers. Rosy-red with joy, she approached when, —

"I tell you I don't know you, nor where I am," said he suspiciously. "Send for Mrs. Mancredo. She's a straight woman; but, by George, how *she* will lie! I tell you I can't walk. I am cramped like — oh!" — he halted; then, in chagrin, whispered hurriedly, "No! I swear I came straight home yesterday from Miss Ethel-Eloiheem's and went to my — but — Lord, woman, who are you? What are ye? I am color-blind, that's what's come to me! I'm all broke up! Didn't know ye, Miss Ethel. Thought your hair was white, and you? you are old, old-looking or queer somehow! Send for Robert, send for Robert! He'll take me round in his little trap, as he did yesterday. Don't mind my bad manners. I'm taken frightened like — the color-blindness and this room and my leg and all. Robert will put me right."

"Take my arm a moment and we will walk up and down the floor, Captain Grove," said Ethel. "Your foot feels as though it were asleep, doesn't it?"

"No, it feels as though it was waking up; and tingles like everything, don't you know," said he, wondering when, after leaving the garden with Robert, he could have gotten so drunk.

"There, hold off there now," said he, then suddenly bracing back against the wall, ready to strike out at Fleet-foot,

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who, by habit, approached in too much of the character of an attendant to escape the suspicions of Reginald.

"*I* am here, Captain Grove," said Ethel. "You are my guest."

"Well — then — of course — it is — it must be all right! Understand, you peeping idiots back there! *I'm* Miss Eloiheem's guest. But, I tell you, keep them away from me, or I'll knock them down like ninepins in an alley. They are for shutting me up somewhere. I've heard lots of talk about me! If that dark fellow ain't a doctor, what is he with his soft-stepping manners?

"There, look at that! There are my roses not wilted yet, and my Petrarch! There's no drunk about me. I remember everything that happened. At least, most everything! Oh, Miss Ethel — cuss this color-blindness and all — just tell me, won't ye, all that ye know as to what has happened to me. I forget some of it."

"Just this. You have been ill; but you are getting well now."

"There, now you are talking! But when have I been ill, and where have I been ill?" he said, re-assured, yet with the anger of a proud man fighting against the treachery of his own faculties. "Look here. That — that's Mrs. Mancredo that I hear crying somewhere! It breaks me all up to have that woman so unhappy. Come, Miss Ethel, if you believe in prayer, down on your knees, and tell them up there to keep paralysis off of a fellow like me. I'm not half a bad lot, I tell *you*."

At last Ethel brought him to see that if he would submit to treatment he would soon be over his illness. But he was anxious to have one good fight with the best fellow there, to prove that there was nothing the matter with him, and never had been.

"Well, take me for your opponent," said Daniel, coming near with such blessedness of content in his presence as brought Reginald to blissfully lay his hand in the big one extended to him, content for the time to do whatever was proposed by this Daniel.

But — the difficulty of the case was that Reginald, himself, had to get together as a result of his own mental effort a reconstruction of his dismembered memories.

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Yet it was held to be desirable that he should be saved the shock of a sudden knowledge that — as twenty-five years had been blotted out of his memory at the time of his paralysis, so now, at this crisis of partial recovery, the years which had since intervened, with all his life of *other-worldliness* and *other-consciousness*, had been at this hour swept away like a dream for the time forgotten. "In short, he has before him much the same task that each of us will have, when we reach the other shore!" interpolated Mrs. Mancredo.

It was plain that the facts clearest now to Reginald's mind were those connected with the morning visit, made by him the day after the Offenstein party years ago. Daniel's own comprehension of his own brief but somewhat similar lapse from consciousness had prepared him to expect that this condition of things would supervene on Reginald's recovery, come when it might. It was evident, Reginald was careful to courteously be grateful for the care that had been taken of him, but the assurance that he had been taken ill at the hotel, and had been brought here for better home care, left him full of confusing, contradictory memories of shadowy incidents, which, fitting in nowhere, yet persistently claimed a place somewhere. Then the clothes which he was wearing angered him. He wanted a business or a dress suit. The other looked like what it was, a contrivance made for a cripple or a maniac. And this brought on a new state of mind, studiously followed by Daniel, who knew only too well by experience the terrors and mental peril of a man recently returned, as from a far country, to a consciousness not alone of the change in the physical world about him, but of the doubly dazing fact that whole realms of other changes (which he could not quite lay hold on) had also taken place.

So, when, like one sullen with overmastering perplexities, Reginald threw himself into his chair, and sat looking out on the Pagoda and at the other things familiarly unfamiliar, and when, with quickened breath and furtive glance, he angrily scanned the faces of those at a distance from him, — no one better than Daniel knew what these actions signified. He knew Reginald Grove was badgered and heart-broken at the incongruities of the two worlds mid the conflicting memories of which he found himself bewildered.

Daniel had been through this experience with this advantage on his side. His was an analytical, self-poised mind,

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accustomed to a faith in its own power to come off victorious over all conflicts, mental or moral; and accustomed to the knowledge that there *are* two worlds lying close together, in which, wittingly or unwittingly, we all live at all times: the world of mind and the world of matter.

But Daniel conjectured that Reginald had not, up to the age of thirty years, taken any conscious hold of any world except the physical world about him. Or that, if he had had a little idea of the other, it was but of a sort that filled him with a sense of fear of it rather than of friendliness toward it.

And so Daniel — who for the last forty years had been using his own partial alienation of mind from matter for the purpose of very practically winning the mind of Malchi Eloi to release its hold on matter; and of winning this mind to strive upward into an order of spiritual existence, befitting one incarnated in this great age — this Daniel knew that when Reginald should begin to recall the blissful states of existence now left behind him as in a dreamland, he would fall into a condition of homesickness for those old states, that might result either in suicide or in settled melancholia.

And the possibility of this man's being wrecked again, after all the lofty care which had been bestowed upon him, to the philosopher seemed a disaster which could and should be diverted.

So, rising to his feet, and standing between Ethel and Reginald, Daniel said, stanchly looking at Reginald, —

"Yes, Ethel, he is well now! And what I have to say is that a man, who for years past has been so expensively educated by Angels in Heaven and on Earth as this Captain Reginald Grove has been, of course will be honorable and soldierly enough to review coolly all the lessons he has learned, digesting the facts which seem confusing, and winning out of them, at last, an order of Knowledge which will fit him to do for other needy fellows the same things which we Eloiheems have done for him."

Reginald looked up suddenly, quite sure that all was, after all, quite right with him; and that he had had some unusually good thing befall him, which in a way befitted him to be quite a friend of the Eloiheems, and a worker with them in their great Works. He looked at Ethel. Her eyes plainly told him she thought so too. Then, with the strong tones of one who proposes to get at facts, he said, —

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"Miss Ethel, how came your hair white?"

"It turned white in one night, at the same time that your sickness came to you," said she, in a tone like his.

"But what made it turn white in one night?"

"I will tell you this. There is a world in which 'a day is as a thousand years,' we learn so largely there," she answered suggestively.

"And did you go to that world?"

"I did," said Ethel.

"How did you get back?"

"It was my inner self that went. No one looking at my outer self — my body — could have *seen* that I was away."

"Well," said Reginald, after a prolonged searching of her face, "I see that *you* are the same old, truthful, young girl, who said kind words to me a few days ago out on your new balcony. Now, what you say does look uncommon unlikely! But, if you don't know about your own hair, whose hair should you know about?"

As he completed this struggling attempt to get at some basal fact, he heard a hysterical giggle.

"Oh, there she is at her old tricks! That's Mrs. Mancredo making fun of a fellow," he said.

"But, you see, *she* has not been away, as you and I and Daniel have been. But you'll soon find your way back. We did," said Ethel carelessly. "Though it seemed hard to us at first," she added.

In a moment a new thought struck him. The doors were open. He would go out; and, if any one stopped him, he would know they thought him mad, and he'd knock them down and run.

He moved to the door, passing thence. He saw two men down near the bluffs. But no one seemed to care where he was going. The air and sunshine were good, and it felt good to use his legs. But he soon found himself feeling tired. He wouldn't go far; and if no one meddled with him he would go back when he got ready. What he wanted now was Mrs. Mancredo. She was his oldest friend; and an anguishing homesickness for old friends began now to lay hold on him.

As he warily looked about, tarrying in the rose-garden, no infant ever longed more than he for caressing love; and no man, fired with wrath against tormentors, felt readier than he

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to deal a death-blow. Yes, he would go to the little old Arbor in the shrubbery, out of sight of these watching eyes, and there, all alone, he would, if he chose, cry his heart's fill, he told himself.

And, crying as he ran, and running as he cried, he flung himself down on the breast of Mother-Earth there, longing unutterably for what he had lost and could not name.

What was this that had befallen him? Realms of being had been opened to his knowledge, whose delights the repeating power of the brain was not competent to repicture. He felt as if starving for what he had lost; and he bit at the earth with inarticulate cries of soul-bereftness.

Suddenly, two arms closed about him, lifting him, till his head rested on a throbbing bosom; then tightened, till, held by them, he felt himself gently swayed to and fro, while sobs, strong as his own, shook the rocking form which held him.

As he lay extended, half along the ground and half in this embrace, there came to him something of that peace in which, with senses enveloped in mother-love, he had once floated away. Was he floating off again into that from which he had had so rude an awakening? He waited.

A hand pressed back the locks from his forehead.

"Don't you know me, Reginald?"

He opened his eyes and saw black velvet. Was he dead? Was coffin-couch so soft? Did angel arms so sweetly clasp poor mortal from within its narrow bound?

No; for bending over him he saw black orbs and cheeks tear-flushed. The velvet was a woman's dress. The laces there rose and fell with the palpitations of a woman's heart.

It was Mrs. Mancredo; and she held him tight as if she would never let him go.

"I thought you were my Mother," he said.

"Ethel Eloiheem, do you mean?" she asked after a strange pause.

"No-o! My own dear, dear mother! I thought I was dead. I wish I was, I have been so knocked about."

Presently he said out of the silence, —

"I must be awfully sick, you know, or *you* wouldn't be holding me this way!"

She shivered.

"Don't you know me?" she said.

"Oh, I am still conscious," wondering that as a dying man

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he felt so little feeble. He opened his eyes, looking into those close to his. Then he did not wish to die. He sat up, to take a look, at least, at the world first, Mrs. Mancredo included.

"Don't you know me?" she said again, as, seated thus on the grass, they faced each other.

He wondered if he must doubt his own eyes next. No, the flush on the brown cheek, the soft orbs, and the wealth of black hair, were the cheek, the eyes, and the hair of his tormenting friend, Mrs. Mancredo.

Like a summer night's lightning, memory flashed at him that which had recently shocked him back into this world and sent him to search her face to find there that link lost in his twice dissevered life.

"Of course I know you!" he ejaculated. "And as I don't seem to be dying I'll stand on my feet." And he gave her his hand as he rose. His wits were all about him now, and there was that in his act and look which whelmed the soul of the woman who had parted from this husband on her bridal day. And, sinking down on the arbor seat, with her arms on the back of it, she wept violently. With a scowl of distress and of another emotion in which there was no pity, tortured by the hiatus, which this sight of Mrs. Mancredo intensified, he said suddenly, —

"Why do you tell such falsehoods? I hate it in Woman."

In astonishment and laughing nervously while her eyes shone like lambent stars through the mist, and with anxious concern not to startle him, she said at last, —

"Well, Regie, I never will again."

"Oh, oh! they speak like that where, where I just came from," he cried. "Oh, tell me, was it a trance? I cannot endure this cloud which is so thin that I can almost see through it, and so thick that it stifles me. Tell me all," he pleaded, clasping her hand.

"I will. Sit here. Tell me if I pass by anything which you want explained. See? You have been for quite a while with the Eloiheems. I have been here too. But you have lived a double existence; and, though I could see you every day, you seemed never to see Mrs. Mancredo; but instead your thoughts were away in some other world. You then thought Ethel Eloiheem was your mother, and you called her so. And once I dreamed that I saw you with

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your real mother and with Ethel Eloiheem there in that unseen world and"—

"Yes, yes; angels and my Mother's touch and—and Laura and Petrarch and sustained ecstasies in blended life—O my good Lord!—yes, yes, ecstasies which *she* thought in on my soul, flooding it, me, everything with joys—warm, white, flying joys—which—oh, it is gone, I am lost again! No, no, I have it. There was great whiteness, great light drawing the inner soul of me to wake and run up heights to where—oh, help me! I have lost it!"

"Did you say your mother, as she looked on you, thought into your soul, sights of whiteness and brightness, blending ecstasies into"—she faltered, trembling and weeping herself with the thrilling remembrance or the renewal of the things of her own old-time dream. And Reginald, catching more help from her sympathetic knowledge of these new things than he could have gotten from scientific criticism of old facts, joyfully interposed, not now in the tone or manner of the crude Captain Grove,—

"Yes, yes. Things which cannot be uttered were taught me there in swift, warm—Lord of Marvels, how warm—flying white thoughts! Infinite things all at a bound were tossed homingly into my soul. The air flamed athwart and over with them, till everywhere were friendly things, playthings, wonderful things, full of new joys in newest Knowledges. And I was a boy playing always with these things which were sweeter than Wine and more firely fine! Yes, I was a boy. No one hurried there. No one blamed another. And I saw Alitza, and she had not been harmed by it all. No, not harmed.

"Oh, take me back! No, no, I will not go back. You think I rave! I do not. I only remember—but, I remember too much at once! But I must remember what Daniel just said. You heard it yourself. That a man so expensively educated by angels on Earth and Heaven must be honorable and soldierly. And—and—so, you see, I almost know!

"Now, now," he said eagerly, with the force of the great need that was upon him. "Come up to it again. Just once more. Oh, bring me what I lack."

"Then you must fix your mind on what I say. I tell you, you always called Ethel Eloiheem '*Mother*,' and you seemed

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to quite have forgotten 'Mrs. Mancredo.' But this morning you suddenly aroused out of your long, long inattention to what was going on right about you; and now you seem to have forgotten everything which has happened since the night when — are you listening? — when you and I quarrelled on the hotel stairs. Do you remember that quarrel? Do you remember when " —

"Oh, where, where is little Alitza?" he cried, springing to his feet, with the look of one arousing to an old burden. "She was with me in my dreams — playmate, sister — and — never, never can I lose her. She, you — it is strange that you both are such liars!"

"Is that all you can remember about me — *us?*" ejaculated Mrs. Mancredo, with sudden fire. "Reginald Grove, don't you know that women, slave-like, have to manœuvre in order to live? They are called 'legally sold' if they marry for money, and they are insulted if they recklessly marry for love and " —

"Oh, oh! Mrs. Mancredo! Oh, Alitza! You are — are honestly Mrs. Reginald Grove! You said so. I heard it. I know all! Now wait, yes — all. You are Mrs. Mancredo — no — no, my brain reels — you are " —

"Wait — Reginald. Your mind is perfectly clear now. Your brain is all right — as right as Ethel's or Daniel's. I know some things which you do not; but you know a whole world of things which I do not. We have plenty of time to tell it all," she said, as quietly as Ethel would have done, and with much of her power over Reginald. "I have let myself be called 'Mrs. Mancredo.' But I am not Mrs. Mancredo. My one marriage was with you; just as you remember it. You are all right, and anything not clear now to you, I can tell you at our leisure. Yes, there is a great deal to tell, but nothing to explain. No one blames another at the Eloiheems' either. And no one hurries or worries here. We are all honorable and soldierly. Yes — like you and like those whom you like, and whom you have not altogether left behind you. We are all friends here!"

Had the heavenly rapture of that glowing dream-time come to Alitza again? Surely it was as if they were swept into that blessed realm of joys — not to come — but which do now exist for those who will enter into them here on this earth in this age. Reginald, with luminous eyes, was looking

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at her, at one with her in this, the joy of the Whole Spirit of this oncoming new age.

And, whelmed in the baptism of it, she said, —

"My one marriage was with you, when I told my one lie, as you say. I have never forgotten the lie nor the marriage. I have repented the first and have honored the last, and, don't you see? We, you and I, are in with the Eloiheems."

Then she told him all her story as she had told it to Ethel, speaking brightly of the admirable skill by which "John Grove had made them all wealthy. So that now," she added, "this wealth, blended with the expensive education which life has brought us, enables us all, Reg dear, to serve men and women who have been or who *are* alienated from the life of those about them in any way, and as most persons are alienated in some way."

"Oh, how good of you all to have waited so patiently for my coming back," ejaculated Reginald. "Oh, to think of it that you should all know that I am not mad. Do you know, if you had thought I was mad I should have come to think so, and then I should never have been able to remember, as I now do remember, the lovely things which I have learned, and which I shall be able to use for poor self-wrecked fellows, who are in asylums and all about us. How beautiful you have all been to me! How shall I make it up to you?"

"That you can readily do, in this Eloiheem-home, where rare and heretofore neglected orders of ability are cherished and given full scope. But, you will better remember from the first, Reg dear, that this education of yours, useful as it is as a means of development of pure intellect, has not adapted you to the environment in which you will have to live and work. But the thing which it and all superior culture *should* do is to inspire you to adapt popular *environments* to the superior needs of persons of superior faculties. See?

"In fact, Reg dear, that is the long pull and the strong pull and the pull all together, which we, as Eloiheems, are engaged in! We none of us fancy we have done much yet, but we have faced the fact that plain living and high thinking are possible and profitable and acceptable to the Eloiheems, who neither fear, fight, nor desire."

"I can understand so much at least of the new inspiration back of these methods of the Eloiheem home-making."

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CHAPTER XVI.

READY TO LIVE LIBERTY'S LAW.

MEANWHILE Robert was far out on the lake in his boat.

A madness at "the greatness of his way" had overpowered him. And, fiercely rowing on and on, he had looked about to see that he was far from sight of land, determined to cool his fever in the water's depth. Not because life was so flat, stale, dull, and unprofitable, but because Ethel's sight of it was at once so alluring and so maddening to his age-long hatred of the thought of Woman's supremacy. Woman's Supremacy! What the words meant, what would accrue to the world if the poetical ideal was practicalized and legalized to the extent of making every woman as free in the World as Ethel was, in her world, Robert had not wanted to ask. Furious he felt, and had felt for weeks, months, and years, at every and any suggestion of it. Antagonisms against, suspicions of, and dread fascinations for the thing called Woman had been his torment. And now it was as if Ethel had stood at the pass and had gathered into her bosom the spears of the hosts which fought with him against her. And at every upgathering into her heart of his weapons used against woman, Ethel, to him, had seemed to be but the more incomprehensible, alluring, and diabolical. Till, rather than have taken from her any explanation of her relation to the electrical commotion that increasingly pressed on his furiously driven being, Robert had told himself he would take Hell. And out he had come to take it by the way of death in the lake.

A hatred of women mastered him. Chains, assaults, treachery of any kind that would have trammelled or destroyed this wonder-working power, which seemed insulting over him, this Robert would have welcomed and used for

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that purpose. But — and here was the point — he knew chains could not bind it, neither could death slay it.

Shipping his oars he threw himself down into the bottom of his boat to rest (curiously) before drowning himself; yes, to rest, and to once more try to understand how and why this Ethel, Siren-like, could wish to lure him to so utter a destruction. For, as he had stood by her the night when Reginald had called out, "Alpine Heights! Woman there!" there had occurred what Robert now determined for the last time to review, then die. For as he, with Ethel, had looked into the lunatic's eyes, *as lifts the mist from before the Jungfrau of the Swiss Alps, so a mist had seemed to lift from before Robert's eyes, showing him that on which Reginald was looking;* that of which the Jungfrau of the Alps in symbol half conceals and half reveals the mystic beauty. At first he was blinded by the icy splendor; then the vibrant beauty grew more lambent, and he saw within the fire, pink-flushed with warm effulgence, the pearl-pure breast of the Maid of the Mountain of Jehovah's House.

So, for one entranced moment it had seemed to him; then he was overwhelmed with fury against Ethel, who seemed to him a fiend bewitched to lure him to the very evils against which he had made so valiant a fight, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding. And with a horrible cry he had fled away from her and this wonderful vision.

Then afterwards, once and again, there had come to him the question whether possibly the *man*-given testimony which has reported woman as the closer of the gates of paradise against him, and as the being who had dragged man down into the sensuality where he now tramples her under his feet, might be false. The question had come to him whether, possibly, truer information on the subject of the unsolved mystery of Woman-nature might be gained from Woman herself. He knew Daniel believed woman was her own interpreter, and that *she* could make sufficiently plain the mystery of life if she were "suffered to speak," to do and to be what her knowledge of the whole round case inspires her to do and be and say.

And so, mid the lightning flashes which rended for a moment the blackness of his soul's tumultuous storms, Robert had battled on, ever pressing back the Vision which he had seen of the Mount of God, and which he feared to believe in as divine.

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And in a state bordering on climaxed madness he had been when, hasting home from Chicago, he had one day come upon Aneuland and Ethel as, in the innocence of all nature, they had conspired together with all Life, purposing peace and prosperity to the dear world. And, with a deadly weariness of his old strife, he had cried out like a sick babe for a rest on the Mother breast. And at the cry the veil had again lifted, revealing the Vision of the young Frau of the real Alps in all its lambent and alluring grace of Glory. And, with a curse against it, and a cry for it, starving and moaning as he ran, he had hasted to Daniel's Chamber of Peace, throwing himself headlong at Daniel's feet.

And reviewing all this swiftly, he had then begun to question, "Is it that in my soul there have met for a final conflict the crudities of the Eloi-religion with its hatred of the supremacy of the Woman-element of Deity, and the remains of the Heem religion with *its* faith in the divinity and inherent goodness of Woman-power? Have contending hierarchies made my soul the arena for a final conflict?" And torn to torture he had been, so that his cries had met Althea's ears as her words had met his. Words which had told him his voice to her was as the voice of the long silent Malchi Eloi.

Then the death-grapple had come. And, plunging down a side stairway, he had gotten out to do what he had not yet done. So he lay now in the boat too weak to get up. The little boat was drifting out with the tide. Any moment it might be run down by some vessel. And he knew it. He wished it might. And so he floated on, not caring what happened, ready, glad to die and take what Daniel's deity might see fit to give him.

In the dulness of what might be sheer mental and physical exhaustion he lay for hours, floating on with closed eyes. All attachment to life, all self-assertion, all regard for any form of success or fear of any failure seemed blotted out. He who had struggled so fearingly against fears, and who had so furiously desired not to desire, now lay as one to whom all things are equal.

In the midst of this prostration within and without, there came to him a faint recognition that something was stealing on and on; ever nearer to his chilled senses it came, that, the watching Sentinel of this carefully garrisoned soul perceived.

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"Is it the Phantasma? Then God's will be done. I can no more. I am dying," breathed he. Then, turning, as thousands before him have done, to the use of words heard in the home, he murmured, "O Lady of Life! Help! I, a Heem, come to thee! The Heems have always stood for the honor of thy sweet grace. I, Eloi-*Heem*, come to thee!"

Some faint memory of words of Thomas Aquinas reminded him, "Without phantasma there is no knowledge." And, at the moment, Love full of Wisdom baptized him as with Supreme Unction.

Yet motionless he lay, desiring nothing, fearing nothing, caring not whether death or life was to follow. He but waited reverently, observantly, impersonally, expecting nothing. For to him all things had become equal. Hours passed.

Then, had eyes pierced him with Pythian darts, such as Saints in ecstasy have sung? Had Majestic Sweetness unveiled again to his now Mother-seeing soul, glories sacred to "the little child" for whom those glories are?

"My soul! O Adorable!" he whispered. "It is — it is the Eternal Maidenly which is ever encastled in the solitudes of the Eternal Womanly! It is the Mountain of the House of יהדה! IT is exalted at last, and my eyes see IT as IT is!

"O Wonder of Wonders! O Woman of Heaven! O Spirit of Wholeness! Oh, My Own, come to me at last."

In the stillness of awe he waited, asking nothing, fearing nothing, observing everything. Then, —

"Is it" — he asked, "is it that some receptacle of my being, hitherto closed by paralyzing fear, has opened to receive a visitation from some order of life, hitherto unknown? Has a dual capacity, hitherto asleep within my soul's palaces, — like the sleeping beauty of fabled story,— aroused from slumber, and, exquisitely vital, lifted up to meet incoming life? As Beatrice, descending from Paradise, met Dante, and led him up from purgatory, enlightening his poor soul with enrapturing intercourse, has, at last, My Own come to me? Come to carry me through realms unknown to and unscalable by man alone? O Sweet Lady of Life! And is it the light of this dual glory which I have seen on face of beatified woman, and which I have sought to snatch from her? Is it this?"

Still as death he lay, waiting for death. For he believed

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he was dying or had died; and was, who knows? — perhaps beginning to live in a world above, where was, as Clement of Alexandria has said, "neither male nor female, but both male and female, the male with the female," the woman with the man, one in highest sense.

"How sweet to die! How beatific this resurrection to Life!" he whispered. "Yes, it is the light of this which falls on woman's upturned face as she even on Earth looks through the rustling leaves of the Tree of Life, in the midst of the Paradise of He-vaw-he-yod; — the garden of the Mother-life. The Tree whence issues Wisdom's voice winning Woman even on earth to eat of the topmost boughs, 'food convenient for' her but not for the man-alone creature."

Suddenly, as if in response to a call, Robert was rowing homeward, with the strength of the giants of old; looking backward again and again, as he rowed, to where, at last, he saw on the bluffs a figure silhouetted against the background. Was it a priestess at sacrifice?

"I come! I come!" he cried, rowing with gladness of heart as he shouted as gladly, whispering then to himself, "Oh, Ethel, sister; so long time with you; and now at last, Spirit of Purity, I know your power and sweet purposes of life.

"So long time with you, and yet I had hated, fought, and feared you; or, worst of all, I was ready to consume you in my fury to possess 'food convenient for' you, but not for man; food on which you live as the magnolia lives on the fires of the southern Sun. Oh, Ethel, forgive!" he cried, rowing with the magnificent power with which reservoirs within had enfibred muscle and Spirit. Yet, because of his love to his now *apprehended* sister, his heart but mocked the swift pace which shortened all too slowly the distance between him and her who, for hours, had watched the little bark wherein he had lain like one dying, then dead, and at last resurrected to new life.

"It was she who called me," he said, laughing with the joy of the upper world from which he seemed to himself to have just returned. For his soul was now flooded with a participation in the womanly self-possession that enriches the perfecting beings who have attained to that Elder beatification. A beatification of an individuality beyond individuality, in that it has in itself a oneness with the Unity of the Whole family in Heaven and Earth.

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She was looking into his eyes, with her hand on his brow, as, fallen on his knees before her, he looked up into the face which she bent over him, as if it were the face of the mother of his soul.

In her eyes there was now complaisance, self-abnegating love and reverence; and on his face was the radiance of a self-forgetful being, who, having ceased to fight and fear for his life, had found it. And then rapidly with the joy of a child he talked on, asking questions, and himself answering them, at home in Ethel's silence, as her perfect peace, passing understanding, bathed his glad spirit.

"Yes! My own came to me, and I received with gladness and joy," he said.

"But why *did* you not tell me before? How could you let me grope and suffer as I have suffered for more than thirty years? Was it — was it that all those things need must be in the unfolding of the Way? Was it that you had suffered in your earlier incarnation this journey through the valley and shadow of the death of old forms of life before, resurrected, *you* were able to reach the delectable mount and endure the barphometic baptism in Womanhood? Was it that even you could not help me while my fightings, fears, and desires so perturbed my being that there was no still receptive plane on which Yod-he-vaw could rest the forth-flowings of Life? Oh, tell me, Sister!

"Think of it all as best I can? Consider the lily how *it* grows, white and silent, do you say, Ethel?

"Yes, yes. I saw the lily grow when I was a child. And some thrilling recognition of a personal message which it held for me haunted me whenever I met lily-like Womanhood. And now tell me, — listen carefully, Ethel, — do I know to-day something of the lily-worship? O Ethel, I see your answer. Yes, discrimination between the use and abuse of all things in Heaven and Earth is fundamental to a life of Liberty. And Wisdom's winnings from the Tree of Life is food convenient to Woman souls, and food which it becomes possible for such womanhood to pass on to such men only as have learned the mystery of sex which is at the basis of All Life. Am I right? Tell me, oh, tell me, Ethel!"

"Silence is the great law of lily-worship. Let us look and live. Words are so unmanageable, crude, my brother," said

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Ethel then. They were in the arbor now, and, as before, adoringly he knelt looking into her eyes as if he could never hear enough of this story of how orderly Life is transferred from The Highest down along each plane from one to the other. Then, —

"But *what* is it that has really happened? Tell me, has some new faculty suddenly developed within me? Did I inherit the capacity from Daniel and the Elois? Or did my old Karma accumulate large developments of spirit-power increased by the trend of even my last existence? Or have my battles, so fiercely fought in the search of true self-use, and in defiance of all false fetters, have these battles fought in such sore isolation climaxed in Victory at last?

"Yes, I know that. I know Daniel from the first showed me that my great business was to cultivate additional brain-cells as receptacles of an oncoming order of life. I know that, with priest-like assiduity, I have striven after a self-continent englobement and development of forces which at times — oh, yes, you can remember the terror of his wildly growing powers which betides an Ego at this most critical and portentous Era? But I endured all, telling myself that in any case such powers as I had cultivated would be an inheritance transmittible to my children even though I myself became a castaway — even though I myself failed of achieving the stupendous task which Daniel said I must achieve or be blotted out from the generations of men.

"So you see, Ethel, not suddenly has this strange and real new birth come to me; but is my way now to be really at last full of peace like yours? O Ethel, you appall me! Just begun? Greater difficulties than ever? The responsibilities of Woman-power commensurate with its strange abilities?

"Oh, I had not thought of that. You remind me that I, like thousands and thousands of real *gentle*-men, have had from birth a most majestic womanliness of being within, but that this womanliness is popularly covered over and trodden under foot by the Evil of all the old evils of other incarnations: — by the madman in us which ravages and rends the Ego from its own beloved comrade and compeer. Yes, I see. I was insane when I fought, feared, and yet desired to have, own, and dominate all womanhood, while yet among them all I found nowhere my real other self. I found no

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one to whom I honestly wished to be tied for this life, let alone Eternity. No, no more than either you, Alice, Daniel, or Althea sees in any man or woman the *real* other self!

"Oh, Ethel, it is like a new sight of things. For I have seen, I have re-cognized that other half of me, which makes of my divorced, fragmentary self a better being, a full-orbed duality, with *just such a work before its two halves* as was before Miss Eloi and Daniel Heem, when they (two entities) set about demonstrating the nuptial diagram of the Eloiheems. See? Mine is the business to, in a like way, work out the full development and the final Self-unification of *my* OWN *duality!*

"Oh, Ethel, I see now. This glorious work is so nearly done in your soul's palace, that, self-poised, self-continent, the dual power of the opposite currents within you generates a resistless force like that of the electric dynamo, and which, like that, is competent to utter itself in deeds of dire or of divine significance.

"And as for future marriages of the coming race, I see well that in the future it will not be an attempt to make of 'two halves a whole one,' with a result that that 'one' shall be a miserably shackled and dominated man or woman. It will be rather that two times One Whole One is forever two Whole Ones, each of whom is a self-poised Continent of purpose, powers, and achievements. Oh, my sister, I am ready to become an Eloiheem."

. . . . . .

Reginald, the now recovered insane (?) man, was not more amazed at this world's conditions as he was enabled to now look at them in the light of the Knowledge gained in his life of other consciousness than was Robert, as he began to take up life from his new point of view. For Robert's new knowledge of the value (to this age) of womanly self-possession was but equalled by Reginald's surprise that people on this side knew so little of the friendly nearness of the people on the other side of the veil-like portière which separates the seen from the unseen.

And as Robert thought of Reginald's years of seeming inanity and of his own years of fightings and fears, he said, —

"Daniel, who is maddest, the man who chooses to remain the life-long sport of fightings, fears, and desires, or the man who 'unattached' lives in the Supreme? Was Reginald out

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of his mind while he lived serenely with his friends in that mystical stillness, or was I out of my mind while I desired (yet fought and feared) all things above and below?"

"Robert," said the man of the century, "it would be difficult to prove by me that either you, Reginald, or any other man or woman, is out of his or her mind, whatever they may do, say, or leave undone or unsaid. For we all live mid a *uni-verse* of mind — i.e., a forth-turning-into-a-combined-whole of Mind. And the systasis of laws and influences which govern this forth-turning of Mind into a combined Whole-Mind is a mighty mystery, the arcana of which we have now leave to study."

"Bless Heaven!" said Robert. "Certainly no beauty comes of fears and fightings. Let them end. And may the 'Wonder of Wonders, woman in Heaven' and on Earth, give man what he needs: — that is the Beauty which stands in rectitude to the law of its own being. For when at last the beauty of Universal self-wholeness shall reign (as was pictured at Karnac), then the fear which the Ignorant feel for the Wise will have been conciliated by the faith which the Wise must *first* show that they have in the Ignorant: and from the blending of these opposites there will be incessantly created new forms of Life, of Knowledge, and of that Beauty which is Moral Power!

"Oh, how inspiringly my work opens up to me! Ethel, *free* Ethel, has shown me the Moral Power of that Beauty which, living in rectitude to the law of its own being, neither fears, fights, nor *desires*.

"Oh, sister, image fair of Moral Power, you, neither fearing me nor fighting me, have aroused within even me the Beauty whose Self-renewing delight is in Itself."

"Yes, whose delight is in the law of the liberty of the children of יהוה," said Daniel. "So far be it from the possessors of *this* self-possession, the Eloiheems, to antagonize anything or anybody. For no pretence avails. Priests and priestesses of Power are the self-unioned individuals, whose mere existence assists at the evolution of individuality in others. And this evolution of individuality is the work of the age. Nothing can really hinder this work of man-building. Self-unioned beings are the generators of a force which creates a new centre of gravity on Alpine Heights, a force which will draw all men to upflow those heights for love

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of the Eternal Womanly there. Robert, man's soul is titillant with the ecstasy of the evolution of the feminine element *within himself*. It is not good for man to be alone. For man alone is not God — is not ELOIHIM."



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111 Bryson Street, Boston
November 2nd, 1871

Rev. Thomas Vickers Morgan
Cambridge,

Dear Sir,

You will recollect me speaking with regard to a few years ago, you accidentally gave a teaching book for publication in the interest of Moral Education the receipt of contributions from your pen? Upon that subject was at the same time when Mrs. Eliz. Mason Sheldon contributed articles such as "The Mayday" "The New Year" "The Heritage" and "The Lost Name" such as made their attempts to elicit the sensibilities of the child. I am not mistaken that it be pleasure you could any of those little works, you may be interested to read a response, which is just published here in print.

I remain to enclose the

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publishers direction. He shall see Fielding is "consummate master of the art" and is a very many steps removed from being a realistic novelist. I could see him to complain of very misapprehended efficacy in the artificialities — in the effects of those who endeavour to circumscribe regions, & the things which do not appear, are very visible to his mind's eye. And such as the work is of Fielding you [illegible] all the world will know to [illegible] a copyright. But I [illegible] the influences which, in [illegible] days, your writings have on my mind.

Yours sincerely,
E. A. Poe.

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111 Boylston Street, Boston,
November 2nd, 1881.

T. W. Thomas, Esquire, Higginson's
Cambridge.

Dear Sir:

Am I mistaken in thinking that eight or ten years ago, you occasionally gave a Washington paper, published in the interest of Moral Education, the benefit of contributions from your pen? And that this was at the same time when Mrs. E. D. Mason, then in Washington, contributed articles such as "The Mystery," "The New Power," "The New Age," and "The Lost Name" and made other attempts to utter the manifold truths of Life? If I am not mistaken, and if by chance you read any of these little books, you may be interested to read a romance, which is just published here in town.

I venture to enclose the

E. D. Mason.

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publishers circular. It is stated that
Volume is "symbolical & illustrated"
and is a long way off from being a
realistic novel. I omit see how
it can fail of being misapprehended,
especially in its art: illustrations. —
The ideals of those who venture into
the immeasurable regions of the things
which do not appear, are very
fugitive ideals to fix in words.
But such as the book is, if
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will do myself the honor to
send you a copy of it. Out of Illinois
the influences which, in
Farmington days, your writings
had on my mind.

I am sincerely
E. P. Roe

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