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PHILIP CARLISLIE:

A Romance.

BY

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"THE DISCOVERED COUNTRY," "OCEANIDES: A PSYCHICAL NOVEL,"

"MARY ANNE CAREW; WIFE, MOTHER, SPIRIT, ANGEL,"

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TO

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

THIS WORK IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

THE WRITER.

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PHILIP CARLISLIE: A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD OAK.

IT was a bright sunny day in the month of June. A large field, sweet with red and white clover, besprinkled with daisies and buttercups; and, all around by the stone wall that enclosed it, wild roses and straggling blackberry-vines vied with each other to see which should put forth the most blossoms, the red or the white. The blackberry crept in and about the rose at every available point, and, wherever it could find space, it looked out with its cluster of white starry eyes: the roses blushed, and showered their bright petals around, as though striving to beautify and conceal the moss-covered rocks that had tumbled, and were still tumbling, from the old wall.

The grass was getting itself ready to be cut. The tall straight timothy looked down on the feathery witch-grass, and a cow, with her nose thrust through the bars, was wistfully eyeing both timothy and clover; her early-spring calf was frisking about, and kicking its

heels high in the sweet air, occasionally rushing at its sedate mama, butting her distended udder with all its strength, and then sucking its fill of sweet fresh milk.

This pretty calf, at least, was not robbed to supply the dairy of its owner.

A few trees had been left standing in this field, that the mowers might have cool shady places to rest, hang up their scythes, drink their ginger-pop, wipe their perspiring brows, and eat their lunch.

A wide-spreading elm stood in one place; a beautiful maple in another; and two great butternuts were in one corner near the wall. A hoary old oak towered above all the others toward the stars; it was twisted and gnarled; but few of its branches bore any green leaves; it lifted its great arms aloft, all withered and bare, for time with its cycles of years denudes, withers, and at length levels the proud king of the forest; but the tree was grand even in its dying old age; its knotted arms had reached further into futurity than those of its younger brothers; its withered hands had grasped at the unseen; centuries had passed over it with all their storms and chilling frosts; it had stood, feet deep, in the white snow of many, many bitter winters; spring after spring had kissed it into budding beauty; the hot midsummer's sun had burned and hardened it,

and the thunder-bolt had played with it : yes ; it had fought many a hard battle with the lightning, and gained the victory ; it had many scars where the sword of the thunder-bolt had pierced it, yet it wore them proudly : thousands of little birds had made it their home, built their nests in its branches, and reared their young : the young ones had returned from their yearly flights and repeated the process ; bright-eyed squirrels had chased each other up its rough sides, and played at hide and seek among its countless leaves ; they had found little store-houses, here and there, in its rough hide, where they had kept their nuts and seeds for winter's use : crows and ravens had lived in its upper stories ; and within the last crotch of its topmost branches, a pair of eagles had built their aerie-nest, and many a young eaglet had, with piercing eyes, soared toward the sun from its loftiest twig : millions of worms and insects had bored and penetrated to its vitals, and sucked its very heart's blood ; vampires, caterpillars, and all kinds of crawling things had fattened on its tender green buds and leaves ; owls had sat and stared with their yellow eyes as they cried : " Hookit-a-who-who-who ! " and the white-breasted nightingale had often told its plaintive story of " Whipping-poor-will ! Whippoor-will ! Yes ; they whipped poor Will ! "

Snakes and adders had made their holes, coiled and wound themselves around its warm life-giving roots, but the old oak flinched not; on it went bravely, year after year, each fall showering its sweet acorns over the ground, as far as its long arms could reach, plenteously: it was lavish of its fruit each year, it stinted not; and thousands of creatures were fed through the cold winter days by its bounty.

Ah! the stories that dying old king could tell: of the wild Indian, long before the white man came; of the deer that grazed on its lower branches, when this smiling field was a dark old forest, and hundreds of various animals made paths through its wooded depths. And then there came a time, when the woodman's axe rang out clear and sharp; this was a time when the old oak trembled; it had conquered the lightning, but the woodman's firm arm would lay it low as it had the rest of the forest about it.

The woodman had walked around its great trunk many times, with speculative eye, as he rubbed his thumb over the edge of his sharp axe; but it was a mighty tree; he would not undertake it, just yet, and so from time to time it escaped, but looked for its doom on the morrow. For some reason, the woodman failed; and there it still stood, thankful that its life was spared; but time's axe would not

spare it, and soon it must yield up its last breath; yet it would be valiant, and never yield an inch more than it could help.

Brave old Oak! Strong old Oak! Wise old Oak! Loving old Oak! Your tale is told, and the end is near: but the end and the beginning meet and join hands, for, lo! there is a strong and sturdy sapling just at your feet, grown from one of your own acorns, and another oak shall take the vacant place. Thus the wheel goes round.

The cow had become weary of longing for that which she could not obtain, and had left the bars; she was now grazing peacefully within her own domain, the adjoining pasture. Two little girls now stood at the bars, gazing wistfully, as the cow had done, through them into the bright attractive field. The girls, having more wisdom than the cow, slipped one of the bars from its hold, then crawling through, they replaced it with care, and the bright flowers of the field were at their mercy. They doffed their wide straw hats, and ran gleefully from flower to flower, until their hats were running over with buttercups, daisies, wild roses, and blackberry blossoms; then, seating themselves beneath the old oak, they began to weave their flowers into garlands for their hats; and while their little hands are busy with their wreaths, we will take time to describe them.

There was not much difference in their respective ages; they were, apparently, about ten years old, but here the resemblance between them ceased. They were not at all alike. One was nearly a head taller than the other, very slender and reed-like; the other was round and plump as a cherub. She had great brown eyes, nearly black, that danced about with gladness, or ran over with tears of disappointment, somewhat like an April sky, clouds and sunshine rapidly chasing each other; her dark hair lay in curls over her plump, white, dimpled shoulders; her little hands were fat and dimpled as a baby's; her forehead was low, her rounded cheeks the color of the roses which lay in her lap; her scarlet lips, delicate dimpled chin, and pearly teeth, all made a picture very beautiful to look upon: and the other? Well, she was not beautiful. The eye was not satisfied when it rested upon her. She was too slender for her height. Her head was too large for her body. Her forehead, too high and broad to be beautiful. Her expression, too sedate and solemn for her years. Her dark blue eyes, too deep and dreamy for a child. Her mouth was rather large, with a curve of pride in the lips. Her golden hair waved to her waist. Her face was pale, even to transparency. Her long slender hands had been very busy and dexterous,

and a lovely wreath of white daisies encircled her hat.

The other child had accomplished nothing in the line of wreath-making. Her daisies had lost all their stems in her vain efforts; she had thrown them away, and the leaves had fallen out of her roses; she threw the last one away, exclaiming pettishly:

"The nasty things! I can't do anything with them; they are full of thorns, and my fingers are all pricked; just look, Morna; they are bleeding!"

Morna took her handkerchief and wiped the blood away, softly kissing the little wounded fingers as she did so.

"We will get some more daisies, Hester, and I will make you a wreath like mine."

"I don't want a wreath like yours," cried Hester. "I want a garland of bright roses, with their green leaves. I don't like those wishy-washy daisies. See! Morna; your roses are all bright and fresh; make me a garland from them."

"Yes, Hessie dear, but my fingers will get pricked, I am afraid."

"O, never mind your fingers! The thorns don't hurt much. Just make me the wreath, Monnie; there's a good girl."

Morna began very patiently to form the wreath; she carefully removed the greater

part of the thorns, more because she thought they might wound Hessie, than to save herself from being pricked, and soon she had a lovely garland all ready for Hessie's hat; she placed it around the hat, and fastened it carefully.

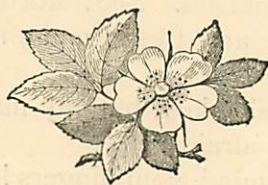
Hessie's brown eyes danced with delight.

"Now we will go down and play by the old Mill," she said: "I am tired of this field."

Morna's eyes were roaming dreamily over the field, watching the play of light and shade, as they ran lightly over the waving grass.

"O, come along, Morna! Don't stand there staring like a fool. I want to see the great wheel-paddles splash in the water."

So the little girls ran along a footpath, that led from the old oak down to the further end of the field, and, crossing a stile, they soon came in sight of the old Mill.



CHAPTER II.

THE MILL WHEEL.

THE Mill stood in rather a secluded spot, near the banks of a small river, that meandered its way through that part of the country; the high hills from whence it took its rise could be seen dimly in the distance, and further on, it broadened out into a wide and swift current.

The little girls ran along the river bank until they were close by the mill, then, clasping each other's hands, they paused, and stood, earnestly watching the revolving wheel. The great paddles struck the water, one after the other, and the water in its turn struck the paddles, and thus forced the great wheel onward. The running water, and the running wheel, held a charm for the little girls, and they seated themselves on a great, broken mill-stone, that lay near like a giant robbed of his strength.

Hessie threw bits of paper, and tufts of grass, into the water, in front of the wheel, to see the paddles catch them up and carry them

under the wheel, and when she had thrown all the paper she could find, she took off her hat: the roses in her wreath were withered and drooping, for the sun shone brightly, and the day was warm.

"O Morna," she said, pettishly, "my garland is all spoiled! I don't care for it any more. I shall throw it into the water, and let the paddles catch it," and suiting her actions to her words, she disengaged the wreath from her hat, and threw it into the sluice; the great wheel struck it almost instantly, and Hessie's rose-wreath was torn into bits, and became a thing of the past. She laughed, and clapped her little hands gleefully.

"Good-bye, you wilted thing!" she cried. "I am sick of you, and your thorns. Come, Morna; throw your wreath of puling daisies in. I want to see what the great wheel will do with it."

Morna took off her hat, but her garland was so pretty, fresh and white, and decked her hat so nicely, she hesitated with a little sigh, and a dreamy thoughtful look in her deep eyes.

"I would rather keep my wreath, Hessie," she said. "It looks so sweet and innocent, I don't like the old wheel to tear it in pieces: and, do you know, Hessie dear, these pure white daisies make me think of angels with golden crowns. See; those yellow centers are

the crowns, and when the daisies are woven in a wreath, like this, it seems to me the angels have hold of each other's hands, and are formed in a circle like so many fairies, and when I put the wreath on my head, like this," and she placed the wreath on her head, "it makes me think my head is encircled by all those sweet angels. No, Hessie; I think I will keep my wreath."

Hessie looked up with flashing eyes. Morna sat, her golden hair sweeping the old stone, her thin hands clasped in her lap, a sweet smile hovering on her lips; her cheeks pale, her high, broad brow as white and shining as the daisies that encircled it. For an instant, a feeling of awe crept around little Hessie's heart; then, she cried passionately:

"That's just like you, Morna Haven! You always want to keep everything! You just want to keep them because I have thrown mine away. Besides, who ever heard of comparing angels with common white-weed. My father says it is the vilest stuff that grows. The cattle won't touch it, and it spoils the hay. You do have such a way of talking like an idiot, and staring like this," and Hessie stared mockingly, as much like an idiot as her bright sparkling eyes could be made to. "And that isn't the way angels do, at all. They are up in heaven, where God is, singing praises, and

I guess they wouldn't trouble themselves about you, Morna Haven! Come; throw the nasty things into the sluice; they have got no sweet smell at all; my sweet-smelling roses were far prettier."

Morna took off her wreath, but still held it in her lap, in a loving protecting way.

"Hessie," she said, "I don't think anybody ever loves me, but just the birds, and the flowers, and all the dumb creatures. I think these daisies love me. See, how they look at me; just as though they would say, if they could speak: 'Morna Haven, don't throw us away! We love you. Don't be cruel to us, that love you so much. Don't let the old mill-wheel tear and crush us.'"

"Stop, Morna!" cried Hessie, springing up, and stamping with her little feet: "Stop; I say! You are very near a fool; and if you don't stop talking like that, I will never play with you any more. Here; I will throw it in for you; it will bring you to your senses," and she caught up the wreath, and threw it violently into the water. The great wheel caught it, and a strange thing happened; instead of being torn in pieces, by the wheel, it was caught on a large spike, that projected from one of the paddles, and was carried along with the wheel, as it made its revolutions; and when this particular paddle came uppermost,

the wreath rested, all bright and shining from its bath, like a white crown on the old mill-wheel; again it was submerged, but this time it did not make its appearance.

"There!" cried Hessie, "your old wreath has gone at last, and I am glad. You are always tormenting me just like this, Morna Haven! Come; let us go down below the falls; the water is not deep there, and we can wade in on the rocks. Oh! that will be great fun!"

So they ran down the banks of the river, past the falls, until they came to a spot where the water was very shallow; the bed of the river was extremely rocky at this point, and the water was dashing and foaming about the rocks. The little girls pulled off their shoes and stockings, and began to wade and play in the water, nimbly jumping from rock to rock. Morna was more agile than Hessie, and her legs were longer; she had reached a large rock, near the middle of the river, that was higher than any of the others; this rock, poor little Hessie found it impossible to reach; she had gone as far as her shorter limbs and plump little body could go; but to leap those wide distances, and climb that high rock, she could not. She was screaming, and fretting at Morna for being able to go farther and higher than she could; but, for once, Morna

did not seem to hear her. They had left their hats, with their shoes and stockings, on the bank. Morna stood on the highest point of the rock, her face turned toward the falls, her arm outstretched, and her finger pointing at something that Hessie could not see. The breeze, which was blowing quite heavily here in the midst of the river, had caught up her hair, and it was streaming, far out behind her, like innumerable threads of fine gold. Her summer garments were waving and fluttering like the wings of a bird, and her face wore a look of pleased surprise.

"Morna ; Morna Haven ! What are you staring at now ? Why don't you come down here and help me ? I can't get where you are. You have no right to go where I can't come."

"It is my wreath, Hessie," cried Morna. "See ! it has come down safely over the falls, and I shall get it again out of the river."

And, sure enough, there, floating down with the current, was the garland of white daisies, seeming fresher and brighter than ever ; they floated very near to the rock on which Morna stood ; yet she could not reach them, and they were carried, by the current, farther down the river.

"There ! Morna," cried Hessie, "I am just glad of it, and I hope it is the last we shall see of that hateful wreath. Come ! Morna ;

let's go back and put on our shoes and stockings. I am tired of these rocks."

Morna leaped down from her perch, and the little girls were soon seated on the bank, putting on their shoes and stockings. Morna was tying the strings in Hessie's shoes, when they were startled by a footstep; they jumped to their feet, looking like a couple of frightened deer just ready to fly.

"Don't be scared, little ones. Don't be scared," said a quavering voice. "Nobody will hurt you"; and an old man, bent and wrinkled with age, leaning heavily on a knotted staff, approached them.

He was a very strange-looking old man. If his bent and withered form had been straightened, he would have been over six feet in height. His hair and beard were as white as the driven snow; they were very long, and did not look as though they had been cut for years, yet they were combed and clean. He did not have a tooth in his head, and his long hooked nose and prominent chin nearly met. His eyes were dark-blue, deep-set, and sparkling. His eye-brows were white and bushy, and his forehead a mass of wrinkles. His cheeks were thin and hollow, and he was very pale. His hands, and long uncut nails, resembled the claws of an eagle. He wore a long loose coat, and the

front of the skirts trailed on the ground because of his bent position; his shoes were much too large for him, heavy and worn: stockings he had none. Everything about him was as clean as water could make them, but no one could have told which were the original garments, or which the patches; for coat, shirt, pants and vest were patched with every color imaginable; and they were patched, double patched, and patched all over. On one arm he carried a small bundle tied up in an old red bandana handkerchief; and on his head he wore a black skull-cap, broken and seamed with age. There was a look of pain on his face, and he limped as though he were hurt. He walked on past the little girls a few paces, and seated himself on a rock beneath the spreading branches of an old elm tree. He laid his staff and bundle on the ground beside him, and taking off his black cap, he wiped his perspiring brow with a white silk handkerchief. Strange as it may seem, this handkerchief, the only nice thing about him, coupled with his snowy beard, bright blue eyes, and the manner in which he used it, bespoke a gentleman. He stooped, took off one of his heavy shoes, rolled up one of the legs of his pants, and began to chafe his ankle; it was very much swollen, bruised, and discolored.

CHAPTER III.

THE HERMIT.

A SIGHING moan escaped from the old man's lips.

"Ah," he murmured, "why should the young and strong hurt an old man like me? I would not harm them, if I could."

The little girls had turned, and were standing still, looking at him.

"O Morna!" whispered Hessie, "let us run away as fast as we can. Oh! I am so frightened!"

"Why are you frightened?" asked Morna.

"O! that awful old beggar-man! He is a tramp, Morna. He might kill us."

"Why should he kill us?" queried Morna. "It's only the old Hermit who lives up there on the side of the mountain," and she pointed towards the hills.

"O Morna!" again whispered Hessie. "My father says he is an awful wicked old infidel. Let us run, Morna: I am scared nearly to death!"

"But," replied Morna, "he is hurt. I am sure he can't injure us; and I don't believe he

would if he could ; he don't look wicked to me, Hessie."

"O! nobody ever looks wicked to you, Morna Haven! You are always taking the part of beggars, tramps, and dirty ragged boys and girls. I am almost ashamed to be seen with you ; but my father says your folks are very nice, and you live in such a pretty house ; only for those things, I don't think I would ever play with you at all, Morna Haven!"

Just then another moan from the old man reached their ears ; he seemed to have forgotten all about the little girls, and with eyes cast down, he was talking and moaning to himself. Morna could bear it no longer ; she left Hessie, and timidly approached the old man.

"Are you hurt, sir?" she asked, softly.

The old man raised his eyes to the gentle, pitiful face of the child, the tears started, trembled for a moment like sparkling jewels, then slowly rolled down his withered cheeks.

"Yes," he replied, "my ankle gives me great pain. I am afraid I shall not be able to reach my home on the mountain: I have yet five miles to go.

"I think," said Morna, "I can help your ankle, if you will let me. I often help my little brother when he gets a bump, so that the pain stops, and he falls asleep. Will you let me try to help you, sir?"

"You, dear little girl," said the old man; "do you really think you can help this bruise? I would thank you very much, if you would try."

Morna took a white linen handkerchief from her pocket, and going down to the water, she wet it thoroughly; then, returning, she knelt down and bathed the hot swollen ankle with it. She did this a number of times, then she said:

"If I had another handkerchief, I would fix it all nice for you."

"Hessie!" she called: "Come here!"

Hessie approached reluctantly.

"Will you lend me your handkerchief, dear?" asked Morna.

"Why do you want my handkerchief?" asked Hessie, rather sullenly.

"I want to bind up this ankle," answered Morna.

"I will not give my handkerchief to a tramp," said Hessie. "My mama says I must never speak, or give anything to worthless tramps and beggars; they ought to go to work, Morna; but they won't work."

The old man drew the white silk handkerchief from his pocket.

"Here; you sweet little angel!" he said; "take this. I am sorry to put it to such use, but you shall do with the ankle as you please. You have relieved the pain already."

Morna took the beautiful handkerchief—it

was yellowed by age, and a faint subtle perfume lingered in its folds—she paused for a moment before putting it to this use, and as she did so, Hessie broke in :

“Morna, he has stolen that handkerchief! How can an old beggar-man, like him, own such a handkerchief as that?”

Morna paid no heed, but going down to the water, she again wetted her own handkerchief, and returning, she softly bound it around the injured ankle ; then, taking the beautiful silk one, she neatly bound and fastened it over the wet one.

“There, sir,” she said, “I think your ankle will be better now.”

The old man gave a sigh of relief.

“It is better, already,” he said. Then, laying his hand on Morna’s uncovered head, as she still knelt, he said :

“May the soul of the beautiful angel that once owned this handkerchief be near you, and bless and help you all your lifetime. You are called Morna. Fitting name for your dawning womanhood. Morna, my prayer will be granted ; she, to whom this handkerchief belonged, will not be deaf to my call, for when she gave me the white silken thing, she said : ‘Father, I am dying. This is all I have to leave you, and it shall be a token twixt thee and me ; for, when I am gone, who will care

for thee, my poor old father! It shall be a token between my soul and thine: never use it, dear father, unless you are in deep distress, but always keep it by you, and whenever you take it out and wipe your brow with it, at the same time sending forth a prayer for me, I will come to you, and aid you, even if it were from the depths of hades'; and, with these words, my sweet child breathed her last. This is the first time I have ever used her gift, and, behold! she has bound up my wounds, and soothed my grief: Aye; even bound them with her silken gift. Morna, may her loving soul be with thine."

"Come! Morna!" said Hessie. "Don't stand here talking with this old man. He is whining and telling lies. They all do. Come! let us go and make playhouses in the sand. I am sure it's ten o'clock already, and we haven't played hardly any yet; just made a couple of wreaths, that's all. Come, Morna; come!"

"And your name is Hessie, or Hester, I take it," said the old man. "Hester Hamelton. I have just come from your father's store in the village, and he has jewed me to his heart's content. I am powerless. I cannot help myself. I carried him pounds of sweet-smelling spruce gum that I have been weeks in gathering from the trees—for I am an old man, feeble and bent, and it is almost more than I can do;

besides, quantities of sassafras and sweet-flag root that I have been weeks in digging—for my arms are weak, and I must dig it on bended knees, and they are stiffened with rheumatism and age; and all he would give me in return were these four loaves and these two dozen of crackers. I carried him, in worth, five dollars, and he has given me, in worth, fifty cents."

"I met your brother Ralph, as I came forth from the village; he had been bird-nesting with two or three other boys like himself, and when I saw the crown of his hat partly filled with blue and speckled eggs, I chided him; then these young bird-robbers turned and stoned me, and thus my ankle was wounded, and my soul grieved. Now, the daughter of the one, and the sister of the other, calls me a beggar and a tramp; yet, beg I never did; not so much as a penny. Walk, I must; for I have no horse to carry me, and I think it no disgrace to use my legs as long as they will serve me. Hester, go build thy playhouses in the sand; the waves will soon obliterate them. Scoff at the aged and helpless; thy scoffs will return and rest on thine own head, and hurt but thee. Turn coldly away from the suffering; thine own hours of suffering are in store for thee, and who shall hear *thy* prayers for aid?"

"Stop! old man!" cried Hessie. "I will tell my father how you have abused me: he says you are an old infidel, not fit to live in anybody's house, and that is why you must live in a cave in the rock: and the minister says you are accursed of God, and an outcast from society! I don't blame Ralph for throwing stones at you—and just to see what a figure you cut! all *patched, patched, patched*, with every kind of colored rag! Where did you get all those rags, old man?"

"I bought and paid for them very dearly," answered the old man. "I have half-a-dozen nice hens that lay eggs in their season, and with those eggs I have, now and then, bought a few rags of the good women of the village, wherewith to patch my clothes, for new ones I am not able to buy."

"Why don't you go to the Poor-house and live? You are worse than a pauper!"

"A pauper I never was. A pauper I never will be," replied the old man; but his voice shook with grief, and a tear trickled down his withered cheek. Insult from this beautiful little girl, grieved him more than it would to have been beaten by strong men. Morna had stood silently by the old man's side, while this conversation was transpiring; she now threw her arms around the old man's neck, kissing away his tears and grief.

"I do not like to call you 'old man,'" she said. "Please tell me your name? We have never heard of you by any other name than just 'the Hermit'—'the old Hermit,' they call you."

"My real name is Peter Carlislie," replied the old man."

"Then, I shall call you Mr. Carlislie," said Morna. "But why do they call you an infidel, and say you are not fit to live in people's houses?"

"Dear little Morna, if I were rich, and could give large sums of money to the church, I should not be called an infidel, and people would be glad to have me visit at their houses; but, I am poor, and old, and helpless, so people think I ought not to have any mind of my own; they do not consider that I am capable of thinking for myself; and, because I do think for myself, I am called an infidel; and, because I have no house, except the little shanty I have built from logs over the mouth of a cave on yonder mountain, they call me an old hermit. I live in that shanty, because I am old, and poor, and have no other home. I live alone, because I have no relatives or friends to live with me. They are all dead, long years ago, and I am left, by the years, standing alone like yon blasted old oak," and he pointed toward the old oak tree, that was

plainly visible across the stile, over in the bright field where Morna had woven her garlands.

"What you say is false, old man!" cried Hessie. "They call you an infidel, because you do not believe in God; and it is true! You are a wicked old infidel, and when you die you will go to hell! My father says so; for I asked him what became of infidels, and he said, infidels and unbelievers were cast into hell."

"And where will the robbers and hypocrites go?" queried the old man. "If we are all cast into hell together, perhaps they will implore the old infidel to find a way to lead them out."

"They never can get out," said Hessie. "They just burn up, in there, for ever and ever."

"Wouldst like to go there, little one?" asked the old man.

"I am not an infidel," said Hessie. "I believe in God."

"Well," replied the old man, thoughtfully; "I will not argue the point with you. You are too young to understand me, if I were to do so; but, what has little Morna to say?"

"O! Morna is not very bright," said Hessie. "She is not quick-witted, you know; but, then, her folks are very nice, she dresses well,

and that is why I am allowed to play with her. Morna, really, don't amount to much ; so my father says."

"Well, let Morna speak for herself," said the old man. "What has my little Morna to say?"

Morna had taken a seat on the rock, by the old man's side, while Hessie stood, with bright cheeks and flashing eyes, in front of them.

"Morna," she exclaimed, "you have gone over to the side of that old infidel, and left me, your little playmate, all alone. I wish I had stayed at home in the village, and played with the other girls. You always want to ramble off alone, like this."

"What does little Morna have to say?" again queried the old man.

"Well," answered Morna, "I wish I knew where God, heaven, and hell were. I don't know which place I shall be put into when I die. I have never thought that God would let me go to heaven ; but, if by any chance I were to go to heaven, I would never say anything but to ask God to let me go and comfort the people in hell, and get them all out if I could."

"There!" cried Hessie. "I told you Morna was a fool! Did anyone ever hear such an idiotic speech in all their life? I'll tell of your awful talk, Miss Morna! and you'll get punished. When I tell my father of your

wicked talk, he will never let me play with you again."

"Hessie," said the old man, rather solemnly, "what would you do if you were to go to hell?"

"I shall never go to hell," replied Hessie, indignantly. "It is only sinners, infidels, and the ungodly that will go there; and I am not wicked, neither an unbeliever, nor an infidel. Come away, Morna! Come!"



CHAPTER IV.

PHILIP.

AT this juncture, a blithe whistle was heard; the three turned, and looked in the direction from whence the sound proceeded; and there emerged from among the trees that skirted the bank of the river, a boy, whistling with all his blithe young heart. In one hand he carried a fishing-rod thrown over his shoulder; in the other, a large string of speckled trout: it was evident that he had been successful in his morning's sport.

He was about twelve years old; a plump, manly-looking little fellow enough: he was very fair, with large, roguish blue eyes, and a brave, frank countenance that promised much for future years: he was barefooted, and under one arm he carried his straw hat, while on his head, where the hat should have been, was a shining wreath of white daisies. He marched on, half waggishly, whistling blithely, and moving his head from side to side.

Morna gave a little start as she recognized him, and for the first time since she has been

introduced to the reader, her cheeks were tinged with red; a sweet light filled her blue eyes, and all at once Morna was transformed into the beautiful.

The old man noticed the change and smiled; for that which was new to Morna, was old to him.

The boy came straight on toward them, until he stood by Morna's side. He did not speak, but stood silently looking at the old Hermit; the playful roguery of his eyes gradually changed to one of deep compassion.

The old man and the boy looked steadily into each other's eyes for a few moments without speaking: the old man's eyes were penetrating; the boyish face became more and more thoughtful. Morna's eyes drooped, and she looked like a lily on its stem. Hessie stood looking at the boy as though she expected him to drive the old man away with abuse, stones or blows: but he did neither.

"O Phil.!" cried Hessie, at last. "I am so glad you are come to take my part. This old man has talked to me shamefully; and Morna just takes sides with him against me."

But Phil. paid no heed to Hessie's complaint, and still stared at the old man as though he were fascinated.

"Well, my boy," said the old man, at last; "you have got a fine, large string of trout

there. You seem to have been very successful in your morning's sport. Not many boys of your age, I ween, could catch the shy trout like that."

The boy held up his string of fine fish with the air of a conqueror.

"I didn't catch these fish for fun," he replied, "but because they need them where I live. Poor little fellows!" he said, with a pitying look at the trout; "I did not want to make you suffer, and take your lives, but they have got no meat to eat at home, and it is better you should die than that they should go hungry. Yes," he continued, "this is a nice string of fish, and I have been since daylight catching them; they'll be awful glad of them at home;—but, say, Mr ; what's the matter with your leg?"

"I will answer your question by asking another," said the old man, with a half smile, and a curious look. "What have you got on your head? Rather an odd thing for a boy to wear, is it not?"

Phil. clapped his hand to his head, and the waggish roguery returned to his eyes. He looked at Hessie and then at Morna, enquiringly.

"Well, this is not exactly a trout," he replied, "yet I caught it out of the river. Strange kind of thing to catch in the river

isn't it? I guess some little girl lost it, or threw it in the water."

"O Morna! there's your old wreath again! I think it has got more lives than a cat," exclaimed Hessie. "The old mill-wheel wouldn't tear it, and it looks all the brighter for being drowned. Come, Phil.; just give it to me, and I'll finish it this time, as sure as I live!"

"No, you don't!" said Phil., manfully. "Is this your wreath, Morna?"

"Yes," replied Morna, with a vivid blush; "but, then, Hessie may have it, if she wants it."

"No; she shall not have it," said the boy. "If this wreath is yours, Morna Haven, I am very glad I found it," and, taking it off his head, he presented it to her with a bow and graceful dignified motion, a sincere look of admiration filling his boyish eyes.

Hessie caught at the wreath, but, anticipating her quick movement with a quicker, more dexterous one, he raised it high in the air.

"Will you give this wreath to me, Morna?" he asked.

"O yes," she replied; "you may have it and welcome: it's only a wreath of daisies, Philip; I wove them together, over there in the field, when Hessie and I came out to play this morning; they don't count for much."

The boy replaced them on his head.

"They shall count for me, Morna Haven," he said, rather solemnly for a boy of his tender years. "Yes; every daisy in it shall count for me. But, you have not yet told me what the matter is with your leg," he continued, turning to the old man once more. "I answered your question fairly; will you not answer mine?"

"Ralph Hamelton and some other boys threw stones at him, and bruised his ankle," said Morna.

"It is false," cried Hessie, with rising anger. "That old tramp is trying to get my brother into trouble. I guess he hurt his own ankle, and now he wants to spite my brother and me. I hope you aren't going to take his part, Phil. Carlisle?"

At the name, Carlisle, the old man started.

"Who bound your leg up so nicely?" asked the boy, looking at Morna.

"An angel hath bound up my wounds, and dried my tears," said the old man, laying his withered hand on Morna's head.

"That's a pretty nice-looking handkerchief," said Phil. "Is it yours, Morna?"

"No," replied Morna. "But, Philip, will you not lend me your handkerchief? and I will rebind his ankle."

The boy pulled a colored handkerchief from his pocket, and gave it to Morna. She took

off the fine white silk one, and spread it carefully in the sun to dry; then wetting her own once more, she rebound the ankle with it and Philip's handkerchief.

"What have you got in that bundle?" asked the boy.

"I will answer your question, by asking another," again said the old man. "What do you intend to do with Morna Haven's garland?"

"I intend to keep it, as long as I live," answered the lad. "I have a nice little tin box at home, and I shall put it in the box, and every time I look at it, I shall think of Morna Haven, and try to be a good boy, for Morna's sake; and when I am a man, I will earn barrels of money, and give it all to Morna! Oh! I will never be in poverty as they are where I live," an eager, thoughtful look filling his eyes.

"Barrels of money?" repeated the old man. "How many barrels of money do you think you will be able to earn?"

"I will count the daisies in Morna's wreath," replied Phil., "and I will earn a barrel for every daisy."

"Even so shall it be," said the old man.

"That is all nonsense!" exclaimed Hessie. "Phil. Carlisle, you are always talking like a fool! You are just as poor as poor can be;

and nobody knows who your father and mother were. My father says you are not much better than a pauper; and those poverty-stricken people, where you live, just picked you up somewhere; nobody knows where; and they had better have left you, for they are too poor to take care of themselves."

"Your father says so, does he? Well; if your father were a boy, like me, I would fight him," said Phil. "And, if I can catch your brother Ralph, I will challenge him to a fair fight, and punish him for throwing stones at this old gentleman."

Morna looked at Phil. as she would have looked at a king. To her childish eyes, he was the prince of princes, instead of a ragged little village boy of twelve years. The old man's piercing gaze was fixed intently on the boy.

"Even as thou hast said, so shall it be Philip. A conqueror shalt thou be: a king among men. What thou art as a boy, thou shalt be as a man. Thou hast conquered the river, and compelled it to yield up its treasures, that thou mightest feed thy loved ones at home. Thou hast rescued love's pure white wreath, and worn it as a crown; it shall, in return, crown thee with immortal glory. Thou hast been kind to the wayfaring man of grief, and when he has arisen from his worn-out

body, he will return to bless and repay thee, and barrels of silver and gold shalt thou have to bestow upon thy Morna ; and now, boy, I will answer thy question. It is bread which I have in that bundle—bread, with which to sustain my life a little longer. I am not yet quite ready to go ; but the old man will never forget thee, Philip !”

“Where do you live, sir ?” asked Philip.

“On yonder mountain side,” answered the old man. “And, prithee, I ought to be going, for it is many a weary mile yet for an old man, with crippled limb, to go.”

“Now sir,” said Phil., “you wait awhile, and I will find a way for you to go without walking. I have got a stout old horse, out in yonder pasture,” and he pointed toward the pasture, where the cow and her calf were still grazing. “I earned him all myself, doing chores for the village people. I paid ten hard silver dollars for him, and laid them by, for that purpose, one by one ; for he was so old, they were going to knock him in the head, because he could not earn his living ; and I was sorry for the old horse, and so gave all my hard-earned money for him, and he shall carry you home, sir. You just wait here till I run home with my fish. Here, sir,” and he took ten of the largest, finest trout from his string, and laid them on the rock by the side

of the old man's bundle. "Here, sir, take these, and when I am back with the horse, I will build a fire here on the sand, and Morna shall cook them, and we will have dinner before we start."

"Heaven bless thee, boy!" exclaimed the old man. "It shall be, even as you say; for a noble and generous heart shall not be thwarted in its intentions: even so shall it be!"

"O Morna!" said Phil. "I have thought of a better way: I will build the fire now, and you shall cook the fish, while I go for the horse. Will you do it, Morna?"

"Oh, yes," replied Morna. "It will be far better, and nicer, than to go building play-houses in the sand with HESSIE. Will you help me, HESSIE dear?"

"No," said HESSIE. "I am tired of all this. I will go home with Phil., and have a little party of nice girls to play with me, in my yard. I don't think my father will ever let me play with you again, Morna Haven, when I tell him how you have treated me—you, and Phil., and the old man, all of you!"

Phil. was running hither and thither, gathering sticks with which to build his fire: when he had collected as many as he thought would answer, he made a fire, and then prepared the fish for Morna to cook, cleaning them nicely: he cut a forked stick, with which to hold them

over the hot embers, telling Morna at the same time just how they should be held: he then hastened away, with Hessie running along by his side.

Morna took the fish down to the river, and washed them nicely: she found a clean piece of drift-board to lay them on; she then patiently held them, one by one, over the hot fire until they were done; and just as she was cooking the last one, Phil. hove in sight, on the back of his old horse. Almost anyone, but Morna and the old man, would have laughed at the sight; but they were too sincere and earnest, in this little drama, and no thought of the ludicrous crossed their minds.



CHAPTER V.

THE OLD HORSE.

A VERY high old horse, that had seen better days ; innocent of anything in the form of a shoe ; he looked like a gaunt skeleton, with a rough hide drawn tightly over his bones : he had lost one of his eyes, long years before, and he was minus a tail and mane : the tail had been bitten off by a bulldog, a year or two previous ; his mane was worn off by collars that had not fitted him, and his hide looked as patched as the old man's coat, where collars, saddles, girths, and harnesses had galled him in former times, and the hair had never grown again, or, had changed its color where it had grown. His joints creaked like an old ship, and each knee was as large as a common-sized pumpkin ; yet, the old horse seemed to have considerable life left in him, and bravely, if not gracefully, carried the manly boy on his back.

Phil. guided him straight to the rock on which the old man sat, but the boy seemed to

have another use for his straw hat than to wear it on his head : he handed it down, carefully, to the old man.

"Here, grandpapa," said he, "take this ! I came across a fine patch of strawberries, as I went through the field after my horse, and we will eat them with our bread."

The old man took the hat carefully, and it was filled to the brim with fine, large strawberries : a more tempting sight could not well be imagined. The old man placed the hat on the rock by his side, while Phil. dismounted. The boy removed the bits from the mouth of the horse, and led him to a spot where the grass grew green and luxuriant : it was not needful to tie him ; there was no danger of his running away, and he would be easily caught ; so Phil. left him, grazing peacefully, and returned to the old man and Morna : she was now seated on the rock, pulling the hulls from the berries.

"Morna," said Phil., "let us go and sit on that little knoll yonder, while we pick over the berries. I have something I want to say to you."

Morna shyly followed the boy, and soon their little heads were very near together, as their fingers rapidly pulled the hulls from the berries ; and now, Morna's hat came into requisition, to hold the berries that were

hulled; and when the last berry lay in red ripeness within her hat, Phil. raised his hat in front of their two childish faces, and pressed a shy kiss on Morna's sweet lips.

"Morna," he said, with boyish solemnity, "when I am a man you shall be my wife."

Morna's face now looked redder than the reddest rose.

"Will you be my wife, Morna, when I am a man?" continued he. "That was what I wanted to say to you when I asked you to come out here to pick over the berries."

"Yes, Phil.," answered Morna, laying her little hand, all stained with berries, in the larger and stronger one of Philip.

"You will be true, Morna? You will never forget?"

"I will be true, Phil.; I will never forget," replied Morna. "And, Philip, you will never forget?"

Philip lifted his hand, and with upraised eyes, he said:

"Morna, if ever I forget thee, may heaven forget me!"

They now hastened back with their berries to the old man. Morna took off her white apron, and spreading it on the rock, she brought the flood-board, on which lay the nicely browned fish: the old man took a loaf from his bundle, and it is doubtful whether a

royal banquet was ever enjoyed as this little feast was ; and when they had finished, there was not a fish, berry or vestige of the loaf left. The old man produced a tin cup from his bundle, and Phil. ran down to the river and filled it ; thus their thirst was quenched. Morna tied on her hat ; Phil. took the horse down to the water that he might drink, and then led him up to the rock for the old man to mount ; and when they were well ready to start, it was high noon.

"Good-bye, Morna !" said Phil., as the old horse ambled off with the old man on his back. "Good-bye ! Don't forget !"

"Good-bye, Phil. Good-bye, Mr. Carlisle," called back Morna, and then she turned and ran lightly toward her home in the village.

Phil. trudged manfully along by the side of the horse and the old man, up the winding foot-path that led to the mountain.

"It will take us till nearly sun-down to get there," said the old man. "You will not be able to return to-night, my boy."

"No," assented Phil. "I told them at home I should not be back until to-morrow."

"Very well," said the old man. "You will not be afraid to stay with me, I hope ?"

"No," replied Phil. "I shall be glad to stay with you. I think it fine fun, that is, if there is grass there for my horse."

"There is a fine mountain-meadow, not far off," said the old man. "I fear your horse will fare better than you will."

"Never fear for me," said the boy. "I am well used to roughing it."

They travelled on in this way, quite silently, until the sun was low in the west; then the old man said:

"Do you see that tall pine, yonder; that towers above all the others?"

The boy nodded.

"That marks the spot where I live," continued the old man; and, presently, they arrived at the foot of the old pine tree. The old man slid off the horse, but Philip could see nothing that looked like a building.

"Where is your house?" he asked.

"House, I have none," replied the old man; "but let us first care for the horse." He pointed to a little foot-path that ran downward among the trees. "Follow that," said he, "and you will find fine feed for your horse."

The boy obeyed, and led the horse down the slope, the old man remaining behind; he soon came to a beautiful valley, or meadow, that lay like an emerald between the hills. The old horse pricked up his ears with eagerness: Phil. pulled off his bridle, gave him a gentle slap, and the old horse was in a heaven of luscious grass: he did not pause, however,

till he went to a gurgling stream, that meandered through the meadow, and drank his fill. Philip now retraced his footsteps, finding the old man where he had left him.

"Now," said the old man, "we will go in and prepare supper; then, my boy, I have much to say to you."

Philip had noticed a large jagged rock, near the tall pine, but seeing no opening, he did not associate it with the old man's home. The old man followed a winding path until he had nearly circled the rock, then reaching forth his withered hand, he pulled aside some bushes, and a small opening was revealed; his form was so bent, he did not have to stoop, but Phil. was obliged to bend his head. The old man led the way down a half-dozen roughly hewn steps, for it was plain to be seen these steps had been partly chiselled out, and they found themselves in a large circular cave. The cave was not very dark, for another large fissure, at the farther end, let in the western sun, and it lay in warm patches here and there about the cave. A large pile of dry brushwood lay in one corner, and two or three rocks had been so disposed as to form a rough fire-place. A table, made of boards, worn and polished with much use, stood in the middle of the cave: two or three rush-bottomed chairs were near the table, and a large, low couch,

covered with the undressed skins of animals, was at one side. A great iron-bound chest of solid oak could be dimly seen within a recess of the cave: this chest was old and battered, as though with years of rough usage, and said, as plainly as chest could say, "I have crossed the seas many times in the days long gone by"; but what surprised the boy more than anything else about this strange apartment, was a large hanging case of books. There had been large iron spikes chiselled into the wall; stout thongs made of hide fastened the shelves together, and were then passed over the spikes, and the library thus formed was large and commodious: the shelves were filled with books of all descriptions, but most of them were large, and strongly bound in leather.

The old man sank down upon the couch, wearily.

"I do not often go to the village," he said, "and each time I find it more difficult and wearisome. The sands of my life, on earth, are nearly run out; boy, you are young and supple, wouldn't you like to prepare our supper?"

"Nothing would suit me better," replied Phil.

"Well, then," said the old man, "make a fire. There is plenty of small brush and wood."

Phil. found no difficulty, and soon had a bright fire blazing and crackling. The smoke

readily found its way out at the large fissure in the rock.

"Boy," said the old man, "I have a few luxuries left, and we will feast to-night. I am usually very frugal and sparing, but we will feast to-night. It well befits me to give thee a banquet. Take this key, boy, and unlock yonder iron-bound chest. Yes ; we will feast to-night !"

Phil. took the large, rusty key from the old man's hand, and with eager curiosity fitted it into the lock of the old chest. It grated harshly, and required all the boy's strength to turn it, but the bolt flew back at last with a loud click. The old man had gotten up off the couch, and now helped the boy to raise the lid : the chest was crammed full of leather bags, or pouches ; all stuffed out to their full dimensions, and tied with stout cords : the old man pulled out four or five of these pouches. Phil's eyes had now become accustomed to the dim light within this recess of the cave, and another large chest, very much like the one which they had opened, was standing near by. The old man unlocked this, and from it drew forth a damask table-cloth of the finest and most costly texture, although a little yellowed with age, a solid silver tea service of the most beautiful and elegant pattern, decorated with a coat of arms.

"Do you see that pail over there on that bench? Well, you will find a living spring of pure water, just at the end of the little path outside: go and fill the pail, and we will have some tea."

The boy did as was he bidden, with alacrity, and soon returned with a pail of sparkling spring water; the tea-kettle was soon boiling, and the old man took a handful of tea from one of the leather pouches, and put it into the shining silver urn. Phil. poured the boiling water over it.

"This tea," said the old man, "I bought in Pekin, China, years ago; it was of the best, and I think has not lost much of its flavor."

He tied up the pouch, and returned it to its place in the chest. Phil. spread the beautiful damask cloth—there were napkins to match; the old man had taken plates, cups and saucers from the chest; they were of the rarest china, most elaborately and delicately hand-painted; silver spoons, knives and forks were also brought to light, and some beautiful crystal goblets. Phil. had never seen anything like these things before, in all his young life.

The rough table was now laid in beautiful damask, and sparkling with crystal, china, and silver. From another pouch, the old man brought forth little square lumps of the whitest of loaf-sugar; and then he drew

forth a jar of choicest preserves: closing the lid of the chest, he went to a cupboard, that had been hidden from the boy's sight by an old faded red damask curtain, and took from thence a roasted fowl, cooked to a turn and beautifully browned; this he placed on a silver platter: he gave Phil. one of the loaves of bread, and a large sharp knife, telling him to cut it nicely and evenly, and place the slices on one of the elegant china plates; which he did. The old man now drew forth a large box from the other chest, and opening it, discovered two smaller boxes, one filled with layers of figs, the other of raisins; they were of the choicest kind: he placed a quantity of each in the elegant silver fruit dishes: last of all, he brought forth a small amber wine service, set with garnets, and a bottle of old wine.

"I cannot tell you how old this wine is," said he: "it was stored in my father's wine-vaults when I was a boy. How long it had been there, I cannot tell: perhaps his father stored it there before he was born. I do not know. Come, boy; the tea is drawn: let us sup. But, first, draw this chair up for me, and let us have light, for the sun has just set, and the cave darkens early."

Phil. placed, for the old man, an old arm-chair that had a white fur rug thrown over it,

a little soiled with age: he then lighted some wax tapers that the old man had placed in silver standards.

The old man seated himself in the old arm-chair, and began to carve the fowl. Phil. drew up one of the rush-bottomed chairs. It had been a hard climb up the mountain, and the boy was very hungry. The old man helped him plentifully, and did not say much until Phil's hunger was somewhat appeased. In the whole course of the boy's life he had never tasted anything that could compare with the old hermit's feast; and now the boy was ready to hear the old man talk.



CHAPTER VI.

THE SEA WAIF.

"**B**OY," said the old man; "I heard one of those little girls call you Philip Carlisle. Is that your true name, or the name of the people with whom you live?"

"The name of the people where I live, is Howard, but my name is Carlisle," answered Phil.

"Strange! strange!" murmured the old man, with a shake of the head. "Strange, that your name and mine should be the same."

"I have not heard your name yet," said Phil.

"My name is not Philip, but Peter Carlisle," said the old man; "but my father's name was Philip Carlisle. Strange; very strange. Who were your parents, boy? Do you know?"

"I do not remember anything about my father or mother," answered the boy. "I was picked up at sea."

"Picked up at sea?" repeated the old man, staring at him surprisedly with his bright blue eyes, from beneath their white bushy brows.

"Yes," replied the boy; "I was picked up at sea. Some sailors, on board a vessel, saw a broken mast floating in the sea with some-

thing lashed to it; they lowered a boat, and when they got near to the mast, they found the dead body of a woman lashed to it, and a bundle, all wrapped in white flannel, bound to, and hidden in, her breast. That bundle was me," said Phil. "I was warm, and I wasn't dead. The sailors cut me away from the dead body of my mother, and let the mast float on with its burden; but me, they brought to life. Mrs. Howard was on board the ship: she was the wife of the steward: she had a little baby of her own that had just died, because the sea didn't agree with it, and she took me, and nursed and cared for me, like her own baby; but she never wanted to go to sea, after that; so she came home to this little village, and brought me with her."

"Well," asked the old man, "how did she know that your name was Philip Carlisle?"

"The name was marked in full on my little shirt," replied Phil.; "and I have the little shirt now: it is of the finest linen, all trimmed with costly lace!" and the boy looked a little vain, as well as curious. "That is all I know about myself," said Phil.; "I don't remember anything, but just that I have always lived in this village with the Howards. Mr. Howard is away at sea the most of the time, and Mrs. Howard has three children, all younger than I am. They are very poor, for Mr. Howard

spends nearly all he earns in drinking and gambling when he is on shore, and sometimes he does not come home at all, but spends all his money, and ships again, without coming home. Mrs. Howard takes in washing, and goes out cleaning, for the ladies in the village. I do all I can to help, but I can't earn much in this village. I mean to go away across the sea myself, and earn barrels of money. I have promised Morna Haven I would, and I will!" he said, with a determined look, and movement of the head. "Morna Haven shall yet be the richest lady in the land, and be dressed in silks, velvets and laces, and no one shall call her a fool or slow-witted. Morna Haven shall be my queen, and ride in her carriage; while Hessie Hamelton shall walk, and be glad to know her. I have hidden her wreath in my tin box at home," continued the boy, "and I will never look at the wreath again, until I fetch it all about."

"Even so shall it be!" exclaimed the old man, solemnly. "But, Philip, do you not feel curious to know something about me, and how it is that our names are alike?"

"Oh, yes," replied the boy: "when I can stop thinking of Morna, long enough."

"Would you like to hear my story, Philip?" asked the old man.

"I would," replied Philip.

THE OLD HERMIT'S STORY.

The old man straightened himself back in his chair ; he had laid aside his old patched coat, at the time he had taken a seat at the table, and in its place he had put on a dressing-gown of exceedingly rich material, and elegant intricate pattern ; it was very old, and very faded, but it was whole ; there were no patches upon it ; he had, also, carefully combed his long white hair, and beard ; and, now, as he sat back in his chair, in the mellow light of the wax candles, his wrinkles did not show so much, and he did not look as old as he did when he was toiling along the dusty pathway ; moreover, he was not suffering with pain as he had been then. Phil. could plainly see that he must once have been a very fine, noble-looking man. He was good, and noble-looking now, despite his age.

"Before I commence my story," said the old man, "we will have a glass of this fine old wine."

He uncorked the bottle, and filled two of the very small glasses.

"A little wine is good for the aged," he said ; "and it will not be amiss with you, after your long walk up the mountain side."

The old man drank his wine, wiped his lips, and then commenced his story.

"Boy; I doubt not you are surprised at seeing these fine things in the old hermit's cave; but they are the relics of better days. Better days, did I say? Perhaps some might call them better, but, after all is said, and strange as it may seem to you, Philip, these are my best days; and I am happier now than I ever was before, in my long life of eighty years."

Philip opened wide his round boyish eyes, in astonishment.

"You look as though you did not believe me," said the old man; "but it is true; and yet, in my past life, I have possessed all that *this* world can give. I have had vast wealth, a titled name, fame, honor, and I have also been talented above most men. I have had a wife, and beautiful children. My wife was very handsome; a lady born and bred. I have been a great traveller: have visited every part of the habitable globe; and yet, boy, you now see all that remains to me from out the dead past, and I would not recall one hour of it if I could. I would not smooth out one wrinkle from this old face. I would not straighten, or make plump, this bent and withered form."

The old man's blue eyes glowed with a strange fire, as he looked at the boy.

"Philip; my father was an English Lord.

I was his eldest son, and at his death inherited his vast estates and title. I had a lovely sister, and younger brother; but my sister died in her youth: my mother did not long survive her, and my father died just before I reached my thirtieth year. Now comes the singular part of my story.

"My brother was but two years younger than myself. We both fell madly in love with the same young lady. My brother proposed first, but was rejected; although the young lady told him that she loved him, and no other, yet, when I proposed, she accepted me; as I afterwards discovered, when too late, solely because I inherited the title and estates: still my brother's portion was a very large one, enough to have satisfied almost any woman, yet this woman sacrificed her love on the altar of her ambition.

"We were married. My brother became insane, and we were obliged to put him into a private asylum for the insane, and now, under the shadow of this great sorrow, I commenced my wedded life with the woman who did not love me—the woman who had wrecked my only brother. If my wife had ever loved my brother, she made no sign, but entered into her new life with great zest: she lived entirely for the world, and my vast wealth enabled her to have all the world could give. To

shine as a great lady, to be called exceedingly beautiful, to dress in the most costly fabrics, and have her garments made in the extreme of fashion ; to give sumptuous dinners, balls, and parties ; to have the finest box at the opera ; to wear the most costly jewels : these things, and everything pertaining to a gay and fashionable life, absorbed her mind to the exclusion of all things else.

“ To be sure, we had the most expensive pew in the finest church in the county in which my estates were ; but my wife’s thoughts seemed to go no farther than the style of our elegant turn-out, the beauty of her dress, and to carry the most costly fan and prayer-book ; to be seen and admired as the great lady. She was very handsome, and carried herself like a queen. She always treated me politely, but something as one might treat a necessary evil ; she treated me, in fact, precisely as she felt. I was the rock on which she stepped into fame, and she placed her feet upon me accordingly. I always felt, when in her presence, that she would like to kick the stepping-stone away.

“ I lived with this woman for ten long weary years, and then children were born, two girls and a boy. During all those years, I was a wretched, loveless, lonely man ; more alone, even than as though I had no wife, for I was

bound to her by the law, and therefore could not seek love where it might have been found. My wife never seemed to give me any thought whatever, excepting as she might have thought of her banker, and our souls were as far removed from each other as the antipodes. I scarcely ever saw my children, for my wife had good servants, and her orders were strictly obeyed.

“The children were kept in the nursery until old enough to have tutors, music-masters, and governesses; every hour of their time was strictly mapped out, for my wife did not wish to be annoyed with their presence, and she seldom saw them herself: she gave to them no more love than she gave to me. I have said that my wife was very beautiful, but as she grew older her beauty became severely brilliant. She had large, flashing, black eyes, an aquiline nose, rather high, narrow forehead, small mouth, with scarlet lips set firmly together, prominent, well-formed chin, long, serpentine neck, tall, slender figure, and there was as much character expressed in her hands as in the rest of her personality: they were long and slender, with rather bony fingers, that looked as though they wanted to be continually grasping at something, and, if anything were once clutched by them, it would not be easy to get away.

"I was not like many other men: I could not find my happiness in the gay world of fashion. My title sat easily upon me, and I thought very little about it; my father had always borne it, and I had looked upon it as a matter of course. Riches had always been mine. I knew nothing outside of them, and I had received a fine education. I cannot say that I excelled in any particular branch of study, except music. Music was the one grand passion within my soul; but my wife cared nothing for music; in fact, she abhorred it; therefore, my music-room was situated in a very remote wing of the building, and here I spent the most of my time. I became almost a recluse, and, it may be, somewhat of a dreamer. I vented all my grief and disappointment, all my aspirations and hope of a future life, through my music: the piano and violin were my favorite instruments, and I would wail forth my grief and agony of soul, on my violin; but, when grander, more noble thoughts were mine, then, my piano was brought into requisition.

"My eldest daughter was like her mother in form, feature, and disposition; my second daughter was a creature of different mould. As a child she was a little, ethereal, fairy-like being, with flaxen curls and bright blue eyes: her movements were soft, gentle, and

extremely graceful; she was as shy as a fawn, which she reminded me of, whenever I looked at her. I did not see much of her until she was about ten years of age; then, I became better acquainted with my own child. It happened in this wise. My life had become so unendurable to me—my soul so filled with despair and loveless loneliness—it amounted to an agony, and the only relief I found was to wail it forth on my loved violin. I improvised as I played, or, rather, my soul talked through my violin.

“I had been wailing thus for an hour, or more, one morning, when, glancing through the half-open door, I discovered my little daughter, listening to me intently, the tears rolling down her pale cheeks.

“‘Papa,’ she whispered, ‘may I come in?’

“‘Yes; Allie,’ I replied. ‘Come and kiss papa.’

“She came up to me timidly, threw her little arms about my neck, laid her wet cheek against my face, but did not kiss me.

“‘Allie,’ I said, ‘have you not a kiss for papa?’

“She took my face in her two little hands, and kissed it all over from brow to chin, even my neck, wherever she could find a spot, then she took each separate hand and treated them in the same manner, her childish tears raining

over them at the same time. I took the dainty little creature in my arms, and seated myself in a large easy chair.

"‘Papa,’ said Allie, ‘I know just how you feel,’ and she laid her little hand on her heart, ‘and I feel just as you do.’

"‘How can you know, dear, just how I feel. I have never told you.’

"‘No; but you tell me with your violin,’ she replied. ‘You feel just as I do when mama and Bernice look at me so haughtily, and tell me, I shall never be of any account; that I have no ambition or pride, and that I shall only fill the place of a mouse in society. Bernice never speaks kindly to me, and is constantly telling me she is born to shine. Papa, I want to come here, and live in this room with you. I do not care to shine like Bernice. Papa, I want to be loved, and I want to love you. Will you let me, darling papa? Mama and Bernice do not care for my love, and baby Philip is always with the nurse, and I am not allowed to see him often.’

"The child nestled close to my heart, little sobbing sighs escaping her. I pressed the little form convulsively in my arms, as I answered:

"‘Yes, Allie; if we can gain the consent of mama, you shall stay here with me during all the hours that you are not at study or asleep.’

"Just then, Allie's governess rapped on the open door, and entered the room at my bidding.

"'Miss Allie,' said she, 'you must come with me. It is my lady's order ; and Lady Carlisle must be obeyed,' she added, with a furtive glance at me.

"'Go, now, little daughter,' I said, 'and I will see if we can gain mama's consent, to have you remain with me as much as possible.'

"I did not care to face Lady Carlisle, and directly ask the favor ; for my experience in the past had taught me it would be both useless and humiliating : so, I wrote her a polite and formal note, requesting that the child be permitted to remain with me as much as possible. This note I gave to the governess, to be given to Lady Carlisle, which she did, and shortly afterward returned with the answer. My lady's note was cold, formal and polite. In it she said, 'She could not allow any interference with the education and management of Allie : it would be a great injury to the child, and could not possibly be of any especial benefit to me,' and I did not see Allie again for more than a week.

"My life had now become so utterly wretched, that I grew desperate and reckless. I became morbid, and think I should have become insane, like my poor brother ; but, there descended a heavenly hand to save me.

"My sleeping apartment joined this music room, and one night as I lay, wretched and sleepless, thinking of my loveless life and starvation of soul, hoping and praying that I might die before the morning light, there suddenly appeared a beautiful white hand, midway between my face and the ceiling. I could see nothing but the hand and delicate wrist—a beautiful white hand in mid-air—that was all. If there had been an entire form it would have frightened me, but this delicate hand calmed and soothed me without causing fear. I watched it, with eager curiosity, as it slowly descended: it moved gently toward my own hand that lay out upon the white silken quilt, and as the fingers softly grasped mine, they sent delightfully-thrilling sensations through all my frame.

"As the hand grasped my own, it rose gradually to its former position in the air, drawing my hand upward, until my arm was extended to its full length. I thought I must be asleep and dreaming, or had become a little dazed: perhaps it was an optical delusion, or hallucination of the mind, and I tried to forcibly pull my hand away from the grasp of the spectral hand. But, ethereal and dainty as the hand was, it had more power within it than all my strength, for I could not withdraw my hand, try as hard as I might.

"A strange feeling of awe crept over me when I found its power so much greater than my own, and so I allowed my hand to rest passively within that of the hand, which, apparently, had no body attached to it; and just when I had become perfectly passive and receptive, a voice, sweeter than an æolian harp, softly sounded through the room.

"'Peter,' it said, 'leave this place. Go forth, and take little Allie with you! Travel, travel! it is your only earthly hope! Lord Carlisle, it is the voice of your mother that bids you go, your mother long since an angel, but your woe hath reached mine ear. A mother cannot be deaf to her child's cry, no matter if eternity roll between his soul and hers. Go forth, my dear boy, and take Allie with you. Your son and heir will be left to take your place at home. Make your home, with Allie, in foreign lands, or upon the sea; and life and hope shall again spring up within your soul.'

"The voice ceased; the hand melted away within my grasp, and I lay quiet, and comforted, like a child that had been nourished at its mother's breast. The next morning all things seemed changed to me, and life held a new meaning. Vast wealth was mine: why should I not do as the voice of my mother, for I knew it was her voice, had

bidden me. A firmness of purpose filled me, and I made arrangements for my departure. No one would object to *my* going ; but with Allie it might be different. I wrote my lady another polite note, stating my intention to travel for a year or two ; saying I should like to have Allie with me, if agreeable to her. Allie's nurse and governess could go with her, if needful.

"Strange as it may seem to you, boy, my lady consented without offering a single remonstrance, and, in the course of a week, Allie and I were on board a fast sailing ship, bound for China. It had now become my settled purpose to visit every part of the habitable globe. I would not return home again for at least five years.

"Allie was my companion everywhere, and her affection solaced my heart. My mind was interested in all I saw in foreign lands, and I became more like my former self.

"At the end of five years, Allie was a slender girl of fifteen : she looked more like an angel than she did like a human being. She had large, starry blue eyes ; her hair lay in golden masses over her shoulders ; her clear complexion was pale, almost to transparency ; she was light, airy and graceful, and I often thought, when looking at her, there would not be much to lay aside when she became an angel.

"We returned home. Baby Philip was now a boy of six. Bernice was a handsome, haughty young lady of seventeen. My wife had changed but little, excepting she was more punctilious in all she said or did, and the servants were all disciplined like so many soldiers. Truly, she was born to command. She greeted our return with the most fastidious politeness. She gave me her hand, and kissed Allie on the cheek, but her manner was cold, and devoid of all affection. I had not been in the house over night, when I was eager to get away again, and, in less than a week, Allie and I were off once more: she was as glad to get away as I was. This time we visited America. We stopped for a season at all the principal cities in New England, and then went West; five years more we spent in California, and some of the larger Western cities; at the end of that time we again returned home.

"Philip was now a boy of eleven. Bernice had married a count, and was living in a distant part of England, so we did not see her.

"Allie was now a beautiful young lady of twenty, but was still frail, and exceedingly delicate. Lady Carlisle had changed more than I expected to find her: her beauty had nearly all fled; she had grown thin and

angular ; her cheeks had sunken ; her eyes were unnaturally large, and wore a fierce look : her hooked nose was more prominent than ever ; her lips had shrunk until her mouth was a hard straight line ; her black hair had become coarse and streaked with grey, and her hands resembled the claws of a falcon. She seemed to have lost her former politeness, and greeted us in the most disdainful manner ; asking us why we came at all, as she could get along very well without us ? ”

“ I found the boy, Philip, to be a bright lad, but he looked on me as he would a stranger. This time, Allie and I remained at home for a year.

“ Lady Carlisle’s one great law, now, was punctiliousness : she lived and managed her household according to a set of fixed rules, fiercely enforced, and it was said of her that she never turned around, or took a step, except it were according to strict rule. To remain in her presence for ten minutes was nearly unbearable, her manners and speech were so punctilious and fierce.

“ Allie’s apartments were in a wing of the house corresponding to mine. We had our meals served in that part of the house, for Lady Carlisle so ordered it, and we did not meet her often. We visited Bernice once during this time, and found her very much as

her mother had been the first year of our wedded life.

"After the expiration of nearly a year of this kind of life, Allie prevailed upon me to travel once more: she was fearful that I would become morbid again. So we had those two stout oaken chests made, and bound with iron; for Allie wanted to carry many things with us that had become dear to her. This beautiful china she painted with her own hands; this silver service belonged to her, as well as the table-linen; this elegant wine-set she purchased, and gave to me as a birthday present. Boy, all the things within these chests once belonged to Allie! But she has been an angel for more than twenty years!

"When I returned home again, at the end of another five years, I was alone! Allie, the only being on earth whom I loved, or who loved me, had gone up higher!

"My boy was now at Eton; Bernice was absorbed in fashionable life; my insane brother was dead, and Lady Carlisle had become a fierce termagant; so fierce, that even Bernice, her favourite, could not remain but a short time in her presence.

"I now thought of remaining within my own ancestral halls, and have an eye to the superintending of my son's education, for he was the sole heir to the title and estates;

but Lady Carlisle kept the whole house in such fear and trembling that it was horrible to remain in it. Her hair had become exceedingly coarse, and was the color of a grizzly bear. She had not lost her front teeth, but they had become so long and yellow, they gave her somewhat the look of a hyena. Her thin upper lip was now drawn upward, not being able to cover the teeth: her high narrow forehead was drawn into a fierce scowl of wrinkles, which could not be smoothed out: her eyes were more prominent than ever, and glittered like those of a wild beast: her form was bent, and withered: her voice was shrill and sharp, almost a scream: she carried a gold-headed cane with which she often belabored some unlucky servant: she was but fifty-three years of age, yet she appeared an old hag instead of a lady. As her youth and beauty gradually faded there was nothing to take their place—no beauty or loveliness of soul—and so she gradually became what she was. Her shrill voice was often heard through corridor and stairway, until every heart in the house quailed in dread.

“I managed to remain at home, this time, for about five years, living by myself in my old rooms in the eastern wing.

“Philip graduated, and came home. He was now a young man of twenty-one, and he

did not resemble either of the girls, but was something between the two. He had large, brown eyes, not black ; he had brown, curling hair ; his form was manly, his nose a little like his mother's, but not in the same degree. He hated his mother, and would never see her, if he could help it. He did not seem to feel very much acquainted with me : he told me he did not wish to live at home, but would remain at a hotel in London, which he much preferred, as he liked gay company. I settled an annuity upon him, and he went his own way : he scarcely ever came home, and when he did, it was for the shortest possible time.

"This state of things went on until my life became a horror to me. Wealth and title were to me as the merest rags ; my home was a hell, deeper and blacker than midnight, but love could have made of it a heavenly paradise, for it was a most beautiful estate—a garnished hell. I often felt like gnashing my teeth, and beating my head against the wall : the fires of my misery consumed my spirit. Oh ! it was a hell, kept by a she hyena ! My piano and violin could not comfort me : I played mad, wild music on one, and weird, devilish airs on the other. I had become nearly insane once more, when something happened.

"I was sitting, at twilight, in the very chair

wherein I sat when little Allie of ten came in so timidly at the half-open door, saying, she knew just how I felt: my music had told her—when, as I looked toward the door, there again stood Allie; but this time it was not the child of ten, but the full-grown and gentle spirit.

“Boy; words of mine would fail to tell you how beautiful she was: the imagination can hardly conceive of it. She came toward me, her heavenly countenance wreathed in smiles; her arms outstretched. She threw her arms about me, her cool soft cheek touched my own, and she whispered:

“‘Papa, darling papa! It is Allie come to comfort you. I am not dead, dear father, only not visible to your mortal sight; but, see! I am able to show myself to you to-night. Father, pack all my pretty things in the old oaken chests, and leave this place for ever. Take many thousands with you, and do not return. Let them think you are dead. Philip will inherit: he is young, and is not obliged to live here. Go, go, dearest father,’ and Allie melted away like a misty cloud, but her words still kept ringing: ‘Go, dear father, go!’ and I went, packing the old oaken chests with Allie’s treasures, and taking them with me wherever I went.

“Boy; I was reported ‘lost at sea,’ and

Philip came into his inheritance. I never went back: I travelled, until the many thousands which I took with me were nearly spent, and then, tired and sick of the world, I found this quiet spot, to live out the remnant of my days, and die in. This cave has been a heaven to me, compared with that beautiful ancestral home across the sea: but, it is strange, very strange, that your name is Philip Carlisle!"

The old man raised his hand to his brow.

"A thought strikes me," he said. "Perhaps it may be true; but, Philip, you shall make your own fortunes."



CHAPTER VII.

THE APPARITION.

THE candles had nearly burned to their sockets, and Phil's eyes looked sleepy, yet, he had been greatly interested in the old man's story. The old man refilled their glasses, and, when they had emptied them, he took a bear-skin, and threw it down near the fire; then, bidding the boy lie upon that, he spread the old white rug over him, and tired Phil. was fast asleep before the old man had time to prepare, and go to his own couch.

The sun was streaming in, at the fissure in the rock, before Phil. awoke. He jumped up, rubbed his eyes, and glanced about him surprisedly; his sleep had been so sound, he had forgotten where he was; but the sun, striking the bright silver on the table, brought him back to his senses. He looked toward the old man's couch, but he was not there.

Phil. ran out of the cave, and found the old man bathing his face and hands at the spring.

"Good morning, my boy!" said the old man, cheerily. "Come hither, and follow my example."

Phil. splashed in the cool water until he was as fresh and sparkling as all nature about him.

"Now," said the old man, I will prepare a little coffee for our breakfast; in the meanwhile you may feed my chickens, if you will."

The boy obeyed with alacrity, and then joined the old man at breakfast. When it was over, Phil. helped the old man to wash, and store in the old oaken chests the much-prized keepsakes, that spoke of angel Allie. When this was done, the old man took from its case, a much-worn, extremely-old, but very fine and valuable violin.

"We will go forth into my arbor, and you shall hear me play."

The old man then led the way, out among the tall dark pine trees, where some wild vines, by a little skilful training, had formed a natural and very beautiful arbor. Some restful seats had been arranged within it. The old man took one, and motioned Phil. to the other.

"Boy," said he, "you have been talking about earning barrels of money for Morna. That kind of talk is all well enough for a boy, but the question is, how do you intend to earn those same barrels of money? Have you earned much money, thus far?"

"Not much," answered Phil., "I am only

twelve years old, and I did not think about earning money, until Morna Haven's deep eyes put it into my head: but I will earn barrels of money!" said the boy, clinching his hands in his earnestness.

"You have not answered my question yet—How you intend to earn it? What kind of business in life do you think of following? The people with whom you live are very poor; you will be obliged to strike out into something for yourself. You must make up your mind what kind of business you wish to follow, and then follow it to the death," said the old man.

"Mrs. Howard would like to have me go to sea," said Phil, "but I could be nothing but a cabin-boy, and I wish to do something greater than that. I have heard Morna Haven sing like a lark. I wish I might be a musician," and he glanced at the old violin.

"It will take years of hard study, and constant practise," replied the old man. "Do you think you have the patience and perseverance necessary to become a great virtuoso? for unless you are great, you will never earn much money at it. You must put your whole soul into whatever you undertake, and never waver, or turn aside from your purpose."

"I think I have," replied Phil, "and, when I find myself wavering, or growing tired, I will

think of Morna, and that will give me courage and strength."

The boy looked as firm and courageous as a young lion. Young Phil. had something of the lion in his make-up. The old man observed the boy more narrowly than he had done heretofore—observed his large, finely formed head, with its wealth of curling brown hair, a tinge of gold running through it; his full, handsome, courageous blue eyes; his noble cast of features; his frank, generous, manly expression; his finely cut, sensitive lips; his symetrically rounded form; he glanced at his hands; for the hand is sometimes more expressive of character, even, than the face. The longer the old man gazed at Phil's hands, the more curious he became, and at length they seemed to hold a sort of fascination for him. The boy's hands were peculiar and remarkable. It was very odd to see such hands on a common village boy, who must be constantly subjecting them to rough usage; really, it was most surprising! Phil's hands were models for the sculptor's finest art; they were as white as milk, soft and plump as a cherub's, strong and supple, most daintily and elegantly formed; the fingers tapered down to the very acme of an artistic point, and he had a way of using his hands and fingers that reminded one of some high

artistic thing, not of earth, but more like a God.

"Philip Carlisle," said the old man, solemnly, still gazing at the boy's hands, "where did you get those hands? They are the same hands, but more beautiful and perfect, that have descended down through my family for generations. How often I have heard my father tell where the Lords of Carlisle obtained that peculiar artistic mould of hand: it was from a progenitor who played the harp; one of the greatest harp players, so said my father, that ever lived. Philip, his hand lives again in thine, for I have the hand of that progenitor sculptured in marble. It was Allie's whim to pack it in the oaken chest, for it was a family heir-loom. My wife cared nothing for it, and, but for Allie, it would have been destroyed; wait here, my boy, while I go and get it."

The old man soon returned with the marble hand, wrapped in an exceedingly valuable piece of canton crape; he drew forth the hand, and placed it on a small table that stood within the arbor.

"Now boy," said he, "put your hand down by the side of this, and let us see how they compare."

Phil. did as the old man bade him, and if the marble hand had been flesh, the two might

have belonged to the same person, excepting that the marble hand was a size or two the largest; but the moulding of the hands was precisely the same. The old man put his hand to his forehead, in a thoughtful mood.

"Philip," he said, "you belong to the same race from which this hand sprung; of this I am convinced; you certainly must be my relative, and I claim you. Will you give up the Howards, and come here and live with me?"

"I will give up the Howards, if they will give me up," replied Phil.; "and I should like no better fun than to come here and live with you; but, I will not give up Morna; not even if the whole world were offered me!"

"You shall not give her up," said the old man, "but, listen," and he raised the violin to his shoulder and commenced to play. He was old, but the music which he brought forth fired his sluggish blood, and his soul shone forth until Philip forgot all about his old, withered, misshapen body, and felt as though he were gazing on a god-like angel. The old man played on, and the old violin whispered, sighed, told tales of love, disappointment and grief; told tales of heavenly harmony, of hope, of courage, of victory; shouted forth anthems of joyful praise, again sinking to the soft whispering of an æolian harp. Phil. was enraptured. He sat with eyes upturned,

forgetting all else in the heavenly harmony. The birds were singing their sweet morning songs; a gentle breeze sighed through the needles of the pines, and flecks of golden sunlight lay all about the old man and the boy. The old man was now playing his sweetest and softest: the violin seemed to sigh forth, "Allie: angel Allie!" when a strange thing occurred. Phil's eyes opened wide in astonishment; for there, just back of the old man, stood a pale, shadowy form.

Phil. was conscious that he could see directly through the form; it was as though he were looking through a misty white cloud, but the cloud was in the form of a lovely woman. The beautiful transparent arms were thrown about the old man's neck, but the exquisite eyes were looking straight into those of Phil.; the waves of beautiful golden hair hung down over the old man's head and face like a veil; he did not seem to be conscious of the presence, and so Phil. said nothing, but thought he would observe it closely.

Phil. could not say that he actually heard this shadowy form speak, and yet he seemed to understand what it said when it moved its beautiful lips.

"Philip," said the angel visitant, "stay with my father, and he will teach you music. The harpist of old was your prototype; you shall

even become greater than he was. Stay with my dear father and learn music; let him not be without love, care, and youthful presence in his last days on earth. His earth life has been a long and wearisome journey, filled with bitter grief and disappointment. Stay with him, Philip!"

The old man ceased playing. The shadowy form vanished, and young Phil. rose to his feet:

"Grandpa," said he, "I will return to the village and to the Howards, but I will come to you again before the sun sets."

"Even so, Philip!" said the old man. "Go, and come again by the setting of the sun."

Philip shook the old withered hand, and kissed the white hair, and then ran nimbly down the mountain path, leaving the old horse to graze in peace, in his quiet mountain heaven—at least, the meadow was heaven to the old half-starved horse.

The old man sat for some time longer in deep meditation.

"Strange, strange!" he muttered. "I can't make out just who this boy may be; but, kith and kin of mine, he surely is!"



CHAPTER VIII.

PHIL'S GARRET.

PHILIP, when alone, was a very different being from the Phil. before others; and, now, as he ran down the mountain path, it is well to take a peep at him, and see him as he was when by himself. The boy was not at all like other boys, but a very remarkable specimen of childhood. As we look at him now, we might possibly think him insane or foolish; in fact, one would hardly know what to think, but would gaze at him in utter astonishment. His head was thrown back, his large blue eyes were rolled upward toward the blue vault above him, and he was whistling with all his might, his curly head rolling from side to side, his beautiful white hands waving and beating the air in time to his music; for, music it was of the very highest conception, although whistled through the fresh young lips of this child; but his hands expressed even more music than his lips. He whistled every air that the old man had played, without forgetting or omitting a note. He even improved the rendering of many passages, for the old man's

hands were weakened, and stiffened with age. He put his hands in position as though he were holding a violin, and then moved them as though he were playing the most exquisite airs, while he whistled them.

When he had whistled, perfectly, all the music that he could remember of having heard, the *repertoire* was not very extensive, for he had never been out of this rather primitive, small village, he began to improvise music of his own: he would turn his eyes upward, as though listening intently, for a short time, and then break forth like a bird: no one that did not hear him could believe that such really great, and perfect, music could be whistled through boyish lips.

As he ran lightly down the path, his motions in time with his music, he looked like a young god, or the impersonation of music as it descended from the angelic spheres; and yet, the boy's thoughts were really with Morna Haven. He did not stop his motions, or whistling, until he came in sight of the village, then, he ceased, and walked along like any other lad of his age, but his quick blue eyes were alert and observant; nothing escaped them. He went directly to the little cot, which he called home: it was situated on the outskirts of the village, near the river: it was a miserable little affair, not much more than a

shanty, and boasted but two apartments and a small loft above, with a rude ladder by which to reach it.

Phil's feet slackened their pace as he approached this, to him, distasteful home. Two ragged, dirty, unkempt little girls were making mud-pies in front of the house, and a cross, half-starved old dog lay on the door-steps, blinking his blind eyes in the sun. Loud, angry, disputant voices could be heard issuing from the open window—a shrill, querulous voice of a woman, and the gruff, half-drunken tones of a brutal man.

The little girls started up as Phil drew near, and ran toward him gleefully; the old dog drew himself up with difficulty, pricked up his ears, and dragged himself forward, wagging his tail slowly from side to side, manifesting as much joy as his dilapidated condition would permit.

A mop, pail and broom stood by the door-steps; old bones, dirty puddles, and refuse of various kinds lay all around; squallor and filth everywhere.

The two little girls ran up, and began to pull at Phil's hands, crying:

"Did you fetch us candy from the store?" eagerly thrusting their dirty little fingers into his pockets.

These little girls were crude specimens

of humanity. Their hair, which had been bleached tow-white in the sun, hung in tangled masses around their heads and over their eyes; they both appeared to squint, from looking through the tangles, continually: they had snub noses, were frightfully freckled, and cutting their second teeth, which left their mouths in rather an imperfect state.

"I have no candy for you, to-day," said Phil, "and have not come from the store; so, go back to your play."

He patted the weary old dog on the head.

"Go, lie down in the sun, Ned," he said, "and let it warm up your old bones. But, tell me, Mag, who is the man I hear talking in the house?"

"Oh, it's father!" answered the eldest of the girls. "He got home sometime in the night. We don't want to go in the house at all, till he goes away again. Do we, Sue?"

"No," replied Sue, shaking her tangled hair. "We will run away when we see him come out."

Phil. lifted a wooden latch, and entered the house, or, the main room in it, for the outer door led directly into the room.

A tall, thin, slatternly, hard-worked woman stood in the middle of the room, her hands on her hips, her red hair very loosely confined at the back of her head, with straggling ends

straying about her face and neck, her forehead drawn into a discontented, complaining scowl; her pointed nose, high cheek bones, and dirty uneven teeth, all making a disagreeable picture.

Her voice was raised in shrill altercation, and Phil. heard his own name mentioned.

A bloated, swaggering, red-faced man sat tilted back, against the broken plastering, in a rickety, wooden-bottomed chair, the stump of a dirty pipe in his mouth, from which issued the smoke of exceedingly vile tobacco. He was dressed in coarse sailor attire, an old tarpauling hat and coat thrown on the dirty floor by his side. He was about "half seas over"; as the sailors have it. His coarse hair and beard were grizzled; his lips were thick and sensual, his forehead wrinkled and villainous; there lingered about him a sort of bull-dog strength and tenacity, although somewhat shaky and shattered by strong drink.

"Go with me now, Han.," he was saying, as Phil. crept softly across the room, and took a seat, silently. "Go with me now, or it's the last time you'll ever see me. I'll never come to this cursed hole agin. You're my wife now, but this is your last chance. Take the little gals, an' come along. The old ship sails at sundown. You've got no more'n time to git ready. Let Phil. and the old dog hev this

shanty ; you will be comforterble on board the ship, an kin help me wi' the cooking. In course, I don't expect you to do it all, for you will hev to clean the Captain and fust mate's state rooms ; but that aint much : you 'll jest hev a good easy time on't. Say yes, old gal, an' we're off."

"I wouldn't mind it so much," said Hannah, querulously, "if I could take Phil. along. You don't seem to hev any nat'ral feeling for that boy, at all."

"Why should I?" quoth Ben., with a leer at Phil. "I don't know why I shud be in duty bound to care for every castaway that I meet. I would hev thrown the brat back into the sea ef you hadn't tuk on so. What's the boy ter you nor me, I'd like ter know? We've tuk care on him long enough, a'ready, I shud think. Let him shift for hiself; that's what I say!" and taking the pipe from between his lips, he ejected a dirty stream, from his mouth, half way across the room, with a loud noise peculiar to the same action in others of his kind.

"Well," said Hannah, shrilly, with a sniff; "it's all well enough for you to talk that way; but a boy that I've worked for, an' nussed at my breast, it's not so easy to part with. To be sure he's getting growed up, and I make no doubt but he'll take care on hiself about as

well as I kin take care on him: still, Ben., I don't like to leave him; I don't see why he can't go along, too."

"The Cap'en don't want him! I tell yer!" shouted Ben., with an oath. "I telled him we had a pulin' boy as we'd picked up some'ars, thet supposed you'd want along, and he sed, 'he'd be —— ef he'd hev him! She kin bring the little gals, ef she wants to,' that's his very wcrds, 'but, I'll be —— ef I hev a sass-box boy aboard this ship! I've hed trouble enough with boys, and not another one steps his foot on board while I'm master!' Now, Han., you jest go an' pack up what things yer need, an' leave ther boy where he is."

"Phil.," said the woman, turning to the boy, "you hear what Ben. says? Do you think you could git along without us?"

"Would it be easier for you, mother?" asked the boy. "Do you want to go with Mr. Howard?"

"Well, I am gitting tired of this shanty, and hard cleanin' an' workin' for to git a livin' for me an' the children. Ben. says he'll never do any more for us while we stay here, and I think it would be better for us to go. But, Phil., it's hard to leave you."

"Oh; never mind me," said the boy, "I shall get along very well. I am nearly a man, and I have been thinking, for sometime past,

that I ought not to burden you, longer, with my support. You know, mother, I have earned all I could for the last year."

"An' bought an old hoss, that shud hev been knocked in the head, with yer arnin's!" shouted Ben. O; I 've hearn about ye! Smart kind of a man you 'll make, spendin' yer money in old hosses, an' sich like, instid of givin' it ter yer poor marm, that nussed yer at her breast."

Phil. raised his eyes to the man's brutal face; they glowed and sparkled with suppressed fire; he clenched his beautiful white hands, and set his teeth hard together.

"If you were a boy, like me," said he, "I would knock you down."

"You'd knock me down, would yer? yer dirty young raskil!"

Ben. jumped to his feet, and made for the boy; but Hannah interposed her body between Phil. and her half-drunken husband; then, she pushed the boy into the adjoining room, closed the door upon him, and stood holding it together. The man and wife wrangled for some time longer, and then his drunken, clumsy step was heard as he left the house. The woman opened the door, and called to Phil.:

"Phillie," said she, "I am sorry, but I shall hev to leave you. Do the best you can, my

boy. The people in the village won't let you suffer. Ben.'s just gone to the store, to git a glass of liquor, and I must be all ready when he gits back."

She hugged and kissed Phil., dropping a few tears upon him.

"You hev been a good boy to me, and hev gin me a good deal of money, but you aint old enough to earn a livin' for us all. Be good to old Ned. You kin hev him killed if you want to. He eats a good deal, if he is old. Good bye, Phil., I must pack my things now."

She wiped her eyes, and set about packing up the few clothes that she and the little girls possessed. Phil., in the meantime, climbed the rough ladder that led to the loft. This was the only sleeping apartment the boy could boast. A kind of desolate sorrow wailed at his heart, and he threw himself on his straw couch.

This loft was the only clean, orderly place about the premises, it was even exquisitely neat ; it was a small, rough garret, unfinished, unplastered, with one sash of glass that opened by a hinge at one end of the little room. The floor was of rough, unplained boards, and the bare brick chimney ran up through the middle of the place ; but the room belonged to Phil., and Phil. was in every part of it.

A small, low, unpainted bedstead was in one

corner ; Phil. had worked for somebody in the village, and taken it for his pay, whose children had grown and she wanted it no longer ; it was made up with a clean straw mattress, covered with a very pretty patched quilt, clean white pillow cases and sheets. A little table stood on the other side of the window, covered with a white towel, and pens, ink and paper lay upon it, besides, quite a large, japanned tin box, that had once been in Mr. Hamelton's store, packed with tea ; but, Phil. had bought it, as he had everything else in the little garret, by doing errands and odd chores for the village people. An old flag-bottomed arm-chair stood near the table, and on the back of it was a beautiful tidy crotcheted by Morna Haven's little hands, and given to Phil. as a Christmas present. Phil. had pasted brown paper all over the rough floor, then he had purchased a home-made rug or two, and these were thrown down where most needed. His few clothes hung in a little curtained recess, and last, and best of all, a stand, wash-bowl and pitcher, the only ones in the house, and a pretty rack for towels, that Phil. had made with his pocket-knife and stained with some water-colored paints : a little book-case, which he had made and stained in the same way, held his school-books, and a few others that had been given

him, at various times, by teachers and scholars : around, on the rough beams, were tacked pictures of all descriptions ; but every picture there, was some beautiful or graceful design ; a few of them, Phil. had painted himself, with his water-colors ; but, after all, painting was not Phil.'s particular gift : just over the table was tacked a drawing from Phil.'s own hand, and if he were not an artist, this, at least, was good, and one could see at a glance that it was a picture of Morna Haven, and represented her fairly.



CHAPTER IX.

HOMELESS PHIL.

PHIL. was too young, and full of activity and life, to give way long to sorrow: he arose from the bed, went to the table, and softly, almost reverently, opened the tin box. It had a little padlock and key; in it were a number of keepsakes and papers, and over the whole rested the faded daisy wreath.

The boy's eyes first looked at the drawing, and then at the wreath; and, once more, he was transformed into a singular prodigy. He rolled his eyes upward; he raised his beautiful hands; his lips moved; an inspired look settled upon his features, and, while it rested there, he looked more like a cherub or an inspired young god, than he did like a mortal boy.

He heard the voice of Mrs. Howard calling him: he softly closed the box, and locked it; then descended the ladder: she had her bonnet and shawl on, ready to start: the little girls were also ready, and Ben. could be seen, through the open door, coming rapidly toward the house.

"Good-bye, Phil.!" said Mrs. Howard, with another hug and kiss. "Be a good boy. I don't know if we shall ever see each other again. Kiss the girls, and—good-bye!"

She hastened out to meet her husband, the little girls ran after, and Phil. was left completely orphaned, and alone, to make his way in life as best he could. He was saddled with an old horse, and a blind old dog: these were his inheritance.

When the Howards were well out of sight, young Philip sat down and looked about him. The house, if it could be called one, he knew had been rented from Mr. Hamelton, who had a number of these wretched hovels that he rented to the poverty stricken portion of the village. Of course, Phil. knew he should have to vacate it, if the rent was not paid, and he was well aware the rent had not been paid for some time back. There was nothing in the two squallid rooms of any especial value: a cracked, rusty old cooking-stove that smoked fearfully; two or three rickety, wooden-bottomed chairs; an old table, loose in all its joints; a few broken and cracked dishes; and, in the inner room, a dirty squallid bed, an old wash-tub, and boiler; filth and disorder, everywhere.

Phil. drew a long mournful sigh. This had been his home since he could remember; how-

ever poor and mean it was, still, it had been home to the forlorn boy. He wiped a tear or two from his bright eyes, then he whistled; this brought, what he was not then thinking about, blind Ned. The poor old dog came in with difficulty, slowly wagging his tail, and laid his grey muzzle on the boy's knee, raising his sightless eyes to his face. Understanding that the boy was weeping, the dog tenderly lapped his hand. This was too much for the forlorn child; he threw his arms around the dog's neck, and sobbed bitterly: then his hopeful and elastic youth re-asserted itself, and he jumped to his feet.

"Neddy," he said, "you and I are both hungry: let us see if there is anything to eat."

He went to the cupboard, like poor Mother Hubbard, but bone there was none.

"Ned," said he, "I don't mind for myself, but you must have something to eat. I have got a shilling, or so, in my pocket: we will have a good dinner before we go to the mountain, for, I must take you along, poor old Ned!" and he started for Mr. Hamelton's store, humming, 'Poor Old Ned,' as he jingled the shillings in his pocket.

Mr. Hamelton kept the principal store in the village, and he owned considerable real estate: altogether, he was quite a rich man, and exceedingly aristocratic, and domineering,

in consequence. His education was very limited. He was bigoted, self-assertive, and looked on poverty, wherever he found it, as a crime. He was conceited to the last degree. He had a high retreating forehead, and the whole expression of the man, from top to toe, was one of supercilious conceit: but, he was a money-grabber, and he grabbed it from rich and poor alike. Sympathy for suffering of any kind he had none, and he would kick a helpless woman or child, as he would kick a helpless dog or cat. Philip entered the store: Mr. Hamelton was behind the counter.

"Oh, ho! Master Philip!" he exclaimed, pursing up his lips, and sticking his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat. "So, your folks have run away and left you, have they? owing me a nice little sum, too. I'll make you pay it though, my lad! See if I don't! Well, what do you want? Got any money? You'll not get anything here to-day, unless you plank the money down!"

Phil. took off his hat, and bowed politely to Mr. Hamelton; then, he said, in a very quiet voice, and with a little gentlemanly air that became him wonderfully:

"Mr. Hamelton, I am sorry that my mother is owing you. I have a few shillings in my pocket; which I will give you on account. I wish to purchase a few trifles, in the way of

food, for Ned's dinner and my own ; at the same time, I promise to pay you all the back rent that is due. I wish to retain the cottage for my own use. I will certainly pay you the rent, regularly, each month."

"Well, Phil.," said Mr. Hamelton, a little mollified ; "you're a pretty good boy, I know. Not a bit afraid of work, and when you say a thing, you mean it. The rent is only a matter of three dollars a month. Your ma' owes me for the last six months. I'll tell you what I'll do, boy ! You pay me four dollars a month, until the rent is even once more, and we will close the agreement."

"All right ! said Phil., I'll do it. I'll find a way to do it, Mr. Hamelton, as sure as I live !"

"Philip's manner always inspired confidence. Mr. Hamelton believed he would, and he carefully weighed out a pound of beef-steak, and a quarter of a pound of butter ; this, with a few potatoes, and a loaf of bread, Phil. gladly carried to his home. He cut more than half the steak, and gave it to Ned ; then, he built a fire, and cooked the small remaining slice, at the same time boiling the potatoes ; and, when he had cooked them to his satisfaction, he ate a good dinner of steak, potatoes, bread and butter, giving the remnants to the dog ; he then patted Ned on the head, saying :

"Ned, we have got a long climb up the

mountain, and it's nearly two o'clock: there will not be time to say much to Morna."

He then carefully closed the windows, with a sort of woeful proprietorship, and fastening the door, he chirped to the dog, and they started. He took the road that led by Morna Haven's house, the old dog limping after him; but the dog's unusual dinner of meat gave him strength and courage; he kept on bravely at Phil's heels: presently they came in sight of the house.

The house was a fine old-fashioned edifice, overlooking the river and valley. Phil's face flushed with joy; for, there, at the old well-sweep, stood Morna: she was reaching up, pulling down the sweep to fill the old oaken bucket; the moss-covered bucket; when, her quick eyes caught sight of Phil. Her pale cheeks became scarlet, her eyes brightened, but the long lashes drooped over them modestly.

"How do you do, Morna?" said Phil. "Let me draw up the bucket for you," and he quickly brought the full bucket to the well-curb, then he dexterously filled Morna's pail.

"I think I will take a drink, myself," he said, and suiting his actions to his words, he took a long draught from the cool dripping bucket; then he poured some in the trough for Ned: the dog lapped it eagerly.

Morna patted the old dog, and glanced shyly at Phil.

"I have come to say good-bye, for a week or so. Mrs. Howard has left me alone, and gone to sea with her husband. I am going to stay with the old hermit for awhile; and O Morna! I have much to tell you when I come again, but I can't stop now. Just shake hands and say good-bye! That's all; but you will never forget your promise, Morna; and I will never forget mine."

"I will never forget my promise," said Morna, with sweet solemnity. "Philip, perhaps I ought to say I am sorry for you; but, I am not. I have such faith in you, Phil., and think you can do such wonderful things that I feel more hopeful about you than sorry. I am sure Mrs. Howard was not a mother that one could wish to have. You have been earning your own living for a long time, Phil.; so you lose nothing in that way by her absence; and, after all, Phil., she is not your mother. I am sure that better blood than hers runs in your veins. Phil., dear, you will be a great man some day; yet, I don't know just how."

"Why do you think so, Morna?" asked Phil.

"I don't know," replied Morna. "I don't always know why I think things: something seems to whisper in my soul," and Morna placed her hand over her heart.

"Phil.!" and she raised her eyes upward; "you will live to be a great man: honor, title and riches will be yours: you will have a great gift, or talent, before which the world will bow down. You will own large estates, and have 'barrels of money'!" and Morna smiled as she repeated the words that Phil. had used on a former occasion.

"Why do you say all this, Morna?"

"I don't know," answered Morna: "something seems to say it for me, for it is nothing that I intended to say. Philip, in the day when all these things are yours, you will not forget me?"

"I will never forget you, Morna Haven," and the boy raised her hand to his lips, and kissed it fervently.

"Morna, in the day when these things are all mine, for I mean to conquer the world and get them, they shall all be yours; for, unless I could share them with you, they would be worthless to me, and I would not struggle to obtain them. Good-bye, Morna, my dearest! I must go now, but I will come again, in just a week."

"Are you going to take Ned with you?" asked Morna.

"Yes," replied Phil., "Ned would starve, if I did not."

"But, will the old hermit be able to feed you both?"

"I do not intend he shall feed either one of us," replied the boy. "I shall be able to get enough for both, and, perhaps, for the old hermit, too."

Morna looked the pride she felt in her brave little lover. She never doubted his ability to do as he said.

"I will never forget you, Phil.," she said, as she took his parting hand; and the boy was soon on his way up the mountain path.

He entered the cave of the hermit, just as the sun was disappearing behind gold and crimson clouds.

The old man started up, joyfully.

"So, you're back in time, my boy!" he exclaimed. "Ah! whose dog is this with you?"

"It is my dog, now," answered Phil. "The Howards are gone, and I am all, all alone in the world, now; but for you, and Ned, and the horse."

"Indeed!" said the old hermit. "That is well, boy; but you have not counted Morna Haven."

"She is an angel; but does not belong to me, yet," replied Phil. "I must wait for her, till I'm a man, and have barrels of money."

"She cares more for you than she does for honor, riches, or fame, if I understand her

rightly," said the old man. "Come, Phil., draw up the chair, for I have prepared supper, and enough for two."

Ned had already found the fire, and the bear-skin, and was comfortably dozing. The boy did as the old man bade him. The table was not laid in the bright silver, to-night, but with plain white ware, and brown linen cloth. There were a half-dozen boiled eggs, two broiled partridges, and slices of bread, which the old man had bought yesterday, together with a pot of the fragrant tea.

Phil. ate heartily, for he was a young growing lad; and when they had finished, enough of the partridge remained for Ned. Although it was June, the cave was cool enough to need a fire after sun-down, and so, as the dry brush crackled and sent up its flame, the old man and the boy drew up their chairs before it, with Ned on the bear-skin at their feet, and talked. Phil. told all that had happened to him during the day. The old man listened intently.

"Why do you wish to keep the cottage?" he asked. "Would you not rather live here with me?"

"Well," replied Phil.; "I don't think I care to be a hermit; and I mean to fix up the place, and take you down there to live with me this winter. This cave is all very well

now, but it must be rough and cold here in the winter."

"You are right," said the old man. "I have had rather a hard time the last two or three winters, for I grow more feeble and old each year. Yes, boy; it shall be as you say. I will leave this cave, and go with you, when the cold and snow come; but we will enjoy ourselves here while the summer lasts. I will teach you music, and, at the same time, how to make the mountain yield us a living. I don't think you understand much about either."

"No," said Phil., "I don't; and I am very eager and curious to learn both. It seems to me, now, that a person would starve, all alone on a mountain side, like this."

"Many people would," said the old man; "but not you or I. We can make this mountain yield us a fine support, and something over, while the summer lasts; and, I venture to say, you can easily pay the rent of the cottage, besides fixing it up, so that it will be very comfortable."

Phil. opened his boyish eyes, wonderingly.

"But the dog has monopolized your bed. I must prepare you another," continued the old man, and he glanced across the cave at a pile of dry moss. "I have spent the day in gathering that moss, with which to make

you a soft bed, and netted the partridges besides."

The old man found another bear-skin that he had stored away, and, with the white rug for a covering, Phil. had a soft and comfortable bed; and boy, man and dog were soon fast asleep.



CHAPTER X.

THE MOUNTAIN HOME.

THE next morning, Phil. was eager and curious to know how it was possible for one to gain a support on a lonely mountain side ; and, as soon as breakfast was over, he started out with the old man, to learn this wonderful art.

The old man took down from its place, a very fine rifle.

"This is the month of June," said he, "and there are no berries ripe, except strawberries. Boy ; you will have to work for a living here, as well as elsewhere, and you may find it pretty hard work at first, but it will be easier the more you get used to it : I wish we did not have to take the life of these creatures around us, but it is the way of this earth at the present time, although, for me that time is over, and but for you, my boy, I would never kill so much as an insect again. Your young life must be sustained : it is of greater value than that of the lower animals, and they must yield up their lives that you may live.

I am getting so near to the gates of Eternity, that I can see through them into the coming life, where death to no living thing can ever enter; but you are just entering in at the door of physical, material manhood, and must slay as you go. I fear my philosophy is wasted on your youthful brain; let us hasten on. Softly, now! Conceal yourself behind this clump of bushes, that we may cunningly take the life of a beautiful creature."

Phil. had scarcely obeyed the old man's orders, when, glancing across a little brook that ran within a few yards of them, he saw a beautiful deer, followed by its pretty mottled fawn, gracefully making its way down a little path that had been worn by itself and others of its kind, to the water to drink; and, when the mother stopped to quench her thirst, the pretty fawn began to quench its thirst at another fount, the full outstanding dugs of the mother's breast. Just at this moment the old man raised the rifle to his shoulder; crack, went the rifle; the deer threw its agonized head high in the air, quivered for a moment or two in every nerve, then fell over on its side, gave a tender dying look to its helpless pretty baby, from its beautiful eyes, and lay stark and still in death. The fawn was too young to know ought of fear, except as it followed the mother's lead, and stood ap-

parently astonished at the catastrophe, without understanding what had happened.

The old man and Phil. now crossed the brook. The old man produced a couple of knives from his girdle, and a cord; he gave one of the knives and the cord to Phil., saying:

"You may secure the fawn, and tie it to a tree, until we have skinned and cut up the deer."

He then, with his own knife, began to take off the warm furry covering with which nature had clothed this beautiful animal. Phil. went up to the fawn, and throwing his arms about its neck, buried his face against its soft side, and sobbed as though his young heart would break.

"Oh! you pretty little timid thing," he sobbed; "we have cruelly slain your mother, but I will take you home, and you shall be my pet."

"What will you give it for food?" quietly asked the old man. "Now that we have deprived it of its mother, it will soon be very hungry."

Phil. sobbed more bitterly than before; presently he brightened.

"Will it drink cow's milk?" he asked.

"I think it will," answered the old man, "but we have no cow, or milk."

"I will take it down to Morna: she will feed it with cow's milk; for Morna's father owns many cows," said Phil., with firm courage.

"You must hasten, then, so that you may get back in season to help me with the meat."

"I don't think I shall ever want to eat any of the meat," said the boy, a little sulkily. "I don't think I care to be a hermit much longer."

"But you want to learn music," said the old man, "and your life must be sustained."

"When we go to live in the cottage," replied the boy, "we shall not be obliged to shoot deer."

"What did you have for your dinner yesterday?" asked the old man.

"Oh! I had some nice beef-steak that I bought at the store."

"And a fine steer, or cow, was slaughtered the day before, that its flesh might be doled out to man for food; and the life of the steer, or cow, was worth more than that of the deer which we have slain. Now, hasten, boy, or we must kill the fawn."

"God forbid!" exclaimed the boy, and he raised his eyes and hands, after his own peculiar fashion. He untied the fawn, and started with it down the mountain path; it readily followed him as it had done its mother. He gave the fawn to Morna, with many

injunctions "to feed it well, and care for it kindly," and then, as they were standing behind a stack of new-mown hay, Morna, with pitiful eyes, and one arm thrown around the fawn's neck, Phil. shyly stole a kiss, and Morna's lips breathed a silent prayer, and then said:

"You will be a great man one day, Philip."

He again started up the mountain path, arriving at the cave long before sun-down. The old man had been able to fetch a portion of the deer to the cave.

"Philip," he said, "you may go and fetch the remainder of the deer, or prepare supper, just as you prefer."

"I will go and fetch the venison," replied Phil., with alacrity, "while you prepare the supper."

"Very well," said the old man, and Phil. was off like an arrow from a bow. When he returned with the remainder of the meat, the table was laid, the tea was drawn, and a smoking venison steak was ready to be served, with mushroom gravy and corn-cake, which the old man had deftly baked on a clean hot shovel. Young Philip was so hungry he thought it the best meal he had ever tasted. When it was over, and the cave put in order, the candles lighted, the brush-fire blazing and crackling on the hearth, the old man in his easy chair,

his grand head thrown back against the white fur rug, his rich, quaint old dressing-gown giving him an aristocratic appearance, he bade the boy fetch his loved violin, then some sheets of music from the bookcase, and after the old man had played a few fine airs, young Philip Carlisle received his first lesson in music—Philip Carlisle, whose name was destined to ring from meridian to zone—Philip Carlisle, one of the greatest virtuosos in music the world has ever known. We will not anticipate, however, but go on with our boy hero.

Young Philip was so infatuated with the music whilst the old man was playing, that he forgot everything else; his hands and eyes were raised, and he was swaying with the sweet strains like a young sapling in the breeze. When the old man laid the violin on the table, he caught it up as though he were able to perform more wonderful music than he had heard. Poor Philip! the music was in his soul, but his hands were yet untaught; he threw the violin down, and burst into tears.

"Teach me, teach me!" he cried, with terrible eagerness and impetuosity.

"Calm yourself, my Philip," said the old man, "and I will give you your first lesson."

He proceeded with great clearness and conciseness to do so; the boy did not need much

more than hints ; he drank it all in as a thirsty man does water from a fountain, and assimilated it as naturally. The boy would have remained at his lesson half the night, but the old man was weary, and he said :

“Go to bed, now, boy ; your youthful eyes must be kept bright.”

Old Ned rose up, from his warm bed, at the boy's call, to receive and give his good-night caress, and, shortly, all was silent within the cave, except the crackling of the embers and the breathing of three living creatures.

Philip had a singular dream. He thought he rose up in his bed, and looked around the cave. Ned and the old man were quietly sleeping ; when, all at once, the cave became as bright and light as the sun, and there were a number of beautiful angelic forms moving about within it : he recognised Allie, as she bent above her father ; but a lovely lady stood near him, a lady whom he could not remember of ever having seen, yet, somehow, she was familiar to him. Her golden hair hung in waving masses nearly to her feet ; her heavenly blue eyes were gazing directly into his own ; a sweet smile wreathed her soft lips ; the robe that enveloped her beautiful form was the color of the sun : she approached him with sweet grace, laying her soft white hand on his curly, burnished head ; and, as her hand

touched him, it sent a shock with it through all his little frame. She sweetly whispered :

“ Philip, my dear child, I am your mother—your long-lost mother,—lost to you as an earthly presence, but often with you as a spiritual visitor. I have been with you, my darling, very often since the cruel waves separated us, sending my soul out on the great waves of the Eternal Sea, whilst my baby boy remained within his earthly casket. Philip, thy father still lives across the sea, and one day thou shalt seek him. This old man is thy grandfather. Allie is your aunt. That forbidding old lady, of whom you have heard, is your grandmother, and she still lives. I married your father, this old man’s son, in London. We lived very happily together for two or three years, when, as we could not live at the Manor, we thought of visiting America. The ship, in which we sailed, foundered in a great gale at sea. I bound you to my breast, wrapping you closely in flannels ; your father lashed us to the mast, which was cut away by the sailors, thereby hoping to save our lives ; your father clung to the mast as long as he could, and then, as his senses left him, he drifted away from us, and was picked up, before life became extinct, by a passing vessel. Philip, he mourns us both as lost : he knows not that his boy lives.”

As she said this, she gently faded away; and in the panorama of his dream, the shadowy form of the murdered deer stood looking at him with appealing eyes, as though it were asking: "Where is my baby? What have you done with it! Murder it not! Although you have killed me, its natural protector, preserve my baby alive." Then that, too, faded away. It was broad daylight, and old Ned was licking his hand as it lay out on the white fur of the rug.

The boy started up calling, "Grandpa! Grandpa!" but grandpa was up and out before him; he ran out to the spring, and found grandpa cutting slices from the venison for breakfast.

"Good morning, Philip," said the old man. "We will get some breakfast, and then I will show you how to dry and preserve this meat."

Philip turned away with sick disgust.

"O Grandpa!" said he, "I wish we might never eat any more meat."

"Philip," replied grandpa, "we but obey natural law, but; thank heaven, the law will cease with me when I enter in at the great gate," and he kept on busily cutting up the venison.

Philip did not tell the old man of his dream; he thought of it as a dream, thinking, only, that his mind had woven these things together

in a sort of fantastic web ; yet, he could never more forget how the beautiful lady had looked, who called herself his mother ; for the boy's imagination could never associate his mother with anyone that resembled Mrs. Howard.

After breakfast, the meat was cut into small pieces, a kettle of boiling brine prepared, the meat dipped into it, and then spread in the sun and air to dry ; afterwards to be packed away in some of those leathern pouches for future use. The deer skin was also stretched in the sun to dry ; then the old man and Phil. started forth again, to visit a trap which had been set not far from the cave. It was a bear trap, for a number of black bears lived high up on the mountain side ; but, as no bear had, as yet, broken his leg within this trap, they turned about for something else.

The old man then showed Philip how to collect gum from the spruce trees ; telling him that, as he was young and supple, he could climb the trees, and gather larger quantities than he, the old man, could. He tied a sack, which was to receive the gum, about his waist, and left him, giving him directions how to find the cave, if he should happen to get bewildered, with the injunction, that he was to be back by sundown.

Phil. liked this employment far better than he did shooting innocent animals, and soon

had a large quantity of the gum; he then returned to the cave. The next day they found a poor young bear entrapped; he was treated very much as the deer had been, and his skin carefully preserved.

The old man taught the boy how to distinguish all kinds of medicinal roots and herbs, such as grew wild in the woods; these were carefully dried and preserved, and each evening the boy received a lesson in music: this was really all he cared for; all the rest was merely to earn a support. He often went fishing, and caught many fish; they ate all they wanted, the remainder were dried or salted.

Philip visited Morna, and the fawn, weekly; but his visits were very short, and he scarcely ever entered the house. The fawn thrived, and grew finely, with the care which Morna bestowed upon it, and became a great pet with the Haven household.

Philip had carried as many things, as his boyish strength would allow, to the village, and sold them at a far higher price than the old man could obtain; he was sharp and shrewd, and would not be overreached; he had thus paid the rent of the cottage promptly. The berry season was now approaching. Phil. found he must have a beast of burden, the old horse was not fit for work, and he thought

of a plan: he would go down and buy a young horse of Mr. Haven; he thought if he were to pay Mr. Haven a part of the value of the horse, he would trust him for the remainder: he was right in his conjecture. Mr. Haven gladly sold him a fine young horse, although he was small. Philip paid ten dollars down, and was to pay the remaining forty in ten dollar instalments.



CHAPTER XI.

BACK TO THE COTTAGE.

THE old man and the boy remained on the mountain side until the frost and snow came. By that time Phil. had the cottage put into snug repair, and all their effects were taken from the cave and removed to the cottage. It required a number of weeks to do this, and the chests could not be removed until they were sledded down the mountain.

Phil. and the old man had picked and sold nearly two hundred dollars worth of berries; they had netted and shot birds and partridges, and had sold many dollars worth; the feathers had all been preserved, and when the wild geese flew over, they brought down a number of them. Bear and deer meat they had in plenty, and large quantities of valuable roots and herbs, besides many pounds of fragrant gum. Philip had paid for his young horse, in full, but the old horse had lain him down and quietly given up the ghost, when the first cold blasts struck the mountain meadow.

Ned was still alive, and glad to get back to

the village, and the little cottage: and now, as the Christmas holidays approached, behold them established in a home among men, which Phil. very much preferred; but how much his nearness to Morna Haven had to do with it, he did not venture to tell anyone but himself.

Phil. possessed a very fine taste, and he was now able to gratify it in a measure. He had a small stable put up for the pony. The two rooms, on the first floor of the cottage, were fitted up rather sumptuously, so Phil. thought, and so did Morna Haven.

"Could there be a better judge than Morna?" Phil. asked the old man, as he surveyed the rooms with great satisfaction. Perhaps, a short description of the rooms may not be uninteresting to the reader.

The door had been taken down between the two rooms, and the rich but faded red damask curtains, which the old man possessed, hung instead, and the same stuff draped the windows. A little lean-to had been added to the house, and here Phil. put the old cooking-stove. A bright new heater, with isinglass doors all around, had been put in the place of the old stove: the floor had been repainted, and some of the cured skins were thrown down for rugs. Phil. had nailed the old table, until it was firm, then he had purchased a

bright woollen table-cover and a student's lamp. He had made a very respectable bookcase, and it was filled with the old man's volumes, and all the music which he possessed: the old violin, also, had a place beneath it. The rifle found a place over the door of the lean-to; the old wooden-bottomed chairs had been broken up for firewood, together with the rickety old bedstead, and a good substantial four-poster and new cane-seated chairs had taken their places; the bed was made up clean and white, and many comforts added to the room, which was the old man's sleeping-room. A large stuffed easy-chair stood near the table: this was the old man's seat. The cracked crockery found a place out with the cooking-stove; the cupboard had been re-painted, and the bright old silver, and hand-painted china, from the old oaken chest, had replaced it.

Phil's room, upstairs, could not be bettered much; and, altogether, they had a bright and comfortable home.

The village people, now, rather courted the society of the old hermit and his protégé. Phil. had decorated his cottage with evergreens, for the holidays, and could now play the violin almost as well as the old man himself; and on Christmas eve he determined to invite Morna Haven and her brother, Hessie Hamelton and Ralph, and a few other

young people of about the same age: he rather longed for society, and had been a little hermit about as long as his nature would allow; so, on Christmas eve, behold them, all in their gay attire, assembled at Phil's cottage; as many as the two rooms could comfortably hold. Phil. was now thirteen years of age. Hessie and Morna, misses of eleven. Ralph was fifteen, and the others ranged between twelve and fifteen.

Ralph was a complete village dandy, even more conceited than his father. Hessie was exceedingly handsome, for a girl of her age, and bade fair to be a very beautiful woman: the others were very fair looking, but nothing remarkable. Morna was modest, neat and simple, but not beautiful. Her brother was about Ralph's age, but looked nearer eighteen than he did fifteen; he was very tall, silent, and thoughtful, and dearly loved his sister.

Hessie's sparkling dark eyes, shining brown hair, creamy complexion, bright colour, and dimples, were all very attractive, and both herself and her brother were dressed as fashionably as it was possible for such village children to be.

Phil. had bought for himself a neat suit of clothes, and the old man had new pants and vest, but still clung to the old dressing-gown, and would not give it up, even if it were for a

party. Apples, nuts, and raisins graced the table, and the bright silver was brought into requisition; all this, and the fine music which Phil. brought forth from the old violin, made all things gay and festive. The young people played games, danced a little, ate their fruit and cracked their nuts.

These youthful beings have their loves and flirtations as well as older ones, and they were not lacking at this village party, by those just stepping into young manhood and maidenhood; neither were envy and jealousy behind.

Phil.'s music had won Hessie Hamelton's heart, and she was not blind to his noble gentlemanly bearing; she was as much in love with him as a girl of eleven, with her peculiar character, could be. Phil. was somewhat attracted by her extreme beauty, but her soul repelled him; to feel a particle of love for her, such as he felt for Morna, was impossible; while Ralph, strange as it may seem, small-brained conceited fop and dandy as he was, loved the pretty, modest, thoughtful Morna Haven; while Morna's tall brother looked on Hessie Hamelton as the star of his existence: and they flirted and played their little games, and were as happy as others have been times without number.

This was the first time Morna had heard Phil. play; although, he had told her of the old

violin, and his music lessons; but, she had never dreamed that he could play like this.

Phil. was excited by the company, and his soul rose to the occasion. The old man listened to him with burning cheek and excited eyes: "Was it possible, that a boy, like Phil., could play equal to many of the finest virtuosos, with what little he had taught him in the short evenings of one summer? Surely, it was most remarkable!"

Morna believed Phil. could do anything. To her he was a young god, and some day she was to be his wife.

At ten o'clock, the small party broke up, and, as is usual with young village folks, the boys were expected to escort the girls they liked best, home. Phil. donned hat and coat, determined to walk home with Morna, while Ralph was as determined as Phil. to do the same thing. Morna's brother gave his arm to Hessie, the others paired off likewise. Ralph ground his teeth with rage when Morna took Phil.'s arm instead of his. Hessie was raging inwardly because Phil. had not asked her instead of Morna, and thus their life dramas commenced.

Ralph was determined to pick a new quarrel with Phil., and fight him. Hessie was as determined to put Morna beneath her feet, and gain Phil.'s love; whether she would marry him or

not, was altogether another thing, for, young as she was, she was constantly saying to herself, "that she would never marry unless her lover were extremely rich"; and the thoughtful lad, on whose arm she leaned, was planning how he might become rich, for he had often heard her talk in this strain.

Ralph, at last, was obliged to take the plainest and most illy-dressed girl home, one whom he had always despised, and disliked more than any other; whilst Ralph was her ideal of all that was fine, and she was the proudest and happiest girl that left the cottage.

When Morna put her little hand within Phil's arm, it incited him to almost super-human efforts to be good and great, and, in his boyish parlance, "to earn barrels of money," that he might have it to bestow on her when he should be a man; and he was a proud and happy boy when she kissed him good night at the gate.

Morna and Phil. were really the only happy, or mutually happy, ones of the party; perhaps, they knew it not, but so it was.

Phil. hastened back to the old man; he did not like to leave him long alone, for he loved this old man more than he had ever loved anyone, except Morna; he found him still seated in his arm-chair, gazing thoughtfully at the marble hand that lay before him on the table.

Phil. entered the room briskly, elate with youth and happiness, throwing down his cap, after a boyish fashion, his cheeks reddened with the cold, his blue eyes shining. The old man patted the marble hand softly, at the same time giving Phil. a peculiar glance.

"Boy," said he, "this hand has descended from Carlisle to Carlisle, through many generations; yet, it has not re-appeared, excepting here and there. Some of the Carlises have had the hand, in a modified form, but none have, as yet, possessed a hand precisely like that of the harpist of old—the first Carlisle that the family have any record of. He was one of the old Roman Crusaders, and could trace his ancestry back to Palestine; perhaps, if the truth could be known, it might have been traced back to King David, or, even, Jubal: be that as it may, the hand of the harpist has never been perfectly re-produced in the family, to my knowledge. There is a very strange legend connected with this hand, and it runs thus. The old harpist was a very singular personage: he was a great poet as well as musician, for in the olden time poets accompanied their rhapsodies with the harp. He was a great philosopher as well as poet, and would often give vent to his deep, far-reaching thoughts, in a recitative strain, striking his harp softly, or powerfully, in

perfect unison with the train of his thought. He was a prophet as well as poet and philosopher, and would often foretell the destinies of men, kings, queens, princes, dynasties, and nations. He was considered a very wonderful prophet, or diviner, and in that time, so long gone by, he foretold the destiny of the man, his descendant in the far dim futurity, to whom his hand, which, as you know, was a very remarkable one, should be given, or perfectly reproduced."

The old man now arose, went to one of the chests, drew forth an oval-shaped box, and placed it by the side of the marble hand on the table. This box Philip had not seen before; it was of ivory, seamed and discolored with age. He pressed a spring, the lid flew open, and he drew forth from the box another box; this proved to be a mould, and it was of pure amber, the perfect mould of a hand; this also flew open by touching a spring.

"Lay your hand within this mould," said the old man, and the boy obeyed. If his hand had been two sizes larger, it would have fitted the mould completely. The old man then placed the mould on the table, laying his own hand within it; although in his younger days it might have been very much like it, yet the

fingers were a little too long, the hand not quite broad enough.

"In my early manhood," said the old man, "I greatly desired that my hand might fit the mould, and each year, until I was thirty, I regularly placed it within the mould, hoping that it might have grown to fit it, but it never fitted; it was always too long and narrow, and no Carlisle's hand has, as yet, ever completely fitted the mould."

He now lifted the marble hand and placed it within the mould, and it fitted perfectly. The old man now closed the amber mould with the marble hand within it, placing the mould and hand within the ivory box, and closing the lid with a snap.

"Philip," said he, "can you decipher this ornamental scroll on the lid?" but the boy was not sufficiently educated. The scroll was in old Roman lettering, and, when deciphered by the old man, it read thus:—

"THE HAND OF PHILISTIA!"

"Philip," asked the old man, "wouldst like to hear the legend?" And he again opened the box, drew forth the mould, took out the marble hand, and then at the wrist, where it is apparently severed from the arm, he pressed a small ivory button which was sunk in the marble; this enabled him to remove a portion

of the marble that concealed a cavity within the palm of the hand, and from it he drew forth a small roll of some kind of old Roman stuff, corresponding with our thinnest of oiled silk, but was probably composed of some kind of preserved skin; unrolling this, he drew forth a parchment, very thin, and nearly half-a-yard in length. This was completely covered with writing, but the lettering and writing was in a language which Philip could not read or understand.

"Boy," said the old man, "if I had not been taught many languages in my youth, I never should have been able to read this prophecy: some of these charcters are in Egyptian hieroglyphic, others in old Roman type, much in Greek; but, as I have a strong presentiment that your hand will eventually fit the mould, and a stronger presentiment still that you are a Carlisle, perhaps a stray branch of the family, I will read to you the prophecy as translated by me when a younger man."

Philip looked at the old parchment with great curiosity, but could understand nothing of its meaning. The old man re-placed the parchment within the roll, the roll within the hand, the hand within the mould, the mould witin the box, and then, going to the old oaken chest, he put the box in its place;

he then took out an antique writing-desk, and placed it upon the table; opening it, he drew forth a paper on which was much writing.

"This," said he, "is my translation of the writing on the parchment," and he commenced to read.



CHAPTER XII.

THE CARMELITE.

"**I**, PHILIPIA, of Philistia, a Carmelite, leave this prophecy to the one who shall spring forth from my loins, that most nearly resembles me in form, feature, and soul. The *Genius* which is, and has been, my companion for years, doth constantly whisper to me saying :

" ' Thus shall it be with one that shall come after thee, of thine own seed. Thy great soul yearneth after things unattainable ; but thy soul shall attain all things as it presseth onward through Eternity ; and thy seed shall attain all which is now to thee unattainable, while yet covered with mortality ; and thou shalt return, as I return to thee, after two thousand years, and thou shalt live again in this thy seed, that thou mayest see that all thy aspirations are verified : aye ! even on earth. I do not mean that thou shalt actually live within a mortal body again, after thou hast once left it, but thou shalt be the *genius* that shall attend upon the footsteps of this

scion of thine own race ; thou shalt so impress his soul that his body shall be thereby moulded as thine now is ; and thou shalt so manipulate the convolutions of his brain, even as thou dost now twang at the strings of thine harp, that it shall form his hand precisely as thine now is ; and to no other shall this hand be given : it is the hand of Jubal, it is the hand of David the King, it is the hand of Philistia. This lad, while yet a babe, shall, like Moses, be drawn forth from the sea ; orphaned, and yet not an orphan ; a vagrant, but still a peer ; a king, while yet a beggar : a fool, but still so wise that men shall run after him, crying, "Give us of thy wisdom, and we will give thee gold ! Yea, even fine gold of many shekels' weight." He shall clasp the morning in one hand, and the evening in the other. He shall bring down the stars, that he may find out how they are made—yea, he shall understand well what caused the morning light to spread its rays ! Men shall hate him, while yet they love him. He shall be as weak as a sucking babe, and yet as strong as a giant—yea, even as strong as Samson ! With his two hands he shall rend the veil that conceals heaven from earth, and men shall rush to view the heavenly hosts exposed thereby. He shall even touch the secret spring which is invisible to other men, and

with the touch a door shall open wide, and he shall walk hand in hand with the Creator of all things, who will not hesitate to teach him as much as he can understand. With Lucifer he will do valiant battle, and overthrow him: yea, slay him outright, but, by him he shall not be wounded. He shall throw open wide the gates of hell, and souls, lost in error therein, shall come forth with timbrel, and harp, to sing his praise, and dance for joy before him. Yea, even like King David, he shall be crowned! He shall bestride the globe: one foot shall rest in a new, bright, morning land; the other where bats and vampires fly to meet the darkness; and he shall be called Philipia!

"And now, I, Philipia, the Carmelite, write this prophecy as it is given to me by my *genius*, and I have had a mould taken of mine own hand, yea, a mould of fine amber; and, I have caused to be hewn a hand, precisely like mine own, from the white rock that crumbleth not; and, from a tusk of the sacred elephant, a box, to be constructed, to hold them, and this box is to be carefully preserved, and it shall be given from father to son as long as one remaineth on earth, and i never rest until it finds the hand that filleth the mould: the hand must fit perfectly, yea, even as the hand of marble fitteth the mould,

and within this hand shall the prophecy rest forever. He shall own this box, and with it he shall do as it pleaseth him, for within is hidden the prophecy of his own life!—Signed, PHILIPPIA, of Philistia: the Carmelite.”

With all his appreciation of poetry, and his great musical ability, Philip was very practical. He had been listening, and gazing, all this time, with round boyish eyes of wonderment, and when the old man had finished, he said:

“But, Philipia the Carmelite’s name was not Carlisle. I thought you said his name was Carlisle.”

“Names change as well as the people who bear them. The name was, originally, *de Carmelite*; then, afterwards, became *de Carlelay*, and, from thence, *de Carlyle*, or *de Carlisle*: the ‘*de*’ was dropped, and it became, from Philipia, of Philistia, the Carmelite, Sir Philip Carlisle.”

“Well,” said Philip, “I don’t think my hand will ever fit that mould; and, all the ambition I have, is to earn barrels of money, and marry Morna Haven.”

“But you cannot earn barrels of money, unless you have some great talent, or gift, by which to earn them. Your playing this evening was very wonderful, for a boy of your age; you can now play far better than I ever could, and you have had no teaching, except

what an old man, like myself, could bestow upon you. My boy, I am convinced your hand will fit that mould some day."

"Grandpa," said the boy, "I want to play some other kind of instrument besides the violin. The young man, who plays the organ at the church, told me he was going to New York, where he could get a better salary; he gets but two hundred dollars a year from this little church here in the village, and there is no one in the village who can play the organ. The young man said, it would be very difficult to find anyone who would willingly come to this little village to play for two hundred dollars a year: but, sir, that would be quite a fortune to us, with what I can earn in other ways. O! I wish I could play the organ!" and Philip went to bed to dream that he was the organist at the church.

The next morning he went to see the pastor who presided over the village congregation, with the request that he might be allowed to practise on the organ for two hours each morning, and if he succeeded in playing it as it should be played, he begged that he might become the organist in the church.

The pastor had heard of Philip's wonderful playing, and granted his request; and so, each morning, as day dawned, found the boy at the wheezy old organ, playing with all his might.

It was bitterly cold, for the church was not warmed during the week days, and was only comfortable on Sundays, but Philip heeded not the cold; here he had no teacher, but learned to manage the organ from the books alone. The organist went to New York as he had intended, and for two weeks there was no music in the church. On Sunday a psalm or two, sung in a dragging way by the congregation, very much out of tune and time, and the minister delivered his sermon as far the ninthly, to men who were asleep the greater part of the time, and to women who were thinking how their neighbors were dressed.

Philip and Morna, Hessie, Ralph, and the other young people were present, and all missed the organ accompaniment as they would a dear old friend. Phil. determined to practise faithfully during the week, and play the following Sabbath if he thought he could. He whispered his determination to Morna, as they walked home together.

"Morna," said he, "do you believe I can play the organ next Sunday without making a mistake?"

"Yes, Philip," replied Morna; "I believe you can do anything."

Morna's reply gave courage and strength to young Philip's heart; he practised faith-

fully during the week, and when Sunday came the congregation were surprised at hearing a grand voluntary from the organ, played as no one had ever played in that village before. The music rose grandly and sublimely; it sunk softly and sweetly; it sobbed and wailed pathetically; it was gleeful and playful; and ended in a grand triumphant march.

The congregation were electrified, and when the psalms were given out, the organ kept them in strict time and tune; it was a wretched old organ, but the hand that played it was a wonderful hand, although belonging to a boy of thirteen years—to a boy who had grown up in their midst, and who had never received so much as one lesson on the organ.

Morna was delighted; yet, she had never doubted Phil's ability.

The members of the church voted to give young Philip three hundred dollars a year, his playing was so much better than that of their former organist. Young Philip was now in a fair way to make an excellent living for himself and the old man.

There were but two pianos in the village; one belonging to HESSIE Hamelton, and the spruce doctor had purchased one for his young wife. The former organist had been the only music teacher the village could boast; he had been very little better than none, and

now the doctor's wife, and Hessie Hamelton, both desired that young Philip should become their teacher; they were able and willing to pay him a good price. Philip now gave up all manual labor, and devoted his time and attention to music. The old man had taught him all he knew about music, but young Philip hungered and thirsted for greater knowledge and ability. He sent to New York for the best music that could be obtained: he performed it according to strict rules, and, better than all else, he performed it according to his taste, inspiration and genius, and yet, he hungered and thirsted for more and better.

Time thus passed on, until Phil. reached his fifteenth year. The old man remained much the same, for time changes the young more rapidly than it does the old. During this time, Philip had purchased, and paid for, the cottage; he had adorned and beautified it, until with its carefully kept grounds, and new carriage-house, with a bright new carriage inside, it was quite a little paradise: comfort and brightness had been added everywhere.

Old Ned had been buried in a corner of the garden for a long, long sleep, and a beautiful greyhound had taken his place: in the summer, flowers blossomed in every available spot. The church had become

ashamed of the old organ, and a new one was in its place, a much larger one, and young Phil. played it grandly.

Hessie Hamelton had become quite accomplished in the art of music, under young Carlisle's guidance, and the doctor's wife thought she could learn no more.

Phil. had been able to lay by a few hundred dollars, and he determined, when another year should have passed, he would visit Europe, and graduate from one of the fine conservatoires of music there: so, when his sixteenth year arrived, he engaged a competent housekeeper to take care of the old man and the cottage, and her son, a lad of fourteen, to care for the horse and stable, and made preparations for his journey.

Morna Haven was now fourteen years of age; although, quite tall for her age, she developed but slowly. Hessie, on the contrary, was almost a young lady, beautiful, bright and sparkling. Morna had no piano; she could not play, yet she could sing like a lark. Phil. disliked to leave Morna, but if he were ever to earn "barrels of money," he must leave this little village, and take his stand among men of the world; in order to do this he must fit himself to cope with them.

Young Carlisle was very ambitious, yet he firmly intended to return when he should be

a full-grown man, and marry Morna Haven ; but HESSIE Hamelton was as fully determined he should marry her. He paid his last visit to Morna, and started for New York ; he was to take the steamer there for Europe. He stopped in London a week or more ; was advised to go to Germany ; he went, and entered one of the finest conservatoires in that land, where many of the grandest composers and artists, that have ever lived, had their birth. Here, he remained three years ; the conservatoire could do no more for him ; he graduated with the highest honors that could be bestowed upon him : he was then offered a Professorship in England, which he accepted. During all this time he had kept up a constant correspondence with Morna and the old man, and had sent home plenty of money to keep up the cottage establishment ; but, strange as it may seem, he had nearly forgotten the marble hand. In Europe, his name and fame went abroad o'er the length and breadth of the land. He played at the court concerts, for none could excel him ; favors and badges of honor were showered upon him by the Queen's own hand. Truly, young Carlisle could not climb much higher on this mundane sphere : he had almost forgotten his origin.

A grand reception was to be given at the ancestral hall of a peer of the realm : a large

sum was offered Carlislie if he would perform two of Beethoven's finest sonatas, on the occasion. The request had been sent him by the secretary of the manor, which was called Westly Hall; the name of the lord of the manor he had not learned. He was greatly surprised to hear, on his arrival, that the name of the peer was Lord Philip Carlislie; he now remembered all which the old man had told him in his boyhood, and his brain was in a whirl of excitement. He played the sonatas satisfactorily to himself and his hearers, and received a polite invitation from Lord Carlislie to remain a guest at Westly Hall for a few days; and he decided to accept the invitation. He did not see Lord Carlislie again that night. He was shown to a room, in a wing of the building, and being quite weary he threw on a dressing-gown, and, lighting a fragrant cigar, he sunk into a large arm-chair, and allowed his eyes to roam dreamily around the apartment.



CHAPTER XIII.

FATHER AND SON.

WHETHER he fell asleep or not, he was never quite able to say ; but he thought the door opened, and an old woman entered, a frightful old hag indeed she appeared, although a lady. She was bent and withered with age ; her eyes were as fierce as those of a tigress ; her coarse grey hair streamed around her bent shoulders and fiercely scowling brow ; her thin lips were drawn away from two long yellow teeth, with a snarling movement ; her vulture-like claws clutched at a gold-headed cane, which she raised and shook threateningly at him ; he tried to move, but could not, and just as she seemed about to strike him with the cane, the door again opened, and Lord Carlisle entered ; a manservant silently followed him. Lord Carlisle pointed to the old woman ; the man grasped her arms, firmly pinioned them behind her, and then bore her attenuated form away, while she snapped and snarled like a hyena.

Young Carlislie aroused and shook himself. It was morning. The day was actually dawning. He had fallen asleep in his chair. His weariness had been so great, that the entrance of the old woman had scarcely brought him to his full senses.

Lord Carlislie apologized, by saying "he was very sorry his guest should have been thus disturbed."

Philip politely waived the subject, and begged Lord Carlislie to be seated, and accept a cigar.

When the two gentlemen had made themselves comfortable, they entered into conversation: said Lord Carlislie:

"It seems to me quite a coincidence that we should bear the same name, although, I have learned that you are an American."

Young Carlislie's face flushed as he answered:

"Yes, sir, I think it very strange, but I do not feel sure that I am an American, as it is not known to me to whom I owe my birth."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Lord Carlislie. "I naturally supposed you to be the son of very wealthy Americans, sent here to finish your education."

"On the contrary, Lord Carlislie, I am but a stray waif, cast up on the shore of time by accident, and cradled in poverty."

"You do not know to whom you owe your birth? How is that possible?"

Young Carlisle's face flushed more hotly than ever, as he remembered his dream, when in the old hermit's cave.

"My Lord," said he, "there is something strange about my birth, something that I cannot fully understand. I was fished out of the sea, when a babe." He then went on to relate all that he knew about himself, not omitting the old hermit, and all which that singular personage had told him; he even related the dream, which he had dreamed in the cave, and when he had finished, Lord Carlisle's face was as pale as the dead, his eyes were starting from their sockets, and he cried out in a choking voice:

"My son! my son! whom I supposed to be in heaven with his mother! My long-lost son and heir!"

The two men rose up, and the father clasped his son in his arms; and while their excitement is subsiding, we will take a good look at them.

Lord Carlisle is a very fine-looking gentleman of fifty years, rather portly, and of medium height; iron-grey hair, large, expressive brown eyes, noble features that wore a look of care and sadness.

Young Carlisle had bright, brave, blue

eyes, burnished brown hair, a graceful manly form, and noble features somewhat like his father's; but the hands—the hands told a story that the form and face could not reveal—the hands were those of Philipia of Philistia, the Carmelite.

"And you tell me that my father is still alive?" said Lord Carlisle, at last.

"Yes; alive and well," answered the young man, "although, bent and seamed with age."

"My son," said Lord Carlisle, "we must start for America this very night. I wish to behold my father before he dies. I would like him to die in his own ancestral home, if possible. There is no time to lose; we must start to-night!"

"It shall be as you say," replied Philip. "I feel as eager to go as you do; but, I do not think the old man will come to meet the one who wrecked his life."

"He shall not," said Lord Carlisle. "She is kept in her own apartments, and seldom leaves them; never, unless the servants become remiss in their duty. My poor old father shall return with us, and yield up his soul in the home of his ancestors!"

That night found Lord Carlisle and his son on board a steamer bound for New York in America.

We will take the opportunity given us, while

Lord Carlisle and his son are crossing the Atlantic, to pay a visit to the old man; the real Lord Carlisle. Like the souls of the departed, we will silently enter the cottage, and stand unobserved, unseen ourselves, knowing and seeing all.

The sun is just sinking below the western horizon; a quiet hush is over all nature; the far-off musical tinkle of cowbells is heard, and the softened murmur of the river as it gurgles over the rocks a few rods away.

The old lord of Carlisle is seated in his arm-chair, his head thrown back against a white satin pillow, a present from Morna Haven, the quaint old dressing-gown, a little more worn than formerly, still enveloping his form; one withered hand and arm resting on the table, on which stands the ivory box. Morna Haven is kneeling on a hassock by his side, her slight hands clasped over his knee, her young face turned upward, her deep eyes gazing pathetically into his blue ones, now more dim than when we saw him last.

Morna is seventeen, the old man is eighty-seven; dawning womanhood, and manhood's evening: one is about to lose his grasp of material things, the other is just rising up to take fast hold of them: one has learned the lessons which earth life has to give, the other

is gazing with wistful, thoughtful eyes straight into the future, puzzled, yet eager to learn.

Morna Haven has visited the old man nearly every day since Philip left them, to finish his education at a German conservatoire, and at each visit she has never failed to climb to the little garret, Phil.'s room, and sit for a short time at his writing-desk, while she penned a few thoughts to him. It seemed to her, at these times, as though she were brought nearer to him, and could almost see him standing by her side ; this, she had already done, before the sunlight faded, and was now listening to the old man before returning to her own home.

"Morna," said the old man, "I have a presentiment that we shall see Philip, soon."

"How can that be?" asked Morna. "He has but lately accepted a professorship near London, so he writes, and not likely to return for two years more, at the very least."

"Many unexpected events transpire in this life," replied the old man. "The sands of my life are nearly run, and I shall see Philip before I close my eyes on earthly things. Aye; even his hand, and his alone, shall close mine eyes; for a voice within my soul hath said: 'The hand that fits the mould shall close thine eyes.'"

"But," said Morna, "Philip's hand did not fit the mould; so you told me."

"No; it did not as a boy's, but who shall say that it will not as a man's? I feel certain that Philip's hand alone, will fit the mould. The soul that carries the hand that fits the mould will fulfil the prophecy, and the prophecy lieth within the palm of this hand, as thou already knowest, Morna."

"Grandpa," asked Morna, "will you read to me this prophecy? You know I have never heard it," and Morna's eyes became very eager, for Philip Carlisle's destiny was a thing of great moment to Morna Haven. Was not her destiny enwoven with his? The old man opened the box, took out the mould, then the hand, and afterward the roll of parchment. Morna's eyes glistened with excitement and curiosity. He commenced to read.

Morna did not seem to care very much about Philipia of Philistia, and only the supposed destiny of Philip Carlisle interested her.

"What does he mean, by returning after two thousand years?" she asked, as the old man read this part of the prophecy.

"He means that his soul, or spirit, will return and rest upon the one who is destined to fulfil the prophecy."

"And do you mean," asked Morna, with distended eyes, "that the soul, or the spirit, of the harpist of old will return, and rest upon my Philip?"

"That is precisely what I mean," he answered; "and that is the meaning of the prophecy."

"And do you think that the spirit of the old harpist is with Philip, now?"

"I believe," said the old man, solemnly, "that his spirit has been with Philip, more or less, since his birth; but, when the hand fits the mould, then the departed soul shall descend and rest upon him, fill him, walk with him constantly, and perform its mission to earth, through him, and with, and by, the hand that fits the mould."

A shudder ran through Morna's slight frame.

"But the prophecy is full of contradictions," she said. "How can one be a fool, and yet wise? Philip is not a fool!"

"Yet, men are called fools and lunatics, that walk and talk with the souls of the departed," replied the old man.

"Philip is not a king," said Morna, "and he never begged."

"He was a beggar, while yet too young to know it," said the old man; "and I do not understand the prophecy to mean that he will be an absolute king of nations, for America does not boast a king, but a king among men—one who will rule and sway the minds of mankind, and have power over men's minds, as a king does over their bodies."

"But how shall he clasp the morning in one hand, and the evening in the other?"

"I understand that to mean," replied the old man, "that, when the hand fits the mould, a new dispensation will be dawning upon the world; and, while the hand that fits the mould has fast hold of the light from the morning of the new dispensation, the other will still grasp the departing light of the dying dispensation. A dispensation is usually of two thousand years' duration; then, new and brighter truth dawns upon the world; past ideas grow old, decay, and fade away, to give place to the light of the new day."

"How shall he be weak, and yet strong?" asked Morna.

"Those that cannot understand him, will say, 'He is a fool! He has no strength! He cannot comprehend the doctrines which we understand so well! His education was neglected in his youth! Lo, we are wise! We understand all things! He is weak; he has no strength; we must uphold and guide him. We must feed him with our pap.' But he will rise up in the might of his weakness, and pull their foolishly-constructed houses down about their ears. Ah! he will be mighty: so sayeth the voice within my soul."

"But how can he fetch the stars down from heaven?" asked Morna.

"I understand that to mean," answered the old man, "that he shall understand the composition and formation of worlds, for the stars are worlds like this; to fetch them down means, that he shall fetch them down to his comprehension, and teach others how to comprehend them."

"How shall he rend the veil between heaven and earth?"

"A veil is something that conceals, or hides from view. Men do not now generally believe that heaven and earth are interblended, and, that it only needs a little wisdom to penetrate the veil, which is merely a mist of error that conceals heaven and its myriad hosts from the eyes of men: this veil Philip will rend aside with the hand that fits the mould, or with the brain that is governed or controlled by Philipia of Philistia, the Carmelite."

"Well," said Morna, "I don't see how Philip can walk with the creator of all things, which, of course, must mean God?"

"If Philip comprehends just how all things are created, it will be comprehending or walking with God, will it not?"

All this was new to Morna. Such ideas had never entered her youthful mind before; but day was dawning within the mind of Morna Haven, and the same torch, that lighted the old man's departing feet, shone brightly on her young head.

"Then you think, dear grandpapa, that my Phil. will be a great man, some day?"

"If his hand fits the mould; which remains to be seen," he replied.

Morna rose to go; the greyhound pricked up his ears, and approached the door with a low bark.

"I hear footsteps on the gravel-walk," said the old man. Morna's heart gave a leap; she could not have told why: the door opened, and Phil. entered. Morna gave a joyful cry, and sank, almost fainting, into a chair. The old man turned his grand old head, and a look, almost of youth, filled his dim eyes, yet he did not seem at all surprised; the greyhound leaped as high as Phil.'s head, for he recognised, in the tall man before him, the loved boy of years gone by.

Philip clasped the old man's hands in both his own, and kissed them.

"You did not expect me, grandpa?" he asked.

"On the contrary, Philip, I did expect you; for my soul could not go hence, until I had seen my boy!"

Philip shook and kissed the old man's hands once more, and then turned to Morna. He had left her a little girl: there now stood before him a young lady, yet it was only Morna grown taller, a little more graceful,

a shade more thoughtful; the golden-brown hair, instead of hanging down her back, was wound about her large and shapely head; the lips had reddened, the cheeks were a trifle more round, and a soft flush rested upon them. The eyes drooped beneath his glance, and spoke of dawning womanhood, and while Phil. stands with outstretched hand before her, we will take a moment to describe him.

A young man, nearing his twentieth year, beardless, as yet, except for a golden down on the upper lip; large, bright, forceful eyes of steely blue; bright, golden-brown hair; medium height, round and firmly put together; a sweet, firm mouth, cleft chin, aquiline nose; a high, generous, noble cast of countenance, and, as his hand is extended to clasp that of Morna Haven's, we observe that it has become one of the most remarkable hands that the world has ever known: not a small hand by any means; not a narrow hand, and the fingers are not long, or thin. It is hard to describe a perfect thing, which cannot be added to, or taken from, without injuring its beauty. Philip Carlisle's hand was so perfect that a hair could not be added to it, or subtracted from it, without marring its beauty and strength. Philip Carlisle's soul and body culminated in his hand—the hand of a king.

the hand of a poet, the hand of a great virtuoso: a hand of lightning, and one that might grasp a thunderbolt: white as milk, supple, dexterous and powerful as that of a god: this was the hand extended to clasp and greet that of Morna Haven. Morna laid her hand within that of Philip's, and soul leaped up to meet soul, in joyful recognition and greeting. Their words seemed almost cold and commonplace, for their spirits were burning with love's fine fire.

The marble hand was lying on the table, by the side of the amber mould. Philip gave them a curious glance.

"Come hither, my son," said the old man, "and place your hand within the mould."

Philip obeyed rather carelessly, a slight smile of derision on his lips, for he looked on the box, and its contents, as he would a species of farce. He placed his hand within the mould, rather reluctantly, somewhat as a school-boy might hold it out for punishment. The old man put on his spectacles.

"Come hither, Morna," said he, "and behold the fulfilment of the prophecy of Philipia of Philistia, the Carmelite!"

Morna bent over the mould, earnestly. The hand fitted the mould, perfectly: it fitted as perfectly as though it had been cast from it. The old man closed his eyes,

and a great sigh heaved his old and worn-out heart.

"Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," he said, with great solemnity; "for mine eyes have looked upon the sign of the fulfilment of the prophecy!"



CHAPTER XIV.

YOUNG CARLISLIE'S STUDY.

"**G**RANDFATHER," said Philip, "you must not die yet: I have good news for you; something that will astonish you, perhaps; but, you are really my grandfather. I am the son of your son, Philip."

He then related how he had discovered his father, and added:

"I prevailed upon Lord Carlisle to remain at the hotel, while I came here to break the news. I will now go and fetch him hither at once."

The old man did not seem at all surprised, for he had been sure, all along, that Philip belonged to his race. As soon as young Carlisle was out of sight, Morna Haven hastened home to think and dream of Philip; wondering if he now would think of her as his future wife, for she was but a simple village maiden, while he was the son and heir of a great English lord. She drooped at the thought, and her heart misgave her. Philip might now forget his boyish love, his

boyish promise; but she could never forget, and the love of her childhood was brighter, stronger, and more perfect, in proportion as she was older and more womanly.

Philip hastened to the hotel: it was kept by Mr. Hamelton. He had given up his store to Ralph, and was now the landlord of the only hotel the village could boast.

Lord Carlisle had registered his name in full; the best suite of rooms in the house had been given him, and obsequious attendance. It was soon noised throughout the house, that a great lord was staying at the hotel; and, more wonderful still, he was young Philip Carlisle's father.

Before young Philip made his appearance at the hotel, nearly every person in the small village had heard all about the arrival of Lord Carlisle and his son.

Hessie Hamelton was in a whirl of excitement, and visions of grandeur flashed before her mind's eye.

"Ah! Philip had come back a great lord, and would marry her, and take her to his princely home across the sea: she would be my lady, and shine among the noble dames of the English peerage! What could she desire beyond this?"

She arrayed herself in her best attire, seated herself at the grand piano, and was playing

her most brilliant airs as Philip entered. She arose to greet him with a bright blush and flashing coquettish eyes; she arched her neck in the most graceful manner. Young Carlisle gave her his hand with much formality.

"I am very happy to meet you once more, Miss Hamelton," he said. "You certainly fulfil your childhood's promise," and he was right, for Hester Hamelton was exceedingly beautiful. She was nearly eighteen, and as ripe and perfect as it was possible for a young lady of that age to be. Her glossy black hair was wound about her small queenly head; her large liquid dark eyes glowed languidly, or shot forth coquettish glances; her slender neck was beautifully arched; diamonds sparkled in her ears; her full bust rose and fell with every emotion; jewels were on her white fingers; her form was very graceful and somewhat pantherish; a clear brilliant complexion, rose-colored cheeks, full voluptuous lips. Ah! Hessie had developed into a very beautiful woman; but the beauty was all of earth, heaven found no resting place there; yet she was a member of the village church, and Morna Haven was not.

Philip did not enter into conversation with Miss Hamelton, but sought his father at once, and they were soon on their way to the cottage: they found the old man where Philip

had left him. The son greeted his father, but it was the greeting of a stranger: a hand-clasp, a few commonplace words. Lord Carlisle seated himself.

"Father," he said, "I have come to take you back to England with me. I desire you to live out the remnant of your days in your own ancestral halls."

"My son," replied the old man, "my ancestral halls never gave me anything but grief; here, in this cot, I have been happy, and here I will live out the few days that remain to me; here, where I have found love, happiness, and contentment, I will yield up my soul. I care not for the home which I deserted so many years ago. To you all I have been as one dead, so let it remain; return you to your home, but leave me Philip," and thus it was arranged; for the old man was firm in his purpose, and would not go back to England.

Lord Carlisle took the next steamer for Europe, and young Carlisle remained to comfort the last days of his more than father.

It was decided that Philip should give up his professorship in England, and remain in America for at least a year. There were many reasons why he decided to do so, and the principal ones were that he might be near Morna Haven, and remain with his more than father until he departed his earthly life; and the little

village wherein he had lived for so many years held a charm for him ; he also wished to visit some of the principal cities in America. He intended, as soon as he reached his twenty-first year, to marry Morna Haven, and take her to England with him ; he did not stop to ask himself whether his father would like it or not. It pleased him greatly to think that Morna had visited the old man in his absence, cheered and comforted him.

Philip decided to make his home at the cottage while he remained, and so he had a wing added to the little building, large enough for a parlor, library and two chambers : when all was finished, it was a very fine little place, and he settled himself comfortably in his library to read, study, and practise on his grand piano, which he had ordered from New York.

Young Carlislie's mind was, as yet, very immature in all things except music ; in that, he was lord and king of all. The old man's easy chair was brought into the library, and he was Philip's constant companion. Philip now commenced the study of various languages, in which the old man was an adept ; his progress was very rapid ; from this he branched off into old-time astrology, and then astronomy ; history he devoured rapidly, but young Philip had not thought much for himself yet, and

now he came to the study of theology ; here he entered on the tossing billows of a great sea of wild contradictions. He glanced at the religious opinions of the Jews, the Buddhists, the Carmelites, the Fire, and Sun worshippers, the Mohammedans, the Catholics, the Protestants, and, lastly, the dividing and subdividing of the Protestant religion, or the innumerable branches of the Christian Church : here he found the billows raging and tossing in a furious way. There were the Episcopalians, the Baptists, the Presbyterians, the Methodists, the Universalists, the Unitarians, and, lastly, the Spiritualists : even, all of the foregoing were divided and subdivided. Here were the reformed Episcopalians, the Calvinists, and the Free-will Baptists ; the Episcopal Methodists, and the Wesleyan, and two or three branches of the Presbyterian : no two Unitarians thought alike, and the Universalists were half-inclined to go over to the Spiritualists, and they were divided into the Spiritualists proper and the Re-incarnationists : then came the unhappy Materialists, the most wretched of all ; for hope in the future they had none.

Poor Philip ! He could not find a place for the sole of his foot ; the wild billows tossed him hither and thither : rest he could find none. Which were right ? Which were

wrong? The Jews did not believe in the Christian's Christ, and the Christians believed that all who did not believe that Jesus of Nazareth was the Christ, would be lost in hell for ever: and the Jews were a great and powerful nation for many decades of years. Could it be possible that the countless Jews of thousands of years, and the countless millions that lived before Jesus was born, were all lost in hell?

Philip now turned his eyes toward the Celestials. Here were millions upon millions of peoples, whose history ran so far back that time could not be computed by them. Were these countless millions all lost in hell? for never one of them believed in Jesus of Nazareth being the Christ that was to save their souls, and the same might be said of the Mohammedans, the ancient sun worshippers, and many other peoples: he thought of the native Indians of America: here had been tribes upon tribes, nations upon nations, for nobody could tell how many years, and they had never even heard of any Christ. Where *were* all these countless millions of souls? asked young Carlislie, in amazement. Surely, hell must extend throughout the universe if all went there that had not believed, or did not believe, in Christ as being the saviour of mankind.

Poor Philip now turned to the Bible—the Christian's Bible, we mean, for there are a great many bibles in the world besides the Christian's Bible: the Mohammedans have the Koran, in other words, a bible; the Hindoos have the Shaster and the Vedas; the Swedenborgians have a bible; the Catholics have a different bible from the Protestants, and the Christians find it necessary to alter their bible, occasionally, to suit the times. Here he found a great many books, written in various ages of the world, by different men, of different opinions; and, search as he might, he could not discover that these different writers claimed for themselves inspiration. Inspiration was imputed to them by others: we here mean direct words from the mouth of God; here the billows tossed poor Philip about in a wilder, more frightful manner than before. A person in the form of a man, who was called God, had created the universe, consisting of countless upon countless millions of earths, suns, moons, planets; zones upon zones of countless planetary systems of worlds, in six days, out of nothing; set them all in their orbits, gave them light, and then made a man out of some dust. Shortly afterward he repented of what he had done, that is, so far as man was concerned, and drowned him out for forty days, but whether he drowned him out on the

countless other worlds, Philip could not discover ; but he saved one, with his family, alive in an ark, or boat, together with two of each kind of living thing that breathed on the face of the earth.

Then Philip began to compute the different species of animals, insects, birds and fishes that exist on the earth ; he thought of the various kinds of creatures that cannot live in the same zones of the earth, such as the polar bear and the alligator ; the elephant and the whale ; the bald-eagle and the bird of paradise ; Mother Carey's chickens and the vulture ; the wild goose and the hedgehog ; the canary-bird and the gorilla ; the camel and the snow-bird ; the cow and the reindeer ; the oyster and the hippopotamus ; the snail and the plover ; the horse and the antelope ; the wild boar and the rhinoceros ; the boa-constrictor and the asp ; the butterfly and the albatross ; the dove and the ostrich ; the monkey and the zebra ; the ibex and the crow ; the panther and the moose ; the wolf and the sheep ; the deer and the guinea-pig ; the jackass and the oriole ; the robin and the pelican ; the fox and the bluejay ; the rabbit and the prairie dog ; the mouse and the cat ; the dog and the weasel ; the squirrel and the lion—

"Well," thought Philip, "I might go on for the rest of my life, and I don't think I

could call, even to mind, all the animal life, with their different kinds and species—reptiles, birds, and insects—that exist in different parts of the globe. How it was possible for Noah and his sons to visit every part of the globe, and collect two of every kind of the innumerable species that exist, and how he was able to catch them all, is a wonder to me! It would certainly take a quarter of the globe to hold them, instead of a small ark; and where he could get the different kinds of food to feed them with, is a mystery: even, if it were possible to obtain the food, would it have been possible for the ark to hold it? Many animals eat nothing but the flesh of other animals. Where were they to obtain their food? The elephant consumes enormous quantities of food of various kinds. Where could a supply for two elephants be kept? The horses and the cows would require large stacks of hay. Could the ark hold all this? To clean out the various compartments, feed the army of animals, and take care of them, even enough care to save them alive, would have required an army of men."

Philip devoured as much ancient history as he could obtain. He became familiar with Aristotle, Josephus, Confucius, Lycurgus, Demosthenes, Socrates, and very many others. He studied the rise and fall of the Roman

Empire, and he learned all he could about the ancients.

When he had examined everything that he could find, pertaining to man's history, from first to last, and had asked himself, "If Adam were the first man, how did Cain take to himself a wife from the land of Nod?" he came to the conclusion that man existed on the earth long before we have any record of him; he also came to the conclusion that the record was very imperfect, and there were many things written that none but a fool could believe; and, as yet, Philip had not thought much for himself; instead of using his own brain on the subject of creation, he was trying to search for truth as other men had understood it. He had not talked much with the old man, on the subject of religious opinion, but now his mind was drifting about in such an aimless way, without rudder or compass, that he thought he would try to find out just what the old Lord of Carlisle did believe; and so he thought he would commence at the beginning.

"Grandfather," said he, "do you believe this earth was created in six days, by God?"

"I do not," answered the old lord.

Philip looked at him, dreamily.

"Is that why they call you an Atheist?"

"Perhaps," answered the old man; "but the

principal reason why I am called an Atheist, is because I do not believe in a personal God, in the form of a man."

Philip's eyes widened in astonishment.

"Do you not believe there is a God?" he asked.

"I did not say, I did not believe in God," he replied, "but said, I did not believe in a personal God, in the form of a man."

"But the Bible says, God made man in his own image," said Philip.

"Yes," answered Lord Carlisle. "It also says, male and female created he them; but the Christian religion says nothing about a female God, although their Bible distinctly says, male and female created he them; and for that reason, and many others, I cannot believe in a personal God of the male gender; therefore, I am called an Atheist."

"Well, if a personal God did not create this earth in six days, out of nothing, how do you think it did come to be? for it is a substantial old earth enough, and must have been made somehow."

"O, yes; it evidently was made somehow; but as all things that we ever saw, or heard of, grow, without a single exception, why should we not come to the conclusion that this earth, as well as all others, follow the great natural law that has no excep-

tion, and grew as naturally as all other things grow?"

"But do you think this earth grew in that way?" asked Philip.

"Not precisely," replied the old man. "I think this earth is a child: I think it was generated, and cast off from a parent globe. In other words, this earth, as well as all the planets belonging to this system, have been cast off from the body of the sun."

Philip opened his eyes, wondering.

"And, in the olden time, when man worshipped the sun, he was really paying his devotions to the father and mother of this earth—the earth's progenitors."

"The father and mother?" said Philip, incredulously. "There is only one sun."

"I think differently," said the old man. "I admit that we do not see with our material eyes but one sun; and really we do not see the material body of the sun at all, but only its spiritual light."

"Grandfather," said Philip, his eyes growing round and full in his eagerness: "what do you suppose is the cause of the light of the sun?"

"I am very glad you have asked me that question," said the old lord, "for, it is a question that all men should ask: 'What is the true cause of the sun's light, and burning heat?' To say that God created it throws no

very great light on the subject, and the God that is within us desires us to ask, what is the cause of the sun's light and heat?"

"But who could possibly answer that question?" asked Philip.

"Man is not capable of asking any question," replied the old man, "that cannot be answered to his perfect satisfaction. If the God within man is capable of asking a question, the same God within him is capable of answering it."

"O grandpa!" said Philip, "I can ask the question, but I cannot answer it."

"Do not be so sure of that: you have not searched the depths of your own soul yet, that is all. You are asking me the question, and not the God within yourself. Man should search inward for wisdom, as well as outward; but you are very young yet, and need a guiding hand. Philip, the light of the sun is easily understood when we find out the cause of light of any kind; the same law that causes light of any kind, causes the light of the sun, and of all other suns. Two great principles must be combined to cause light of any kind, and those principles are, the conjunction of magnetism and carbon. Magnetism is pure, ethereal, or spiritual flame, and carbon is an opposing elementary substance: when magnetism touches carbon, electricity is the result,

and electricity is light and heat ; therefore, the light of the sun is electrical, in other words, the sun is an electric light."

"Ah!" sighed Philip, "but how did it happen to be round in form, and a solid substance, as it must necessarily be, revolving in space?"

"I think," replied the old Lord of Carlisle, "that the body of the sun is a mass of black carbon—a globe that has died, or yielded up its spiritual flame, which was pure magnetism. Pure magnetism is invisible to man, as you know; and the spirit, which the sun has yielded up, is its invisible counterpart, in form precisely like the sun; for, whenever a body yields up its spirit, the spirit is in form like the body it has left. I believe the black body of carbon rolls in a vast orbit, and its magnetic counterpart rolls in the same orbit, keeping perfect step with the carbonic globe, always lying exactly opposite each other; that the spiritual, magnetic globe is continually sending great waves of pure magnetism to the sun, or black body of carbon, which causes electricity to leap forth at every point—and there rolls the great electric light, the sun: but every spark of electricity leaps back to the magnetic globe, and is again resolved into pure magnetism; and thus the great battery for ever plays back and forth."

"Well," asked Philip, "what first caused the body of the sun, or what first gave it its form and solidity?"

"It grew," answered the old man, "or was the child of two great principles, magnetism and matter, or spirit and matter, and these two great principles are God, male and female, magnetism and matter: in other words, spirit and matter, and all existing forms in nature, are caused by the uniting of spirit and matter. Form is the result, or child, of spirit and matter: but children must grow, as all things else must grow. Nothing leaps forth at once full grown, but always begins at a little germinal point, or atom; so the great eternal ocean, that exists throughout all time and space, is pure magnetism and translucent matter; these atoms lie within an ethereal sea, and ether is co-existent with spirit and matter; the ethereal sea is also filled with germinal points, constituting a germinal sea. Philip, can you think of anything that does not start from a germ?"

Philip was silent and thoughtful for a few moments.

"I really cannot," he replied.

"I have thought upon this subject for years," said the old man, "and I have not been able to think of anything that does not start from an invisible point; and if this law

holds good, without a single exception, why may we not justly conclude that the primary worlds started in the same way? I have reason to think, Philip, that space is an ocean of matter, spirit, germinal points, and ether. Ether is something that can never change its form or consistency, and this great ethereal ocean is endless, and filled with germinal points, magnetic points of flame, and translucent matter: the points of magnetic flame attract and hold around themselves an equal amount of matter, and this forms an atom. Suns, which are primary worlds, start from one atom; and one atom, through the attractive power of the magnetic flame within it, attracts other atoms, and holds them by the power of attraction and cohesion, until an enormous globe rolls within the ethereal sea. The germinal points within the ethereal sea are yet left intact; it is only magnetic flame and matter that enter into the composition of the first, or primary worlds: this globe is soft, and when it has become extremely large, it must, from necessity, cast off rings that form the planets, which are the children of the sun. When the sun has thrown off as many rings as it is capable of doing, it at length grows old, and yields up its magnetic flame, or spirit; and the result is light and heat, as I have already shown you."

"Well," said Philip, "I have been reading about men that worshipped fire, and I thought it a strange thing to worship, but, really, grandpa, it don't seem so strange if one looks at it in that light."

"No," replied the old lord: "I have long since arrived at the conclusion that there is a principle of truth in every religious opinion that the mind of man can conceive of—that all are right and all are wrong—that truth and error are about equally mixed together."

"Grandfather," said Philip, "after all my studies, I am unable to settle down into any kind of religion."

"No," said Lord Carlisle, "it is better that you do not; any religion that is forever fixed is an abomination. But, Philip, nothing is forever fixed; the eternal law is growth, and not fixture; motion, and not inactivity: your mind should ever be open to receive truth, ever be ready to cast aside error. Philip, can you think of anything in nature that is fixed and immovable? Every world in space is in rapid motion; everything upon the earth is in motion; all vegetation is growing or decaying; and even the rocks, that seem so substantial, are constantly mouldering, changing, and at length turning to soil, and the soil is constantly springing up to clothe animal and vegetable life; if the law of motion and growth has no

exception whatever, wonder not that man changes his religious opinions to suit the growth and progress of his soul. None but a fool could believe in a fixed religion, and religious opinion has never been a fixed thing since we have any record of man."

"Hessie Hamelton desires me to join the church," said Philip, "and I have been thinking perhaps it would be a good thing to do; but, grandpa, I am too conscientious. I cannot subscribe to all its tenets and doctrines."

"Does Morna Haven belong to the church?" asked the old man.

"No," answered Philip. "She feels just as I do about it—there is so much which she cannot believe."

"Then Miss Hamelton fully believes everything which the church teaches?"

"So she says, most devoutly!"

"Philip," said the old Lord of Carlisle; "I believe there is much truth in every religious opinion that man ever held, and we really have no more truth to-day than did many of the ancients. In many things, the Christian Church has fallen far backward into error, and one of its greatest errors, is, in denying the presence of the departed, or, so-called dead. If we were to bring no other proof than their own Bible—the book which they consider holy, and written by God himself through

holy and inspired men—it is proof enough, and incontrovertible. The Bible, from beginning to end, is but little less than a record of the presence and guardianship of spirits and angels. I am certain that if we live at all after the dissolution of the body, we are able to be near our loved ones on the earth, care for them, guide them, and work through and with them. I will not recapitulate all which the Bible says on the subject, but, if such a thing had never before been heard of throughout all the world's history, yet, should I believe it; for, I know it to be true, having had the positive evidence of it many times during my long life, and now that I am rapidly nearing the future life, I seem to be in that life fully as much as I am in this."

"Grandpa," said Philip, "I have had many things in my own life to cause me to think that what you say is true, and it seems very strange to me, that Christian churches do not teach it in their creeds and sermons."



CHAPTER XV.

THE OLD HERMIT DEPARTS.

“**MY** dear Philip, a few days, or weeks at most, and I shall have entered upon my new life. I feel a premonition that trouble awaits you—trouble, that will try your soul as with fire. You love Morna Haven: thus far your love has been smooth, but a viper is about to cross your path. I am an old man, and have never known love, except that which you and my angel, Allie, have given me; yet, I comprehend youthful love, and I can tell when it is in danger. Philip, Hester Hamelton will darken Morna Haven’s path as night darkens day. Beware, my son—beware of the serpent!”

“Miss Hamelton cannot usurp Morna Haven’s place in my heart,” replied young Carlisle. “I grant that Miss Hamelton is very beautiful, but her beauty appeals to the eye only, it does not affect the soul; while Miss Haven affects one like the dawn of a lovely day in spring, when the sun is just peeping above the horizon. One feels, when

in her presence, like drawing long inspirations of the fresh elixir of life. Do you not think, dear grandpa, that she is different from any other young lady whom you ever saw?"

"Yes," answered the old lord. "I have been a great traveller, in my day, and have never seen a woman who could compare with Morna. Her beauty is, as you say, like that of the dawning day: one can scarcely tell why she is so charming: she is not developed as Hessie is; one feels that her brightness and glory are yet but promises, and, if clouds do not arise to darken the sun of her life, which I think is her love for you, she will become a grand and charming woman. But, Philip, clouds will arise, I feel certain, and this is why I wish to talk with you on this important subject. I cannot now tell just how this trouble may come; but come it will, and I want to say this to you before I depart:—Philip, my soul shall return to you and Morna. I will protect your love! When the waves of your trouble threaten to engulf you, then will my spirit return and calm the troubled waters, and I will save your love barque if possible!"

The old man closed his eyes, and leaned his head back against the cushions of the chair. Philip noticed that he was paler than usual, and there was a dark sunken look about his eyes.

"Grandpa," said he, lovingly, "let me assist you to bed: you don't look very well."

The old lord arose with some difficulty, his hands were shaking as with ague; Philip helped him to disrobe, covered him warmly in his bed, smoothed and kissed his brow as tenderly as any woman could have done, and asked:

"Do you feel as well as usual?"

"Not quite," replied the old man. "No doubt I shall feel better after having slept. You had best leave me now, dear boy. Good-night, my more than son, good-night! Remember my promise!"

And Philip Carlisle never heard the old hermit speak again through the lips of the worn-out tenement of clay. When he looked in upon him in the morning, the old lord had departed: how far away he had gone, Philip could not say; he might be still in the room, for aught he knew, but the body, which he had carried around for so many weary years, lay there devoid of its spirit. The grand head looked more massive than ever. The long hands, which resembled the claws of an eagle, were folded over the stilled heart, and the lips wore a pleasant smile—the same smile that Philip had often seen when he talked of angel Allie.

"Had Allie been there with him? Had

she helped him? Did she show him how to take his first tottering steps in his new life?"

These were the questions which Philip asked himself.

The body of the old hermit was not laid in the village churchyard: his life had been apart from other men. He had often told Philip where he wished his body to be laid: "Just down there in a corner of the garden—that quiet, shady spot, not far from where old Ned was laid: plant sweet old-fashioned flowers over the grave, enclose it with a white lattice, and sow bright morning-glories so thickly as to hide the lattice"—this was all the Lord of Carlisle desired of earthly pomp or grandeur.

The oaken chests, with all they contained, he had bequeathed to Morna Haven, as well as the ivory box, the amber mould, and the marble hand. Everything was done as he had desired; and thus ended the earthly career of the old hermit, and as Morna Haven sadly crossed the bright field, where she and Hessie Hamelton had woven their wreaths, to look upon the old man's face for the last time, before his body was consigned to the open grave in the garden, she suddenly paused—for the old oak lay prostrate across her path. A gustful wind had been blowing during the night; the old oak had at last

yielded to time, and a summer wind had prostrated it; but the sapling was now a thriving young oak, as fresh and bright as the morning. Old things had now passed away, and the children that were, were now ready to take their places in the web of life. And thus the wheel goes round!

Morna Haven stood with dreamy, thoughtful eyes, looking down at the inanimate form of her old friend. It was the first time in her life that she had thought very deeply about death and a future state. Very few deaths had transpired in this small village during her young life, and her mother had not wished her to look upon the few that had taken place. Death was very unfamiliar to Morna Haven. Her life, thus far, had been a very uneventful one. Her father was a well-to-do farmer, her mother, a very devout Christian, and both father and mother were members of the church. Morna had never heard or read of any other ideas than those which this particular denomination taught; and their teaching was, of course, a personal God, a personal devil, heaven and hell, and being saved from hell through the blood of Christ: getting religion, or a change of heart, and being much of the time at prayer. But here lay the old Lord of Carlisle, and she had loved him more, even, than she did her father:

he had not had a change of heart ; he had not believed in a personal God, or a personal devil ; he had not believed in a local heaven, or a local hell ; he had not believed in being saved from hell through the blood of Christ, and he had not believed in a miraculous change of heart. Every one in the village had called him "an old atheist," and the minister had often consigned him "to outer darkness and the flames of hell, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

Morna had not thought to ask, how it could be utterly dark in a flaming pit ? or, how it was that worms had spirits that could not die ? To be sure, she had often been told that the fires of hell were kept burning by large quantities of brimstone, but if the fire was not to be quenched throughout eternity, of course, eternity must be composed of brimstone ; neither had she ever considered how it was that a fire of brimstone could hurt a spirit.

She stood looking down at her old friend : Philip stood on the other side of the bier. Morna heard a great sigh, and, glancing up, her eyes met Philip's, fully. No tears were shed by either, but a solemn far-reaching thoughtfulness dwelt within the eyes of the young man.

"Morna," said he, "our old friend, and my more than father, has gone at last !"

"Yes," replied Morna, gently stroking the long white hair, that streamed down like silken floss over the pulseless breast. "Yes, he has gone, Philip : but, where?"

Philip and Morna had never spoken to each other about death and a future life, before; they were so young, their thoughts had been of life, and not of death; but, now, they stood face to face with death—the death of one they had both loved,—and Philip's heart re-echoed Morna's question : " But, where ? "

Hester Hamelton had entered the room, and was standing at the foot of the bier ; she had donned an elegant black silk, and in her black velvet hat she wore long black ostrich plumes ; her beautiful hands were moulded within fine black kid gloves, and she was holding a black-bordered handkerchief to her eyes in the most affecting and dainty way. As Morna asked the question, " But, where ? " Miss Hamelton gave a little sob, and, removing the handkerchief from her eyes, which were filled with tears, she looked at Philip as though her inner self were asking : " Don't you think I look very graceful and beautiful in black ? and to look pathetic is very becoming to me ? I hope you admire me ? I mean you shall love me, and I intend to marry you and be my Lady Carlisle " ; but, her full, coral lips did not utter a word of all this ; she

drooped her pretty head, tearfully, as she said :

"Oh ! it is most unfortunate he died so suddenly. You did not even have time to call in Mr. Maynard, so I understood ; he would have prayed with him, and, perhaps, he might have experienced a change of heart at the last moment. O Mr. Carlisle ! No one can feel more badly about it than I do !"

"Well," said Philip, with a slow, thoughtful smile ; "can you, or Mr. Maynard, answer Morna's question : ' But, where ? ' "

"I suppose, under the circumstances," replied Miss Hamelton, "there can be but one answer ; as he was an atheist, and died without a change of heart."

"Then, you think, Miss Hamelton," said Philip, the slow smile deepening on his pale lips, "that my more than father, the best and noblest of men, one who has committed less sin than any other man I ever knew,—you think this loving, grand old man is forever lost in hell, because he could not believe in certain church dogmas ?"

"O Mr. Carlisle !" said Miss Hamelton, with a little sob : "it is to be hoped he experienced a change of heart at the last. He might have, even if he were alone."

"But, I have reason to know that he did not," replied Philip. "We were talking to—"

gether on this very subject until quite late the night he died, and he expressed himself strongly, holding to his opinions more firmly than ever. Miss Hamelton, according to your belief, he certainly must be lost in hell."

"I suppose he must; but, believe me, Mr. Carlisle, I am very sorry for him, I assure you."

Philip laid the point of his index finger on the broad marble-like brow of the head that once the soul of the Lord of Carlisle inhabited.

"Miss Hamelton," he said, with slow emphasis, "I thank you. You have really done me a great favour, all unknown to yourself, however: you have enabled me to settle the question within my own mind:—Is there a hell to which the unregenerate are consigned, to burn in flames of torment forever? My whole soul rises up in revolt, and cries: It is false! There is not such a place. Miss Hamelton, you and I now stand opposed to each other in our religious opinions. You believe there is a hell; I do not. Now, either you are right, or I am right. There is no half-way between; either there is a hell, or there is not."

"Oh!" said Miss Hamelton, "that is where you are mistaken, Mr. Carlisle. Christ is ever ready and willing to save souls from hell, if they will only turn to him, ask him, and believe in him."

"And if a truthful, noble mind, such as Lord Carlisle had, does not believe there is a hell, and does not turn to Christ, believing that he can save him from it, you think this same Christ will allow this noble soul to be cast into hell, there to burn for ever?"

"Well; that is not the fault of Christ, but the fault of the soul that stubbornly refuses to believe in him."

"Then," said Philip, more solemnly than before, "if the Christ you believe in could allow human souls to be thus tortured, I repudiate, and cast him off for ever! Miss Hamelton, you are doing for me what no other has ever done, and I thank you; for, by your aid, I cast off for ever the sort of Christ in whom you believe."

Miss Hamelton had dried her eyes, and now stood, her form drawn up haughtily to its full height, her face flushed, her eyes flashing.

"Satan has used this tool," she said, scornfully, pointing to the inanimate form before her, "to draw you into his toils, that he may get your soul for himself."

"What does satan want of my soul?" asked Philip. "One would think, according to your belief, he had more now than he could possibly look after. It must be very hard work for one devil to keep in subjection, and under

his personal supervision, countless millions of souls. Really," he continued, with a slight curl of the lip, "one would naturally suppose the power to lie with the many, and not with one. One would certainly think that millions of souls, and many of them the grandest and most powerful that ever lived, could very easily overpower one personal devil, and put out the fires of hell; but, even if they were not able to quench the fires, they might escape from hell, and find their way to heaven. Miss Hamelton, you have favoured me again, for your words have forever killed the devil to me, and he can never gain the slightest hold within my mind again."

Hester Hamilton turned her flashing eyes and arrogant face toward Morna Haven.

"Miss Haven," said she, almost beside herself with rage, "how can you stand there, and hear such blasphemy without so much as a word? O Mr. Carlisle!" she cried hysterically, sinking into a chair. "O Philip! Philip! You are lost! lost! eternally lost, if you go on like this, and will not believe!"

During all this time Morna had stood, pale as death, looking alternately from one to the other.

"You—you are to blame for all this, Morna Haven!" sobbed Miss Hamelton. "It was you who asked that foolish question—'But

where?' as though any fool could not tell where that old atheist had gone. To meet the just reward of his wicked life, of course; but I had some heart and tried to soften matters for Mr. Carlislie. I did not stand up, as you did, and ask such a cold-blooded, heartless question, as, 'But where?' I respected Mr. Carlislie's feelings too much for that; but then, what more could be expected of an uncultivated person like yourself?"

And Miss Hamelton rocked herself to and fro with hysterical sobs.

"Hester," said Morna, "let us go. I meant no harm when I asked the question."

Philip stood silent and grave, but his youthful heart was torn and bleeding. Hester Hamelton had unconsciously sprinkled salt into the gaping wounds; she had thought to attract him by her devoutness and religious sympathy, which she thought was the proper thing to do in the presence of the dead, and contrary to her studied intentions she had driven him farther and farther away from her, until, now, she was beside herself with violent passion.

"Miss Haven," said she, rising with great *hauteur*, "you need not trouble yourself to come with me. I prefer to go alone. Such company, as yours, is not at all desirable."

She again resumed her graceful sweeping

attitude, and, bowing disdainfully, she left the house.

Philip sank into a chair, covering his eyes with his hand. He had taken the departure of his grandfather very calmly until now; but Hester Hamelton had turned his soul into a channel of bitter grief. This old hermit had been the only friend of his sorrowful and orphaned boyhood; he had taught him how to perform music—the one grand inherent passion of his soul. To him, indeed, he owed all things; but, more than all else, he had loved him with all the strength of an orphaned heart: this old man had been to Philip, father, mother, brother, and sister!

Philip had nearly forgotten that Morna Haven was still there. A hot tear splashed on the hand which lay on his knee: the hand was gently raised and pressed to fevered lips.

"Philip, dear Philip!" said Morna's sweet trembling voice. "Do not mind Hessie. She don't mean what she says. She is very quick tempered, but she soon gets over it. Do not mind her, dear Philip."

Philip threw his arms around Morna's kneeling form, and pressed her convulsively to his heart.

"Morna," he said, in a grief-stricken voice; "my little wife! My promised bride; but for you, I could wish to go with him on

his long journey. Tell me, Morna; do you believe as Hessie Hamelton does?"

"Philip," replied Morna, solemnly, "I have not thought much about these things; but Hester has only repeated what most people believe. Dearest Philip, for your sake I will think: your grief and our mutual loss have quickened my soul and opened my eyes; it makes me feel, dear, that I have been walking blindly all the years of my past life; but I will think, Philip—I will think, deeply!"

"O Morna, Morna!" said Philip, kissing her broad white brow. "Think! Do, think, for my sake, dear Morna! I cannot stand alone. I shall fall, I know I shall, if you do not sustain me: such terrible ideas as Miss Hamelton cherishes will break my soul in pieces: it nearly drives me mad to think of them!"

Morna arose, and dipping her hands in clear cold water, she gently stroked Philip's heated brow; she made gentle passes over his head, neck and shoulders, until he was soothed and perfectly calm once more.

"Morna," he said, "I will go home with you for an hour or so. I do not now feel like staying here. The housekeeper will attend to those that call."

He took his hat, and they walked out, over across the pleasant field, until they came to where the old oak lay directly across their path.

CHAPTER XVI.

MORNA'S GRIEF.

PHILIP seated himself on the old oak's decaying trunk, and drew Morna down by his side.

"Morna," he said, "I am going to travel for a couple of years, then I shall return: we will be married, and I shall take my bride to Europe. O Morna! I would like to marry you now, and take you with me; but your father insists that we are still too young. I asked him for your hand yesterday; he said his only objections were, that a boy not yet twenty, and a girl not yet eighteen, were too young to marry; but, if I still retained the same mind, he would not object in two years from this time: he thought I ought to travel, and see more of the world, and when I had done so, perhaps I might love someone better than his little Morna—some richer, grander lady—as though such a thing were possible! Morna, my darling! No! I shall love you more and more as time goes on; of this I feel assured. Tell me, Morna; do you love me as much as you did when we were children and

you promised to be my wife? You have been more shy and cold since you were a grown young lady. I have felt sometimes that you could not love me as much as you formerly did; and, Morna, I will bare my heart to you, you shall see all its wickedness; there have been times when Hester Hamelton's great beauty held a sort of fascination for me; but, Morna, it was not love—it never will be love! O Morna! Morna, my love! save me, O save me from myself and her, or she will wreck my life and all my hopes of happiness!"

Morna stared at Philip, pale as the sheeted dead: this terrible thought had never crossed her mind before. Could it be possible that Philip, her Philip, was being drawn away from her by Hester Hamelton? She caught her breath pantingly; her head whirled; the light of day faded into black night; and her head sank, like that of a corpse, on Philip's shoulder: she was in a dead faint. Philip laid her inanimate form down on the grass: he ran for water, which he obtained in his hat at a little brook not far away. He sprinkled her face, and bathed her hands, and when she opened her eyes with returning animation, he kissed her wildly.

"O Morna; it is you, and you alone, whom I love! Hold me, Morna! Do not let Hessie

exert this charm over me ; for it is not love I feel for her. O Morna ; save me from myself and Hester Hamelton ! I shall go away, Morna, where I shall not see her, and then your pure sweet image will rest unclouded within my soul, and we will marry as soon as I return."

Morna walked on silently by Philip's side, her eyes downcast, her cheeks like marble ; her broad high forehead shining whitely in the autumn sunlight ; with pale hands clasped tightly together, and her form drooping like a lily on its stem.

"Morna, dear Morna ; look up," said Philip. "Believe me, it is not Hester Hamelton whom I love, but you !"

"Ah, Philip," replied Morna, "I feel as though a stone had been cast upon the placid surface of my mind ; where all before was peaceful calm, is now agitation and commotion."

"Yet, Morna, you do not doubt me ?"

"I did not, but how is it possible for me to say now, that I do not. I am not able to cope with Hester Hamelton. I would not, if I could. I have not wisdom enough to know whether she is right or wrong ; she is more beautiful, far richer, and more self-assertive than I am ; she is a leader in, and accustomed to, society ; she is accomplished in music, and can talk in two or three languages fluently.

Dear Philip, if she hold a charm for you she will gain you, I feel certain ; and I—I— What will become of me?" and Morna's hands worked convulsively together. "O Philip! would that you had not disturbed my dream: never for a moment did I suppose that you were at all attracted towards Miss Hamelton ; on the contrary, I thought you rather disliked her, and you were somewhat opposed to each other. This has come upon me unexpectedly : I must go to my room, be alone, and try to think it all out—try to make it all smooth, once more, if I can."

Philip said no more. He left Morna at the gate, and then a strange desire seized him to visit the cave, once more, where the old hermit had spent so many years of his life. He walked on briskly up the mountain path that had once been so familiar to him, and when he had walked on for some time he began to look for the old pine tree that used to tower above all the rest, marking the spot where the cave was located, but the old pine could not be seen. At length he reached the spot: the old pine had fallen directly across the entrance to the cave, and lay, devoid of needles or branches, like the broken mast of a disabled ship. But Philip was not to be baulked ; he crawled over the great log, and made his way into the cave. Many things had been left in

the cave that were not needed, or could not be removed by Philip and the old lord: the old arm-chair, and the rough board table, at which young Philip had sat at his first banquet; there was the rough log bedstead, which had been fastened to the wall; there was the old cupboard, and a few broken dishes and cups; and last, but not least, the pile of large stones that had formed the fire-place, and there was yet visible the traces of fire marks and ashes.

The old arm-chair stood in front of the deserted hearth, just where the old hermit had sat to warm his feet, before bidding adieu to this home for ever. Philip threw himself into the chair, and sat gazing at the black stones: he could almost imagine the old oaken chests still standing within that dark recess. A fancy struck him. He had matches in his pocket. He went out, and threw into the cave a pile of dry brush and sticks; lastly, a log, as large as he could lift. He piled the fuel into the old fire-place, and lighted it; he caught up a broken tea-kettle, all rusted with time and disuse; he took a cracked cup, and then went out to find the spring where he was wont to bathe his bright boyish face, and singularly beautiful hands. He found the spring completely choked up with moss and decaying leaves, but he removed them, and filled the

kettle with the clear cold water: he then drank from the cup. Returning within the cave, he placed the kettle over the fire, and soon it was singing gleefully.

All the power, which Hester Hamelton had ever exerted over young Carlisle, now vanished into thin air, and Morna Haven's image rose up brighter and more pure than the day. His trouble and fatigue, the warmth and glow of the fire, made Philip drowsy; the cave seemed to melt away indistinctly; the fire still glowed and sparkled. He felt a touch on his shoulder; he started and looked up: the old hermit stood by his side, his bright blue eyes gazing fondly into those of the young man.

Philip shook himself, passed his hand across his eyes to clear away the illusion: it only deepened upon him.

"Philip," said Lord Carlisle; "look well, and observe all which I have to show you."

When Philip first perceived the form, it looked precisely as the old lord had done in life; but, as he still gazed, a transformation gradually took place: the old hermit straightened himself to his full height of six feet; his form gradually filled out into perfect roundness and beauty; strength and manly grace were in every line and curve; his hands were as white and nearly as beautiful as Philip's, which

they very much resembled, excepting that they were longer and not quite as broad, and a blazing, glittering diamond was on one of the fingers. He raised the hand on which sparkled the diamond, and laid the index finger of his other hand on the jewel, saying, in his usual tone :

“Behold this talisman, my Philip ! When thou seest it bright and glittering, all is well. When thou seest it dim, like a tear, then pause and reflect, for this jewel indicates the state of thy love and wisdom.”

He then allowed his hands to fall by his side. His white hair had turned to a bright glinting brown, and fell in waving graceful masses over his broad majestic shoulders: his bright beard, likewise, waved across his breast; his countenance was instinct with life and heavenly beauty; not a wrinkle remained to tell where many had once been; and, instead of the old coat, patched with many colors, trailing on the ground because of his stooping figure, there glowed raiment of light, beautiful in its appropriateness. While this transformation was going on, his eyes held Philip's in a firm, loving, protecting gaze; and he now stood, in all his beauty, one hand laid lightly on young Carlisle's shoulder.

“So! Philip,” he said, “Hester Hamelton thinks I am in hell?

His tones were deep and musical.

"I suppose she does," replied Philip, for all fear and amazement had vanished. "Yes; she said as much."

"And when she was a child, she called me a tramp and a beggar; not fit to live among civilized men."

"I believe she did," answered Philip.

"Appearances are often deceptive," said the Lord of Carlisle. "To her I appeared as a tramp and a beggar, to be shunned and abhorred: she could not perceive that I was a titled nobleman, with vast wealth at my command, had I been minded to make it known. She now thinks the old atheist is burning in hell, because he could not believe in church dogmas; she cannot perceive that the soul within a man creates his heaven, or hell. She cannot perceive that it is really herself who is in hell, instead of the old atheist; for hell is error and unhappiness, and heaven is wisdom and love, which create happiness; and all this is within a soul, and not outside of it. The old tramp is in heaven, and the beautiful Miss Hamelton is in hell!

"Philip, a serpent can charm a bird. Do not allow yourself to be charmed by Miss Hamelton's beauty; if you do, she will swallow you, body and soul, all for your wealth and title. When she has obtained these, she will

cast your soul adrift as a worthless thing, or, at best, consign it to hell, and you will be a desolate, heart-broken man! Take warning from the life which I led when on earth, and do not follow in my footsteps. Philip, you and Morna Haven were good to the old hermit, in his sorrow and need; he will now recompense you four-fold—yea, a million-fold. I will earnestly seek wisdom, truth, and love with which to reward you. It is not long since I left my body, but what little I have learned by experience in this short time, I will now tell you, and, as fast as I gain truth, I will give it to thee.

“Shortly after you bade me good night—the night on which I gave up my body—I felt a fluttering at my heart, as though an imprisoned bird were trying to escape, at the same time my brain seemed to whirl dizzily: the seeming bird kept on beating its wings until it made its escape; it paused for a moment just over the heart, which had been its prison, and then again it commenced to beat its wings in regular pulsing strokes; my brain seemed to clear, and I had soared upward, and was looking down on my inanimate body; the seeming bird was my spiritual heart, still pulsing on: my spiritual brain, or mind, was bright and clear; my spiritual brain and heart drew from my mortal body its spiritual

counterpart. When I had gathered myself together once more, I turned, and there, with loving smile and outstretched hands, was my darling Allie.

“‘Come, papa,’ she said, kissing me as she wound her lovely arms about my neck. ‘Oh, I am so glad you have come at last!’

“Another beautiful form was by her side.

“‘This is my husband, dear papa,’ she said.

“I looked up in surprise. The other form, by her side, was an exact counterpart of herself, excepting that it was male in every line and feature: occasionally the two forms seemed to blend into one.

“‘Come, darling papa,’ again said Allie. ‘We have much to show you’; and we floated on, through a fine ethereal atmosphere, until we came to a beautiful world, very much like the earth, or, as the earth would be in a heavenly or spiritualized condition; and Allie said, it was composed of the departed spirits of all life, even to the tiniest blade of grass. Nothing was wanting. It was a perfect spiritual counterpart of earth, on a vaster, grander scale. There were shining cities, towns, and lovely sequestered homes. To one of these homes, Allie and her husband conducted me. This home was a perfect little gem of taste and beauty—an ideal home actualized—with all the appurtenances belong-

ing to such a home. Allie told me her husband and herself had constructed it, with the utmost delight, within their minds, which is the only way spirits and angels work, and that which the mind creates becomes real or actualized. I have not learned much more than this yet, my Philip, except that we do not see God as a person, and the angels teach that God is the great universal whole; or, all things that are, or were, or ever shall be; that there was no beginning, there can be no ending; that the devil is merely ignorance and error, or the opposite of light and truth. The devil is unprogressed good, and will eventually arrive at light and truth.

"Allie made me exceedingly happy in her sweet little home; and after I had eaten, drunk, and slept, and we had performed some harmonious music—for Allie had a beautiful piano and violin—she said we would return and visit you, and I should throw my loving, protecting care about you, and you should not go astray.

"This made me supremely happy; and so we are here, my dear Philip."

Philip now perceived two radiant forms standing near the Lord of Carlisle. They were Allie and her husband. They smiled lovingly, and waved their sweet hands towards him; then, Philip awoke. The fire had died down to smouldering embers. The kettle

was singing softly. The golden autumn sun was hanging low in the west. Philip arose, strengthened and refreshed, and went lightly down the mountain path, whistling and waving his beautiful white hands as he did many years ago when a mere lad. He thought he would like to go and visit the spot where he had fished out Morna Haven's wreath from the river; after this he kept on his way until he came to where the old mill once stood, with the great wheel so busily turning. But the old wheel had ceased in its revolutions, and the mill had fallen into decay.

It was now well along in the evening, and soon he reached his own door. All was quiet within. Everything in his rooms was as usual. The housekeeper told him, in a low voice, that the old lord had been laid in the grave. The grave had been dug in the very corner of the garden where he had himself desired it to be, and all was as usual: would Philip have his tea, or had he supped with Miss Haven?

No. She might fetch his tea to him here in the library: he was a little hungry, and would like something appetizing.

So, the kind old soul brought him a dainty broiled chicken with celery, a cup of fragrant hot tea, and other things which she thought he would like.

CHAPTER XVII.

PHILIP AND HESTER.

PHILIP'S library was pleasant, luxurious and home-like. He regretted to leave it. There was a ring at the outer door, and, presently, the housekeeper handed him a dainty perfumed note on a silver tray. He opened the note, wondering from whom it could come. Glancing at the signature he read—"Miss Hester Hamelton."

Miss Hamelton begged him to pardon her for the feeling which she had displayed in the conversation of the morning. She had not been well for a number of days. It was an hysterical fit, that was all. The doctor had been called in as soon as she arrived home. She hoped Mr. Carlisle would call and see her before his departure, and so forth.

It was now October. Philip intended to spend the winter in New York city. He had already engaged rooms at one of the best hotels the city could afford. He hoped, by the coming week, to be comparatively settled in them. He did not intend that his wealth

should cause him to be idle. He meant to give some grand concerts during the coming season, and earn a world-wide reputation, if possible. He was already well known in Germany and England: it now remained for America to recognise his great talent. He thought, with a smile, of his boyish wish to earn "barrels of money" for Morna Haven. It was not now necessary that he should earn money, but he would earn "tons of fame," and lay it all at Morna's feet. All this he thought, as he sat holding Miss Hamelton's perfumed note between his thumb and finger: he held it gingerly, somewhat as one might hold a small serpent.

Of course, he would call to see Miss Hamelton on the morrow.

Philip thought of his dream in the cave, with delight, if dream it was. The angels that visited him there looked so glorious and beautiful, it seemed to raise his soul upward above all earthly care and trouble; not like a far-off heaven, but something close and near; then these spirits, or angels, were like beautiful human beings, with aspirations, love and sympathy; they were like superior, dearly loved friends, that walked and talked with him: it was, to him, as though they dwelt with him, as though he could feel their warm breath on his cheek, their loving hands on his head and

shoulders; besides, they could tell him precisely how it was in the other life, for they had passed through the portals of death, and knew, by actual experience; he never more could be sorry or mourn for his lost friend, never more for anyone whom he might love, or whom he might see lying on their bier. The vision in the cave had forever settled the question with him: "If a man die, shall he live again?" had forever settled the question of heaven and hell, a personal God and a personal devil.

Young Carlisle's soul rose up within him, and seemed to shake itself like a lion going forth to do battle. His heart was light and hopeful; a great work lay before him, and he made a solemn vow to dedicate his life, and all his energies, to the furthering of truth as it had been revealed to him. He would use his great musical talent as a vehicle, or as wings with which to move his soul toward the attainment of his great desire—that of bringing the world nearer to truth and God, as he understood them. He thought that all which he possessed had been given him for this purpose—a title, vast wealth, and musical talent: these were the weapons placed within his hands, and he would use them well. "To whom much was given, much was required." He had youth and high health; he would give musical soirées, he would lecture, would write

books; he would travel, would visit all the principal towns and cities of the world, but he would not leave America until Morna Haven accompanied him as his bride. His father was perfectly willing he should do as he pleased, at least, until he, Lord Carlisle, should die, or become old: in either case, he desired that his son should return and take his place; but that might not be for many years to come. Lord Carlisle was yet in the prime of life. Philip was very glad that his father was still young, for he did not wish to settle down at present; no, not for many years to come. Thus, his youthful brain filled with noble resolves, he retired, and slept the sweet sleep of youth and health.

The next day, Philip awoke with a blithe and happy heart. It was a clear bright morning. The sun was just rising, a great globe of glorious light and heat, to bless and purify the earth on which it cast its rays; he watched it with a singing heart, as it slowly and majestically rolled upward, waking all life into gladness and song: birds began to carol, cattle to low, cocks to crow; the hum and stir of life could be heard in the village and about the neighboring farm-houses. Philip went to that corner of the garden where the remains of the old lord had been buried, and with his own hands transplanted flowers of the

brightest hue within the newly turned soil; then, he ordered a white lattice to be placed around the grave, and the most luxuriant vines to be planted, and the next spring the convolvulus were to be sown thickly around it, and whenever he should look on these bright flowers and morning-glories, they should be to him a token of the brightness and beauty of his arisen friend's new life.

The sun had travelled rapidly toward the zenith during the time he had been thus employed; he now remembered that he was to call on Miss Hamelton. He would first take his lunch, and then go.

When the housekeeper brought in his lunch, she was surprised to see him look so blithe and gay. He was humming snatches of sweet songs, and smiling with a sort of lofty enthusiasm; she, too, smiled at him in a motherly way, but said nothing.

Shortly after his lunch he dressed with care, and went to make his call on Miss Hamelton. She was not able to receive him in the parlor, and he was shown into her boudoir, a perfect gem of fashionable artistic fitting up.

Miss Hamelton was reclining among the pillows of a rose-colored sofa; her little feet, encased in white satin slippers, were peeping from beneath a richly embroidered robe, also

of purest white. An elegant little table of ebony, on which stood a medicine cup, and two or three phials, was drawn near the sofa. Her soft hand looked quite thin and white as it rested against the black table, while she toyed with a silver spoon. Her beautiful dark hair was unbound, and lay in graceful curls about her temples, and over the satin cushions of the sofa. Her cheeks were somewhat pale, giving to her great beauty a softer touch. Her eyes looked larger, brighter, and a shade more thoughtful than usual, as she drooped her long dark lashes over them. Truly, the eyes of man never rested on a lovelier picture, or one more calculated to stir the fires of youthful blood.

It is not to be supposed that Miss Hamelton was unconscious of this: she had lain awake a part of the night, studying just how to appear in the most touching and charming light; for, she said to herself, "She would win the heart of young Carlisle, or die in the attempt—she would be my Lady Carlisle, or she would dash her own brains out!" But she did not mean to die, or dash out her brains; she meant to be victorious and win. She had an indomitable will hidden beneath this soft beautiful exterior, and her passions would yet make sad havoc with her beauty; but this she did not stop to consider.

She smiled very sweetly on Philip as they exchanged greetings, and waved her jewelled hand toward a dainty seat on the other side of the little table.

"Miss Hamelton," said Philip, very gravely, "I am grieved to find you ill. It is to be hoped that your ailment is not of a serious nature."

"Well," replied Miss Hamelton, with a little sigh, "I think not, but yet I feel very weak. The doctor says I need society and a change of scene. He advises my father to travel with me. He thinks it would benefit us both, for papa is not in his usual health. Papa thinks we had better spend the winter in New York. What would you advise, Mr. Carlisle?" she asked, appealingly, raising her beautiful fascinating eyes to Philip's, and allowing them to rest with a tender inviting gaze, which sent a thrill through his youthful veins.

Her seductive beauty appealed to his senses, but not to his heart. He was conscious of this, and struggled manfully against it.

"It is presumable," he said, a little coldly, "that the doctor understands your case, and would advise you for the best?"

"Yes," she replied, quickly. "He thinks there should be more to interest me, and take my thoughts away from myself. He advises the opera, balls, receptions, and gay society generally. Papa has consented to go, or,

rather, he says he has intended to visit New York for some time past, and has only been waiting until I should be old enough to accompany him, and take my rightful place in society. Papa has already written to engage rooms, and we may be in New York almost as soon as you are. What is the name of the hotel in which you have taken rooms?" she asked, naively, knowing very well that they were in the Astor House, for she had asked Morna Haven, and found out all about it.

"I have engaged rooms at the Astor House," answered Philip, slightly annoyed.

"What a singular coincidence," she said, arching her perfect eyebrows a little surprisedly. "Why, that is the very hotel that papa has written to; yet we may not go there after all, the rooms may all be taken."

"That is not very likely," replied Philip, "for the house is very large, and exceedingly high-priced, not apt to be at all crowded."

Philip's manner toward Hester was not at all effusive. His thoughts were with his gentle Morna, and the vision in the cave was still bright in his memory.

"Do you intend to go much into the gay world this winter?" asked Miss Hamelton.

"Certainly, I have no intention of becoming a recluse," he answered; "yet, shall not go into society for the sake of being amused, or of

killing time; I intend to move in the great world as a man who has a mighty work to perform, and intends to work diligently and well."

"A mighty work? What can you mean, Mr. Carlisle? I should suppose that a wealthy gentleman like yourself would be content to enjoy the world without labor of any kind. I am sure, if I thought that I must perform some great work, it would unfit me for the enjoyment of life; society would be a task-master, and would give me no pleasure."

"There is where you and I essentially differ," said Philip. "I am not willing to be a straw floating on the waves of popular opinion, or even a feather to be blown about among the elite, but mean to be a leader; mean to be a worker; mean to climb to the topmost pinnacle of fame: but every rung of the ladder, by which I climb, must be a rung of pure truth, or as nearly so as it is possible for my finite mind, with the help of the infinite, to make them."

"O Mr. Carlisle! I am so glad to hear you speak of the infinite, or God, in that respectful way. It makes me very happy to find that you are not an atheist after all, as your grandfather was."

"Miss Hamelton, my grandfather was not an atheist."

Hessie arched her brows, and stared at Philip.

"Not an atheist!" she said. "Really, what can you mean? You told me yourself that he had not changed his opinions previous to his death."

"I mean that he was not, and never had been, an atheist during all his long life."

Hester stared at Philip as though she thought he had lost his senses.

"Miss Hamelton," asked Philip, "what is your understanding of the meaning of the word atheist?"

"Why, a person is an atheist who does not believe in God, Heaven, Christ, a change of heart—or the getting of religion—the Devil, Hell, and eternal punishment if one remains outside the fold of Christ."

"I will take up your first count," said young Carlisle. "A person is an atheist who does not believe in God. Of course, Miss Hamelton, you refer to a personal God of the male gender? No, my grandfather did not believe in that kind of God. Neither do I. But, the old Lord of Carlisle believed in God, and so do I. He believed that all things that were, or are, or ever shall be, is God: that all matter, whatsoever, is the material body of God; that all spirit, whatsoever, is the spirit of God; that all soul, or intelligence, whatsoever, is the

soul of God ; that God works in and with and through all things ; that God is not a male, but the equal blending of male and female ; and, that God is eternal infinitude ! Miss Hamelton, please answer my question in all sincerity : Is not such a God as my grandfather believed in, and as I believe in, infinitely superior to the narrow, pusillanimous, male personality in whom you believe ? You see, I intend to fix my ladder on a firm foundation. Move me if you can. Your brain may be more subtle than mine."

"But, the Bible—Mr. Carlisle—the Bible always speaks of God as a male personality."

"Miss Hamelton, God stands revealed to us at all times, if we do not shut our eyes to the great truth. God is never absent from us, not for a moment, during our existence. Our eyes are resting upon God at all times ; not only our natural eyes, but the eyes of our spirit, as well as the eyes of our soul. God walks with us hand in hand. We in our persons are so much of God made manifest, as all things else are so much of God made manifest, and the higher we climb in the scale of progress the greater and grander God opens up to our view."

"Then, you do not believe the Bible, Mr. Carlisle?"

"I believe all things, Miss Hamelton. I

believe there is a book called the Bible, because I see and read such a book; and all within that book that is reasonable, truthful and beautiful, I most sincerely indorse. The Bible was written by various men, in various ages of the world, and they wrote what they believed to be true; yet it might not have been the truth always. Many of these writers, like the writers of the present day, wrote from the imagination; many others used a great deal of metaphorical, or symbolic language, and did not intend to be understood literally, any more than I do when I speak of the rungs of the ladder of truth; they could convey their ideas more clearly by the use of metaphors."

"What can you mean by saying that we see God at all times?" asked Hester. "I do not believe that we shall see God until we die and go to heaven, and if one goes to hell one will never see God."

"Miss Hamelton, we do not agree on any point. When one looks at the sun, one may see God in its light and warmth—may see God's great, glorious life principle made manifest. When one turns and looks at the earth, and all its life and beauty, one may see God, or that part of God directly before one. When one gazes about on a bright starlight night at the countless worlds in space, one

may see God in the various forms of light, life, motion and beauty. The spirit of God is hidden within all material things, and when one, at length, shall yield up one's spirit, one shall see God's spirit made manifest through countless millions of spirits and angels. You will think it very strange, I suppose, when I tell you that I have already seen the spirit of Lord Carlisle."

"O Philip!" exclaimed Hester, forgetting herself in her surprise: "you are insane! You are becoming one of those crazy creatures called a Spiritualist—those horrible immoral people!"

Philip's lip curled a little disdainfully, as he looked at Hester lying among the rich cushions in all her voluptuous beauty. "Oh! why could not her mind be as beautiful as her body? yet her body appealed to the senses only. This was the kind of woman whom men ruined and then tired of, or married and suffered thereafter of soul starvation"; but he asked very calmly:

"By what right do you call Spiritualists immoral, Miss Hamelton, or insane? Are they more immoral than other classes of people? are their ideas less reasonable? An insane person is not supposed to use reason."

"Well, the Spiritualists are not reasonable people; they are a set of silly, crazy fanatics.

The idea of the dead knocking on tables!" she exclaimed, contemptuously.

"Well, Miss Hamelton," replied Philip, "having never heard the knocking on tables, my opinion of it would be unimportant; but, having seen and heard that which has set my mind at rest on the question, 'Do our departed loved ones walk and talk with us daily?' I am constrained to believe that they do, and my argument in favour of this shall be a quotation from the Bible, in which you so devoutly believe. St. Paul says, 'there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body,' and he says again, 'And I, Paul, saw a vision; but whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell.' Now, I, Philip Carlislie, saw a vision; but whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell; but I saw the vision with my spiritual sight, and not with the natural. Is not my word as good as Paul's? You have my word direct from my own lips; Paul's has come down to you through nearly two thousand years, besides passing through many other lips and hands, before reaching us at the present day.

"I, Philip Carlislie, saw my grandfather, with his beautiful daughter Allie, and her husband, in a vision at the hermit's cave on the mountain; and he talked with me face to face, and told me many things—revealed to me the

truth as it is concerning the future life of the spirit, and the spiritual world in which the spirits and souls of men and women live. Paul said he saw in his vision Jesus, the Nazarene, with other spirits and angels. Miss Hamelton, Paul and I seem to agree very well. He loved Jesus, I loved Lord Carlisle. Jesus talked with Paul, my grandfather talked with me. I don't know but I have as good a right to believe the Lord of Carlisle as Paul had to believe Jesus the Nazarene."

Hester looked weary and annoyed. Oh! if she could but succeed in becoming Lady Carlisle, she would combat these wild notions of Philip to the death! It would not do to get angry now, because it would drive him away from her; she must turn the conversation into a different and more attractive channel.

"You said you intended to give musical soirées this winter. I shall be sure to attend them. There is one point on which we can never disagree, Mr. Carlisle, and that is music. Your great talent, as a musical artist, all the world must admit. In the musical world you are a king, and rule your empire perfectly. I shall be very proud of the playmate of my childhood, when I hear his name resounding through the length and breadth of the land, as I am sure it will. It is only necessary that you be heard, to be appreciated."

"Many thanks, Miss Hamelton," replied Philip. "I do intend, indeed, to make myself heard in the musical world. My opinion is, that no man or woman should hide any talent which they may possess. The world needs all the efforts which individuals can make toward its progress, enlightenment and perfection; and I mean to be a strong and powerful worker in the world in which I live."

Hester yawned. Philip was becoming very tiresome. Why could not Philip be like other young men? Why could not he tell her how beautiful she was? Why would he not throw himself at her feet, and tell her he loved her? Why could not he talk the interesting tittle-tattle of the village, and pay her a compliment between every few syllables? Why would he not kiss her hand, and pay her the gallant attentions of a lover? Why did he not manifest pleasure, when she told him she was going to New York, and should be in the same hotel with himself? Why did he not say at once, how happy he should be to escort her to balls, parties, and the opera? Oh! she was sure she knew why, very well. It was all that odious Morna Haven's fault, with her milk and water ways—her milk and water beauty, if beauty it could be called. What sort of a Lady Carlisle would that unsophisticated farmer's daughter make? Why! she would

hardly grace the poorest home, and would be entirely out of place as my lady. She should think Philip might see it for himself. She did not believe the present Lord of Carlisle—Philip's father—with his proud ways, would give his consent to the marriage of Philip with such a simpleton as Morna, who was so much beneath him in birth and station. Still, if Morna were stylish, beautiful, and frequented the best society—as Hester intended to do—there would be more reason in it. But Morna's father was not rich enough to take her to New York for the season. It was all he could do to give her a comfortable home, and she had to work hard and help her weak mother; really! her hands were quite discolored with labor; besides, she had no piano. She could not play, even: she could not paint, and was not at all accomplished. Oh, surely! Philip would not think of marrying her. What did it matter about his boyish promises? Young men were always laughing at the folly of their boyish loves.

Such thoughts as the above were running through Hester's mind as she lay languidly, with closed eyes, a little pale, and weary at her non-success with Philip.

Young Carlisle rose to take his leave.

"Are you going so soon, Mr. Carlisle?" asked Hester. "I hope we shall see you again before you go to New York?"

"Well, hardly," replied Philip. "My time will be entirely taken up in making the necessary preparations."

He bowed politely, and rather coldly, as he left the room.

Hester threw herself back in a pet: all her fine plans might fail, but she did not mean that they should, if great beauty and cunning could bring them to pass. She had made herself acquainted with all of Philip's intentions, by visiting the unsuspecting Morna, and worming the required information from her: she had thus learned the name of the hotel where Philip had engaged rooms. She had compelled the doctor to play a part in the *rôle*, although unsuspectingly, by advising her father to take her away. She had laid the entire plan herself, and then used her father and the doctor as adjuncts to further her wishes.



CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BETROTHAL.

MR. HAMELTON had now become very wealthy, as many a village merchant has before him. Everything in life, to him, was a mill out of which he turned money. He was now well along in years. Ralph was following in his father's footsteps, and the old gentleman was as eager that his daughter should marry Philip, as she was herself.

Hester clasped her pretty hands together, and vowed she would marry Philip Carlisle, by fair means or foul; it made but little difference to her, which; then she threw herself down again, and closed her eyes to try and sleep: she did not wish to lose her beauty; it was all she had to depend upon.

Philip returned to his cozy library. Hester Hamelton's beauty haunted his susceptible imagination. He always felt restless, unhappy, and dissatisfied after being in her presence. Her great beauty charmed him. Her soul repulsed him. He ardently wished that her soul corresponded with her body.

On the other hand, Morna Haven's soul charmed, made him happy, and at peace and rest with himself; while, at the same time, in her sweet company he seemed to gather strength and courage to fight the battle of life. With Hessie, his high resolves were weakened: his strength and energies damped. He had a dim consciousness that, with Hester Hamelton as his wife, he should never accomplish anything which a gifted and dignified man ought to; but with Morna Haven as his wife, he felt that he could scale the mountain heights of wisdom. He had no intention of making Hester his wife. He was very sorry that she was going to New York, and he meant to leave the Astor House as soon as he could conveniently do so. That which he most dreaded was the spell which her beauty held over him.

As Philip sat thinking about these things, he became conscious of a strange, subtle power. It appeared to be something outside of himself: something that rested upon him, and at length penetrated and filled him. It seemed to him that he was two separate identities, and the higher and finer being conversed with the lower, grosser one, which was more like himself, and when this power rested upon him he thought he could penetrate futurity; he seemed to be able to

discover truth and wisdom on all subjects ; but when this power left him, he could not always remember what had been in his thoughts. At first, he thought it was an abnormal action of the brain, and perhaps he was becoming insane : this thought was extremely unpleasant to him, and just now, as he sat there, this power was upon him to a singular degree, and a voice repeated, again and again : " Write, Philip ! Write ! " Almost against his own volition he went to his writing-desk, caught up pen and paper, and immediately this strange power commenced to write with great rapidity. It was midnight before the power left him, and there was a large quantity of closely-written manuscript lying before him. He really did not know what had been written, and was too weary to read it over, so he retired, and slept most profoundly until morning.

Philip usually spent his mornings practising music, and he thought he never played so well as he did on that particular morning. His head was as clear as a bell, and the thought of insanity vanished from his mind ; afterward, he strolled out to pay his last visit to Morna Haven, before he departed for the city. He felt buoyant, strong and hopeful, as though he could strike heavy blows that the whole world might feel.

Miss Haven was not in the house, her mother said. She had gone to gather apples in the orchard, not far distant, and Philip hastened thither.

As he entered the orchard, he looked around to find Morna, but she was nowhere to be seen. He was feeling somewhat disappointed, when an apple from one of the trees struck him with considerable force, and then another and another. He looked up in surprise, when he caught sight of Morna's sweet face, among the green leaves and red cheeked apples. She was comfortably seated on a large outstanding branch of the tree, with a book in her hand, and was looking down at Philip, roguishly smiling, showing white even teeth, and dimples. Her cheeks wore an unwonted color; her softly flowing hair was slightly tangled from contact with the rough apple tree; her forehead looked unusually broad and white, up there among the branches; her white straw hat was hanging on a limb near by; she wore a dainty calico dress, belted high up after an esthetic style, although she knew nothing about esthetics. If Morna was not as beautiful as Hester, she had a sweet, pure charm all her own—her style was borrowed from no one.

Philip threw her a kiss, and then climbed nimbly to her side, feeling boyish and happy

once more. He wound his arm about Morna's slender figure, fearing she might fall, he said, and then gazed into her soft serious eyes. Her color came and went, like shadow and sunshine, and her sweet breath quickened.

"This is your farewell visit? You are going away, Philip," she said softly, and a little sadly.

"Yes, Morna," he replied. "I am going away for two years, and then I am coming back to claim my bride. You are not much more than a little girl now, Morna; when I return you will be a woman, and we shall both be old enough to marry."

"Perhaps you will love and marry some one else before that time," said Morna, "a richer, fairer lady; one nearer your own station in life?"

"No, Morna!" exclaimed Philip, with great emphasis. "I shall never marry any lady on the face of this earth but you: I swear it!" and he raised his beautiful hand toward the heavens.

"But great temptation may be thrown in your way, and you may not be able to resist it."

"Have faith in me, Morna," said Philip, and he set his teeth hard together. "Temptation is in my way already: it is not necessary to go to a city to meet with it; but, I shall conquer temptation, my sweet Morna. Believe

me, and have faith in me. Your faith will do more toward strengthening me than anything else."

He then told her of his call on Miss Hamelton, and the conversation which passed between them. He told her how exceedingly beautiful Hester looked :

"But, O Morna! her beauty is all of earth—yours, of heaven: that is the difference between you. If I were to marry Miss Hamelton, I should be a miserable man, and might even become a hermit as my grandfather did; but, if I marry you, I shall be happy and powerful."

He drew a small velvet case from his pocket, and opened it. A delicate ring, set with a brilliant diamond, was exposed.

Morna's eyes glistened. She loved diamonds; she could hardly then have told why.

"This is our betrothal ring," said Philip, and he slowly placed it on her finger. "It is a very valuable one, for no price can be too great to pay for a token of my undying love. Our love is as fadeless and deathless as our immortal souls. Whatever of time may roll between thee and me, whatever events may transpire, I will claim thee at last, my Morna! You are the only woman I ever loved, and the only one I ever shall love: this diamond seals our betrothal."

Morna raised the jewel to her lips, and kissed it. A tear glistened on her pale cheek.

"I will invoke the holy angels to guard and protect you until your return, and then I hope to be more worthy of you than I am now. I shall be twenty years old then, and hope much wiser than I am at present."

Philip now told Morna that Miss Hamelton and her father were going to New York to spend the coming winter, and had engaged rooms at the same hotel where his rooms were.

Morna's sweet face expressed the pain which this announcement gave her, but she said nothing: she believed that Philip would have strength to resist all Hester's machinations.

They now descended from the tree, and Philip assisted Morna to fill a large basket with apples, and then they carried it between them to the farm-house, Morna's slight form swaying gracefully by the weight of the basket—swaying like a young sapling against a heavy wind.

Philip remained to tea, and then walked home by the light of the harvest moon. He could not help comparing his feelings this evening with those of last. After leaving Hester he was restless and unhappy, until the strange power came upon him. This evening

he felt like a god, happy and strong; his blood leaped through his veins, as though he had drunk of the elixir of life and perennial youth.

While he was sitting in his library as usual, a smile of happy content on his face, he thought of the writing of the evening before. He went to his desk, and, taking up the manuscript, he commenced to read. He was greatly astonished. The writings were in his grandfather's peculiar chirography, and were addressed to Philip, as though the old hermit had actually written them with his own hand.

Philip glanced about the room. He could have sworn that the Lord of Carlisle was there observing him. The writings were remarkable, and treated of subjects that had been hidden mysteries to him, and here the mysterious was all explained and elaborated in detail, like one doing a hard sum in mathematics and obtaining the right product. They were lengthy, complete essays, signed by his grandfather's name. A postscript was added, in which he said:

"Think not that I am afar off because you do not see me. I am with you nearly as much as I ever was. Let my easy-chair remain in its accustomed place. I will sit there often, and you shall feel my presence if you do not see me."

Just then, Philip felt a gentle hand laid on his shoulder. It sent a peculiar shock, or thrill, throughout his frame, and he knew that the old Lord of Carlisle stood by his side, more wise, more powerful than he ever was or could have been when in the worn-out body.

The evenings were now getting chilly. A wood fire had been lighted in the open fireplace; the soft crackling and bright blaze made the room very cheerful and comfortable. Philip drew a small table before the fire, placed his grandfather's easy-chair on one side of it, and his own on the other; he then brought his writing materials, and put them on the table. Seating himself, he looked earnestly at the vacant chair: although he could not see a material form sitting in the chair, with his natural eyes, yet there was a subtle power, or influence, which he knew to be that of his grandfather.

Presently, the same desire to write overpowered him, and he wrote until near midnight. He did not read that which had been written until morning, and then his surprise was greater than before: the writing was a masterly production, and in the postscript the old lord said:

"Sit for the writing power as much as possible. I will fetch with me a band of powerful angels. When you go out among

men, every question which they shall desire to ask of you shall be answered. Through you we will do valiant battle against error, and lay firm foundations on which the edifices of truth shall at length be reared"; and so every evening, when it was possible, Philip wrote under this influence until near midnight, and the amount of writing thus accomplished was simply prodigious.

Philip's still youthful mind was not always able to grasp the grand principles and truths which were thus given, but he preserved all the writings for future use, as his grandfather had advised, for the angels were well aware that the world stood in sore need of all that could be thus given: and Philip's hand fitted the mould; it was his hand that should strike powerful blows for truth!

Philip soon became conscious of a power ten times greater than that of the Lord of Carlisle; and, the latter told him, this extra power was that of a remote ancestor—the first Laird of Carlisle—or, rather, that of Philipia of Philistia, the Carmelite! His table was soon loaded with manuscript; much of it written in characters which he did not understand, and much more in various languages—a great deal in the old Sanscrit—all which he preserved with care.

He had been so happily and busily engaged

in writing, that he was almost sorry when the day came for his departure to New York; but, come it did, as all other days do, and one bright morning he found himself seated in a palace car, en route for the great metropolis.



CHAPTER XIX.

PHILIP DEPARTS FOR NEW YORK.

PHILIP was not of a lackadaisical turn of mind, and he did not sigh or mourn for Morna Haven. He had walked briskly, in the early dawn, up to Morna's gate; he paused a moment, with his hand on the latch, to drink in the bright invigorating beauty of the scene.

The sun was just showing a golden rim above the horizon. The windows of the house, and the porch, were covered with morning-glories of all colors and shades—for Morna Haven delighted in these beautiful flowers. Their bell-like cups were glistening with dew, and the first sweet rays of the sun made each drop like a glittering diamond. The flowers displayed all the colors of the rainbow: there were the white, the red in all its various shades, the blue from pale to the darkest, the pink, the purple. Oh! how beautiful and significant they were—the glory of the morning!

No one seemed astir in the house, but as Philip turned his head in the direction of the

barn, he saw the cows standing in the barn-enclosure; they were not yet turned out into the sweet pasture, and that meant they had not yet been milked.

He took his hand off the latch of the gate, and slowly approached the yard. There were about a dozen fine cows, sleek and fat from their summer's rich pasturing, chewing their cuds contentedly. There were the red, the white, the black, the ring-streaked and speckled; their calves had been weaned long ago, and were out in the pasture, capering about with little furzy horns just starting. The cows all turned their great, dreamy, beautiful eyes toward Philip as he approached; and there, seated in the midst of them, on a low stool, was Morna; a bright tin pail was resting against her knees, her white arms were bare, her slender hands were both grasping a full teat, and two streams of sweet warm milk were flowing into the pail. Her dress was of light summer material, cut low in the neck, and quite short of skirt, in fact it was one of her girlish short frocks; she had not been a young lady very long, and they were not yet worn out.

The early morning was cool, and she had tied a white cape about her neck by its silken strings; it was thrown backward to give her arms perfect freedom while milking, exposing

the dimpled shoulders, which shone like ivory in the glint of the morning sun. Her budding white bosom, as she bent toward the cow, rose and fell with each sweet breath which her exertions had quickened. Her abundant waving hair was loosely wound at the back of her head, with pretty little tendrils escaping here and there. Her deep, sweet eyes were bright with the elixir of the morning, yet pensive and thoughtful. Her broad, high, marble-like brow shone in white majesty against the dull red of the cow she was milking.

The noise of the spirting milk had deadened Philip's tread, and Morna had not heard his approach. He leaned his arms on the bars, and looked at her. He caught the sparkle of the diamond on her finger. Beautiful queen of the morning! His Morna! No queen that ever sat on a throne could outvie this queen of nature; yet she was entirely unconscious of the part she played in this lovely morning scene.

The cow had no more milk to give, and Morna arose, intending to go to another—that pretty white one over there by the bars—when she caught sight of Philip. She put her pail down near the bars, and gave him her hand.

"I did not expect to see you again, dear

Philip," she said. "How kind of you to come. The train leaves at eight o'clock, does it not?"

"Yes; and I shall soon be far away, but could not go, however, until I had looked at my darling once more. I shall miss you sadly, sweet Morna, but I mean to improve every moment of the time while away; improve it, my darling, to be more worthy of you."

"O Philip," said Morna, "it is I that should feel unworthy of you, who are so wise and grand; I that am so ignorant and uncultivated! You are a gentleman by birth, and will yet be a titled nobleman, besides being so learned; it almost makes me shiver, while I am only a simple rustic, with little more than a common school education, and no accomplishments whatever."

"Morna," said Philip, "you can milk these cows perfectly. Let me have a drink from the pail, and never mind about the accomplishments. Give me a drink, Morna. I am thirsty, and have not yet had my breakfast."

Morna raised the pail, with its creamy contents, up to the top bar. Philip took it from her hand, and, as it rested on the bar, he tipped it toward his thirsty lips, and drank his fill of its sweet contents; and, as Morna replaced the pail, he pressed his lips, all wet with white

milk, full upon hers, which were as red as two cherries, and drew one lingering sweet kiss.

"Good-bye, my darling!" he said, as he wiped his lips with a white silk handkerchief, which he drew from his pocket; there was a P worked in one corner—worked there by Morna's nimble fingers. He shook it out, and, pointing to the initial, said:

"That is an accomplishment, is it not, Morna?"

"Oh, that is work! That is nothing," replied Morna.

"Well," said Philip, "you suit me; that is all I know about it. Good-bye—good-bye, my darling!" And he was off like the wind; but, just as he came to the rising ground, before he should descend into the little vale where the station belonging to the Railroad Company stood, he turned, and pulling the handkerchief from his pocket, he waved a last farewell to the girlish form that still stood at the bars, gazing wistfully after his retreating figure; then he disappeared from her sight.

Ah! when should she see him again? and would he then still be her Philip?

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And so Philip found himself seated in a palace car, en route for New York. He would not reach that great city before sundown. He made himself as comfortable as possible, and

sat silently watching the moving panorama before him.

The sun was now well up, but the dew still glistened on grass and flower and shrub. At length his eyes began to rove over those seated like himself, on their way to various parts of the country. There were young ladies and old; young men and their elders; there were babies, boys and girls, and persons of middle age of both sexes, but none of them seemed to hold any particular interest for him. The gentlemen were talking politics; the ladies were mostly silent, and the babies very restless. The children were munching peanuts and candy; their nurses were running to and fro with their charges, for water at the ice-tank. Philip yawned, and wished himself at the hotel in New York.

A tall gentleman was occupying the seat next to his, but the former's chair was turned in a way that only his profile came into Philip's view. The young man was struck with the gentleman's appearance, for he looked like no common personage: he was tall, rather large and massive, with heavy, coarse, iron-grey hair, cut close after the latest style; full black beard and fierce mustache, with here and there a white thread running through the mass; rather long features, square prominent chin, Roman nose, well cut and defined; heavy black

eyebrows, large piercing, deep-set, dark-grey eyes; his form was very erect, his air commanding; his glance was rather restless and cynical. He had been, thus far, deeply immersed in the columns of a newspaper, a New York paper, as Philip could see; occasionally his lips would curl scornfully as he read something that did not agree with his own opinions, or was not to his particular taste.

Philip watched the expression of the gentleman's countenance with considerable curiosity; even this man had a mind of his own, and did not swallow all that he read, or take it for granted: this fact was attractive to Philip, and he set the gentleman down, in his mind, as a person of no mean ability; yet, over all there rested a certain restless dissatisfaction, either with himself or with all about him. He looked like a man of granite. He made one think of the solid earth, without tree, flower, grass, or shrub. This man never seemed to glance upward, or at the sky; he either looked at the paper, at the earth, or at tangible moving things. Philip thought he might look at mountains, but not higher; in fact, his eyes had a peculiar trick of always looking downward, as though himself were at a height, and he looked down on all beneath him. Philip had been watching him now, for an hour or more, studying him, and arrived

to the conclusion just mentioned; when the stranger suddenly wheeled his chair about, faced Philip with a bow, and somewhat wrathful glance, although the wrath was not for the unoffending young man, but for something he had been reading. He pointed with his long forefinger to a paragraph in the paper.

"Pardon me," he said politely, in a well modulated voice, "but would you be kind enough to read that paragraph, and tell me what you think of it?"

Philip returned the stranger's salutation; then, taking the paper from his hand, he read:

"Mr. Solinger's lecture, at the Grand Opera House last Sunday, was very forcible, argumentative, and logical. The house was crowded to overflowing; there was not even standing room. Mr. Solinger manages to attract large audiences. More's the pity! Why intelligent people should like to hear a soul-slayer slash right and left at their hopes of immortality passes our comprehension, for, be as logical as he may, the soul of man still marches on unhurt: Mr. Solinger's blows fall powerless and ineffective. People probably go to hear him from sheer curiosity, and come away more convinced of immortality than ever."

The stranger's finger rested on the words, "Soul-slayer! Slash right and left!"

"Quite elegant, that," he said, with a curl of the lip, "worthy the source from which it emanates; but how is it possible for one to slay that which has no existence? or, slash that which has no being?" and his face looked more cynical than ever, as he allowed his eyes to rest on those of the young man, with rather an irritated expression.

Philip had read a great deal about Colonel Bob Solinger and his opinions, but had never seen or heard him, and had often thought he should like to cross swords with him—intellectual swords, of course. He looked the gentleman straight in the eyes, with a brave, frank expression.

"Well," replied Philip, "the expression is certainly meaningless, for it would be impossible to slay a soul under any circumstance."

The stranger curved his neck; his nostrils dilated; his eyes glinted with intellectual fire; his square jaw worked a little as though he were champing at bits, and as he kept crushing the paper in his hands, he reminded Philip of a war-horse that smelled the battle, and was impatient to be off.

"Young man," said he, "I perceive that you are one of the vast number who believe in that myth—the soul! But, before we engage in battle, allow me to introduce myself. I am

Colonel Robert Solinger: at your service!" and he again bowed.

Philip's fair youthful face flushed slightly, when he found who his companion was; still, nothing daunted, he said:

"And my name is Philip Carlisle; not, as yet, known to fame."

"Hardly!" said the Colonel, with a deep drawn breath. "You will need a few more years over your head before you can catch and hold the ticklish jade called fame."

"Yet I mean to catch and hold the jade," said Philip, with sparkling eyes and rare smile.

"You will find her worthless when she is caught," replied the Colonel, dryly.

"Well, that remains to be seen," replied Philip. "But to the rencounter!"



CHAPTER XX.

THE HUMAN HORSE

“**Y**ES, sir. I believe in the immortal soul of man!”

“Perhaps you believe that cats, dogs, horses, and so forth, have souls as well?” said the Colonel, with a slight sneer; “for one can see no difference between the death of a man and the death of a horse. Really, I have seen about as much intelligence manifested by a horse as by many men with whom I have come in contact.”

“Well,” said Philip, slowly, “I do not dispute it. I believe that horses have souls—immortal souls—if you will.”

The Colonel opened his eyes, and looked at the young man as though he thought he were either a fool or demented. This had always been one of his strong points when trying to prove the non-immortality of man. He had been in the habit of trying to prove that man was merely a higher sort of animal, and there was not so very much difference between the two and the four legged animal. He must

now change his tactics, and take Philip on different ground; a field of thought which he was not familiar with, consequently, he stood at a slight disadvantage.

"Young man," said he, "when you can prove to me that cats, dogs and horses have immortal souls, I will admit that man is not below them in the race after a phantom. Belief, or faith, is one thing; logical reasoning and positive proof, is another."

"Well," replied Philip, "suppose one could commence with a link of the chain of logical reasoning, and follow it without a break, around the circle, until it were joined again by the last link of positive proof?"

The Colonel champed at his bits, crested his neck, and almost frothed at the mouth.

"You cannot do it, young man! It is something that never has been done—something that never can be done!"

"My friend," said Philip, "that is merely an assertion. Prove to me that it has not been done, and that it cannot be done."

"How do you propose to prove to me that it can be done?" asked the Colonel.

"I do not think I can prove it to you in a desultory conversation like this, but if our acquaintance were to continue, I think, with the aid of writings which I have in my possession, I could amply prove it to you."

The Colonel was again at a disadvantage. All other men, with whom he had talked on the same subject, had thrown the Bible at his head, and he had easily vanquished and put them to flight; or, at least, he congratulated himself that he had; for he had amply proved that the Bible was a collection of books, written by men at various times, and there was nothing to prove that these books were inspired, beyond man's belief that they were; but Philip had not used the Bible as a weapon.

"I perceive," said the Colonel, "that you propose to fight with weapons not familiar to me; you will not, even, give me a choice."

"As you are the challenger, sir, I believe the choice of weapons belongs to me."

"Right! You are right, my young sir," snorted the Colonel, again champing at his bits. "You shall have the choice of weapons, sir, but where shall our duel be fought? Allow me to ask, to what part of the country you are bound?"

"I am on my way to New York," answered Philip, quietly, "and expect to remain in that city during the coming winter."

"Well; New York is where I make my home," said the Colonel, "when not on lecturing tours over the country. Shall, probably, be in that city a month or two, at least, and the Astor House is my hotel."

"I have apartments already engaged at the same house," said Philip; "so I think we shall be likely to meet often."

"Yes! Yes! More than likely," neighed the Colonel; and he shook his mane once more, fixing young Philip with an impatient eye. "But, we have still a long day before us; suppose we skirmish a little, and thus get acquainted with our ground?"

"All right!" replied Philip. "I have no objection. You shall make your thrusts, while I defend."

"Well," said the Colonel; "I never beat about the bush, or make feints, but march steadily toward the mark, spear in hand. I absolutely deny that man has an immortal soul. I affirm that he is begotten, like any other animal; that he dies, like any other animal; and, like other animals, that is the last of him; except, as he is remembered by those that still live, and his name, or fame, handed down from father to son, or from generation to generation, as the case may be."

"Well," answered Philip; "I shall recoil from the attack, by admitting that man is a progressed animal; that he dies, like any other animal; but I shall stop at the point where that is the last of him, or that it is the last of any animal. Tell me, Mr. Solinger, if you can; what it is that holds an animal, of any kind,

together? for I have already admitted that man is an animal."

"What holds an animal together? Why, natural law, of course!"

"Well," asked Philip, with a slow smile, and brightening eyes; "what is natural law, or this particular natural law, that holds things together?"

The Colonel did not champ quite so fiercely at his bits.

"A man's life, of course, holds him together, for, as soon as his life leaves him, he commences to fall apart."

"Granted," said Philip. "But what is the life, or the principle, that holds his body together?"

"Well," replied the Colonel, ceasing to paw; "his breath, his blood, and all the various parts of his body: his bones, skin and integuments, and, most of all, his pumping heart."

"When the man is dead, all remains exactly as it was, excepting his breath, and the motion of his heart," said Philip.

"Precisely!" assented the Colonel, again cresting his neck, and shaking his mane. "Precisely! It is nothing but the breath that holds a man together; merely a puffing of thin air, and when he ceases to puff, he ceases to be, and his body falls apart. See how easily you are vanquished!" and he smiled complacently.

"There is a little life left in me yet," smiled back Philip. "What is it that causes a man to breathe? It is not the thin air, surely! What causes the man to draw his breath?" slightly peremptorily. "What causes the man to draw in thin air?"

"I suppose it to be the beating heart."

"Precisely," said Philip. "It is the beating heart. Now, what causes the heart to beat?"

The Colonel put his hand to his head, a little perplexed.

"Well," he said, slowly; "I suppose the air makes the heart beat, and the beating heart causes the lungs to draw in the air."

"But a child's heart beats before it is born," said Philip, "months before it has ever drawn in a particle of thin air, and it does not beat in unison with the heart of the mother; therefore, your thin air theory falls to the ground. It is not the inhalation of air which causes the beating of the heart. I grant that it is the beating heart that causes the inhalation; but we have arrived at a point where the heart beats previous to inhalation; and now, I again ask you the question: What causes a man's heart to beat? for I am a step on vantage ground. Drive me back if you can."

"Well," replied Colonel Solinger, "the child derives its beating heart from the mother."

"Any well-read physician will say, 'No!' and amply prove his position."

"Really," said Solinger, "I am not a physician. Are you?"

"No," answered young Carlisle. "I am simply a musician; but, I have read many medical works, some of the best and most learned, and they all agree, as well as prove, that a child does not obtain its life, or beating heart, from the mother. The mother merely nourishes and feeds a life and beating heart which already exist. Now, the life and heart, already in existence, must originate from some other source. This you must, necessarily, grant."

"Yes: suppose I must," replied Solinger. "Of course, one cannot deny that universal and well-known fact." The Colonel's mane hung limp. "Well," he continued, with another little crest; "that proves nothing toward the immortality of man."

"Perhaps not," said Philip; "but I think we are following the chain very rapidly toward the proof. Now, the germ of the future life to be, dwells within the blood of the male parent, does it not?"

"Oh, certainly!" replied the Colonel. "It is impossible to deny that fact."

"And the beating heart must necessarily reside within the germ?" queried Philip.

"I suppose it must," assented the Colonel, slowly.

"It certainly must!" affirmed Philip; "for a germ that had not life within it would be worthless. Now, where does the germ get its beating heart of life?" asked the young man; "or, from whence does the father obtain the living germ?"

"Well," said the Colonel, with drooping eyes; "you are getting me a little on the hip."

"You are not yet wounded, are you, Colonel?" asked Philip, with a smile.

"No; not yet," replied Solinger, putting his hand to his head.

"Tell me, Colonel. From whence does the father obtain the living germs?"

"Why, I suppose they must be handed down to him from his parents."

"But eminent physicians have proved, beyond a doubt, that they are not, also that they do not reside within the blood of boys until they reach a certain age; neither do they reside within the blood of an animal, until it reaches a certain age. Now, from whence does the man obtain the living germ, or seed of life? in other words, the pulsing heart of the life that is yet to be?"

"I give up the point," said Solinger, "and say, frankly, that I don't know."

"Eminent physicians have proved, beyond

a doubt, that the living germ of a life that is to be, is breathed in by man together with atmospheric air; that germs are small invisible points of life that reside within the thin air, which you referred to a short time since," said Philip; "and, if man resided first within thin air as an invisible point, or germ, is there any good reason why he may not continue to reside there, as a developed soul, after he leaves the body, which the developing germ attracted and covered itself with?"

"I cannot see," said the Colonel, "how that proves man still continues to live as an immortal soul. His residing as an invisible germ, within the atmosphere, proves nothing for the point at issue—the immortality of man."

"Where did the invisible germ, within the atmosphere, get its life and beating heart?"

"Oh! Poh!" sneeringly cavilled the Colonel. "You are a visionary."

"I deny the charge," replied young Carlisle. "I have led you step by step up to this point, without a break in logic, or in fact, and you have admitted every step as we have proceeded. Now, tell me, dear Colonel, where do the germs obtain their life?"

"You know very well that I cannot!" retorted the Colonel, somewhat crossly; and he stood like a vanquished hero, in the midst of his own ruins.

"The germs forever exist within the great ocean of spirit and matter, waiting to take root, and develop into the imperishable, immortal soul of man."

"I cannot see that you have yet proved immortality," said the Colonel.

"If life never had a beginning," answered Philip, "it can never have an end, and must necessarily be immortal. I have now reached the point from which I started; but one grand step onward, in the march of progress; for, if the immortal heart never commenced to beat, it can never cease to beat; the life-giving rhythm has merely cast off its material covering; the throbbing, pulsing life has again returned to its former home, the thin air, or, rather, the ethereal atmosphere, a developed, intelligent soul."

The Colonel looked at this callow youth, greatly wondering. He glanced at his hands.

"You have a very remarkable hand," he said. "Did you not tell me you were a musician?"

"I did, sir," replied Philip. "That is my one talent."

"Do you intend to practise your profession in New York this winter?"

"I do," answered the young man; "and I hope, Colonel, to see you at my musicales often."

"Thank you!" said the Colonel. "Perhaps you will not care to attend my lectures? for I do not offer immortality as one of the attractions at the feast of intellect."

"On the contrary," said Philip, "I shall try to attend as many of them as possible; for I must first know what your strongholds are before I can overthrow them."

"Then, you intend to vanquish and put me to flight?" said the Colonel, with teeth set firmly on the bits and neck high arched.

"Yes," assented Philip, "I will beat you, Colonel, as surely as I am immortal! I will do you valiant battle, and drive you to the wall at every available point. Brighten up your armour, gird yourself strongly, and make ready for the contest; for, as surely as my name is Philip Carlisle, I will conquer you, and you shall lay your weapons at my feet, of your own accord."

The Colonel began to paw, his nostrils to dilate, his neck to arch; his eyes to shoot forth the red glare of a war-horse that scents the battle afar off; and, clinching his hands firmly, like one that holds the reins tightly over a prancing, curvetting steed, he arose, bowed royally, almost with a snort, and went into the smoking car to indulge in a cigar, and calm himself if possible; there we will leave him for the present. Philip went into the dining

car and ordered a good dinner; he felt that his barque was now launched on the great ocean of life, and he must struggle, fight, and be a man amongst men. He meant to steer his barque with a firm and powerful hand.



CHAPTER XXI.

MR. HOWLA.

WHEN Philip had finished his dinner, and the Colonel his cigar, they returned to their former seats in the parlor car, and once more exchanged civilities; then, the young man gazed dreamily from the window, on the rapidly-changing landscape without.

The Colonel studied him with great interest. Mr. Solinger was well-versed in human nature, and had been a stirring man of the world for many years: he had seen all sides of life, all kinds of characters; the most virtuous, the most vicious, the rich and the poor: he was a man of liberal education, was deeply-versed in history, science, theology, and law: he understood many languages, yet, with all his knowledge and astuteness, he was a confirmed sceptic; he did not believe in God, or a future life for man; he believed that all things had their origin in matter, and, when man, animal and vegetable died, they were resolved into the material elements, and again taken up by other and newer forms of life. He did not

consider that man had the slightest proof of immortality. He would have gladly believed himself immortal if he could ; but, thus far in his career, he had not been able to see anything beyond materiality. The theories, or, rather, facts, which young Carlisle had advanced, were entirely new to him ; and, for the first time in his life, he began to see a little beyond material things. The idea that man breathed in an immortal germ from out the atmosphere, was really startling. He could not deny it, even in his own atheistic mind. Really, he would be glad to believe himself immortal, and was impatient to renew the battle ; but, Philip did not seem inclined to open hostilities. The truth was, his thoughts were with Morna Haven. Thus, they remained silent for some time. At last the Colonel could bear it no longer.

"Young man," said he, "I will give ground enough to admit the germ theory to be true ; but, still, I cannot see how that proves immortality ?"

Philip turned his wonderful blue eyes full upon the Colonel. The Colonel unconsciously struck an attitude like that of a horse with his ears laid back, as if he intended to have his own way, and meant business.

"Well," replied Philip ; "to a mind that can reason from one end of a chain to the other,

it must be clear logic; for, if man commences his earthly career from an invisible germ, is it not pure reason to think that he leaves it as a developed invisible germ? and that a developed germ is the invisible spirit and soul of man? If he existed as an invisible germ within the ethereal atmosphere, previous to his development through matter, may he not exist as an invisible spirit within that same ethereal atmosphere, after his development? for, if countless millions of germs, of all kinds, exist within the atmosphere, and are invisible to man, is there any good reason why countless millions of spirits may not exist within that same atmosphere, also invisible to man?"

The Colonel looked like a curbed horse; he pranced a little, but made no headway.

"Can it be possible, sir," he said, at last, "that you believe all things have spirits equally with man?"

"That is my unalterable conviction," replied Philip, "even to the tiniest blade of grass."

The Colonel lay back in his chair, and Ha-ha! 'd like a horse that whinnies loudly. Ha-ha! Ha-ha! He-he! echoed he, shrilly, until all the occupants of the car looked at him in astonishment, and an old gentleman, sitting next the Colonel, wheeled his chair around and stared at Philip, laughing sympathetically, although, not understanding what the

conversation had been about. When the Colonel had whinnied loudly once more, he addressed the old gentleman.

"Look here, my friend!" said he. "What do you think this very remarkable young gentleman has been saying?"

"Well, really," replied the person thus addressed, putting on his spectacles which enlarged the appearance of his eyes until they seemed like starting globes, shooting straight at Philip's head,—“really, I am sure I can't say: but, something very funny, one would judge, by the laugh it has provoked,” and he sunk his head between his shoulders, with his hands on his knees, and chuckled hoarsely.

Philip's fair face reddened slightly, yet he remained quietly self-possessed, his eyes fixed, with a firm but well-bred expression, on the two gentlemen before him. The Colonel reared:

"Look here, my friend!" quoth he. "How would you like to live in heaven with cats, dogs, horses, cattle, snakes, wild beasts, and all kinds of vegetation?"

The old gentleman sunk his head deeper between his shoulders, clasped his knees still firmer with his claw-like hands, his hooked nose looking exceedingly like the beak of an owl, and stared at Philip through those wonderfully-magnifying spectacles, with great unflinching yellow eyes.

"Ho-ho! Oh-ho!" he laughed. "What fools these young people are getting to be! Beasts and birds in heaven, did you say? Ho-ho! Ho-ho! Why, the good book distinctly states that the beasts of the field perish, and that is the last of them!"

"And I believe," said the Colonel, "that man is an animal, and when he dies that is the last of him."

The old man turned his head slowly toward the speaker, without moving his shoulders or body in the least, and fixed his great yellow eyes upon him with a peculiar stare.

"But, the good book says that man's soul returns to God who gave it," he slowly ejaculated, the expression of his face not changing in the least, no matter how exciting the conversation might be.

"The good book?" repeated the Colonel. "By the good book, I suppose you mean the Bible?"

"Most assuredly," replied the old gentleman. "God's most holy word—the Bible."

"Why do you take it for granted that the Bible is God's most holy word?" asked the Colonel. "To me, there is not evidence enough to prove that it is God's most holy word; or, in fact, that God had anything whatever to do with it. It was written entirely by men in various ages of the world, the

different books composing it being collected, and put together, to suit a certain class of men who desired to form a church, and I, for one, am not willing to admit that it is God's most holy word ; nature is the only God that I have any evidence of."

The old gentleman jerked his head around, and threw his great eyes at Philip, as though waiting to hear what he would say, and, as the young man made no reply, he, at length, said:

"Of course, you cannot coincide with the Colonel, for you believe there is a heaven, filled with cats, dogs, horses, all kinds of reptiles, and creeping things! Ho-ho! Ho-ho!" he again hooted, his thin lips drawn up beneath his hooked nose, in the form of the letter O, his eyes not changing in their expressionless stare.

"Well," replied Philip, "if I believed in a very small heaven, and a personal God, the idea of the continued existence of animal life would be fully as amusing to me as it appears to be to you ; but, as the heaven in which I believe is illimitable and eternal—without beginning and without end—it seems to me there is room enough for all things which this comparatively small earth may be able to bring forth ; and, as man finds little trouble in existing here among such creatures, but, on the contrary, finds them of great service, and

really could not get along without them, I see no reason why they should not be immortal also. Surely, the principle of life in man and animals is the same; and, to me, the fact that man is immortal, is incontrovertible evidence that animals are also immortal."

The old gentleman kept up that steady, unvarying stare, but made no reply. The Colonel started nervously, and moved his feet in a spasmodic way that reminded one of a plunging horse.

"And do you think all these creatures live in thin air?" he asked.

"I will answer your question by asking another," said Philip. "Do not all these creatures, as well as man, live in thin air on the earth?"

"To be sure they do," replied the Colonel; "but, then, they are confined to the material earth, and feed on material substance."

"Yes; the spirits of all things develop up through the material," said Philip, "and, then, leaving the grosser substance behind, they ascend and take their proper places within the spiritual, and if this is true of man, it is true of all things. The life, or spirit of all things, ascends to form an imperishable spiritual world of exceeding beauty, rising sphere upon sphere until they absolutely touch and interblend with the spheres of other planets and worlds

in space. The foundation of the first spiritual sphere of this earth is firmly laid within the upper strata of the earth's dense atmosphere, rising just as cream rises upon milk. The earth's atmosphere may really be compared to milk, that holds within it the essences of all things that to us seem to die: for instance, a flower, or shrub of any kind, slowly exhales its life and beauty, and while it is giving up its essence, or spirit, we smell, or sense it in the air; it is rising—it is going forth—it is rising to the surface of the dense atmosphere, for it is more ethereal in its nature, and as fast as it exhales, or dies on earth, it grows within the spiritual sphere—it gathers up all its sweet life, beauty and impalpable essence, and becomes a flower, tree, or shrub within the spiritual sphere, imperishable and immortal; the same is true of all insect, reptile, or animal life. Man also dies to earth, and his spirit ascends to this beautiful realm, already prepared for him, and takes his place, naturally, within this world of life and beauty; there he creates, from his artistic soul, houses, halls of learning, and temples of wisdom, that sparkle in glorious light. I believe this to be no myth, or foolish fancy; but, as cream is really of firmer consistency than the milk from which it rises—although man cannot see each particle as it rises, no more than he can within milk—

so the spiritual world is richer, firmer and more enduring than the thin air through which it rises."

The old gentleman had not changed his attitude, and one could not perceive that he had even winked, but his stony stare had not left the young man's face during this speech. The Colonel gave two or three vigorous kicks, and then remained perfectly still, with something of a vicious look in his black eyes.

"Oh! stuff and nonsense!" he ejaculated. "Young man, I consider you the most visionary of all the visionary fools! Really! it surpasses anything I have ever heard! I thought the lunatics, called Spiritualists, had gone about as far in that direction as it was possible for the mind of man to go."

"Ho-ho! ho-ho!" broke forth the old gentleman. "Why! I think they will be obliged to put you in a straight jacket yet," and he jerked his head around over his shoulder, without moving his body or his hands, and stared as though he thought there were keepers in the adjoining apartment of the car.

Philip's beautiful hands moved a little nervously, yet he was nothing daunted; he sat very quietly, the personification of a true gentleman; his voice was even and mellow in its tone; he did not become excited, and his

countenance hardly changed in its expression of calm serenity ; but the young man became aware of a subtle presence near him, a power beyond himself, and he thought of Philipia of Philistia, the Carmelite.

"Well," said the Colonel, at last ; "do you believe that these developed, departed souls of men, have it in their power to return from this very singular place where you locate them, and hold communication with man, as many think?"

"I certainly do," replied young Carlisle ; "yet, I differ somewhat from the commonly-avowed Spiritualist, inasmuch as I do not think man returns in his compact spiritual body, but leaves that at rest, or asleep, within the spiritual world : in other words, I believe there is a material spiritual world, as material, comparatively, as cream is to milk, corresponding to our atmosphere."

Mr. Howla, that was the old gentleman's name, dropped his under jaw, and moved his pointed tongue over his dry lips, but otherwise he remained as motionless, in his body and stare, as the owl which he so much resembled. The Colonel had never chafed, and champed at his bits, as furiously as now.

"Ha-ha! He-he!" whinnied the Colonel. "Go on, young man! Take a little more rope. You will soon hang yourself."

"I may be hung," said Philip, with a rare smile, "but never by my own rope."

"Don't be so sure of that, young man, but go on! This is becoming quite amusing," and he settled his hands in his pockets, arched his neck, laid his ears back, and slanted his eyes downward toward Philip.

"I believe," said young Carlisle, slowly, and with emphasis, "that there is a substantial world, made up of the refined essences of all earthly material things; that these ethereal essences rise up through the earth's atmosphere; that the soul of all things—which is the invisible developed germ—precedes, or rises first, and then draws, or attracts a substantial material-spiritual covering, and that the soul of man acts in the same manner; that as his soul or invisible developed germ rises, he attracts and draws to himself a substantial material-spiritual covering, and that he walks, talks, and appears within that material-spiritual world, very much as he does on earth, except that it is the refined essence of the grosser, heavier, material, earthly matter; and, when his soul returns and holds communication with man on earth, he leaves this refined material body behind him in the spiritual world, and at these times this body appears to be at rest, or sleeping, yet the cord which connects the two is not broken, but acts somewhat as an

electric wire, yet it is a fine magnetic cord, and, when viewed from a spiritual standpoint, appears like a cord of pale yellow, or amber flame, which it really is. I believe that if the real spiritual body could return to earth, it would be as distinctly visible to man as his mortal body; but the soul, without its covering, is invisible. You perceive, dear Colonel, that I have a strong rope, and that it is long enough to reach from this earth to the real home of the departed soul of man, and I think I have not hung myself with it as yet. It is a pretty long rope, Colonel, from three to five miles in length, but that is nothing compared to the Atlantic cable, or the telegraph wires that girdle this globe. My rope is quite short when one takes railroads into consideration, or the enormous length of an unbroken ray from the sun."

The Colonel acted very much as though his check-rein had been tightened up. He glanced at Philip's hands, once more, as though he feared them a little—as though he feared those beautiful strong white hands might yet apply the stinging lash.

"Oh-ho! young man!" exclaimed Mr. Howla. "You are a little off—running off into all kinds of speculative theories. My head is much older than yours, and the belief of my fathers and forefathers is good enough for me," and Mr. Howla blinked once.

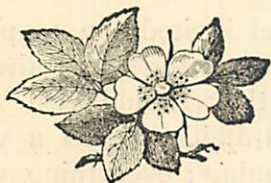
"Well," replied Philip, "I think if all the world believed to-day as their fathers and forefathers did, we should be in a sad plight of stupidity and ignorance—we should have no telegraph, no Atlantic cable, no steamboats, no electric lights, no railroads; we should think the earth flat, the sun, moon, and stars, small lanterns set in a firmament; that satan was a person with hoofs, horns, and a tail, and held sway over the most of mankind, in fact, that hell and the devil was the destiny of the masses; that God was a person of the male gender, and heaven a very small select place for the few. Such ideas may be good enough for you, Mr. Howla, but they are not very satisfying to the most of progressive, intellectual thinkers."

Mr. Howla blinked twice in succession, which was very ominous, and twirled his chair around with a jerk, manifesting considerable contempt and disgust for such an audacious young prig, as he considered young Carlisle to be. The Colonel thought he would go into the other car, and take another smoke, and Philip was left to his own thoughts.

The sun was just sinking out of sight; he was many miles from his village home and Morna Haven: a slight feeling of home-sickness swept over him; in another hour he would be at the end of his journey, and so he sat

thoughtfully until the round moon arose in the east, and the smoke of the great city came into sight. Presently, they were gliding past bright electric lights, the noise and hum of the city was all around them, and then the train ran into the depot, and ceased its rapid motion.

Philip took a carriage for the Astor House, and was soon within his own apartments, at that celebrated hotel.



CHAPTER XXII.

THE HERCULEAN ARM.

YOUNG Carlislie's rooms, at the Astor House, consisted of parlor, dressing-room, and sleeping apartment; all three furnished in the most elegant manner. Being very weary, he was soon in bed and asleep.

The following day he spent in visiting Central Park and other places of note; after dinner, he sauntered into the billiard room, and there came in contact with the Colonel once more.

The Colonel invited him to play, and they had a few games together; then it was arranged that they should visit the opera in company, and Philip passed a very pleasant, enjoyable evening; everything was fresh and new to him, but the Colonel was a very blasé man of the world; still, far from being a bad, or immoral one. He was too intelligent and thoughtful for that, and quite a philosopher and a humanitarian, although purely material in his views of life and religion. He was a great orator as well as an astute lawyer, and possessed a wonderful power in swaying the

minds of those who attended his lectures ; but, to his surprise, he found more than a match in the youthful Carlisle, for, whatever the subject of their conversation might be, he could not move Philip from certain convictions which he held. The tired world-weary man was greatly attracted to this fresh young soul, that would not yield him an inch of ground in their wordy battles. The Colonel was being carried, on Philip's strong youthful pinions, toward a higher and better life ; in fact, toward immortality.

The third day after Philip's arrival at the hotel, brought Miss Hester Hamelton and her father. Their apartments were just across the corridor from Philip's, and consisted of parlor, a small boudoir, and two sleeping apartments.

Miss Hamelton was dressed in the height of fashion, and looked more beautiful than Philip had ever seen her before ; she certainly was bent on making all the conquests possible, but it was Philip whom she intended to win and wear.

No one at the hotel had known, until Miss Hamelton's arrival, that young Carlisle was the son of an English nobleman, for Philip's modesty forbade his mentioning it himself ; but now it was soon noised through the house and among many select circles in New York,

and invitations began to pour in upon him to balls, receptions and soirées.

Young Carlislie was not averse to society. He liked the gay world very well, and was not at all cynical. He gave a series of grand concerts; his wonderful playing created quite a sensation over the country, and he drew crowded houses; in fact, he was the musical lion of New York society, and many other young ladies, besides Hester Hamelton, would gladly have given him their hand in marriage.

Philip was polite to all, and gave his full meed of gallant attentions, but to none did he surrender his heart; he paid no exclusive attention to any. Try as hard as she might, Miss Hamelton could not entangle his feet in her matrimonial net; he did not avoid her, but she could not touch his heart. He went with her and Mr. Hamelton to many places of amusement; he often went with them to balls and parties given by the elite of New York city. Miss Hamelton, being so superbly beautiful, was courted and flattered, but Philip's soul was with his fresh young Morna, therefore Hester's siege against his heart was in vain. Philip began to feel more and more at home in New York, as well as in his rooms at the hotel, and gave up the idea of leaving the Astor House, but settled himself comfortably

for the winter. Many of his evenings were passed in society or at the opera; the maining evenings were spent in writing under the peculiar influence which he knew to be that of superior beings, and the manuscript, which he already had, would, if properly printed and bound, make many volumes. He had tried, occasionally, to discontinue the writing, but whenever he did so he became wretched and uneasy; he would receive repeated shocks, like blows on the head, and, with each shock, the words, "Write! write! write!" would be reiterated—"Write for the sake of truth, and the enlightenment of mankind," and then, gently, messages would flow into his mind, somewhat like the following:

"Go forth among men; mingle freely with the world, and you will soon be convinced that these writings are needed: you will feel with us, that a new day is about to dawn upon the world, and the dark night of error is to vanish."

Colonel Solinger had commenced a course of lectures, or sermons, at the Grand Opera House, and each Sunday evening found the place crowded, almost to suffocation, to hear the great orator, and eloquent, gifted man, as the Colonel undoubtedly was, try to convince people that they had no souls, there was no heaven, there was no God; all things com-

menced and ended in materiality, and were governed by purely natural laws. Then, again, Philip would visit some grand orthodox church, in company with Mr. Hamelton and Miss Hester, for they never attended any other—he usually went at their urgent invitation, for Hester fondly hoped that young Carlislie might be brought over, after all; she believed if his heart were changed, and he could get religion, her conquest of him would be assured—here he would find a large and magnificent church, very thinly attended; the few that were gathered there seemed more intent on examining those who were very fashionably attired, listening to the grand organ and the accomplished choir, than they did to the saving of their souls from everlasting perdition: in fact, people did not act as though they believed what they professed.

Occasionally, he would visit the Catholic Church, the Jewish Synagogue, the Methodists, and, lastly, the Salvation Army; he would sometimes drop in to hear some fine Spiritualist lecture, and thus he made himself well acquainted with all the various kinds of faith held by the inhabitants of the great city, and he considered that this city fairly represented the various faiths held by the greater part of the civilized world; but, he made a point of attending all the Colonel's lectures. He

became fascinated and enthralled by the Colonel's eloquence ; and, whenever he heard him, there appeared before his mental vision, Hercules, with his great hammer and powerful arm, striking repeated and heavy blows at man's faith in immortality. Now, it was Hercules, in the form of the Colonel, that young Philip determined to conquer. Hercules might demolish the churches, together with man's faith in immortality, but young Carlisle would go around quietly, with his torch lighted by truth, and rekindle the extinguished fires ; this he vowed should be his work and mission on earth ; he felt that he could not get along without Hercules, for, as Hercules struck his powerful blows, and demolished error, the ruins could be more easily lighted by the torch of truth.

Philip felt that his was not the hand to demolish, but to relight, and he was so impressed by this fact, that he found himself sketching the gigantic hand and powerful arm of Hercules, with the great hammer raised, ready to strike ; and, opposed to this, the fair, perfect, beautiful hand, holding the bright-flaming torch of heavenly truth.

The Colonel often visited young Carlisle in his quiet parlor, and Philip had just finished the sketch, when, answering a knock on his door, he admitted the Colonel. Mr. Solinger

took a seat, and lighted his cigar. The sketch was lying on a small table, close by the Colonel's elbow.

"Ah! my dear Carlislie," exclaimed the Colonel, "what have you here? Is this some of your drawing? By Jove! it's well done! You have brought out those muscles in the arm of Hercules finely, young man. Really, you can boast of many accomplishments. You played the sonatas of Beethoven divinely, at your last soirée. You write like a god. This is the first I have seen of your drawing, but it's immense! I assure you. It only remains for me to hear you address an audience, and then come to the conclusion that all gifts are centered in one young man," and he laughed facetiously.

Philip blushed slightly, as he took up the drawing.

"Colonel," he said, "this is not the arm of Hercules, which I have sketched. I did not have the arm of Hercules in my mind, at all, when I drew this."

The Colonel looked curious.

"Whose arm did you have in your mind, then?" he asked.

"This represents the arm of your soul, Colonel," replied Philip, "as I perceive it with my inner sight."

The Colonel removed his cigar, blew the

smoke from his lips, slowly, with speculative eyes.

"Well; if that represents my arm, instead of the arm of Hercules, to whom does the other belong?"

"I would that the heavenly torch might rest within my hand," said Philip.

The Colonel glanced at the perfectly beautiful hand of young Carlisle, and then at his own, at the same time laying it flat on the marble table.

"Come, Carlisle," he said; "put your hand down here by the side of mine, and let us take note of the difference between them."

Philip placed his hand by that of the Colonel: the contrast which the two hands presented was a very singular one; although the Colonel had not performed an hour of manual labour in his life, and Philip had worked quite hard, when a boy, at all kinds of drudgery, yet, the Colonel's hand was nearly as large again as Philip's; the Colonel was not much larger than Philip, but his hand was exceedingly long and powerful.

We have described young Carlisle's hand so many times, it will not be necessary to repeat it.

The Colonel pulled off his coat, and bared his arm. Strange! but the hand and arm looked more like those of a powerful black-

smith than they did like those of a gentleman: to be sure, they were clean, but that was the only distinction.

"Come, Carlislie," said he; "let's see your arm."

Philip followed the Colonel's lead, and bared his arm to the elbow. The hand and arm were as white as milk, and as perfectly beautiful as those of an angel, yet not at all effeminate; they were the hand and arm of an Apollo, or a Greek god. For an instant the hand seemed to hold a phantom torch. The Colonel brushed his hand across his eyes, and, turning, looked out of the window.

When the two men had become seated once more, Solinger said:

"By the way, Carlislie: that Miss Hamelton is a superbly beautiful woman. She tells me that you and she were school-mates, and grew up in the same village together; of which circumstance she is quite proud, and evidently considers you the man above all others. I may be speaking to her fiancée, for aught I know."

"We are not affianced," said Philip, calmly; "and I hope Miss Hamelton does not consider me the man above all others. She speaks truly when she says we grew up in the same village together: I, as a poor little vagrant, she, as a rich man's daughter; and Mr.

Hamelton is far wealthier now than he was at that time: his daughter was very beautiful as a child, she is more beautiful as a woman. I admire her beauty, extremely, but our souls are not at all congenial."

"Whew!" ejaculated the Colonel. "You don't tell me so! I had supposed you to be very much in love with her. In fact, it is reported that you are engaged to her. You have been seen very much together."

"Naturally," replied Philip, "considering our long acquaintance; but there is no reason why we should have been reported engaged. To be confidential, Colonel, I rather dislike Miss Hamelton than otherwise; her beauty of soul does not compare with her beauty of person, or, rather, her beauty is that of a young animal: her beauty is of the physical, and not of the spiritual, and will soon fade, I think; whereas, if the spirit were lovely, the body would never grow ugly."

"I hope," said the Colonel, "you will not be the means of breaking Miss Hamelton's heart, for I am certain she loves you, whatever your feelings may be toward her?"

"I do not think," replied Philip, "she will ever break her heart for any man"; but he did not tell the Colonel of his sweet young Morna.

"Oh-ho!" exclaimed the Colonel, as he

glanced out of the window, "if there isn't Mr. Howla, just alighting from his carriage, bag and baggage! He must have taken rooms here for the season. He told me he lived somewhere up the Hudson, but kept no house in town. Yes; surely! There are two ladies with him; his wife and daughter, I presume; he has often spoken of them to me."

Philip glanced at the Colonel, a look of amusement playing over his features.

"Tell me more of Mr. Howla."

"He is the Rev. Moses Howla, of the Presbyterian clergy; one of the good old school, and he does not abate one jot or tittle of the doctrines formerly held by that august body; he even believes in the hoofs and horns of satan, and that hell is paved with the skulls of infants damned."

Philip shuddered.

"He is one extreme, Colonel, and you are the other," he said. "In your lecture, last Sunday, you repeatedly told your audience that there was no God, no future, no heaven, no hell, no devil. If I had no choice but to believe as he does or as you do, I would choose his way before yours, for it would be better that a few should be saved to immortal life, than that all should be death and oblivion."

The Colonel at home was not the same man he was on the rostrum, or in public;

his eyes were now cast down, his face had a perplexed, rather hopeless, careworn look.

"Carlisle," said he, "if you, or any other man, could absolutely prove to me the existence of a God, I would throw down my hammer, and beat the world no more. Really, my dear fellow, I get very weary sometimes, and often feel like laying my head on my mother's breast and saying:—'Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep'—that is the only thing I can remember about my mother. She died when I was but three years old."

Tears started in Philip's blue eyes:

"And I was cut away from my mother's breast, before I was capable of remembering anything; yet, I have often seen my mother's spirit, and her loving presence is with me much of the time."

The Colonel sighed heavily.

"Carlisle," he said, "I should be a far better and happier man, if I could have faith in a future existence—if I could believe in God."

"Well," replied Philip; "I believe in doing the work which lies nearest at hand—in saving souls with whom we come in contact every day—and I mean to save yours, Colonel."

"I thought you did not believe in hell?"

"I do not believe in a literal hell," replied Philip; "but, my dear Colonel, I believe in the kind of hell in which you are at the present time, and the hell in which you will remain while you think as you now do; also, in the hell to which you will drag others through your preaching; for every man or woman must drag others, with whom they come in contact, down or raise them up, and some have far greater power than others. You, my dear Colonel, are dragging down thousands, whereas, if your own soul were raised up out of hell, you would raise thousands of others."

The Colonel sighed heavily.

"Colonel," continued Philip, "if I prove to you the existence of God, will you give up your foolish belief in the extinction of the soul?"

"You cannot do it!" exclaimed the Colonel. "It is impossible! I have held long argumentative conversations with the greatest divines that have ever lived, and all the evidence which they can bring is not worth a straw. I leave them all, more set in my own opinions than ever; and it is just the same with the Bible and history. I can find no positive evidence of immortality."

"Colonel," said Philip, "I have long wanted to visit Jersey Heights; suppose we take the

ferry, and go over there this evening; the sky is clear, the air is cool, but mild; there is a full moon; we will then continue this subject."

"Agreed," said the Colonel; and he made his adieu.



CHAPTER XXIII.

A TILT WITH THE COLONEL.

SHORTLY after dinner, the Colonel and Philip could be seen sauntering toward the Jersey City ferry, and a half-hour afterward found them seated in one of those pleasant retreats known as German Gardens; the Colonel with his cigar, and both gentlemen gazing out over the great city, with all its surrounding suburbs and watery expanse. The hour was twilight. There were still faint streaks of glory in the west, left by the departing sun. The moon had not yet made its appearance, but Jupiter was already casting pale rays athwart the sky, and, as the twilight deepened, one by one the stars shone forth, until the dark blue sky was a diamond-studded vault. Presently the full moon made its appearance, looking at first like an enormous fire in the distance, then, as it rose majestically, showing its fully rounded proportions, looking exceedingly large and near, before it left the horizon far behind.

The early evening was more beautiful than a dream. The Colonel sighed as he puffed the smoke-wreaths about his head—sighed as a disappointed man of the world is apt to do. The scene gave him a peculiarly regretful feeling that was not at all pleasurable. The Colonel was really a very unhappy man. Not so, Philip. To him, the scene was beautiful beyond description, and hope and happiness filled his soul. All things spoke to him of immortality and heaven.

"All things in nature are circling around," he said, with a soft sigh,—“sun, moon, and stars—but how silently they move, how steadily, never ceasing for an instant in their circling onward march. Truly, God is great!”

“I really wish I could believe there is a God,” said the Colonel, contemplatively; “but, to me all things appear to move from the effect of natural law.”

“Granted,” said Philip. “But can you analyze those natural laws? Can you tell me precisely why the worlds move in space, or by what power?”

“Well, answered the Colonel, removing his cigar from his lips, and puffing forth a quantity of smoke; “we are told that the law by which they are moved is the law of gravitation, or, the attraction of gravitation.”

“Very true,” said Philip; “that means, that

they are attracted to gravitate together ; or, they hold an attraction for each other. But, why do they hold an attraction for each other ? Wherein lies the secret spring of attraction ?

" Really," replied the Colonel ; " I do not know that I can say."

" Magnetism must be the secret spring of attraction," said Philip. " Magnetism is that which attracts and holds to itself. Now, if the secret spring of all movement is magnetism, we ought to try and thoroughly understand magnetism."

" How can we possibly understand it ?" asked the Colonel. " It is an invisible power ; we can only mark the result."

" I do not feel so sure that we cannot understand it," said Philip. " Magnetism must be a real substance, or it could not be the cause of an effect ; it may not be visible to our material eyes, but the effect is certainly visible, and there can be no effect without an adequate cause."

" Then, you consider magnetism to be the cause of all motion ?" said the Colonel.

" I do," replied Philip. " According to the united chain of reasoning, it must be. We cannot see magnetism, but we can see matter ; and, just here, my dear Colonel, is where you are making a great mistake. You believe in matter because you can see it ; but you do not

believe in magnetism, because you cannot see it."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the Colonel. "I do believe in magnetism; it would be impossible not to believe in it. Why; the veriest child at school understands all about magnetic attraction; and, really, Carlisle, it needs very little demonstration."

"Well, then," said Philip, "there is an invisible power, called magnetism, which holds together visible substance, called matter?"

"Certainly, certainly!" said the Colonel, emphatically.

"Then, before worlds could be attracted and held together in the form of globes, magnetism and matter must have existed?"

"Certainly," said the Colonel, eyeing Philip a little curiously.

"Then, you admit that magnetism and matter existed—or they do exist—in a state where they are not in the form of a globe, for a globe is merely the effect of a previous cause?"

"Ar' n't you getting a little beyond your depth?" asked the Colonel, with a laugh.

"O, come on, Colonel! you're not afraid, are you?" retorted Philip.

"Well, then, suppose I admit that matter and magnetism existed in a nude state—shall I say, before they took on the form of globes—what then?"

"Well," asked Philip; "can you see matter before it is held together by magnetism in the form of a globe—or innumerable globes?"

"No. By — I can't!" exclaimed the Colonel.

"Well, then; you admit that magnetism and matter both existed—or do exist—in an invisible state, or, at least, invisible to man?"

"Carlislie," said the Colonel, with a snort, "you are driving me into a corner. You're a cool hand, by Jupiter!"

"Never mind Jupiter, just now; we'll look at him presently. But, say, Colonel; answer my question."

"I aver," said the Colonel, "it must be so! Yes; there's no alternative. I'm penned, and can't get out anywhere."

"Well; you've got two kings," laughed Philip; "invisible magnetism, and invisible matter; suppose I crown them?"

"How do you propose to crown them?" asked the Colonel.

"By wedding them; but, we are not quite ready yet for the wedding."

"Go on," said the Colonel.

"God is a trinity," said Philip, sententiously.

"What has all this to do with God?" queried the Colonel.

"Why, we have been analyzing God, have we not?" asked Philip.

"We have been analyzing magnetism and matter," replied the Colonel.

"True; we have been analyzing first principles, or the hands which formed the visible universe. Are those not the invisible hands of God?"

"Great Jove! but you're a queer one!" ejaculated the Colonel. He really did not mean to be profane, or vulgarize himself, but Philip's torch was setting him in a blaze.

"Now, we have analyzed the two hands of God," continued Philip, "but magnetism nor matter has not intelligent life within it. You admit that there is such a thing as intelligence, do you not?"

"—— you!" exclaimed the Colonel. "How can I help but admit it?"

"Magnetism is not intelligent, matter is not intelligent, even in their first, or invisible state."

"Well; to be sure not."

"Then, how came intelligence to be?" asked Philip. "It is not magnetism: it is not matter."

"It is the result of the combination of magnetism and matter," replied the Colonel, brightening.

"I think I can prove to you that it is not," said Philip. "Pure magnetism and pure matter, united, can bring forth no greater

result than globular form, unaided by a third principle."

"Whew——!" breathed the Colonel.

"Now, Colonel, I shall crown your kings, or, in other words, I will wed your king and queen. Magnetism is the queen, matter the king, and intelligence the high priest, or fountain-head, in other words, the Godhead."

"It is this very thing—intelligence—which I can't understand!" raged the Colonel. "Magnetism and matter I can understand, but, blow me if I do understand intelligence—or, that which makes a man think—and, Carlislie, I don't believe that you do, or can."

"Unaided by higher power," replied Philip, reverently, "I do not think I could; but, perhaps, Philipia of Philistia, the Carmelite, will aid me a little."

"Who?" asked the Colonel.

"A very ancient ancestor of mine," answered Philip, calmly; "in other words, a developed intelligence that long since became invisible to the eyes of undeveloped intelligence."

"Now, by Jove! What do you mean by developed intelligence, and undeveloped intelligence?"

"Why; I think my words were quite plain," replied Philip. "You admit, dear Colonel, that there is such a thing as undeveloped intelligence?"

The Colonel took his cigar from his mouth, and, turning, faced Philip with a stare.

"Undeveloped intelligence?" he said, slowly. "Certainly, I must admit undeveloped intelligence."

"Yes; you will admit that undeveloped intelligence resides within a babe, and within many of the lower animals, in fact, within all animal life. I will go still farther, Colonel, and ask you to admit that undeveloped intelligence resides in all life whatsoever."

"Undeveloped intelligence—undeveloped intelligence," thoughtfully repeated the Colonel. "How can I know whether it is undeveloped intelligence, or not?"

"Because, you can very easily trace its development," replied Philip. "Is a new-born babe intelligent?" asked the young man. "But, the most of babes that live to be men and women are intelligent, are they not? Now, the germ, which at length develops into a babe, was breathed in by the father, from out the atmosphere, in the form of an invisible germ. All intelligent medical writers agree on this point; and, if intelligence exists in the form of invisible undeveloped germs, along with invisible magnetism and invisible matter, I think, Colonel, I will sweep you off the board, for I have crowned my king and my queen with intelligence, and you have admitted

that all three are invisible until they are manifested in the visible. Colonel, throw up the sponge! You have admitted that you firmly believe in God, and not only God, but a triune God, creator of the heaven and the earth—creator of the sun, moon, and stars; you have admitted the trinity; not exactly as Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, but intelligence, magnetism, and matter; bride, bridegroom, and high priest. Colonel, may I never again hear you preach, ‘there is no God.’ I should be sorry to hear you belie that which you have freely admitted.”

The Colonel looked like a defeated man who had nothing to say; presently, he brightened up.

“But, all that does not prove immortality,” he said.

“Well,” replied Philip, “it proves an invisible, eternal God. We will have another game, Colonel, some other time. See! the moon is riding the heavens most royally! It is time for us to go back to the hotel, and close our eyes in sleep.”



CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BROTHERLY COMPACT.

THE next morning the Colonel sauntered into the reading-room, and found Philip already there, looking over the columns of the morning papers ; he extended his hand, with a smile, saying :

“I beg your pardon, Carlisle, for the unusually strong language into which I was betrayed last evening. The fact is, that when I was a much younger man than I am at present, I was a little wild, and did not always frequent the best society ; many of my companions were often profane and dissolute men. I was occasionally led into play, yet I did not become a gambler, and soon dropped the society of the immoral and profane ; but, sometimes, when I entirely forget myself in some great surprise, or under intense excitement, I drop into a species of profanity. Although I do not believe in God, or that there is a supreme being to care especially what words one may use, yet I do not wish to offend polite ears, or vulgarize myself.”

Philip took the extended hand, with great cordiality, his very gentlemanly bearing a strong contrast to that of the Colonel's. No one could look at the Colonel and not be reminded of a spirited war-horse; the manner in which he carried his head, with arched neck, his step, and the peculiar motion of his hands; his spirited, noble appearance; his thin, dilated nostrils; his large, dark eye, which could express such fierce fire; his flowing, iron-grey hair. He was always dressed in very fine black clothes and immaculate linen, and, strange as it may seem, he was beginning to love Philip Carlisle with a love passing that of a brother; beginning to love him with a strange sort of love, a love something like that of a high-mettled charger that no man can ride but his master—his gentle but firm-handed master—the master with the low tone and soft caress, but, still, the master whose hand never swerved; the hand that could apply the stinging lash, but did not often condescend to such mean use of its power.

The contrast between the two men was very great: the Colonel was tall, powerfully built, massive and muscular, without an ounce of spare flesh; a man between fifty and sixty years of age. Philip Carlisle had not yet a beard: he was of medium height, with a singularly cherubic form and face; his body

was softly rounded everywhere; his dark brown hair glinted like gold; his complexion was exceedingly fair, his lips soft yet firm, his chin rounded and cleft; yet, beneath all this soft, cherubic exterior, one felt that there were muscles of steel hidden beneath the fair flesh, but those beautiful hands were better suited to touch the hidden chords and bring forth the grandest, sweetest harmony from all creation, as well as from the soul of man.

"My pardon is freely granted," said Philip, with a smile; "but you still say you do not believe in God; yet, last night, you fairly admitted that there existed a triune creator, which I believe all men call God; you fully admitted an invisible trinity, creator of heaven and earth,"

"Well; I don't know about that," replied the Colonel. "I admitted that there existed magnetism, matter, and intelligence, but that is not the way in which God is generally understood."

"Granted," said Philip; "because, it is not generally understood just in what way God creates the heavens and the earths; and, whenever man, or intelligence, attempts to analyze, or explain the exact method by which the universe is created, he is met with the words, Blasphemy! Sacrilege! The Church holds up its hands in holy horror, saying, we

must accept without question all its teachings, whether they have any sense in them or not; we are to be like its little children; we must not pry into secrets which it, for its own interests, does not wish us to know."

"Exactly!" said the Colonel. "Exactly! and that is what has driven me forth from its breast, and made of me an unbelieving infidel. To believe in a personal God, is to me utterly impossible, and to thousands upon thousands of others. The intelligent world is far, far in advance of the churches, and that is one great reason why crowds of people come to hear me; they are asking for bread, and I sometimes feel that I have nothing but a stone to give them. O Carlisle! when I stand looking down upon a large, hungry, and expectant audience, my soul often quails with horror that I have nothing better to give them than stones. Aye! I feed them with stones!"

The Colonel's face took on a worried and hopeless look.

"Carlisle," he continued; "I preach the highest truth I know."

"I do not doubt it," replied Carlisle. "Colonel, I probably shall never be a preacher; it is not for me to reach the world in that particular way, but, if I can convince you of immortality, and the truth as it is revealed to me, through you, I shall be able to

reach thousands; for, believe me, you will draw larger houses than you do now, when you preach truth instead of error, and give the multitude bread instead of stones; for, there is not a man or woman living but would rather believe they were immortal than that the dissolution of the body ended all."

"But, how am I to be convinced of the immortality of man?" asked the Colonel, almost imploringly.

"You have admitted," replied Philip, "that magnetism, matter, and undeveloped intelligence existed before man, and even before worlds could be formed."

"Yes," answered the Colonel; "I certainly cannot gainsay those very obvious facts; but, those are merely first, or elementary principles, and, I think, at the dissolution of the body they are again resolved back into their first principles."

"What becomes of developed intelligence?" asked Philip; "and for what purpose should all nature toil together, for countless ages, to develop intelligence if it were again to be resolved back into undeveloped intelligence? For, it is certainly obvious that the end and aim of all things is for the purpose of developing intelligence. Now, Colonel, we will have another little game, if you please, and I will make the first move, and you shall defend

yourself. Can you think of anything in nature that ever takes a single step backwards?"

"Why; certainly! everything that dies is again resolved into its first elements: for instance, vegetation, animal, and human life, as it dies, is again resolved back to mother-earth, and once more becomes dust."

"Colonel," asked Philip, "are you sure that this is the case?"

The Colonel stared. "Why; you are asking a very foolish question for so wise a young man! Is it not a patent, obvious fact, continually before our eyes?"

"I positively deny that it is," replied Philip.

The Colonel now thought that he surely was talking with a lunatic.

"We will take a leaf or flower, for example," continued Philip. "Are leaves from the trees resolved back to earth, or their first elementary principles?"

"Certainly!" replied the Colonel.

"I beg to differ from you," said young Carlisle. "The unplucked leaf yields up its spirit, or immortal part, while it is on the tree—its developed or spiritual form—and until it does so yield it up, the leaf remains intact, or, in a rapidly-developing condition. As soon as a leaf becomes perfectly developed, it commences to yield up its spirit, or die, as it is called, and when all the life and beauty has

departed from it, it casts down to earth about one-third of its proper weight, robbed of all life and spirit; the life, or spirit of the leaf, does not fall to earth at all: on the contrary, it takes its proper place within the atmosphere. To an observer it appears as though the withered leaf on the ground again returned to dust; but, Colonel, I do not believe this theory to be the true one; it merely appears thus for awhile. I admit that disintegration goes on very slowly with it, but when, at last, every atom which composes it has been robbed of all spirit, then the atoms also rise into the atmosphere; but they are worthless; they have no spirit within them; and so, all worthless atoms, at length, rise, and are pushed outside the atmosphere, and there lie in helpless masses for a season; and, some bright evening, we will take a telescope and have a good look at Jupiter, for its worthless atoms we can see, but not those of our own earth: thus you perceive, Colonel, even the worthless or worn-out atoms cannot return to their first or primary condition, any more than a man can return to his babyhood; and if this is true of matter, surely it must be true of spirit. Colonel, you are at fault when you say that all things are again resolved into their first elementary state. Glass is made from sand, but one may grind glass to the finest powder,

and it will never be sand again. The material of which all vegetation is composed, when once it has entered into the composition of vegetable growth, will never return to its first, or primary, condition; but all the atoms, that have been robbed of their spirit, will eventually rise outside the atmosphere. Fires may run over prairies for years, but where are the ashes? one cannot find them. A common farmer understands this law well, for, after a few years, his cultivated land becomes worthless, and will not yield even grass, unless new spirit is put into it: the land yields up its spirit to vegetation, vegetation yields up its spirit to animal life, or to the atmosphere, and animal life yields up its spirit to intelligent life, or to the atmosphere, and intelligence never returns again to undeveloped intelligence, it enters the—to man—invisible world as developed intelligence."

The Colonel sat eyeing Philip in the most thoughtful manner.

"Colonel," went on the young man, "this is where you, and many others, are making a grand mistake—in thinking that all forms are again resolved into their first, or elementary state. They are not. They never can be. A developed form can never return to its first condition, no more than a man can ever again become a babe. All forms are developed from

an invisible germ, but a developed germ can never again become an undeveloped germ. The matter with which it clothes itself, as it develops, it robs of its spirit, and the matter thus impoverished never returns to its first estate, neither does the spirit: one, in developing, has robbed the other. You admitted, last night, dear Colonel, that there existed invisible magnetism, invisible matter, and undeveloped intelligence. Now, matter and magnetism are equally blended within all forms, and when the undeveloped germ of intelligence once takes root within magnetism and matter, which are equally blended, it feeds and grows upon the magnetism and matter, until it is fully developed, when it no longer needs matter, and casts it off; this matter, thus robbed of its magnetism, becomes inert and worthless, and, at length, is pushed outside the atmosphere; the developed intelligence also rises, clothed in its living garb of magnetism, to the unseen, or spiritual realm. There, Colonel! I have had the game all my own way, thus far. What have you to say in contradistinction?"

The Colonel looked as mild as a cooing dove. The war-horse seemed ready to follow his master like a dog.

"Come, Colonel," repeated Philip. "What have you to say?"

The Colonel grasped Philip's hand. The tears started to his eyes.

"I hope I am wrong," he replied, "and you are right; but I do not feel that you have positively proved the immortality of man."

"My own mind needs no proof," said Philip; "but all other men are not constituted like myself: I must not lose sight of that fact. Colonel, let us strike hands as brothers, let us never forget, or desert each other, and before I am done with you, you shall preach immortality to your hearers; you shall feed them with the bread of life instead of stones!"

The two men struck their palms together, and firmly pressed each other's hands; their eyes met in a loving, brotherly glance, and their faces shone with developed intelligence.

Just as their hands fell apart, Mr. Howla was seen slowly sauntering in their direction.



CHAPTER XXV.

PHILIP'S LETTER TO MORNA.

MR. SOLINGER extended his hand. "Glad to meet you once more, Mr. Howla," he said. "This is the young man whom we met on the train. You have not forgotten him, I hope?"

Mr. Howla gave his hand to the Colonel, with:

"How do you do? my dear Colonel."

He then turned his spectacled eyes slowly toward Philip. Really, his eyes looked as large as small saucers, through the greatly magnifying lenses. Letting the Colonel's hand fall from his clam-like clasp, he slowly wound his long fingers around those of the young man.

"Oh-ho!" he ejaculated. "How do you do? young man. I hope you are not still following after satan, but have turned your face Zionward?"

Philip smiled, saying, he was very well: hoped Mr. Howla was well also.

Mr. Howla let his eyelids fall with a slow movement, and then stared as unflinchingly as ever.

"Can't say that I am well," he replied. "The sins of the world press heavily upon me. The heart of man grows more wicked and stubborn every day. I am wrestling much of the time in prayer—prayer to God to save His children from the wrath to come—and my constant wrestling with God exhausts my strength, I think," and Mr. Howla sank into a chair, clasped his talons together, and stared long and fixedly at each gentleman in turn.

The Colonel's hands began their nervous, pawing motion; his feet were as restless as his hands; his neck arched; his nostrils dilated; his eyes shone with impatience.

"Wrestling with God! Wrath to come?" he repeated. "If you wrestle with God, my friend, do you throw God? or, does God throw you? or, are you able to appease His wrath? To me it seems a very strange God that can be so wrathful with His own creation, or, can stoop to wrestle, with the impending danger of being thrown by one puny man. Does your wrestling with God have the effect of changing His mind? If God is so small and impotent a being, that you can change His mind, I am afraid it would not require much strength to conquer Him."

Mr. Howla gave a long, long sigh.

"O infidelity! infidelity!" he murmured. "Thou high-headed monster, walking rampant o'er the land! here sits one of thy most powerful allies! Colonel Solinger, thou art allied to satan, and are filling the bottomless pit with innumerable souls, where they will crawl and writhe in agony for evermore; burning—burning for ever! burning in torment! Satan has gotten thy soul fast in his grip. I may not hope to save thee, but, mayhap, I shall save this tender youthful soul—this straying lamb: the devil is tempting and leading him on with fantasies, which seem very beautiful, but the end is all the same; the cloven foot will soon appear, and the soul of this young man will be lost—lost—for ever lost in hell! Young man, I lift up my voice in warning. Flee! flee from hell and the devil, and take refuge in God, so that when the last trump shall sound, your soul may be saved in heaven."

"Mr. Howla," said Philip, "before I flee from hell and the devil, toward God and heaven, I shall certainly want to know in what direction to flee; for, if I did not, I might unwittingly take the wrong direction, and flee into hell instead of heaven. I think it no more than right that you inform me where hell is located, and where heaven?"

"Young man," said Mr. Howla, with solemnity, "your question is one of great levity, but, owing to your extreme youth, I will excuse it, and answer; although, it is well known to even the smallest child, that heaven is above, and hell beneath."

"Beneath what? and above what?" again questioned Philip.

"Why, look up into the heavens, young man, and, far—far beyond your ken—far above in the sky is heaven located."

"And, where hell?"

Mr. Howla pointed downward, with his claw-like finger, in the most solemn and impressive manner, as he said:

"Down—down beneath the earth lies the bottomless pit, where satan and his imps are constantly feeding the fires of hell, wherewith to torment and burn the souls of the unregenerate!"

"Do you mean that hell is located within the bowels of the earth? or, at its interior central point?"

"Not within the earth at all," replied Mr. Howla; "but, beneath it—beneath it, sir! You are more ignorant than a child!"

"But, every child at school understands well, that the earth is a globe rolling in space, turning entirely over once in twenty-four hours, besides circling in a vast orbit around

the sun once a year. Taking these facts into consideration, Mr. Howla, there certainly can be neither up nor down. The inhabitants of China are our antipodes, and, in twelve hours from this time, we shall be looking into, very nearly, the same point of the heavens that the people of China are now; besides, the earth is never stationary for an instant. I think, dear Mr. Howla, that you will be obliged to locate hell somewhere else, as there is no above nor beneath: our directions must all, of necessity, be outward in space, and space must extend throughout eternity."

Mr. Howla glared, and clawed his knees viciously.

"That makes but very little difference," he said. "Heaven and hell exist in eternity."

"And, by eternity you mean space?" asked Philip.

"Well, suppose I admit, then, that heaven and hell are in space?"

"I do not see how you can possibly help it, under the circumstances," replied Philip. "Then, dear sir, to what part of space shall I flee, to escape from hell, and find heaven? As space extends for ever and for ever throughout all eternity, I really do not know where I shall find either."

Mr. Howla blinked four or five times in succession, which was an evidence that he was

floundering at sea, not quite knowing how to find land.

"Young man," he said, at last; "you are being wofully misled by satan, and will discover, when it is too late, that the arch-deceiver has led you downward to his own domain."

Philip's face flushed slightly; he did not think it would be of much use to talk with Mr. Howla, but with the Colonel it was different—he, at least, would listen to sound reasoning; but he said:

"Mr. Howla, I do not believe in a devil, nor hell; and, as I consider that all sin originates in ignorance, I wish to discover all truth as rapidly as possible; for, to be wise is to be happy, if one's wisdom is based on truthful principles. A personal devil, and a hell, are, to me, the foolish scarecrows of ignorance, that wise men should long ago have outgrown; neither do I believe in a personal God, and a corresponding heaven; yet, in God and immortality I firmly believe. I believe that all things that are, or ever shall be, is God: that God works in, and with, and through all things: that we each, individually, have as much of God as we are capable of holding: that we are parts and parcels of God, as are all things else that exist—also suns, moons, and stars, and all life whatsoever contained thereon; and it is to understand God, and

walk with Him, or Her, or the oneness of the male and female, in all the workings of the universe. This is my aim and my delight, and nothing that you can say could ever alter my mind on these subjects, in the least; and now, Mr. Howla, I must say good-morning, for I have letters to write."

Philip gave his hand to the Colonel, and then left the reading-room.

"A very headstrong youth," remarked Mr. Howla to the Colonel, when Philip had disappeared.

"A very remarkable, and excellent young man," replied the Colonel, dryly. "Are you aware, Mr. Howla, that he is the son of one of England's noblest peers?"

"Oh-ho! You don't say so? Is it possible? Why, I never dreamed as much. He don't look anything more than an ordinary gentleman. Well, really, now! that accounts for his high and mighty conceit of his own opinion. But, you'll find yourselves mistaken, sir—you'll find yourselves mistaken?"

"I hope I shall find that I am mistaken," replied the Colonel, "and, Mr. Howla, I hope you will find that you are mistaken."

Philip wrote his letters: one to his father, and one to Morna. He had received a letter from Morna the day before, in which she said, she feared he might regret his engagement.

to herself, now that he was out in the world, where he would meet beautiful and fashionable ladies with many accomplishments, and some of them might be heiresses of great wealth; while she had neither accomplishments, beauty, nor wealth. "But, in one thing, dear Philip," she had said, "I am rich, and that is in my love for you. You have been the star of my life since my earliest remembrance, and, now, I can scarcely think of anything else, except, to make myself worthy of such love as you cherish for me. Every night I kiss the sparkling jewel which you gave me as the token of our mutual love, and pray to heaven that your love may never grow cold, and that you may receive every good and perfect gift."

Philip had reassured her in his letter, that, although he met many fashionable, rich, and beautiful ladies, yet he felt not the slightest love for any one of them—he had a friendly regard for all. He had treated Hester Hamelton somewhat as he would a sister, but there was no danger that his heart would ever swerve from her—Morna—in the least: in fact, the more he saw of others, the more lovely she appeared to him. Beauty had no especial charm for him, unless there were beauty of soul as well, and the rich, beautiful, fashionable ladies whom he met, thought more about beauty, style, and fashion,

than they did of those things that could not perish, or fade away. His Morna was, to him, an imperishable flower. Her beauty was of that kind which could never grow dim, or fade; it would shine through the body, even if that body were old and withered, and would be far dearer to him than all the wealth, beauty, and fashion the world could boast.

Thus his letter ran on, and it was loving, constant, and honorable enough to satisfy the most exacting soul.

"I am thinking, dear Morna," he wrote, "of that happy time, in the not very distant future, when you will be all my own, and then I shall have a home for the first time in my life. Dear Morna, this may sound very strange to you, that I—the son of a peer, heir to grand ancestral halls, and vast wealth—should feel that I have no home—have never had one: but it is true. A palace, without my Morna, could never be home to me. My rooms, here at the hotel, are very elegant: I have all the luxuries that New York city can afford, and yet I am but a traveller, a sojourner, looking forward eagerly to that time when I shall have a real home, with my gentle Morna as its queen.

"Dearest Morna, do you think you should care to live in England? I have a presentiment that my sweet morning-glory would not

thrive if transplanted into an English conservatory, and it seems to me, darling, that I could not live there myself for any great length of time. The great West of the American Continent draws me like an invisible, powerful cord; although, dearest, I have not seen the western world as yet; still, at times, when a certain power is upon me—like that of the old Lord of Carlisle, or, Philicia, of Philistia, the Carmelite—they seem to take my spirit out of my body, and I go with them all over that vast new world. There is one sweet spot, my dearest, where they linger with me while they say, 'Here shalt thou make thy home!' Morna, I shall go to that spot before I return to you, and there, I believe, we shall build our home. As they show it me in spirit, it is a lovely place, where my morning-glory will thrive, and grow more beautiful every day.

"As I stand, in spirit, on this sweet spot, with the grand old lord on one side of me, and the ancient Carmelite on the other, they point with prophetic finger, and I look out over the Pacific Ocean. The land is a land of fruit and flowers; actually flowing with milk and honey. The spot is embowered with orange groves; the house is low and rambling; flowers and small fruits everywhere. Toward the east, as I turn, there are vast plains, and, in the

distance, mountain peaks: the plains are covered with lowing herds of cattle, and, on the mountain steppes, great flocks of sheep are peacefully grazing. Large vessels are sailing into a beautiful harbor, from China and Japan, laden with the products of those ancient lands, and it seemed, dearest Morna, in that sweet wide spot, I tuned my harp anew, and clasped my bride to my heart: there, we commenced our mutual labors for the good of mankind. Write, my dearest, and tell me if such a life as this would suit you better than to live in England. As soon as we are married, sweet love, we will start for England, and for a year, at least, we will travel: you shall see all the countries of the Old World, and then, dear, we will return, and find this sweet spot, which I know is on California's southern slope; and there my sweet convolvulus shall take deep root, thrive, and put forth her bright blossoms with the dawning day; her dear hand shall gather the orange blossoms, and, after the blossoms, the refreshing fruit."

While Philip was thus pouring out his fond hopes to the one woman whom he loved, others were plotting to entrap his unwary feet within the meshes of matrimony; not because they particularly loved, or admired the young man, but because he was the son of an English lord, and could make grand ladies of them.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MRS. HOWLA.

MR. HOWLA, when he left the reading-room, went directly to the private parlor where his wife passed much of her time.

"Sophy," he said, to the fat middle-aged lady who was reclining luxuriously in a large easy-chair, "whom do you think I have just been talking with?"

"Really! Mr. Howla, how could you expect one to know? one meets so many people at a hotel."

"Well," said Mr. Howla, drawing a small, rather high chair in front of his wife, perching his small, lean body upon it, and taking the position which was so natural to him, that of stooping forward slightly with each claw-like hand clasping each knee, staring unwinkingly through those great magnifying glasses; "the son of a lord—a *bona fide* lord—not one of your valets, tricked out in disguise. Oh-ho! Oh-ho!" and he blinked knowingly at his wife.

"You don't tell me so? and he's staying at this very hotel? A young, unmarried man,

did you say?" and the lady raised herself to an upright position by each red fat hand, as they rested on the softly cushioned arms of the large chair.

"Yes; Sophy," chuckled Mr. Howla; "a young unmarried man; almost too young, I am afraid."

"Why; he's not a lad, is he? I thought you said he was marriageable!" and her flushed fat face paled a little.

"Well; if I didn't say so, I meant so," replied Mr. Howla; "and there is one great advantage in his being quite youthful: he is, probably, wholly disengaged—not entangled with any woman, you know. Oh-ho! Oh-ho!" chuckled he. "Would you believe, Sophy, not knowing who he was, I exhorted him as I would any common sinner."

"Oh! you're always putting your foot into it! Why can't you be more careful about who you are talking to? I have known you to do that same thing once or twice before, and thereby spoiled all my plans. It is your fault that Thisbe is not yet settled in life. No young man wants a father-in-law who is for ever preaching," and the lady's large black eyes flashed a little.

She was a very fat lady, indeed; weighing nearly three hundred pounds, but carrying her enormous amount of flesh very well consider-

ing her height. See was very tall indeed, and her large frame could have carried a few pounds more. Her face and hands were very red. She had large, flashing black eyes ; her hair was black, thick, and coarsely streaked with white ; her lips were full and sensual ; her head was large and low, with a peculiarly square look that is occasionally seen. One could not help thinking, as one looked at her, that if the lines of her life had been cast in the lowest strata of human society, she would have wallowed in filth and profligacy like a hog in its sty ; in fact, she scarcely looked more than a brute—the large black eyes seeming alone to proclaim her relationship to the human family. Her feet were so large that no common-sized shoes would fit them ; her hands were proportionately large. She was dressed in lilac silk, creased and tumbled, a crumpled point-lace cap and collar : when she walked she reminded one of an elephant ; but, she was the wife of the Rev. Mr. Howla, and had inherited one of the finest estates on the Hudson, besides a hundred thousand dollars in Bank Stock. To be sure, much of it had been squandered by a rascally son, yet the homestead remained intact, and Mr. Howla could still command a good salary.

“ You think this young man would be a fine match for Thisbe, do you not ? ” asked Mrs.

Howla, eyeing her wiry lord perched high on his chair.

"The very best that has ever crossed her path," he replied.

"O dear!" grunted the lady. "Shall we ever get her off our hands? It worries me nearly to death to see her rapidly becoming an old maid—unmistakably an old maid—and she don't seem to care at all whether she is married or not. We shall have to plan many ways to throw them together."

"Ho! Yes. To be sure!" assented Mr. Howla.

"Well; who's to lay the first plan?" she asked, rather snappishly, that reminded one of a pig snapping at a fat duck, and one felt certain when it was caught it would immediately be torn in pieces.

"Well, my dear, you can lay the plans, and I will aid in carrying them out; for I should like to see Thisbe settled in life as well as you would."

"You tell me he is a very wonderful musician?" continued the lady.

"I really don't think I told you so, but, such is the fact, I believe."

The truth was, that Mrs. Howla had anticipated her lord and master by questioning the parlor-maid, as to what young gentlemen might be in the house; and, the true reason why they spent their winters in New York,

was to get this young lady—their daughter—off their hands, and, if possible, married to a wealthy and aristocratic gentleman. Mrs. Howla was one who coveted a commodious and well-littered sty for herself, besides being eager that her daughter should be well established.

“Music is just the thing!” she said, with sparkling eyes. “You know Thisbe plays the harp exceedingly well. We will invite a small company this very evening. I will send a note, by the maid, to that handsome Miss Hamelton who was introduced to me yesterday, shortly after we arrived here, by the landlady. I went down to see who was playing in the public parlor, and it was this very beautiful girl. Shall I ask her father?”

“Ho! Certainly!” replied Mr. Howla.

“Well, then,” grunted the lady, showing much weariness, and throwing herself back again among the cushions, “I will ask Miss Hamelton and her father; you shall invite this young gentleman. I really wish we could have another unmarried gentleman.”

“Oh-ho! That is easy enough!” exclaimed Mr. Howla. “The Colonel—the Colonel! Colonel Bob. as they call him, or, Bob. Solinger. The very man we want; and he is hand in glove with this young Carlislie.”

“And we will have escaloped oysters, cake,

and wine," grunted the lady, comfortably, as she closed her eyes.

Mr. Howla jumped down from his perch, pursed up his thin lips, and whistled, "Whew-whew! Whew-whew! Oh-ho!" with great satisfaction; then, with both claws in his pockets, he took his beaked nose and goggled spectacles from the room, intent on again meeting the Colonel, and extending the invitation to him and his young friend, for the small *soirée* to be given the coming evening.

Mrs. Howla dozed in great comfort for nearly an hour; then, the parlor door was opened noiselessly, and a little figure glided stealthily into the room; it left the door slightly ajar, as though fearful that it might want to escape without the obstacle of a closed door; then, with little gliding steps, and many timid pauses between, and little round black eyes alert, it at length reached a cosy nook, or jog, on one side of the mantel, and cuddled itself down on a small ottoman, with folded hands, and bright beady eyes fixed on its sleeping mama—for this little being was Thisbe, or Tissie, as she was familiarly called. Now the little hands unfolded rapidly, and she glanced about with great quickness in search of her pocket, from which she abstracted a small handful of dried sweet-flag root, mixed with a few cloves and peppermint lozenges,

and commenced nibbling like a little mouse at the bon-bons, all the time eyeing her mother with quick furtive glances.

This young lady was very small. It seemed strange to an observer that she should be the daughter of such a mother; but Nature takes curious freaks sometimes, and produces a Tom Thumb, or a Minnie Warren. The young lady before us was not many degrees larger than the little Admiral's wife—the former Miss Warren—and no one could look at her and not associate her with a mouse. Her hair was precisely the color of a mouse's back, and was combed smoothly down over a small forehead, leaving just a little ring or two above the eyes, and bound in a smooth knot at the back of her head: her eyes were like small black beads; her skin was very sallow, and somewhat wrinkled, showing that the first flush of youth had departed; her little dried ears were pierced, each with a small diamond thrust close to the flesh, and on the quick paw-like hands flashed a number of costly jewels; she was dressed in brown satin, with pink vest and side panels, with ruffles of costly lace at neck and wrists.

She had gradually cuddled herself more and more out of sight, until she was nearly hidden behind the portière which extended across that part of the room, over the arched

way, that led into the adjacent parlor, or, my lady's boudoir; for, to this inner room Mrs. Howla always retired when a little out of humor with her daughter or husband.

The days were now quite cool, for it was November. The maid entered to light a wood-fire in the polished grate, but, not being as noiseless as Miss Tissie, she awoke Mrs. Howla, who was snoring loudly, with mouth wide open. The lady raised her head—having that red, cross look in the eyes which is often noticed in heavy sleepers when suddenly aroused—with a, “Can’t you make less noise? you clumsy thing! Rattling the poker like a crazy creature! I shall be obliged to report you to the landlady if you do not make less noise about your work.”

The maid muttered something under her breath, and went on with her business of making the fire.

Just at this moment Mrs. Howla espied a pink vest, and a pair of little bright eyes peeping forth from the curtain.

“Ah! Thisbe!” said she. “Is that you? Your ways are so quiet that I am never disturbed.” Here she glared at the maid again.

The girl, having lighted the fire, flirted herself, with as much rattling of implements as possible, out of the room, shutting the door after her with considerable violence.

Mrs. Howla turned around in her chair, as far as her bulky body would allow, with a fierce glare and grunt.

"That girl will be the death of me yet! with her noise and impudent ways! I should think she might understand that a lady needs quiet. And now, Tissie, my darling, I have something to say to you. Come out from that corner! I want to look at you."

Whereupon Tissie darted out, quickly hiding the bon-bons in her pocket, but still nibbling at those in her small mouth. She stood demurely, with folded hands, before her august parent.

"O Tissie!" groaned Mrs. Howla. "Why couldn't you have grown a little larger, and a trifle taller? Don't you think you are still growing some?"

"No, mama; no," replied Tissie, in a thin squeaking voice.

"Oh, why can't you grow a little taller? you might stuff to appear a little larger. Have you on those very high heels that I told you to get?"

"Yes, mama; yes," squeaked Tissie, thrusting out her little foot, which appeared to be all heel, with the least possible point of toe.

"Did you have this dress made very, very long?" demanded the parent.

"Yes, mama; yes," and she whirled around

quickly, that her mother might observe the long train—that was very much like the train of a doll—edged with white lace, like that of her ruffles.

“Tissie,” said the mother; “we are to have company this evening, and I have invited a very fine young gentleman—the son of an English lord. Just think of it, Tissie! A young gentleman, who will be a great lord some day! I have invited this young gentleman especially on your account. Now, you will try to make yourself agreeable to him, won’t you, Tissie?”

“Yes, mama; yes.”

“Don’t you know, Tissie, that you ought to be married? You are thirty years old this very day, and you have never had an offer yet.”

She took the little creature by the shoulders, and shook her quite violently.

“Oh! However did you happen to be so small, Tissie? I verily believe you are growing smaller and smaller every day.”

“Yes, mama; yes,” squeaked Tissie, with a little grinning smile, showing pointed teeth that were still nibbling at bon-bons.

“Can’t you say something besides, ‘Yes, mama; yes!’ Or, ‘no, mama; no!’ Say something! Do, for heaven’s sake! or I shall go mad!”

"Oh, mama; oh!" and Tissie looked ready to run away.

Now, Mrs. Howla's eyes began to show the difference between those of a pig, and a human being, for they glared with frightful human passion.

"Oh! You wretched little thing! You doll-like puppet! I wish you had died in your cradle! Why did I ever live to rear such a pigmy? It is your own fault! You might have grown larger, if you had tried, and not had such miserable little ways, if you ever would have thought of anything besides bon-bons and 'Yes, mama; yes! No, mama; no!' Or, 'Oh, mama; oh!' Can't you say something intelligent? You little idiot! How can you expect to interest this young gentleman—the son of an English lord—whom I want you to marry. You're not ill-looking, and if you would but try to say, or do, something which would give you the appearance of being quite intelligent, he might fall in love with you, and marry you. You would be a great lady, and live in a castle, I guess."

Tissie's eyes glittered brightly, like Cinderella's.

"You know," continued the mother, "you always were wanting me to tell you of Cinderella?"

"Yes, mama ; yes," replied Tissie, with bright, eager eyes.

"Well, now : when this young gentleman comes to-night, you must have your harp—for you can play a little, thank heaven!—and he will play on the piano. You must be very nice, and try to talk some. He will be sure to ask you to play, and when he does, you must play your very prettiest piece—the one I like so much : and you must smile, and be very pleasant to him."

"Yes, mama ; yes."

"And, you know, you can sing one or two airs quite well. Now, really, Tissie, you can do something if you try."

"Yes, mama ; yes."

"Well, now ; let me see," said the mother. "What dress will you wear ? You must be in evening costume, you know, for he is the son of an English nobleman, and nothing else would do. You must wear your red satin, low in the neck, and short sleeves ; besides, do let the maid frizz your hair."

Tissie scowled, and set her teeth on edge.

"You know your dress is beautiful ; all covered with those costly lace flounces which really do make you look a size larger ; and you must wear your necklace of pearls, together with your pearl bracelets ; and don't forget, Tissie, to tell the maid that she must

be sure to put the fine white lace all over your neck and arms. O-oo!" groaned the mother, as she cast another glance at her hopeful child, "your chest is absolutely concave! Do not fail to wear your palpitators."

"Yes, mama; yes."

"Now, go; and be sure not to forget anything."

"Yes, mama; yes. No, mama; no," said Tissie, and she vanished from the room in the twinkling of an eye.

Perhaps our readers may think that Thisbe was nearly idiotic; but she was not. In her mother's presence she was like a frightened mouse, well knowing, from much experience, that it were best to say very little to that mother; yet, Tissie was a shrewd little thing, in her way; but her ways were her own, and nothing could change them. She possessed a sharp mind, of a very small order, and, if the maid hurt her while frizzing her hair—which she hated above all things to have done—she could set those little teeth nearly through the hand that had hurt her. Thisbe could write a very neat hand, copy letters out of a letter writer, and substitute the names which she wished. Tissie could read: she had read the "Arabian Nights," the story of "Cinderella," "Jack, the Giant Killer." and, greatest of all, "Robinson Crusoe." That had been a task of

some three years or more, however, and she had skipped most of the "Arabian Nights." She could repeat a good deal of the Catechism, and say the entire prayer of, "Now I lay me down to sleep." She could hop in and out of a carriage with ease, and delighted in the theatre, where she would sit munching bonbons, with glittering eyes, and not say a word during the entire evening; but the harp—on the harp she excelled; here was her one talent. She never had been able to learn written music, but her quick ear caught a hundred little ditties, and operatic airs, and she would imitate, or reproduce, the sounds on her harp quite perfectly. She abhorred the piano, and could never be persuaded to touch it; but a very small harp delighted her, and she could really play quite well, at times, following the airs in her little squeaking treble voice, which, after all, was not unpleasant: but we shall see more of Miss Howla this evening.

It was now time to serve Mrs. Howla with her lunch—which was served in her private parlors—and, truly, the lunch was wonderful. The table was heaped with all the delicacies the season could afford: oysters, cold meats, salads, pies, cakes, eggs. The lunch table literally groaned under its weight of goodies, and Mrs. Howla spent two mortal hours, each

day, at her lunch table; she ate until she absolutely could not swallow another mouthful: she ate until she fell back among the cushions of her large easy-chair, in deep and sonorous slumber.

Miss Howla did not often lunch with her mama; she preferred bon-bons to anything more substantial, especially at lunch; really, she nibbled so many during the morning hours, that she never had much appetite for lunch, and, to-day, she did not come down at all.

Mrs. Howla had been sitting at lunch nearly an hour, when Mr. Howla again made his appearance.

"Oh-ho! Sophy," said he. "I am a little late, am I not? You will excuse me, my love. I have been talking with that infidel, Solinger. Really! all that I can say don't seem to affect him in the least: but, I have invited him, and young Carlisle, to sup, and pass a pleasant evening with us," and Mr. Howla took a seat opposite his wife.

She looked up from her oysters, with a satisfied smile.

"Very well, my dear," she said. "I have told Tissie she must try and look her best. My love, her best, is at best, a very small best," and Mrs. Howla laughed quite a mellow laugh, for she drank a good deal of old port

at table, and often became quite facetious in consequence.

Mr. Howla did not indulge at table as his spouse did; he ate rather sparingly, taking a mouthful or two, from his silver fork, with long intervals between; staring fixedly at his wife during the time he remained at the table. He did not often sit longer than twenty minutes, when he would be up, and off.

"I shall see you again at dinner, my love," he said, as he now arose and left the room.

He was scarcely out of sight, when a young man entered.

"Hello! mother," he exclaimed. "Just in time for lunch, am I?" and he seated himself, without further ceremony, at the table.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Howla. "You are in time for lunch, Augustus, and I am very glad you are come; it is so seldom I see you. But, I am particularly glad that you are here to-day, for I want you to be sure and attend a small gathering that I am to have this evening. One of the company is to be a very beautiful young lady—and, O Augustus! I wish you would marry, and settle down, before you squander all the fortune which was left me by my dear father."

"Oh, well; never mind! Don't fret!" said Augustus, carelessly. "A young man must sow his wild oats, you know. I intend to be

as religious as my father, some day. Let me have just a little swing while I am young, you know, for when I am old, I can't—but, tell me about the young lady. Is she rich as well as beautiful?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Howla. "She is very rich, and very beautiful. O Augustus! I think she would make a pattern wife for you. I know I should be proud to call her my daughter."

"Who is she?" asked the young man. "What is her name?"

"Her name is Miss Hester Hamelton, and her father is a retired merchant worth nearly a million, so the landlady tells me, and his daughter is the most beautiful girl I ever saw. The parlor-maid says that Miss Hamelton is very pious. Just the right match for you, Augustus, who are a minister's son. If you will only get through sowing your wild oats, and marry such a girl as Miss Hamelton, you will be a comfort to your mother when she is old and feeble, also, a shining light in the world."

The hopeful son, in the meantime, was bolting the food before him quite ravenously. While he is doing so, we will take time to describe him.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE HOPEFUL SON.

AUGUSTUS HOWLA seemed to be a cross between father and mother, but with the unmistakable air of a roué. He was about twenty-five years of age ; taller than his father, not quite as tall as his mother. His legs and hands resembled his father's, somewhat ; the hands, rather long and lean, something like the talons of a bird of prey. His feet were long, and he put them down flatly and squarely at every step. His legs were thin and bandy, and did not look as though they were strong enough to support his rather large, corpulent body. His hair was absolutely the color of tow, but was cut in the latest style ; his beard was so scant, and light in color, that he was obliged to keep himself smoothly shaved. His eyes were large and yellow, like those of a cat, and the pupils had a shifty trick of dilating and contracting, giving one a crawling sensation on meeting them for any length of time, as though he were about to spring upon one. His skin

was pale and doughy : his whole appearance, restless and dissolute.

He tossed off two glasses of wine, one after the other, then, rising, he lighted a cigar, regardless whether his mother liked it, or not.

"So you think this Miss Hamelton is a nice match for me, do you, mother mine?" he asked, carelessly. "Well; I will be sure to be here in time. Eight o'clock, is it?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Howla. "Be here at eight, precisely."

The young man departed, with a swaggering air, to spend the remainder of the afternoon in one of the magnificent gambling hells of the city.

Mrs. Howla dozed until dinner-time, and, after partaking heartily, she sent for the maid who attended both herself and her daughter. When that much worried female appeared, Mrs. Howla said :

"Have you finished dressing Miss Howla?"

"Yes, madam."

"Well, then ; come and dress me."

When Mrs. Howla stepped forth from her dressing-room, she was gorgeous in the extreme. Her dress was a mass of glittering jet and black lace, cut very low in the neck, with a long train sweeping far out behind. Her face, neck, and bosom were powdered, almost to ghastliness : rouge, she needed none.

Large diamonds sparkled on neck and arms, and a bunch of white ostrich plumes decked her left shoulder. Her cap was doffed, and heavy braids of coarse black hair, streaked with grey, were wound about her head. She carried a large white feather fan, and diamond rings sparkled on her fingers. Her large black eyes flashed with excitement, for she was weaving fond worldly hopes around the two children that were hers ; and, herein, she differed not much from most mothers. With all her grossness, and worldly ambition, a mother's heart still beat beneath her tight corsage—and, the lacing of that corsage was a terrible trial to her maid.

The boudoir and parlor had been thrown into one ; the chandeliers were brilliantly lighted ; the rooms were decked with red and white roses, besides vases of heliotrope, and bright wood-fires crackled in the polished grates.

Mr. Howla came forth from his room, dressed as a man of his cloth ought to be, in white cravat, evening dress coat, and spotless linen.

The servant announced "Mr. and Miss Hamelton," and, shortly after, "Mr. Solinger and Mr. Carlisle."

Presently, Augustus Howla entered, and was introduced, by his father, to the three

gentlemen; Miss Hamelton, at the time, being at the far end of the room, in conversation with Mrs. Howla. Augustus was dressed in the height of foppery.

Presently, curtains were parted slightly that concealed an ante-room, and something darted across the apartment. Miss Hamelton, at first glance, could scarcely tell what the object was, its motions were so quick and flashing; but, soon, it paused in front of Mrs. Howla, at an imperious motion of that lady's hand, and Hester then perceived that it was a very diminutive child, young lady, or, old lady, she really could not tell which.

"Thisbe, take a seat here," commanded her mother. "But first—this is my daughter, Thisbe, Miss Hamelton."

Tissie dropped a little curtsy, so quickly that one could scarcely tell whether she curtsied or not, and was immediately seated by her mother's side; but Miss Hamelton's observing glance had already taken in every detail of—"my daughter, Thisbe": the little figure, scarcely taller than a child of seven; the cunning little face, with its black, beady eyes; the mouse-colored hair, freshly frizzed—as the maid's bitten hand could testify; the red satin dress, with its doll-like train, covered with costly white lace; the bare neck and arms, revealing their wizzened thinness; the

expensive fan, the pearls—Miss Hamelton's eyes could not help expressing the surprise she felt. But, the beautiful Miss Hamelton herself—we have not words to tell how beautiful she was, and dressed in the most exquisite style: truly, a rose never looked sweeter, fresher, or more lovely.

Her satiny hair wound into a splendid coiffure; her liquid, dark eyes casting glances in Philip's direction, and anon, resting on Miss Howla. She wore a pale pink satin, with point-lace over-dress; a bunch of creamy roses at her breast; an expensive black feather fan, and small diamonds. Her figure and face were superb in their exquisite beauty.

Philip was quite unobtrusive, but self-possessed.

Mr. Howla presented the Colonel, and Mr. Carlisle, to his wife and daughter. Philip's eyes rested on Tissie with amused surprise. The Colonel entered into conversation with Miss Hamelton, whom he had met before. Philip took a seat by Mrs. Howla, to Thisbe's great alarm. Mr. Howla and Mr. Hamelton entered into conversation. Mrs. Howla introduced her son, Augustus, to Miss Hamelton, and the Colonel joined Mr. Howla and Mr. Hamelton. Augustus Howla had the beautiful Hester all to himself.

Mrs. Howla soon crossed the room, first

giving Thisbe an impressive, commanding glance, which plainly said, "Mind! you stay where you are, and make yourself agreeable": and Philip was left in sole possession of the half-frightened little mouse; he hardly knew how to address this curious little creature, for he could scarcely tell whether she were woman or child, but he ventured a remark or two, about the last opera, asking Miss Howla, if she had heard it.

"Oh, yes, sir; yes," squeaked the little creature.

"How did you like it?"

"Very much, sir,—indeed, sir. Some of the airs were very fine; very fine, indeed."

"Do you play, or sing, Miss Howla?"

"I play the harp, and sing a little, sir; a very little."

Philip thought that a very little would be a good deal for so small a creature.

"You must play a few airs, presently," said Philip, smiling as he would to a child.

Tissie now became very restless and impatient, and, before one could hardly say that she was gone, she was half hidden in a corner, behind the window draperies, her mother's watchful eyes following her.

Miss Hamelton and Augustus got on together for a while; but Hester's thoughts were with Philip, and conversation soon

flagged between them, for this rakish young man held no attraction for the fastidious Miss Hamelton. The Colonel took the chair which Augustus had vacated, and a spirited conversation went on between the young lady and the gallant Colonel. Philip, meanwhile, had joined Mr. Howla and Mr. Hamelton at the far end of the room.

"Miss Hamelton," said the Colonel, "your childhood's playmate is quite a wonderful man. Do you remember if he was remarkable as a child?"

"I did not think him a remarkable child," answered Miss Hamelton. "My father, and many others in the village, called him a foundling and a vagrant. He was picked up at sea by the village washerwoman, and her husband, who was a steward on board a small vessel, a very worthless and drunken fellow. Yet I do not think that Philip ever begged anything. When about twelve years old, he ran away to the mountains with an old hermit; but, it all turned out such a romantic story after all. The hermit proved to be a runaway lord, and Philip was really his long-lost grandchild. The real Lord Carlisle, Philip's father, stayed at my father's hotel, while he was here in America."

Hester bridled a little as she said this.

"Yes," said the Colonel; his story is quite

a wonderful one; yet, I was not thinking of that when I said that Carlislie was a remarkable person, but I referred to his great talents as a thinker and musician. Surely, for so young a man—he is scarcely past boyhood—I consider him very remarkable. He has already put me to flight, old stager as I am!”

“Yes; he has very peculiar notions, I believe,” replied Hester. “It is to be hoped that he will get over them as he grows older.”

“Then you have no sympathy with his opinions, Miss Hamelton?”

“I should hope not, sir,” Hester replied. “I gave my heart to Christ, some years ago, and joined the Church of our Lord.”

“I suppose, Miss Hamelton, when you learn that I am a Godless infidel, you will turn your beautiful eyes away from me in horror?”

“I think infidelity the most dreadful of all things!” replied Hester, with a shudder. “I cannot imagine how it is possible for one to be an Atheist.”

“Well,” sighed the Colonel, “our friend, Philip, has more than half convinced me that I am in error.”

“Would that I could convince you that you are wholly in error,” said Hester, turning her fascinating eyes fully upon his.

“I fear, Miss Hamelton, that I can never

come over to your side of the house. I have a presentiment that young Carlisle is the only being who can clear away my doubts of immortality, and, even he may never be able to do so."

"Then, you completely cast off our blessed Saviour?" sighed Hester.

"I believe in Jesus of Nazareth," replied he, "and that his life and teachings were very beautiful; but I deny that he was anything more than an excellent man."

Miss Hamelton's eyes looked indignant and reproachful; she was about to reply, when she observed Mrs. Howla leading forth Thisbe from behind the window curtains. The great contrast between the mother and daughter was so ludicrous, that she was obliged to hide her face behind her fan to conceal her smiles. The Colonel's eyes flashed mirthfully.

"Ah! Thisbe is about to play and sing," he said.

Philip was in the act of placing the ribbon of Miss Howla's harp about her neck. The hum of conversation ceased, and all eyes were turned toward the little figure, seated in a very small low chair, just taking the proper attitude of a harpist. The harp, although jewelled, and exceedingly costly, was, of necessity, as diminutive as its mistress; but Tissie's small hand was very agile and skilful;

she was perfect mistress of the situation as far as her small powers could go. She swept the strings rapidly with her little paw-like hand, the large diamonds, on the small fingers, flashing brilliantly in the bright light of the chandeliers. She played a number of fine operatic airs, and some dance music. Philip was surprised to hear the little creature play so well, as no one was ever able to teach her music, and she could only play those pieces which she had heard.

Hester and the Colonel kept up a small fire of conversation, in low tones.

"What a curious little creature it is," said the Colonel. "Do you know, Miss Hamelton, she reminds me of a mouse?"

Hester laughed, showing her beautiful pearly teeth.

"Perhaps you are a Darwinian as well as Atheist?" she said.

"Really, Miss Hamelton, you have struck the truth exactly. I firmly believe in the Darwinian theory, and I never look at any one without tracing a slight resemblance to some bird, beast, insect, or fish. Ah! some of the human family are not so very far removed from the higher animals."

"I do not believe that man ever sprung from the animal creation," said Hester, firmly. "I believe what the Holy Bible tells us,—that

God created Adam from the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life,—yet your way of thinking is a very funny conceit, and amuses me exceedingly.” She smiled into his face, dazzlingly.

“Then you think Miss Howla resembles a mouse?”

“Very much, indeed.”

“And did you ever see any human being look more like an owl than does the Rev. Mr. Howla? Just look at him now, as he sits perched on that chair, with his claw-like hands clutching his knees, his head sunk between his shoulders, his body motionless, but twisting his head occasionally with a jerk, first, in the direction of his daughter, then, almost entirely around as he catches something that Mr. Hamelton is saying, and, once in a while, he throws his great eyes in our direction; he seems hardly ever to wink. Look at his beaked nose, and, now listen to his ‘Oh-ho! Oh-ho!’ laughing at something your father is saying.”

“The resemblance is unmistakable,” said Hester, interestedly amused. “Well, there is Mrs. Howla. Do you trace a resemblance to any animal in her?”

“How can you ask such a question?” said the Colonel, with a little snort. “You can tell, as well as I can, the animal she resembles

most. Come, Miss Hamelton ; out with it. Mention the animal, for, out of sheer politeness to the ladies, I hesitate to do so."

"Well," replied Hester, with her handkerchief over her laughing lips, "she looks very much like a nice fat hog, as she sits sunk within that great velvet chair, barring Thisbe's flight in the direction of the window curtains. Look at her eager, flushed face. She is very intent on Tissie creating a sensation ; and, really, if she were to forget, and close her eyes, as she can hardly keep from doing, the little mouse would escape as sure as the world !"

"Well, now," said the Colonel, "there is Augustus."

"Really," said Hester, "I am unable to trace a resemblance in him. I can't think of any animal that looks so completely demoralized and dissolute."

The Colonel whinnied slightly.

"Couldn't one think of an overgrown monkey, that had donned with care his master's clothing ? Look at the corner of that white silk handkerchief sticking out of his pocket : observe his restless, blood-shot eyes, and see how he is constantly looking toward the door, as though he would gladly escape from this very select company, but dared not do so for fear of mama. One could

even imagine he had stolen his master's brandy-bottle, and swallowed the contents."

"Pah!" exclaimed Hester, with disgust. "I think I should prefer a monkey, to its human prototype. You must not pass by my father: no matter about hurting me. Do not hesitate to say just what kind of animal my father resembles."

"I will not," replied the Colonel. "You shall have my full thought about it. Your father resembles a turkey of the male gender."

Hester turned scarlet.

"Are you very much offended, Miss Hamelton?"

"No," replied Hester. "One might as well resemble a good fat turkey, as any other bird, or beast. Surely, a fine turkey is a very good thing to have; but where do you find the points of resemblance?"

"Well," said the Colonel, thoughtfully, "he has a plump, well-fed, sleek-looking body, with every feather evenly and nicely laid; he has a very high head, and long neck with a standing collar; and, on this especial occasion, he wears a large bright neckerchief: look at his long features, and red, hanging, double chin; observe how he combs his hair, parting it low on either side, bringing it in a high heavy roll at the top of his head, in such a way that it gives his high narrow forehead the appear-

ance of the crested head of a turkey-cock ; and now hear his voice, as he makes a remark to Mr. Howla, doesn't it sound very much like that of a gobbler's ? Look at his hand, with its long fingers ; surely, you can but trace a resemblance, Miss Hamelton ?" and the Colonel laughed inordinately.

Hester's eyes flashed mirthfully.

"I will not deny it for relationship's sake," she said—"but Philip ? You are nonplussed at Philip, I am very sure."

The Colonel fixed his eyes on Philip, long and intently.

"I trace a resemblance to both bird and beast in him," he said, slowly. "He is formed like a lion, and has the softness and finish of the dove."

Hester blushed, and her eyes rested on Philip with a defeated glance.

"The lion is not a very musical beast," she said, "and Philip is, and ever has been, a musical prodigy."

"Yet, the lion's roar shakes the earth," replied the Colonel. "I grant that Philip has the power and compass of a youthful Olympius, still I trace a resemblance to the lion : observe his large, well-formed head ; his alert, bright, intelligent eyes ; his tawny hair ; his broad, well-formed shoulders, and full chest ; his body, sloping downward ; his agile

limbs, and that covered, hidden, but terrible power that one feels he possesses as one looks at him. You tell me he is a musical prodigy, Miss Hamelton? Do you feel quite sure that he has not equal powers in other directions?"

"Perhaps he may have," she replied, sighing unconsciously.

"I consider him a very remarkable young man," continued the Colonel. "As I said before, he has nearly routed, and put me to flight, intellectually; but I have not yet had the pleasure of hearing him play."

"Well, now," said Hester, "there remains but you, and myself. Let us pay each other mutual compliments, by telling each the other, what animal each resembles the most."

The Colonel straightened himself, and faced his lovely companion.

"Proceed, Miss Hamelton," he said, with a bow, and comical trick of the eye, unconsciously arching his neck, and slightly shaking his mane, while his hands moved with eagerness, and some little impatience.

Hester's laughter pealed out like silver bells.

"Why, my dear Colonel!" she said: "You're the very picture, and image, of a high-stepping charger: in other words—a horse!"

The Colonel's eyes flashed, he pranced and curvetted around, then, facing Miss Hamelton

once more, he curved his head toward her slightly, as he said :

"And you, my dear Miss Hamelton, are the Bird of Paradise! Just look at your elegant dress, with its long, gorgeous train, your rounded and beautiful form, your lovely hair and eyes"—the Colonel placed one hand over his heart—"a gorgeous and beautiful Bird of Paradise," he repeated ; "but, Miss Hamelton, I fear you have no heart."

Just then, Mr. Howla approached.

"Would Miss Hamelton favor them with a song? Mr. Carlisle had said that she was very accomplished in music and song."

The gallant Colonel led the beautiful Miss Hamelton to the piano; every sound was hushed while she played and sang divinely. Philip turned her music.

It was an hour of great temptation to Philip Carlisle, and the Colonel eyed him rather jealously as he turned page after page on the music rack, for Hester's great physical beauty, her clear, silvery, sensuous voice, acted like an intoxicating cup to both men. Philip felt the charm of this girl's presence. As he met the glances of her liquid dark eyes they set his nerves quivering, and when his hand touched hers it thrilled him from head to foot; her sweet voice, and great beauty, made him a little dizzy; but the young man did not lose

his head, and the intoxication of her presence merely left a dull ache behind, which he was anxious to rid himself of as soon as possible, with a feeling that he did not wish to renew the draught. She did not feed or exhilarate his mind or soul; it was merely the sensuous nature in him which her presence excited. Not so the Colonel. He had lost both head and heart to the lovely siren, and was desperately in love with her. What mattered it to him, whether she had much head, or heart? He did not believe in the soul; and, surely, Miss Hester Hamelton had all that earth could give—unparalleled physical beauty, and would be heiress to a million at her father's death.

Mr. Hamelton had already made his will, as he took good care should be known, for he wanted his daughter married to the highest. He had left Ralph the hotel, the store, and a thriving business, and Ralph was likely to be richer than his father, even before that father should shuffle off the mortal coil. Yes; Miss Hamelton had all that earth could give, and the Colonel did not believe in a future existence. Just the wife for him, he thought, if he could win her; but he had a presentiment that she was already in love with Philip Carlisle. Whether Philip returned this affection, or not, he could not tell, for the young man had never

spoken of love to the gallant Colonel, and he knew not that a Morna Haven existed.

At last, Miss Hamelton pleaded weariness, and left the piano; the Colonel conducted her to the sofa, and seated himself by her side. It was now Philip's turn to play. Mrs. Howla had fallen asleep while Hester was singing, and Thisbe had taken the opportunity to hide herself behind a distant curtain, hoping her mother would not be able to find her, and was already munching bon-bons to her heart's content.

Augustus sat near the door, with a look of discontent, not appearing to feel the slightest interest in anything that was transpiring. Mr. Howla and Mr. Hamelton had discussed the political questions of the day, the rise and fall of stock, as well as the aspect of religion, and the churches, and upon all these points they were well agreed.

Philip struck a few chords, and then power from the Gods seemed to descend upon him, and he played, Hester and the Colonel thought, as man never played before. Mrs. Howla started up with mouth and eyes wide open, becoming nearly breathless with surprise, even forgetting, for awhile, that she had a daughter, Thisbe, who had become invisible—forgetting, even, that it was the Colonel, and not her hopeful son, Augustus, who sat by Miss

Hamelton's side. The two elderly gentlemen forgot to discuss the questions of the day, and sat as though spell-bound, with eyes intently fixed on the wonderful player. The music rose and fell, whirled and swirled, marched, thundered, galloped, pranced, growled, roared, caroled, chirped, screamed, waltzed, and lightly danced, and, at last, filled the large room until all sense was lost in the great ocean of musical sound. Boom! boom! the great waves thundered, one after the other.

"Ah! it is a storm at sea!" whispered Hester. "I have heard him play it before."

The sombre clouds seemed gathering rapidly—the mad hurricane dashed the great waves into fury; the forked lightning danced a nimble quick step between; the gale rushed, roared, cracked, and rended the air like Jove tearing at the mantle of heaven, and casting the shreds on the vasty deep.

"Ah! a ship in distress!" sighed Hester. "Hear the guns booming, fatefully, through the roar and wild commotion! Ah! the lightning has struck the ship! She's on fire! Hear the screams, groans and prayers of the perishing souls on board! Hark to the solemn requiem! The ship has gone down! Hear the gurgling trills! There! the waves have closed over her; the storm has spent itself; the thunder is muttering, and dying away in

the distance, and the great waves are rolling more solemnly; now, they are gradually dying away in the distance."

Young Carlisle arose. A solemn hush pervaded the room and all present. It was some time before anyone spoke. Thisbe's little face, and brilliant eyes, were peering out from behind the curtains; she had forgotten to keep herself covered. Augustus's face wore a look of absolute horror, for he was an arrant coward at heart. Mrs. Howla made a noise, in her excitement, somewhat like the squealing of a pig, and then gave a grunt of satisfaction when the music ceased. Mr. Howla's eyes looked as though they had left his head altogether, and were rolling around, on their own account, in space; while his hands clawed at his knees until they were as bloodless as those of a corpse, as he exclaimed very slowly, with long pauses between: "Oh! Oh! Oh!" Mr. Hamelton's face was redder than the wattles of a turkey-cock, and he drew in his breath with a choking, gurgling sound.

The Colonel had risen to his feet, in his excitement, and his hands were pawing at the air madly, while his neck was arched, nearly to breaking: his nostrils dilated rapidly as he sent forth his breath in excited puffs, and his great black eyes flashed like the thunderbolt. Beautiful Hester had thrown herself back into

a corner of the sofa, covering her face with her brilliant fan, her robes sweeping glitteringly, and wide, about her, for she had forgotten to arrange them daintily and gracefully.

Philip stood—actually towering in the might of his genius—for a moment or two, like a young god holding an arrested thunderbolt in each hand; aye, holding the mighty deep in his hands; aye, holding the secrets of the universe in his hands! Then, the excitement gradually subsided.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SUPPER.

MRS. HOWLA rang the bell. The servant entered with the caterer, and the table was soon spread with the dainty, yet somewhat substantial supper. Oysters, cold tongue, cake, wine, ice-cream, and many other delicacies, too numerous to mention.

Two colored waiters placed the chairs, and stood ready to serve the dainty repast: but, where was "My daughter, Thisbe?" She was to her large mother like a needle in a hay-mow, for ever lost and out of sight when she was most wanted.

Mrs. Howla went the rounds of the extensive rooms, pulling aside each curtain in turn, and peering behind them. She pounced upon Tissie at last, and, under the concealment of the curtain, shook her till her teeth chattered.

"You little minx!" she whispered, hoarsely. "You're enough to try the patience of Job! always hiding away! thus, standing in your own light. Come! supper is all ready."

"I don't want any supper," whimpered Tissie.

"Oh! of course not!" said the mother, shutting her teeth hard. "You're at those sweet-meats again; and I forbade you, long ago, to eat them. One can't grow and thrive on bonbons. Come! Everybody is waiting for you," and she half dragged the reluctant young lady across the room to the table.

And, now behold them all seated around the festive board: Mrs. Howla, in a very large chair, at the head of the table. Philip at my lady's right hand, with Tissie by his side; but Tissie was obliged to have a chair made for her expressly, not precisely the common high-chair for children, but one considerably higher and narrower than any of the others, on which she sat perched, her feet wholly unable to meet the floor.

Hester was seated at Mrs. Howla's left, with the now interested Augustus by her side. The gallant Colonel had the happiness of being seated on the other side of the beautiful young lady, and Mr. Hamelton opposite. Mr. Howla was now all smiles and good nature. Hester's beauty shone like that of a young goddess. Philip looked thoughtful, and slightly sad, for his Morna was not at the feast, but many hundred miles away. Mr. Howla's eyes rested with unwinking benignity on the assembled company. Tissie had been waited upon, and was eating jam. The Colonel

sipped his wine, and looked happy; while Mrs. Howla had been helped plentifully to cold turkey and oysters: the black waiters were quick and servile. Presently, tongues were loosened, and conversation became animated. Mr. Howla and Mr. Hamelton renewed their political discussion. The Colonel made gallant, complimentary speeches, in an undertone, to Hester. Augustus tried, under the fire of his mother's eyes, to hold that young lady's attention, but signally failed.

Philip treated Thisbe as he would a little sister; and thus the feast ended.

Mr. Hamelton and the fair Hester made their adieus. Thisbe had rushed upstairs to her maid at the first opportunity.

Philip invited the Colonel to his apartments, to enjoy a fine Havana. Augustus had disappeared to parts unknown.

Mrs. Howla's maid was disrobing the cross, sleepy woman, as rapidly as possible; she was weary and disappointed. She did not believe that Thisbe had made the slightest impression on the future Lord Carlisle, and she knew, intuitively, that Hester detested Augustus, and was becoming very much interested in the Colonel.

It was nearly midnight when Philip and the Colonel entered the former's apartments. The luxurious rooms were made as bright

as day, for the regal moon was looking directly in at the long French windows, her bright face obscured neither by tear nor cloud. A coal fire was burning, with steady glow, within the grate; the rooms were warm and cosy.

"Let us sit and enjoy the night, and our cigars, without lighting the gas," said the Colonel.

"Agreed," replied Philip. "It will fall into my mood exactly."

They lighted their cigars, and threw themselves into easy-chairs, with their feet elevated after the fashion of gentlemen when not in the presence of ladies.

"Carlisle," remarked the Colonel, "your playing to-night was wonderful! One could imagine you inspired by the gods."

"Well," replied Philip, "if I were not inspired by the gods, I certainly felt inspiration from an unseen power; and, laugh as you will, Colonel, I believe that one of the old masters was with me, or within me, whichever you will, inspiring, and giving power and strength to my performance. I have felt this unseen power with me since my childhood. Sometimes it is stronger than at others, and I do not think that the power is always from one, but from various ones at various times. To-night, I felt as though it

were the old harpist, my ancestor, called Philipia of Philistia, the Carmelite."

"Carlisle," said the Colonel; "if it were not for those strange illusions of yours, you might be one of the leading men of the age, I think. Give up those strange fancies—those delusions—dear Philip, my more than brother, I beseech you!"

"Colonel," answered Philip, gravely; "it is impossible for a man to give up truth when once he comprehends it; and, if I can once make you comprehend truth, you will join me in what you now call my delusions."

"I fear it would be an impossible task," remarked the Colonel, rather dryly. "If I were to see a ghost standing before me this minute, I should believe it to be an hallucination of the brain."

"But, if a chain of pure reason, well linked, without a break, hard and firm, is given you, if you are a man of sound sense, you will succumb, I am sure."

"Is it possible to give such a well linked chain?"

"I think it is," replied Philip; "and I believe, dear Colonel, that with the aid of the unseen intelligence, who influenced my playing this evening, I can prove to you, and you will admit, immortality before you leave this room, providing you

are willing to remain here an hour or so."

"I will remain here until daylight, if you think you can do it," said the Colonel.

"Colonel," asked Philip, "can anything within the universe move without an unseen power or force moves it?"

"Things move," replied the Colonel, "but, then, we can see the power which moves them."

"Think a little deeper, and you will soon discover that you are in error. Can you see the power which causes you to lift your arm?"

"I lift my arm with my will-power, that is, my brain causes me to lift my arm; and, surely, brains are very visible when once one breaks a skull."

"Well," said Philip "what is the motive power which moves the brain? You have already said it was will-power. Is will-power visible or invisible?"

"Well, of course, it is not visible; but, it ceases at death."

"There, I beg to differ from you. It does not cease with the death of the body."

"Well, this is the point which you have promised to prove to me."

"And I shall try to keep my promise, Colonel. When a man is dead he becomes stone cold, does he not?"

"Of course," replied the Colonel. "But, what has that to do with it?"

"But, while he lives, his body is warm, is it not?"

"Certainly!"

"Can you perceive heat, Colonel, or cold? Are they visible, or invisible?"

"Well, of course, we cannot see heat or cold."

"Yet, are they not the most potent forces in the universe?" asked Philip.

"Really!" replied the Colonel, "I suppose they must be."

"Then you admit that heat and cold are real, although invisible forces?"

"Yes; of course, I must."

"When heat has departed from a man, he is dead, is he not?" asked Philip.

"Yes."

"Now," said Philip, "I shall ask you, what causes water to rise into the atmosphere?"

"It is expansion," replied the Colonel.

"Very true; it is expansion. But what causes expansion?"

"Well, of course, it is heat."

"True; it is heat. One can see the rising vapor, or cloud, but not the heat. Heat is the motive power, or vehicle, which causes the water to rise; but, even heat, has not the power to take the water beyond a certain

level, when it must leave it ; and, when it has left it, the water condenses with cold, and falls back to earth ; but, Colonel, why does heat rise ? ”

“ Well, really,” answered the Colonel ; “ I suppose hot air rises, and cold air falls.”

“ Yes ; but air is not heat, and air is not cold. Heat and cold are distinct properties from air. Heat and cold are merely the agents that move, or displace, air ; just as they displace water. Water is not heat, neither is the air : heat is a distinct property. Now, Colonel, can you tell me the cause of heat ? ”

“ Combustion, I suppose.”

“ True ; but what causes combustion ? ”

“ You will be obliged to answer that question yourself,” said the Colonel, “ for I cannot.”

“ Well, I think I can. Combustion is caused by the uniting of two forces in nature, magnetism and carbon, both invisible to man ; both are elementary, or invisible forces, that exist throughout eternity. Heat is the result of the coalescing of these two great forces in nature. Now, heat is for ever rushing to find its level, and, as it thus rushes on, it carries a great many other things with it, besides water, and leaves them at their proper level, just as it does water ; it also carries the spiritual, or life forces with it, and leaves them at their proper level ; it is the great winged vehicle,

for ever loaded with the most precious freight, and always leaving all things in their rightful places, or, at their proper level, and it still rushes on ! Heat is the vehicle that carries a man's spiritual body to its proper altitude, and leaves it within the spiritual spheres, for, heat goes with the spirit, and does not remain with the material body. Now, I have shown you, dear Colonel, that heat is the coalescing of two great forces in nature, magnetism and carbon, and electricity, or heat, is the result. Heat is simply electricity, and electricity is an invisible force, as are also magnetism and carbon. Electricity, then, is the vehicle on which a man's soul rises to its proper level ; but electricity, or heat, is not an intelligent force. Intelligence is a subtile power, back of all this. The intelligent soul of man holds magnetism in one hand, carbon in the other, and, by the uniting of the two forces, he rises on the wings of electricity ; in other words, his spiritual body is composed of magnetism and carbon, and electricity is the car in which he rides, and his will, or intelligence, holds together and governs these forces."

"I cannot yet say that you have made it quite plain to me," said the Colonel.

"Well," replied Philip, "I showed you, the other evening, how undeveloped intelligence existed in an invisible germinal point within

the atmosphere; that it was started, on its journey through matter, by its earthly parents; that it at length becomes developed intelligence; that each intelligence is distinct and separate from another intelligence. In other words, each soul is a distinct soul—this is, of course, evident: it needs no proof, for you are you, and I am I, and another is another; that as this intelligence develops it gathers to itself, and holds by the power of magnetic attraction, a material body together; that this material body merely obeys the growth or development of the intelligent soul; that, as the soul existed as an invisible entity before it took on matter, it must, of necessity, exist as a developed entity when it leaves matter behind; that, on leaving matter, it takes heat, or electricity, with it, as well as the magnetism which held the body together; for the body, when the intelligent soul has left it, and taken heat and magnetism with it, falls apart.

“Now, the developed intelligence has carried heat and magnetism with it, which it would not have done if it did not need them; and you have admitted that heat is invisible, that magnetism is invisible, and that intelligence is invisible, and I have shown you that the intelligent soul of man governs that which creates his own body. Now, if the spiritual body is composed of magnetism and electricity,

and is held together by the intelligent soul; and, as magnetism, and heat or electricity, and intelligence, are all invisible and indestructible, does it not amply prove the immortality of man? and, that he rises on the wings of electricity, or heat, and governs that which constitutes his own body, to suit himself; or, in other words, he can by the power of his will, or intelligence, move his magnetic and electric body wherever he will; that electricity is his vehicle, and magnetism the clothing of his soul, or his intelligence."

The Colonel sat silent and thoughtful, puffing away at his cigar.

"Now," continued Philip, "the developed intelligent soul is clothed in a pale magnetic flame, and electricity is its weapon, or vicegerent, the agent by which it moves and accomplishes its will; and, such a soul, or intelligence, or many intelligences, may, or can, if they so desire, stand here by you, or me, invisible but potent, and wield their electrical weapons according as they will, to impress and enlighten my soul, or yours, as they please. They can gather to themselves a heavy, or a light magnetic clothing at their will, and when they are at home, at their own proper level, within the spiritual spheres, their magnetic bodies are quite dense and palpable; but, when they travel, by the aid of

their electrical powers, and visit earth, or other planets, they must leave behind, or cast off, much of this dense magnetic body, or it impedes their flight; but they can take it on again at pleasure: they are palpable and visible to each other, but not to us. Colonel, will you now admit the immortality of the soul?"

"I do not feel," answered the Colonel, "that I can longer deny it."

Philip grasped his hand.

"You will never preach non-immortality again?" he asked.

"I never will," replied the Colonel, solemnly.

"All right, my dear fellow! It is past one o'clock, and I will bid you good-night."

"Good-night," said the Colonel, wringing Philip's hand, and the two friends separated for the night.



CHAPTER XXIX.

THE COLONEL SEES STRANGE SIGHTS.

COLONEL SOLINGER went to his own room, his mind wandering in an undecided maze. But indecision was no part of the Colonel's character. He must either preach immortality, or non-immortality; and his mind had been running in a set groove so long, it was very hard to leave it.

"Could it be possible," he asked himself, "that this young Carlisle was upsetting all his preconceived ideas? Could it be possible that man was immortal, after all?"

The Colonel was a great scholar, a deep thinker; and it was because he had been a profound thinker, an independent reasoner, that he had come to be a materialist. He could not, as yet, grasp Philip's ideas clearly and conclusively: they were to him, now, a tangled web. Would his convictions ever come out clear and bright, on the subject of immortality? He was restless, and champed at his bits with impatience. He longed to be

with Philip again. He felt like an ardent lover, eager for the time when he could be with the idol of his heart once more, for pure reason was the grand Mogul at whose shrine the gallant Colonel worshipped ; or, at least, it had been before he met Hester Hamelton, and, even now, he much preferred to be with Philip, conversing on abstruse, scientific, or religious subjects, than to bask in her smiles.

With such thoughts as the foregoing, the Colonel retired, and fell asleep. How long he had been asleep he could not tell, but, all at once, he opened his eyes, or he certainly thought he did, and no one could ever convince him to the contrary : he lay, calmly, in the same position in which he had slept, one hand under his head, facing a desk, loaded with books, writing materials, and piles of manuscript. He thought, he had never felt such peaceful serenity before in his life, as his eyes rested calmly, without the least fear, but with questioning curiosity, on a form that sat in his own accustomed seat before his writing-desk, apparently writing with lightning-like rapidity : he could even hear the scratching of the pen, as it flew within the shadowy fingers of the phantom form, distinctly ; and—could it be possible ?—there stood another form, more shadowy still, but yet clearly outlined, by the side of the one who held the pen.

There was a striking resemblance between the two forms, and the Colonel recognised, at once, that they must have been of the same lineage, and, strangest of all, Philip resembled both. There was as much resemblance between the three, as there would have been between a majestic old lion, a lion of middle age, and a young lion who had just reached its maturity: there was the same outline of form, the same conformation of head, and cast of features, and, more strange still, the same beautiful artistic hand. Still, each form differed enough to be an entirely separate personage, or identity; and, there might have been a stretch of thousands of years of time between them; in fact, the Colonel felt that there certainly was, between, the standing form and Philip Carlisle.

The Colonel gazed at these majestic forms in silent rapture and surprise. O great God! It was true, after all, that man continued to live after the death of his body, and these were the souls of, so-called, dead men. It was not a dream—it was not fancy—for he could hear the scratching of the pen, as well as see the forms of the departed men.

The standing form had, thus far, kept his eyes lowered with earnest intent on the one who was writing, but, now, he raised his eyes, and fixed them, with a magnetic soul-inspiring

glance, full upon the Colonel's: that glance seemed to penetrate to every nerve and fibre of his being. He did not hear an audible voice, but the thought of the soul, or progressed intelligence, was stamped upon his own soul, as a photographer stamps the image of a sitter on a prepared sensitive plate, and each thought thus stamped was clear and distinct: not the vague, half-formed impressions of his own soul, but the clear and positive thoughts of a higher intelligence; and thus it spake:

"Robert Solinger, thou art now at the extreme end of thy materialistic halter. This halter is a strong and powerful one, but the hand of thy master shall set thee free: and that same hand shall lead thee to the waters of Kedron. Robert, thy soul is thirsty; thou longest for immortality, and, behold! the waters are even now overflowing their banks; 'tis but a simple halter which holds thee back from quenching thy thirst. If thou wert but conscious of thine own powerful, immortal strength, thou couldst have broken the halter long ago. Foolish but powerful Robert; one to be admired but not revered. Thy powerful intellect is, comparatively, like that of a high-mettled charger. The subtile hand that wields the torch of immortal truth shall conquer thee, bridle thee, and hold thee in

subjection ; yea, that same hand shall unloose thine halter, and lead thee to the waters of quenchless immortality."

Thereupon the one who was writing threw down the pen, raised his eyes to those of the Colonel, arose from the chair, stood side by side with his companion ; both raised their right hands and pointed upward, and, with sweet and smiling solemnity, they slowly rose out of sight. As soon as they had entirely disappeared, the Colonel bounded from the bed, and hastily lighted the gas-jet above the writing-desk, when, lo ! to his astonished sight there were a number of closely-written papers lying before him on the desk. He caught them up, and scanned them closely, but the characters were unfamiliar, the chirography and language he did not understand. He laid the papers down, somewhat disappointedly, but with the determination that Philip and himself would decipher them the next day ; then, he retired once more, and did not awake until the sun was high in the heavens.

After dressing himself, the Colonel went directly to Philip's apartments, but was much disappointed when he learned that the young man was absent, and would not return until evening ; he was obliged to hold his soul in patience until the sun should again sink out of sight. At length, the long-wished-for hour

arrived. Carlislie appeared at the dinner-table, looking fresh and bright. The two gentlemen grasped each other's hands, like friends that had long been parted, as the Colonel said :

" Carlislie, I have something I wish to show you after dinner. Will you come to my rooms?"

" With pleasure," answered Philip.

And so, when the fire was leaping briskly in the grate, and the gas covered with a subduing shade, the gentlemen could have been found seated near the Colonel's writing-desk, examining, with great curiosity, the writing which had been left there—by what? by whom? These were the questions which the Colonel would have given his soul to have satisfactorily answered. He repeated to Philip his dream, or vision, for now, in his wide-awake hours, he would have come to the conclusion that he had been dreaming, if it were not for the tangible writing being actually there.

Philip examined the writing very intently. It was in old Sanscrit, and very familiar to him, for he had much of the same in his own possession, and he did not doubt but that the old lord, his grandfather, and Philipia, of Philistia, the Carmelite, were the developed intelligences, or souls, that had appeared to the Colonel, and left the aforesaid messages.

"Colonel," said Philip, "I have much of this kind of writing in my possession. Come, let us go to my rooms, and compare this writing with that which I have."

They were soon seated in Philip's cosy parlor, before a pile of manuscript upon his desk. They compared the writings with those which Carlislie had received in much the same way, and they were the same: it was evident that both had emanated from the same source.

The Colonel was dumbfounded.

"Now," said Philip, "my grandfather, before his departure for the higher life, taught me how to read this singular writing; and I owe much of the knowledge which I possess on abstruse scientific subjects, to the information which I have received through this strange channel. Yet, Colonel, this thing is not strange to me; it seems as truthful and natural to me as the breath I draw. Shall I read this to you in plain English?"

"Oh, do; I pray you," answered the Colonel.

"From Philippei, of Philistei, the ancient Carmelite, to Colonel Robert Solinger, the modern materialist, infidel, atheist, or by whatever name men call him, these lines are addressed.

"I am a soul, which was once developed from a spiritual germ, up through matter, and from thence up through spirit, until my

present altitude has been gained. In company with other souls, similarly developed, who are conjoined to me, and work in common with me, I return; as the dew, the rain, and the snow return to the earth, from which they were drawn upward, to nourish, refresh, and cause to expand, the germs that are still struggling for growth and development within their material coverings; for, well I know that without the revivification and nourishment thus obtained, the germs of other souls could not develop. I, with others, am drawn back and downward to these growing souls, as rain and dew are drawn back and downward for the growth and development of vegetable germs. The principle is the same in both cases. The analogical chain holds good.

“To thee, Colonel Robert Solinger, I come: but not to thee alone. Still, thou art a soul of strong growth, powerfully proportioned, and thou overshadowest many other souls of lesser growth: thou art keeping the sunlight of truth from them. Thine influence is baneful and harmful, for it tends downward toward oblivion and death, not toward sunlight and truth. Robert, thou must be hewn down, or, thy materialistic arms lopped off. It is a question of vital import with my compeers, whether thou shalt be hewn down, or, thy materialistic arms lopped off. We would

prefer to trim thee up, Robert, still leaving thee within the material soil, so that thy top may look soulward, and thy branches not disport themselves so far out over the earth, with their baneful destructive shade.

“Imagine the sorrow of thine immortal soul, O Robert,—if we conclude to hew thee down—when thou findest thyself not dead, or oblivious, but sentient, living, thinking and feeling; or, like a bird escaping from its shell, and thou lookest back and down to earth, and thou redest in thousands of souls, still in the body, the hopeless, destructive theories which thou hast taught them. O Robert! The souls of men and women have enough to bear, as they toil on through the material, without the added weight of hopeless oblivion. Rob them not of the sunlight of immortality; for, if thou doest, thou must come down: but we hope still to spare thee, for thou art powerful, and, if thou settest thy face soulward toward truth, thou canst move a multitude with hope and joy, and their souls will spring up afresh. Thou art making great mistakes on many of the questions of the present day; when thou hast become enlightened, and thy soul hath absorbed truth, thy lower, or material branches may die for want of nourishment, for the higher branches will sap them of their support. It is the light of truth which we propose to give

thee, O Robert, through this our chosen instrument, thy youthful friend, Philip Carlisle. His soul has been lighted, and is burning brightly with the fires of hope, truth, and immortality.’”

Here the message ended, signed—

“PHILIPPEI.”

The Colonel was trembling in every limb, and shudders chased each other through his stalwart frame. He was not trembling with fear or terror, but truth was being forced home to him in so strange a manner that he felt somewhat as one might standing on the brink of an awful chasm, from which he had just been rescued, and liable to slip back into at any moment. All the horrors of this fearful abyss were dimly seen, and his head was yet dizzy. He stretched his hands imploringly toward Philip:

“Save me! Save me! my more than brother,” he ejaculated. “Save me from myself; and if, with your aid, I can once master this subject completely, so that I can put it in a clear light, based on true scientific principles, before the public, I shall only be too glad to espouse the cause of immortality, and cheer on, with waving banners, the great army of the people toward the coveted goal. But, Carlisle, the old church creeds and dogmas, with their dead forms and hypocrisies, have become so

abhorrent to me, that oblivion and death of the soul is preferable. On the other hand, Spiritualists, as a rule, have become so visionary, erratic, and poisoned by fraudulent impostors, that they have become equally obnoxious. To you, dear Philip, I look for restoration."

"And, with the help of the higher angels, I will restore you," breathed Philip, with great solemnity. "Dear Colonel, I have much writing in my possession. The greater part of it has been written through my own hand, under what I believe to be inspiration from higher intelligences, or, from the progressed souls of departed men. Most of these writings I am positive have been given to me by my own much loved and revered grandfather. The deepest and most abstruse are from an ancient ancestor of mine, called Philipia, of Philistia, the Carmelite. These writings, when you become familiar with them, I am sure you will think remarkable; and, if they do not convince you of immortality, I think nothing will. Shall we look them over this evening, Colonel?"

"With all my heart," replied the Colonel, and Philip produced a pile of manuscript as large as a family Bible. For two or three hours the Colonel was deeply absorbed in the perusal of parts of the writings; at last,

becoming weary, he leaned back in his chair and lighted a cigar.

"You are right, Carlisle," he said. "Those writings are more remarkable than anything of the kind that I ever read before. This paper, especially, answers many important questions that I have often asked of Philosophy and Science, but, until now, have never received answers that were in the least satisfying to the mind, or soul of man. This one," he continued, pointing to one he had been reading last, "on light and heat."

"Yes," replied Philip; "that one, alone, would absolutely prove immortality to me. The author of this writing goes on to say, that all space is filled by four great first principles, to wit, Ether, Matter, Magnetic Flame, and Germinal points; that these four are the first great fountains from which all else springs forth, and that these first great principles had no beginning, and can have no end; that worlds are forever forming within this eternal ocean of first principles; that all matter first exists in translucent minute points; that magnetic flame exists in minute points, and that all germs exist in minute points, and all roll together in great wayes within the never-ending ethereal sea; that all suns are first or primary worlds; that they are formed in the following way:

"Each point of magnetic flame is always attracting and holding to itself a point of matter within which it hides and covers itself, and the coalescing or marriage of these two points form a perfect atom; this atom, thus composed of magnetic flame and translucent matter, has the power to attract and hold to itself all other atoms with which it comes in contact, as it rolls on the waves of the ethereal sea; that soon it becomes an immense globe, composed of magnetic flame and translucent matter, and it continues to roll, and rob the ethereal sea of atoms, until it becomes so large it is obliged by its own weight to cast off rings, which may be called its children; these rings, having become harder and more dense than the primary atoms, do not attract them, but each ring, as it is thrown off, forms a globe of itself: the first globe at length throws off seven rings in all, and these are second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth worlds, or, at length they become worlds, forming a complete system. Suns, nor the globes which they have cast off, at this stage of their career, have not any light except a pale magnetic light which would not be visible to man. Now, the first globe begins to grow old, or die; in other words, to yield up its spirit, which is each little point of magnetic flame within each atom; and, after it has

yielded up every particle of its magnetic flame, the escaped spirit holds itself together in the form of a globe, precisely like the globe it has left. The globe of matter is now divested of all magnetism, and becomes black as Erebus. The two globes now roll directly opposed to each other. The black globe of matter, or elementary carbon, is for ever being ignited by the great waves of magnetism which roll toward it from the magnetic globe, its counterpart or spirit, and light and heat result therefrom; not a ray of light or heat can ever be lost or dissipated, for every ray shoots straight back to the magnetic globe, and is there again resolved into magnetism proper; and thus the two globes for ever play back and forth, neither losing nor gaining an atom.

"The real bodies of both globes are invisible to man. He cannot see the magnetic globe, he cannot see the carbonic globe, it is the result which he perceives and feels, the electric light and heat, or the combusive force of the two really invisible globes, which are exact counterparts of each other; and thus is the shining light and heat of the sun created, and of all suns—previous to their death or enlightenment—and the seven rings or globes which each cast off have no light of their own, and are designed eventually for habitation;

and all these, continues the writer, have left the ethereal and germinal sea intact."

"I begin to think," said the Colonel, "that scientific men have not, thus far, arrived at the true nature of light and heat. After reading this paper, the theory of meteoric stones feeding the fires of the sun seems a very childish one."

"Yes; the eternal fires of the sun might as well be fed by a child's rattletrap, replied Philip.

"And then, again," continued the Colonel, "many scientific men have advanced the theory, that the sun is a world on fire."

"Those men are really nearer the truth," replied Philip; "but, even if that theory were the true one, the sun must eventually be consumed; of course, those ideas are not correct. I am convinced that the true theory is the one given by the author of the writing we have just been reading, for the electric fire is kept up in the way he mentions for countless ages—ages that the mind of man is not capable of conceiving. Now, then, systems of worlds, which are countless without end, each have a sun that warms them into life, light, and beauty. Gradually, the earths that have no light of their own, are prepared, by the light and warmth in which they are bathed, to attract and hold the germs from out the ethereal sea,

and these germinal points consist of all things which live and grow ; each germ develops up through matter into its full proportions. The Darwinian theory is true in part, inasmuch as forms are developed or evolved, one from another, but each separate form attracts its own germs from out the ethereal sea. But, you will observe, Colonel, that a developed germ never returns again to a germinal point ; an atom once formed does not again separate itself into a magnetic point of flame and corresponding translucent matter, and a primary globe, or sun, never returns to its original state, *i.e.*, a soft conglomeration of condensed atoms, neither do the rings, which it casts off, again resolve themselves into their first, primitive, elemental state. Nature never takes a step backward : she marches for ever straight onward, and these rings become worlds, in which intelligence can be developed ; and, as has been shown you, dear Colonel, the invisible germinal points are developed and attracted from out the ethereal sea, and after once being developed they cannot, and do not, ever again become invisible germinal points ; for, the end and aim of all these previous marriages between magnetism and matter, the formation of suns and worlds, was for the express purpose of developing intelligent, sentient beings. Can you think that

Nature ceases in her efforts when she has, at last, arrived there, in allowing those same beings to fall back into an undeveloped condition?

"No! Colonel Robert Solinger, she does not, but she marches straight on; and, like the sun, when a material human body, which holds a fully developed magnetic spirit, and that spirit holds a magnetic soul germ, that magnetic spirit leaves that material body—although it is invisible to man, for magnetism is invisible—it becomes the source of eternal light, truth, love, and wisdom, to the undeveloped souls that yet dwell within material bodies. The earth has been yielding up its developed spiritual germs—germs of all forms of life that exist, even to the tiniest blade of grass and primary moss—and all developed germs, whatsoever, have continued on, forming spiritual spheres upon spiritual spheres, within which the developed soul of man may roam delightedly, and his intelligent soul may go on developing in wisdom forever more, carrying with it at will its magnetic and electric body, or, at will, leaving it for spaces of time to suit its convenience.

"Nothing is ever again resolved into its first, or primitive condition; this is the rock on which men of science split: it is just here where they make their grand mistakes, fatal

mistakes, as they will discover sooner or later to their utter amazement.

"Material atoms, once robbed of their magnetic heart, become worthless, and are pushed up by the atmosphere, outside its limits, where they lie in helpless masses until new magnetism is given to them, from a wandering supply in the form of a comet; they then weld themselves together in the form of rings, like those of Saturn, and, at length, when they have become exceedingly large and heavy, break, and fall away from the parent globe, and form moons; but, an atom never again returns to its first or primary state; and magnetic flame, when it has once covered a developed germ, never again returns to a point, but retains the form it has left, and still clothes or covers the developed germ; it is merely the shell of matter that falls away from it, and leaves the developed germ clothed in its imperishable, beautiful, magnetic dress. The forms which you saw last night, dear Colonel," continued Philip, "were the magnetic forms which the departed souls of my grandfather, and Philippei of Philistei wear, and can, if conditions are favorable, make visible to the eyes of those still in the material body: yet, I doubt much if you really saw them with your natural sight. I think, dear Colonel, you were in a clairvoyant, or spiritual condition."

"That might have been the case," replied the Colonel, "yet, at the time, it seemed to me I saw them with my natural eyes. But, how do you think they were able to perform this writing?"

"By their intelligent, magnetic and electric power. It is not the first writing that has been performed without the aid of material hands. The first that we have any record of was that written upon the wall in olden time: *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin!* Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting; and this is about the sum and substance of that which has been written to you,—oh, Robert! But, dear friend, do not let them find you wanting after this."

"I have preached my last sermon on non-immortality," replied the Colonel, with great earnestness; "and, as soon as the mists are cleared away from my mind, I shall preach Life—Life! Immortal Life!"



CHAPTER XXX.

GRANDOLIA HALL.

AS they had now done with the reading, Philip turned off the gas and raised the curtains, for he delighted to sit in a darkened room, and watch the bright constellations within the heavens. It was a cold starlight night, for it was drawing near to the Christmas time; the moon was a lovely hanging crescent, and Jupiter shone brightly in the western horizon.

"Look forth, dear Colonel," said Philip: "Look at the countless suns rolling within the eternal ethereal sea, and think of the never-ending millions that are not visible to our finite earthly sight, and then think, dear Colonel, that these visible stars are merely the suns of countless millions of systems of worlds that are not visible to us, and tell me if you think they are ever again resolved into their first or elemental state?"

Philip now produced a fine telescope, which he had purchased. It had an adjustable stand. He arranged it so as to point directly at Jupiter, and both gentlemen took a long

look at the majestic planet as it slowly sunk from their sight.

"Oh, how grand!" sighed the Colonel. "There he rolls, with his belts girdled about him, his four bright moons keeping him company."

"And, dear Colonel, have you ever thought what those belts might be?" asked Philip.

"Some scientific men have supposed one thing, and some another," replied the Colonel. "I don't know that I ever come to any conclusion about it, myself."

"Well," said Philip, "our unseen writers tell us, that those belts are the worthless atoms which rise up from the planet, and surround it outside its exterior atmosphere. The planet has already cast off four moons in this way, and as the ages roll on those belts will, at intervals, be revived by the aid of comets, until another ring is formed, such as Saturn has about her now; and when the ring, thus formed, becomes broken and cast off, by its own accumulated weight, Jupiter will have another moon, which will make five, and, before he is done with producing worthless atoms, he will have seven. But Jupiter should properly be called she."

"Then, you think," remarked the Colonel, "that our earth is quite young yet, as she has but one moon?"

"Quite," replied Philip: "still, she has her belts, although they are not as extensive as Jupiter's, and as time rolls on she will have another moon."

Philip now levelled the telescope at the moon.

"Some astronomers tell us," he remarked, "that the moon is an old, worn-out planet, filled with craters and fearful volcanoes: but here, again, they are in error. To be sure, the moon being but a young child of the earth, has but a slight atmosphere as yet, and its surface is yawning in great chasms; for, when it left the earth, as a ring, and drew itself together, by its attractive power, its surface became broken into enormous fissures and awful chasms, which, of course, make towering mountains, but, she is young. It will be ages before she is old enough, or perfect enough, to be inhabited by man. You see, dear Colonel, the chain of reason is complete, in the way in which the higher intelligences present it to us."

"Philip Carlisle," said the Colonel; "you have made a different man of me. Can I ever repay you?"

"You can," answered Philip, "by ceasing to be a materialist, giving your audiences bread instead of stones."

Philip put away the telescope, and the two men sat in the darkened room. They had

ceased talking. It was now near midnight, and all was quiet, when, in the far part of the room, where it was the darkest, they perceived a tremulous light.

"What is that?" asked the Colonel, with a slight start.

"We will keep very quiet," remarked Philip, "and perhaps we may be fortunate enough to see the magnetic form of a departed soul: and, if we both see the same thing, when we are broadly awake, you can never again doubt."

"Never!" sighed the Colonel.

Philip lowered the curtains, making the room still darker. The light became brighter and clearer, the form and the features more perfect and distinctly outlined, until the old Lord of Carlisle stood in majestic beauty before them, a sweet and benignant smile wreathing his lips. He moved toward them. The Colonel scarcely breathed. He came close to them. He raised his hands, and placed one on either head of the two gentlemen, and, with the touch, they both felt electric shocks run through their frames; and, then, the form gradually melted away and disappeared.

"Are you now convinced, dear Colonel?" asked Philip.

"For evermore!" replied Colonel Robert Solinger: "and, next Sabbath, I give my first lecture on the immortality of man."

The gentlemen parted for the night, the Colonel a wiser and happier man. Philip retired to dream of his lovely Morna, and the home he would have when they were united.

The Christmas Holidays were rapidly approaching. Mrs. Howla was becoming completely disgusted with hotel life. She considered the servants impertinent and Thisbe unmanageable ; moreover, Miss Hamelton could not hide her contempt for Augustus ; besides, young Carlisle invariably treated Thisbe as he would a little sister. Mrs. Howla's well-laid plans had failed, thus far, but, she was not one to easily give up a beloved project ; she had, with her mind's eye, seen Thisbe, "My Lady Carlisle." She had also beheld Miss Hamelton's money drawn in by Augustus's net—the net which she had spread with her own hands. She could not give up these air-castles, which she had reared for her children, without a struggle ; and, were they not well worth struggling for ? she asked herself. She had another plan, in her mind, which she thought would be successful. She would return to her elegant mansion on the Hudson. Her house should be the scene of gay festivities during the coming holidays. She would invite young Carlisle, the Colonel, Miss Hamelton and her father. "My daughter Thisbe," was far more

attractive and tractable at home than anywhere else, and Augustus appeared to much better advantage : he had not the same opportunity for dissipation and profligacy. Yes ; she had hit upon the right plan now, and, to-morrow, she would be in her own house once more : at home, she was the queen over her own domain, and Thisbe was more like a fairy ; but here, at this hotel, crowded into two or three rooms, made herself appear more like a giantess and Thisbe more like a dwarf. She sent elaborately-worded invitations to the Colonel and Carlisle, and invited Hester to a *tête-à-tête* in her own apartments, saying, that she wished to consult with her about some festivities which she proposed giving.

Miss Hamelton was quite pleased with the idea of going, for she wanted to see as much of the world as possible, and if she could be thrown more unreservedly still into Philip's society, she might win him yet. Who could say ? Stranger things had happened. His indifference might yet turn into the most ardent love. She had known such changes to take place in people's feelings, and why not in Philip's as well as another's ? So the two ladies, over a dainty lunch, laid plans for gay and festive scenes when the next week should come.

Mrs. Howla, Thisbe, and Hester, were to

go at once. The gentlemen were to follow in a few days, and, on Christmas Eve, the first gay party was to be given.

The ladies arrived at Grandolia Hall that same evening, and Hester was surprised at its magnificence.

The evening was clear, crisp, and cold. The stars were glittering in the heavens, like blazing diamonds set within a dark blue vault. The Aurora Borealis was streaming up the northern sky, like the flashing and clashing of phantom swords, wet with the blood-red wine of life, and wielded by an invisible host: at the zenith, where the swords met and flashed more fiercely than anywhere else, appeared a circle of alternate red and gold, like a crown set in the heavens, paling and flashing, flashing and paling. The sight made Hester think of that strange story of old, which she firmly believed, about the angels warring in heaven, in which Lucifer and his host were cast forth: perhaps, this circle of light might signify the crown on the head of victory. She liked to imagine that it might.

They drove in through the arched gates at Grandolia Hall. The great oaks, elms, and horse-chestnuts threw the shadows of their long bare arms athwart the well-kept gravel walks and driveway. Miss Hamelton shud-

dered. She could almost imagine them clutching at her, and winding their long skeleton arms about her, as though to drag her from the carriage, and fold her to themselves in a dark spectral embrace; but the bright lighted windows and open hall-door reassured her, and she shook off her vague terrors.

The door was held open, for them to pass in, by a footman in livery. Mrs. Howla swept, with great majesty, into the spacious drawing-room, waving her fat hand to Hester as she said:

"Welcome! Miss Hamelton, to Grandolia Hall!"

A maid stood ready to take the ladies' wraps. Mrs. Howla said:

"Tell the housekeeper to prepare a nice hot supper, as soon as possible, and send Margery here at once."

The maid curtsied, and left the room.

Mrs. Howla threw herself into a great luxurious arm-chair, before the brightly blazing log-fire which had been lighted in the large fire-place, the bright andirons glittering and flashing like gold, and, as she buried her feet in the soft white rug, she motioned Hester toward a small red satin divan, in a cosy corner opposite her own. Hester took the seat, and then glanced about her. The room was heavy in its grand magnificence, and, would have

been oppressive, had it not been for the blazing fire-light.

Thisbe had conceived a great liking for the stately and beautiful Miss Hamelton. Tissie, herself, being so small and insignificant, she admired the grace and dignity in another, which she was well aware could never be hers. She took a seat on a low ottoman, at Hester's feet, and clasped the lovely white hand, with its glittering diamonds, between both her own little paws, at the same time fixing her round beady black eyes, with a bright stare, on Hester's large liquid brown ones, that just now wore a look of dreamy sadness, a sort of premonitory gloom, like shadows which dance before.

Mrs. Howla had thrown her head back, and two or three loud snores already testified that she was wandering in that dim region, called the "Land of Nod."

"I am glad we are home again," said "my daughter Thisbe," with a sigh of satisfaction, as she pressed Hester's hand, with little convulsive jerks. "I hate a hotel! and I hate New York! I would never leave this house, as long as I live, if mama would only let me alone."

"I can't blame you for liking to stay here," replied Hester. "It is a grand and beautiful home, indeed."

"I don't see," continued Thisbe, "why mama can't let me alone. I am sure I don't take up much room. I should just like to hide away where she could never find me; and I think I can, and shall, if she ever wants me to go to New York again."

Hester gave her a soft smile, somewhat as she might have smiled at a kitten, stroked and patted the mouse-colored head with her disengaged hand. Thisbe nestled closer to her side, laying her little head in Hester's lap. Hester fixed her eyes dreamily on the fire, trying to read her destiny within the burning coals. Presently she shivered, and gave a slight gasp, for there, as plain as plain could be, was a tasselled bier. She shudderingly covered her eyes with her hand. What was this strange feeling that had been creeping through her ever since she had entered those great gates of Grandolia Hall? Presently, she took her hand from her eyes, and, looking up with a start, she saw that someone else was standing between the sleeping Mrs. Howla and herself; the soft firelight flashing about, and kissing the gentle graceful being, who stood with clasped hands before her. Hester passed her hand across her eyes, as though she had been dreaming, for she recognized, at once, that her own beauty was more than matched by the exceeding beauty of the

young girl before her—a pale fragile beauty, to be sure, ethereal and almost angelic—still, so beautiful, that she dazzled Hester as an angel might.

She was of medium height, but so extremely willowy and fragile that she looked tall. Her complexion was fair and transparent as alabaster, showing delicate blue veins about the temples. Her lips and cheeks, just tinged like a pale wild rose. Her face was softly oval, her mouth as sweet and innocent as that of an infant. Her eyes were the color of the sky, on a clear bright summer's day; and long golden lashes lay on the soft cheeks. Her hair was a mass of burnished gold, and rippled down over her black robes, to her waist; little soft clinging tendrils clustering around the broad white brow. There was a subtile air of sadness lying all about her black-robed form, and clasped hands.

Thisbe started up.

"Why, Marjery!" she exclaimed; "I didn't hear you come in. I don't see why you need steal around so like a cat," she added, pettishly. "You know mama don't like it. Miss Hamelton, this is my cousin, Marjery Vale."

Hester bowed. Marjery smiled softly, showing dimples in either cheek, and small pearly

teeth ; inclining her form like a lily swayed by the wind.

"Marjery, this is Miss Hester Hamelton. Mama is going to have gay times here, and Miss Hamelton is to stay with us a whole month, and there are two or three gentlemen coming in a day or so. Mama sent for you some time ago. You were so long coming that she has gone to sleep. It's just like your slow ways, Marjery, and mama will be very angry with you when she wakens. You had best not wake her now, I can tell you! Where were you, Marjery, that you did not come sooner?"

"I was over at the cottage," answered Marjery, in a low sweet voice. "Little Willie Sutton has diphtheria, and no one would go near to help take care of him. Mrs. Sutton is completely worn out, and I have been nursing Willie while she took a little rest."

Tissie started up with a slight scream.

"Diphtheria!" she piped, shrilly. "Diphtheria! How dare you!" and she clasped her own throat with both her little hands. "O Miss Hamelton! We shall all catch diphtheria, and, perhaps, die, just through Marjery's wayward carelessness. Oh, but wont mama make you suffer for this!" squeaked Tissie, again turning toward Marjery.

"I don't think any one will take it through me," said Marjery. "I have changed all my clothes, and thoroughly washed my mouth and throat in sulphur-water: that is the reason why I could not obey auntie's commands sooner."

"Marjery," said Tissie, abruptly; "we are going to have a real lord's son, to stay with us through the holidays. Just think of that! A real lord's son! and he will be a lord himself some day, if he lives, and—O Marjery! he plays like an angel. We are going to have grand times here. We are going to have one splendid Christmas ball; then we are to have a skating party on the river, a feast afterwards, and all kinds of games. The river is to be lighted, ever so far out, with Chinese lanterns, and I am to wear my ermine cloak, hood, and muff. We are to have sliding chairs! O Marjery! the grandest times that ever were! Mama sent for you, to tell you that you must have all our clothes in order, and the laces all mended. You are to dress mama and me, because you make us look so much nicer than the maid does."

In her excitement, Tissie had raised her piping voice considerably: this awoke Mrs. Howla. She looked up crossly, with blood-shot eyes.

"Are you there, Marjery?" she asked, in a thick sleepy voice.

"Yes, aunt," answered Marjery.

"Why didn't you come when I sent for you?" she asked, with considerable irritation.

"I came as soon as I could, dear aunt," replied Marjery, in a soothing tone.

"I want you to have our clothes all ready for Christmas festivities; and be sure you don't forget anything," said Mrs. Howla, again falling back in her chair, and closing her eyes.

"Marjery; you must show Miss Hamelton her room," said Tissie. "She is weary, I know. She's to have the rose chamber, where one can look out over the river."

Hester now followed Marjery to the room, which was to be hers while she remained a guest at Grandolia Hall.

"Miss Hamelton," said Marjery's sweet voice, "I will stay and help you to disrobe, if you wish."

Hester was glad of the assistance offered her, and while Marjery's nimble fingers were unloosing various parts of her dress, she said:

"You seem to take the place of an upper servant in the house, although Mrs. Howla is your aunt. Have you no parents living?"

"No," replied Marjery, sadly. "I have no relatives in the world except Mr. and Mrs.

Howla, Augustus and Thisbe. My mother died when I was a babe; my father was Mr. Howla's brother, and he died two years ago. I have lived with aunt Howla ever since."

"Does she treat you kindly"? asked Hester.

"She does not abuse me," replied Marjery, "yet I don't think she loves me much. I feel very sad and lonely at times, as though no one in all the world loved me."

"Oh, well; cheer up!" said Hester, kindly patting her cheek. "You will enjoy yourself through the coming holidays."

Marjery now left the room. Hester seated herself at one of the windows, and looked out. It was a very beautiful night. The sky was clear and cloudless. The moon was shining brightly, and the beautiful Hudson wound its way—a body of ice at the present time—like a broad ribbon, past the windows, then lost itself as it curved in the distance. The room was one of the most beautiful that Hester had ever seen. It was very lofty, paneled in gold and rose color. The chairs and sofas were of rose-colored satin, the hangings were of the same, alternated with costly lace. The room was faintly perfumed by rose-jars.

Hester darkened the room, thinking she would sit awhile longer by the window. She felt lonely and nervous: chilly, crawling sensations ran down her back. She sat with her

gaze fixed intently upon the river, and she never could tell whether she fell asleep or not, when, she felt a hand on her shoulder. She started, and looked up: her eyes looked directly into the eyes of the old hermit. He appeared precisely as he had when she was a little girl—the bent and withered form, the old patched coat trailing on the floor in front, because of his stooping figure, his eagle-like hands grasping his knotted cane, his injured ankle—all were exactly represented. She shuddered as she remembered how she had insulted him. Then, the form gradually changed. It became tall and upright: all marks of age fell away from it; the hand was raised, the long finger pointing toward the river. Her eyes mechanically followed the direction in which the finger pointed, when, out on the river she saw a phantom group carrying a drowned form between them. She looked, with straining eyes, at the apparently lifeless form, and then started up with a wild scream. The dripping lifeless form was her own. She rubbed her eyes:

“Yes”—but the old hermit and the phantom group had all disappeared. She crawled into bed, trembling like an aspen, and, presently, sleep calmed all her terrors.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE SKATING PARTY.

THE day before Christmas brought Mr. Hamelton, Colonel Solinger, Philip Carlisle, and, last of all, Augustus made his appearance.

On Christmas Eve, the company assembled for games, and kissing beneath the mistletoe.

Miss Hamelton was beautiful in rose-colored satin. Mrs. Howla in purple velvet. Tissie in white satin, with long train, and numerous point-lace flounces. Marjery, in her white cashmere, looked like a very angel; and many other young ladies, who had been invited, as bright and gay as possible, also an equal number of gentlemen.

The gallant Colonel was getting deeper and deeper in love with the beautiful Hester; but Hester's eyes still wandered, disappointedly, in Philip's direction.

Mrs. Howla spurred the lagging Augustus on, more urgently than before, to try and win the hand of the wealthy heiress. Philip's manner could not be made to change, in the

least, toward Tissie, but Philip was really attracted to the side of the gentle and beautiful Marjery : not that he loved her as he did Morna, but he found a bright, sweet, noble soul, which was being crushed beneath a cruel and unjust hand—the coarse fat hand of her aunt Howla—while she was made to feel that she was a dependent, and could never repay her beneficent aunt.

The Colonel had the happiness of kissing Hester beneath the mistletoe, but Philip contented himself with kissing the hand of the lovely Marjery.

Tissie played her harp, and Philip played one or two operatic airs on the piano.

The next day the great Christmas dinner was given, and, in the evening, Christmas carols. The grand ball was to come off, New Year's Eve, and, in the interim, a large skating party was to be on the river ; extensive preparations were made for this : and, now, behold them in all their glory, when the skating is at its gayest and best, the scene lighted up by many-colored Japanese lanterns, a great bonfire of tar barrels on the shore lending a weird enchantment to the whole, the glancing feet, clad in their bright steel skates, the gay short attire of the ladies, the gentlemen in fur caps and mufflers.

Tissie looked like a little fairy, in her

ermine cloak, hood, and muff; her bright eyes shining, her little feet glancing. Miss Hamelton was in Russian sable, and looked like an empress. Marjery wore a short seal-skin jacket, with little round cap of the same, and short crimson skirt. Many of the other ladies wore the costliest of furs, and gentlemen were pushing the skating-chairs in which some of them were seated.

Mrs. Howla preferred to sit in state, near the bonfire, well wrapped in her costly sables.

Hester was flashing rapidly on her skates, the Colonel trying in vain to overtake her. He had caught up with her once or twice already, but she had escaped him, and was off like the wind, her cheeks glowing, her eyes as brilliant as stars. Marjery was rather timid on skates, and Philip remained by her side, supporting, and teaching her how to use her feet. Hester experienced a feeling of desperation, and became quite reckless. She skated rapidly on and on, not caring whither, in her jealous disappointment, the Colonel, in vain, trying to overtake her. She had flown rapidly on, far down the river, long since out of range of the lights. She turned a bend in the river; the wind struck her fiercely; she shivered, and looked down.

The ice at this point was a mere thin crust. Crack! Crack! Crack!—and the lovely Miss

Hamelton disappeared from sight within the cold embrace of the chilling waters. At this moment, also, the Colonel turned the bend: his despairing eyes caught a glimpse of her form as it disappeared. He gave a terrible cry for help, and dashed on. The ice cracked warningly under his rapidly flying feet; he threw himself flat, with another great shout for help! He forced his body, as fast as he could, to the spot where Hester had disappeared. Nothing was visible but the sluggishly flowing water. Again, his shout rose on the still night air. Another form was drawing near.

"Oh! thank God!" It was Philip. He held a skating-pole in his hands, with which he had been assisting Marjery in learning to skate.

"Help! Philip! Oh! help!" hoarsely cried the Colonel. "Miss Hamelton has gone down, just here."

Philip tore off his skates, threw off his coat, and plunged directly into the water.

"Keep fast hold of one end of this pole, Colonel," he said, as he disappeared.

The Colonel grasped it with all his might, while Philip still kept his hold of the other end with one hand, thus steadying himself, keeping his head above water, and himself from being carried beneath the ice. He

circled his free arm around in all directions as far as he could reach.

"Oh! hope!" He had caught Miss Hamelton's long hair within his grasp. He clutched the hair convulsively, for he was growing benumbed and stupified with cold. He drew the helpless form nearer, still nearer. He held it, now, in a powerful grasp, within his arm. He drew the dripping senseless head above water.

"Now! Colonel," said he, with one last superhuman effort—"Now!"

The Colonel drew at the pole with all his might. Philip raised the dripping senseless form aloft, and shot it forward upon the ice, where it lay, stark and stiff, with its death-like beautiful face turned upward in the ghostly light of the moon. Philip now managed to crawl out of the hole, more dead than alive, with the Colonel's assistance. The two gentlemen then took the inanimate form, and bore it between them toward a group of men who were approaching with lanterns. They had heard the cries for help, and were coming to the rescue. They bore the lifeless body back to the shore. The party broke up in a panic; and, that which had once been the beautiful Hester Hamelton, was carried to the house. A physician was hastily summoned. Hot water and flannels were in requisition, and for

two hours they worked over the body. But all to no purpose. The doctor pronounced her dead. An undertaker was sent for, and the body of Hester soon lay on a tasselled bier, within the bright chamber where she had seen the appearance of the old hermit.

Her father was nearly crazed with grief. The Colonel looked like a hopeless and despairing man, and Philip lay in a raging fever in his room. His exposure and chill in the water, coupled with the terrible strain of raising the body, had brought on pneumonia and high fever. He lay helpless, with bright eyes and babbling tongue, tossing his arms wildly hither and thither; the gentle Marjery bending above him, administering his medicines, applying soothing remedies to his inflamed chest, and cooling lotions to his burning brow.

Mrs. Howla had fallen into hysterics, and shut herself in her own room. Thisbe was hidden away, no one knew where.

It was now long past midnight. Colonel Solinger had persuaded Mr. Hamelton to try and get a little sleep, and he had gone to his private apartment.

The Colonel now stood over the body of Hester, pale and despairing, for he had loved her more than he had ever loved woman before. He was gazing, agonizingly, at the

beautiful marble features ; his soul crying out within him :

"O my love! My love! Where art thou? Is this the last of thee, my beautiful darling? Does death end all, or shall I meet thee again, somewhere? O Hester! Hester! This cannot be the last of thee: my soul cries out against the black falsehood, that I have tried to think I believed. O Hester! Hester! would that I could go to thee now, my darling! Perhaps your sweet spirit is here in the room with me. Perhaps you are witnessing my grief."

And the half-crazed man stretched forth his arms as if to clasp the empty air. Then, a terrible sense of desolation, and irreparable loss, caused him to again turn and gaze at the still form, lying there in its shroud, seemingly more beautiful, even in death, than she had been in life.

The Colonel bent down, and pressed his warm lips to those of the corpse.

"O my Hester!" he groaned. "My *love* could call thee back from heaven, or from *hades*!" and he glued his lips once more to those of the dead girl. Suddenly, he started back. A great trembling seized him. Could it be possible, or was he deceived? Were the lips slightly warm, or was it merely the warmth communicated to them by his own?

Surely! there was a slight vestige of color upon them. He grasped at her wrist for a pulse. He laid his hand above the heart, to see if there might not be a slight flutter. But, no! He had deceived himself. His *love* would give life where life was not, for pulse there were none. He pressed his hand on the marble brow—Great God! it was not as cold as it had been: there was warmth—surely, there was warmth! and, see! the lips were a shade deeper in color—besides, the cheeks were slightly tinged!

The Colonel rushed for a hand-glass that he saw on the dressing case. He held it above the lips. Oh, joy unspeakable! A slight mist gathered on the glass: he dashed it wildly to the floor. He caught up the form of the apparently dead girl, hurriedly, and bore it to the bed. He forced a drop of brandy between the set teeth: they relaxed; the eyes flew open; the breath came in little gasps and gurgles, and Hester Hamelton's soul returned to her body. Slowly, the beautiful eyes took on a look of recognition. She moved her hands slightly. The Colonel grasped them within his own heated ones, and chafed them gently: he again pressed his lips to hers, and breathed his warm magnetic breath into her nostrils. Her breathing grew more regular. "Hester! Oh! my darling, my beautiful

Hester! Speak to me, and tell me that you live and hear me," he murmured into her ear.

She moved her head slightly. Her lips tried to form words, and then she sighed:

"Where am I, Colonel Solinger, and what has happened to me?"

The Colonel now rang the bell violently. The frightened servants appeared. The doctor was again summoned, and the next morning Hester was able to sit up. The Colonel went to his own room, and fell on his knees; raising his hands and arms aloft he rendered thanks—to what? to whom? he hardly knew, as he did not believe in God; but his soul would assert itself in spite of all.

The Colonel had been stirred to the very foundations of his being. Something within himself, greater and grander than all his sophistical reasoning, was now thoroughly awakened; it swayed and surged within him like a mighty flood, it filled and overwhelmed his grosser material nature, its eyes seemed to unclothe and look eternity in the face. Hester had been snatched, from what? from where? oh, from where? Where had his beloved been all those long six hours, when her body lay cold and stark in the embrace of death? It was all well enough to say she had been unconscious, that her senses had been locked in oblivion, but the oblivion in which

she had rested had not been sleep; it had been, to all appearance, death, and if Hester had not returned it really would have been death. Oh! Where had his beloved been during all those long six hours?

Tears of gratitude actually streamed down the strong man's face as he knelt there, where no human eye could observe him. It was the first time in his life that he had loved from the great depths of his soul, and he felt like one that had been raised from the depths of hades to the pinnacle of heaven.



CHAPTER XXXII.

HESTER'S WONDERFUL STORY.

SHORTLY after dinner, a servant handed Colonel Solinger a note. He tore it open, and glanced at the signature: it was from Hester. In it she said:

"Dear Colonel.—I am not yet able to leave my room, and I have something to tell you which I consider very important. Will you come in, for an hour, and hear what I have to say?"

The Colonel was only too glad of any excuse to look once more on the living face of his beloved, and he at once obeyed the summons. He found her reclining in a large chair, which had been drawn up in front of the oriole window, and she was gazing, with dreamy eyes, out on the frozen sunlit river. Her exquisite form was enveloped in a long flowing robe of white cashmere; her shining dark hair combed smoothly back and wound in a large loose knot at the back of her head; her face looked like marble in its paleness, and her eyes were larger and more liquid than ever.

She gave her hand, languidly, to the Colonel. He bent his tall form, and tenderly kissed the white fingers. She motioned him to a seat. He drew his chair near to her, still holding the little soft hand within his own.

"Miss Hamelton," he said, "I can never be grateful enough, that you have been snatched from the jaws of death."

"Colonel," said Hester, in a low, changed voice, "strange as it may seem to you, and strange as it is to me, I feel more than sorry that I was snatched from the jaws—of what? Not of death, dear Colonel, for I neither saw him, nor felt his cold embrace; but I was drawn back from life, and light, and joy, to what seems to me, in comparison, decay, darkness and sorrow."

She turned her eyes upon his, with a gaze of disappointment.

"The veil has been lifted for me," she continued, "between this life and the immortal life of emancipated souls: they led my feet across the threshold of death, and I have walked and talked with them in their heavenly abode."

"O Hester! my beloved," said the Colonel, forgetting in the excitement of his feelings that he had not yet declared his love and asked Miss Hamelton to be his wife; "you are not yet recovered: your head is still

weak: your mind has not yet regained its usual tone."

"No; and it never will," she replied. "I shall never again be the same girl that I have been. That which I have seen and heard, dear Colonel, has changed me for ever. I feel like one that had been born blind, whose mind, in consequence, could not perceive things as they really were, whose sight had been opened, and that which before had seemed grotesque and uncanny, was now seen clearly in the beautiful light of true sight."

"Then you were not unconscious," he said, "but like one dreaming?"

"I was not dreaming," asserted Hester; "neither was I unconscious: but, myself—my real self—this part of me which thinks, feels, and reasons—this part of me which sees, hears,—this part of me which has life and motion, departed from this part of me which has not," and Hester struck her hand softly against the arm of the chair. "My body was as complete as it is now, more complete, for I was light as air, but since my return I feel very heavy. It seems nearly impossible for me to carry around the great weight of a hundred and twenty pounds."

"That is because you are very, very weak yet," said the Colonel, again kissing the pale hand.

"No," replied Hester, "it is not. It is because that part of me which went out has not obtained as strong a hold of this heavy body as it had before."

"Well, that is all one and the same thing, is it not, dear?"

"No; not precisely," replied Hester. "Listen, Colonel. When I heard the ice crack beneath my feet, a great horror seized me; immediately I went down into the ice-cold water, I felt a strangling sensation, my brain whirled and whirled; for a few moments I think I was unconscious, but, presently, I was gliding, or floating airily along, over the ice. I did not feel either cold or heat, but a delightful glow throughout all my being. I was so completely surprised that I could hardly tell what had happened. I felt reluctant to look behind me, or down toward the spot where my body had gone under the ice. I desired never to see it again, but floated on very rapidly, doing my best to get away from it, and soon I was a very great distance away. I felt a sense of great relief, somewhat as one would escaping a terrible danger. Up to this time I had seen no one, and I had been so eager to get away that I had not noticed what kind of world I was in; in fact, I had not seen any objects yet, nothing but a kind of beautiful, pale, amber-colored light:

but soon, I seemed to settle down on my feet. O Colonel! how light I was; how bouyant—how glad! My body was to me no more than a feather; and, as the lightest breath will blow a feather here and there, so my slightest will, or desire, would move my body, or myself, just where I wished to be. I desired to see some object, for I thought I was drowned and out of *this* body for ever. Slowly I began to see objects about me; but my eyes were fastened intently on something that was gradually becoming clear to my sight. It was a rock; and on it was seated the old hermit, looking precisely as he did when I was a little girl of ten years. His bent and withered form, his old patched coat, his bundle lying on the rock by his side. Tears were on his cheeks. He appeared to be in pain, and was rubbing his ankle as though he had been hurt by a stone thrown at him, once, by my brother Ralph. Oh! how the whole thing came back to me, as if it had but that moment happened—my mockery of him and his grief—all came back to me, as though but that moment I had flouted him. He raised his head, and looked me straight in the eyes. I felt humble and fearful. Was he now about to punish me for all my former unkindness to him? Such was my thought. He beckoned me to approach. His will was more powerful than

mine, and acted on my light body as a breeze on a feather: it drew me close to him.

"Dost remember the old hermit, Hester? he asked, and his voice was like the sweetest music.

"I bowed a shamefaced assent. He rose up from the rock, his age and his old clothes fell away from him, and he gradually changed till he was a glorious, God-like being—oh, so bright and beautiful!"—and Hester buried her face in her hands—"that it makes me weep to think I cannot be with him, and others whom I saw in that heavenly world of light.

"'Hester; my child,' he said, laying his hand on my head: 'you once consigned me to that place of everlasting torment, which so many think they believe exists for the souls of the departed, because I was old, poverty-stricken, and helpless; but, more than all, because I did not believe as you thought you did. You perceive, my child, that your consigning me to that place had not the slightest effect in putting me into such a frightful condition; and, now, it remains for me, Hester, to fetch your soul up out of a benighted condition, which resembles, somewhat, the condition to which you, in your ignorance, consigned me.'

"While he had been saying this, he had clasped my hand, and we were moving very

rapidly onward, and, as we went, rising higher and higher. All at once we paused, for that which I saw dazzled and bewildered me so, that I was obliged to close my eyes, and cover them with my disengaged hand. He gently laid his hand on my head, as he said :

“‘Thou canst look now, Hester,’ and I again opened my eyes.

“O Colonel ! I can never give you an idea of the beauty and grandeur which I saw ; but I will try to tell you of it as well as I can : a landscape so vast that I could not perceive the beginning or end, and yet my eyes were a thousand times more powerful than they are here. Oh ! they seem so dull to me now !” and she plucked at her eyes, impatiently.

“There were hundreds of shining cities, towns, and villages, besides thousands of beautiful rural homes ; there were rivers, lakes, and ponds ; cascades, streamlets, and a boundless ocean in the distance. I could see mountains, hills, valleys, and lovely meadows ; there were all kinds of trees, and shrubbery, together with great forests ; luscious fruit, and the most beautiful flowers were growing around me ; everywhere all was life, light, and beauty.

“We were standing on an elevation, and the Lord of Carlisle pointed with his finger :

new and beautiful scenes opened up to my sight continually.

"Now, thousands of beautiful beings were revealed, moving about amongst all this grand and lovely scenery, and, on the shining waters, fairy-like boats and ships were sailing, freighted with angelic forms.

"The houses all sparkled as though built with jewels; there were all kinds of birds and animals scattered about. The light was not like the light of the sun, but a sparkling light, a thousand times more beautiful. I was so transported with delight, that I clapped my hands, and would have floated on to mingle with those lovely beings that I saw, but the hand of my companion detained me. A feeling of anger and impatience surged through me, and I tried to shake off the detaining hand, but was powerless to do so. I again covered my eyes, and began to weep.

"'Oh! let me go!' I said, imploringly.

"'Hester,' he replied, in gentle solemn tone, 'thy soul is not yet emancipated from thy body. Look! thou canst not go farther than this, whilst the cord remains unbroken.'

"'What cord?' I asked, a little pettishly, I fear.

"'The magnetic cord which connects thy soul with thy mortal body. See, Hester, it yet remains unbroken,' and he held up a cord

of light ; yet it was a firm connecting cord. He pulled it very gently, and I found that it ended within my beating heart, for my heart was beating just the same as ever—the real heart that was with me—not the one in my insensible mortal body. Oh! I would that it had never returned here!” and she plucked at her heart, as though she would pluck it out.

The Colonel caught her hands, and held them tightly.

“O Hester! my Hester!” he exclaimed. “Live! Live for my sake; but go on, and tell me all.”

“‘I could not, at this time, see the other end of the cord. I caught at the tightening cord with both my hands, and tried to break it, but, he took my hands in his, as you are doing now, and hindered me.’

“‘Thou mayst not break the cord, Hester,’ he said, ‘for the traveller must return, and again take up the body of flesh and blood.’

“At this I was very angry, and threw myself down at his feet, begging and imploring him not to let me go back; it was as though I were being cast into hell, and his were the hands that would plunge me there. He lifted me up kindly, and looked at me sorrowfully, as he said:

“‘Hester, mine is not the hand that would plunge you back into mortality; but natural

laws cannot be broken with impunity. The vital spark, within thy mortal body, is not yet extinct; if it were, then this cord would be loosed, and thou couldst go where thou wouldst. Mine is not the hand that can bind, or, loose it. But, dear child, make good use of the time which is still left thee, for they are striving below to fetch thee back, and they will succeed, for, see! the cord is tightening.'

"At this I screamed in terror.

"'Oh, hold me—hold me!' I cried. 'It's pulling me down—down! I feel it—I feel it!'

"'Thou shalt not go alone, Hester,' he said. 'Dost see this lovely being approaching us?' and I looked.

"A glorious form approached us, and took my hand. O Colonel Solinger! I knew her at once. It was my mother. She died when I was a very little child. I can but just remember her. Words cannot tell you how lovely and beautiful she was. She kissed me, and held me close to her beating heart, as she said, in silvery accents:

"'My poor daughter! My darling child! Gladly would I take you to live with us in this happy world, but the proper time has not yet arrived. An accident has happened, which has sent you forth, and your soul is now hovering between the mortal and the immortal

life. Your earthly eyes are now closed in apparent death; your spiritual eyes are opened, and you can see the lowest spiritual sphere—that is, a very small part of it—for you are now within that sphere, but, as the cord is not loosed, you cannot mingle with us here, and must soon return: but, my darling Hester, when you go back, tell those by whom you are surrounded, what you have seen and heard. Make good use of what little time remains to you, my child; live not entirely for yourself, but try to benefit others; such opportunity as you now have does not often occur; think of others a little, Hester, and of the knowledge obtained by actual experience which you now have to bestow.'

"'But, no one will believe me,' I replied, 'and where is the use in my returning?'

"'O Hester!' said my mother, regretfully; 'thou wert born selfish, thou has inherited it from thy father. Gold—material wealth—was his one thought. Selfish and grasping always. Thou art more to be pitied than blamed, my Hester; but look, look at a portion of this lovely imperishable world; it is the life principle, the refined essence of all that appears to die on earth. See all those lovely houses which the angels build, look at the angels in all their beauty, as they walk, talk, sail and float; see them, as they glide

hither and thither, full of joyous, happy life. Look, dear Hester; no suffering, no decrepitude, no age, and spheres, more beautiful than this, rise one above another, each one more perfect, more beautiful, more ethereal than the last. Go back, and tell thy lover—for thou hast a lover, Hester—tell this lover of thine, for he is one who wields a powerful influence on earth; tell him, much of that which he thinks is space—nothing but space—is filled by ethereal spiritual spheres which surround the earth, and move with it as the rim of a wheel moves with the hub; tell him that all things are not as they appear to mortal sight; tell him to think of himself as residing on a solid hub, or nucleus, which is in rapid motion; this is surrounded by a dense atmosphere with corresponding movement; over and around these are the ethereal or spiritual and angelic spheres, which move correspondingly with the rest, like a wheel with many rims, each larger than the last, with spaces between corresponding with the earth's atmosphere. The atmosphere rests upon the earth, the first spiritual sphere rests upon the atmosphere, a more ethereal sphere rests upon that, and so on, and all move with the hub as it revolves; and this immense wheel, like innumerable other wheels of its kind, rolls within the eternal ocean of matter

and spirit, which exists forever and forever without end, and from this eternal ocean countless worlds are formed by the great eternal law of attraction, or the uniting of spirit and matter. More than this, my child, thou wilt not be able to tell him, for thou art yet finite, and the finite may not grasp the infinite, but must reach it by gradual and easy growth. And, now, Hester, a few more words. Think no more to make Philip Carlisle your husband. His soul is not with you, and does not rightfully belong to you. If you and he were to marry, you would both be miserable. His soul is not your true counterpart, your soul is no counterpart of his. When you think of him, my Hester, it is not his soul which you love. You almost despised him when you thought he was poor and unknown; it is merely his title and wealth which beguiles you, Hester: think not to commit this great sin, for riches nor title could ever recompense you for the lonely loveless life you would both lead.'"

Hester again covered her eyes with her hands, and tears trickled through her fingers—tears of vexation and shame—for she would not withhold what the soul of her mother had bidden her to say.

"Then, you have thought of Philip?" said the Colonel, sorrowfully. "Ah! I supposed

as much. Oh ! I have been very, very jealous at times. Hester, my beautiful Hester, it is I who love you, and not Philip Carlisle."

"Philip Carlisle has never loved me," asserted Hester, blushing scarlet, "and I have never really loved him. As my mother said, I selfishly desired to grasp his wealth and title, but for Philip's real self I have not cared."

"But, you care for me? You love me, my Hester?" implored the Colonel. "O Hester! Hester! be my own beloved wife, and you shall never regret the loss of Philip's wealth and title. I will wrest millions from the world for your sweet sake, but Philip would never make you happy. He cares not for wealth or title, although he is the possessor of both: love, and the true union of souls, would be more to him than all the wealth this world could give. Hester, you were born to shine as a lady of beauty and fashion; that is as I should like my wife to be. I can be content to worship at her shrine, if she but smile occasionally upon me: not so, Philip; if I understand him rightly, he must walk with his love hand in hand, eye to eye, heart to heart; the breath of their lives must equally mingle, their souls merge into one. Perhaps you and I will thus meet, sometime, my Hester, but first I will make you my

queen, and fall down and worship you: that, at present, will suit me better."

"Colonel," said Hester, laying her hand in his, "I will be your wife. I will try to love you. I think I do love you. I want immense wealth, and extreme fashion. I want to queen it over my husband. I want him to fall down and worship me. I, really," she went on, with a little hysterical laugh, "would like to put my foot on his neck. I can't help it, for thus I was born, and my angel-mother pitied me that I was so born. O Colonel! one cannot make white black, or black white. We may, as you say, in time grow to be as one."

"I care not," he replied, "so long as I have you to love and worship—so long as I have you to inspire me with courage to gain wealth, that I may lay it at your feet—and yet, my Hester, you have wealth of your own."

"Oh!" she said, with the old coquettish toss of the head, "that will only keep me in pin-money. If I must live in this world until I am old, I will try and spend more money than any other woman in the world, to revenge myself for having to return to it."

"Meanwhile, you are forgetting to tell me the remainder of that which you saw and heard in the other world."

"There is little more to tell," she replied. "I could not leave the elevation on which we

stood. Other beautiful beings came up to me, and one, a little sister who died when she was a babe, I did not recognize, of course, for she was the most lovely being, in the form of a grown young lady, that one could possibly imagine—so beautiful, that I cannot describe her: she kissed and caressed me. At length, the cord began to pull at my heart, and with every beat I found myself sinking, sinking back. My mother, and the Lord of Carlisle accompanied me, each holding one of my hands in theirs, aiding and supporting me in my hateful progress. My descent was slow and difficult. At last, we stood by my inanimate body; a few more pulls, or beats, at my heart, and I lost sight of the angels: gradually, my eyes opened to the things of this world—my eyes opened on you, dear Colonel, and may you be the one to close them, when they shall look their last on this hub of the great wheel.”

“Amen!” ejaculated the Colonel; and then he caught Hester to his breast in a passion of love and joy.

“Hester,” he said, when he had kissed her to his heart’s content, “I no longer doubt the immortality of the soul. Philip Carlisle has already convinced my reason: your hand has for ever set the seal to both my head and my heart. Even if I could throw myself into the

sea of oblivion, I would wrest my Hester from it, and set her dainty feet on the rock of everlasting life. Hester, my queen! behold your slave! he lives but to serve you."

And the gallant Colonel knelt at her feet.

"Here," he said, bending his head, "put your foot upon my neck."

And the selfish, willful girl did as he foolishly bade her, placed her slippered foot on his neck: she laughed as she performed the feat, but, dear reader, it was typical of their union. They were united as many are on earth, and no very great discord or unhappiness ever sprung from it; their souls were akin, but not one: neither was developed up that point where they were able to recognize the true eternal union of the two halves that merge into one. Few, in the earth life, ever attain that union, but it is reserved for *all* in the higher life.



CHAPTER XXXIII.

MR. THORNTON.

THE following day, Philip was better ; his fever had abated, although his lungs were yet somewhat inflamed, still, he was able to sit up. The Colonel could not hide his joy from Philip's kind sympathetic eyes, and so he said :

"Philip, Hester has not only come back to life, when we all thought her dead, but she has given that life to me. Wish me joy, my friend !"

He then related what Hester had seen, while in an unconscious state.

Philip believed that her dream was more than a dream. He believed that the things which she saw and heard were real—that her soul had really been carried within the first spiritual sphere.

Mrs. Howla could not hide her disappointment, when the Colonel's engagement to Miss Hester Hamelton was proclaimed : her well laid plans had all miscarried, and when she saw that her niece was more than likely to become interested in young Carlislie—that

"my daughter Thisbe" stood not the ghost of a chance of being "my lady"—she did not care how soon her visitors departed; and so, New year's eve found the Colonel, Hester and her father, together with Philip, back in New York instead of at the "Grand Ball," which had been postponed indefinitely.

Hester and the Colonel were married in a few weeks, and Mrs. Solinger soon became one of the wealthiest and most fashionable ladies in that great metropolis; but with them we now have very little more to do.

Philip determined to be one of the great workers in the world: he meant, the world should be better and wiser for his having been born. He had now on hand a large and very valuable collection of those singular manuscripts, written, as he believed, by the souls of departed men, but, necessarily, through his hand. These writings were so remarkable that he intended to have them published, and he meant to devote the remaining time, before he could claim his bride, in travelling through the great West, giving readings from them, combined with his wonderful rendering of the greatest musical compositions that the world could boast of. Wealth, he had enough; yet he would charge the usual admission fee, and give the proceeds of his labor to the poor, or to some beneficent

society. His well laid plans were wonderfully successful, and he made thousands of dollars in this way, before he returned to his native village and Morna Haven.

Time passed rapidly on until it wanted but three months of the time which had been set for his return. He had travelled through the entire West, or, at least, that part of it which could boast of a small town or village: he spent a few weeks of the summer in the Rocky Mountains, and caught hundreds of trout from the Grand Lake in Middle Park, which had forcibly brought back to his mind his boyhood, and the fishing of Morna's daisy wreath from the river. At last, he found himself on the Pacific slope, in Southern California, near the beautiful city of Los Angeles. The vision which Philippei, of Philistei, the Carmelite, had shown him, now came up clearly before his mind's eye, and he asked his unseen friends to lead him to the spot which they had designated as the one where he and his bride were to live, and that evening it was written:

"Obtain a horse in the morning, and ride about six miles toward the south."

So, at early dawn, he arose, hired a fine spirited saddle-horse, and started off at a brisk trot. He could hardly conceive as he rode along, that heaven could be more beautiful than this lovely land.

The dew lay on the grass and flowers, looking like thousands of sparkling diamonds. The fresh exhilarating morning air was scented by orange-blossoms; he let his eyes roam over the beautiful country. Flocks of white sheep were grazing on the broad steppes, mountains rose in the distance, and cattle were roaming over the sweet and verdant plains. The broad Pacific lay at his right, sending its spiced breath over mountain and plain, lifting his burnished hair softly as it whispered thoughts of the near future in his ear; thoughts of the lovely bride whom he would fetch to this beautiful land, and for whom he was now seeking to find a suitable home.

He had ridden on at a leisurely pace for more than an hour, but, as yet, had not seen anything that resembled the spot which had been shown in his vision; when, suddenly, as he turned a bend in the road, a lovely and enchanting scene met his view—a broad basin of land, half surrounded by high hills, a river, like a ribbon of silver, winding its serpentine course through it—planted with magnolia and orange groves. A long, low, rambling white house with verandas on all sides, its windows covered by green lattices: all kinds of fruit, such as this mild southern climate could boast, were growing profusely everywhere: a fine stable and other outbuildings.

Philip thought, as he neared the house, that mortal man could desire no more. It was a perfect Paradise: the most beautiful spot that he had ever beheld in all his life. Whether the horse had been accustomed to visit this place, or not, he did not know, but of one thing he was certain: the horse was determined to go to the house, whether his master wished it or not; so Philip let him have his own way. As the horse trotted up the driveway, a beautiful greyhound rose up to meet them. The horse and the dog seemed to be well acquainted, and a bright-faced mulatto boy ran out from the stable.

"Hello! Don!" he exclaimed, addressing the horse; "d'ye cum home, ole feller, ter see Cato?"

And he actually kissed the horse, tears glistening in his bright eyes. The horse gave a little whinnie of satisfaction and delight.

"Well, Cato," said Philip, "you and the horse seem to be very well acquainted: perhaps you will kindly acquaint me with the name of this place?"

The boy rolled his big black eyes to Philip's face, showing his white teeth, nearly from ear to ear.

"Yi, massa!" said he; "dis be Massa Thornton's hoss, and he done hab to sole him, did ole Massa, when Massa Henry die. Dis

place am called Magnolia Grobe. It be Massa Thornton's plantation."

Philip had dismounted, and the horse was making his way into the stable on his own account. As Philip turned toward the house, he saw an old man approaching, with tottering steps, leaning heavily on a gold-headed cane. He was a very handsome, but singular looking old gentleman. His thin white hair lay in soft waves to his shoulders; his sunken, mild blue eyes wore a benevolent, hospitable expression, beneath his broad, furrowed brow; he was tall, spare, and stooped slightly. He was attired like a gentleman of the old school, with fine ruffles at his breast and about his wrists, dress coat, knee-breeches, with black silk stockings, and golden shoe-buckles. He extended a long, thin white hand to Philip, in greeting, as he said, in a quavering voice:

"You are welcome to Magnolia Hall, stranger—most welcome—for you ride my son's horse, and if the dead could return to life again, you might be that son himself."

Philip took the extended hand, and tears started to his eyes, for this old man resembled somewhat his own grandfather, the old hermit, or rather, the old Lord of Carlisle.

"And you resemble my own grandfather," said he, as he softly pressed the thin hand within his own strong, white, youthful one.

I am out for a ride, but the horse was determined to stop here, and so I let him have his will. That is all the excuse I have for intruding upon you," he explained, a bright and genial smile lighting up his features.

"You are not an intruder, and you shall be a welcome guest as long as you are pleased to stay at Magnolia Hall," said the old gentleman. "Pray, come into the house, young man, you must be weary after your ride, and rest, have a glass of wine and some fruit."

And the old gentleman led the way, with faltering steps, into a large airy room; one of the pleasantest and most home-like that Philip had ever entered. It had not many modern improvements, and was not a fashionable room, but as sweet and clean as the old gentleman himself. The floor was covered by a fine, white, straw matting; the chairs and settees were manufactured entirely out of cane, and were easy and yielding; the tables were of fine white oak, highly polished. Two large book-cases were filled with choice books. A large, old-fashioned fire-place, with bright brass fire-dogs, was filled with branches of the magnolia in full bloom, for it was too warm for any fire, as yet. Delicate lace curtains were tossed about by the fragrant breeze, as it made its way through the open windows, with their half-closed lattices.

There was a fine piano in the room, and a white rug or two on the floor.

The old gentleman waved Philip to a seat, and sunk, himself, into one of the large easy chairs.

Philip wiped his damp brow with a white silk handkerchief, that held a subtile perfume of attar of roses, one of many which Morna had given him, after embroidering his initials in one of the corners, with her capable and dexterous fingers. The old gentleman touched a silver bell that stood on the table.

"What may I call your name?" he asked, with a bland smile.

"My name is Philip Carlisle, and I am from the East—from the other shore," he added, with a slight inclination of his head toward the east—"the Atlantic."

"I thought as much," replied Mr. Thornton. "I was born and reared in the East myself, and emigrated to this part of the world, with my bride, in the first flush of my manhood. My wife—she has been laid to rest long ago," he continued, with a gentle smile.

The door now opened, and an aged negro, nearly as old as his master, entered, in answer to the bell.

"Fetch in wine and cake, Ponto," ordered Mr. Thornton.

"Yes, massa," and Ponto shuffled away as fast as his old limbs could carry him.

"As I was saying," went on Mr. Thornton, "my wife has been dead for many years, but my son—my only child—departed this life but a few months since. He was my hope and my pride. Strange! that he should be taken, in his strong young manhood, and myself, the withered tree, should be left. The ways of Providence are past finding out."

"Do you live here all alone, then?" asked Philip."

"All alone," the old gentleman repeated softly, "with the exception of my aged servant and his wife, together with their grandchild whom you saw at the stable. Ponto's wife does the house-keeping and cooking, Ponto acts as footman and butler, while Cato is man or boy of all work. I doubt not you think it strange that I should sell my son's horse; but, really, there was no one to take proper care of him; the boy, though affectionate, is heedless and careless. I am too old and feeble to look after him properly. He had carelessly neglected the horse so many times, that I concluded to sell the animal, as we had no use for him."

Ponto now entered with the wine, and his wife, a little withered negress, brought in some cake and fruit in tall silver dishes; and, as the young and old man sipped their wine, Philip

gave a slight sketch of his own life to Mr. Thornton.

"And so, you mean to purchase a place hereabouts, and settle down, with your bride?" The old gentleman sighed a retrospective sigh.

"Yes," answered Philip, "for I do not believe there is a more beautiful spot on the face of the globe."

"You are right, my friend," said Mr. Thornton, "and you resemble my son so much, that I could almost fancy you were he, and I was at this moment talking with him. Ah! I have been grief-stricken and lonely enough since he departed this life."

"Did your son follow any business or profession?" asked Philip.

"My son was a fine musician," answered the old man, glancing at the piano as he spoke. "He taught music in the city of Los Angeles. Do you play, my young friend?"

Philip replied in the affirmative.

Mr. Thornton leaned his head back, with a sigh, as he said:

"I have not heard a note since my son died. Would you kindly favor me, and play?"

Philip went to the piano, and soon his whole soul was being poured forth in grand harmonious sound. For an hour he played as never man played before, for Philip Carlisle was soon admitted to be the greatest

Piano Virtuoso that ever lived. Mr. Thornton had started up in his chair, with dilated wondering eyes and open-mouthed astonishment. He had not expected to hear anything more than a very commonplace performer, and he was listening to such music as he had never heard before in all his life.

"Young man," he said, as Philip ceased; "your playing is simply wonderful. I really never heard anything that could compare with it."

Philip leaned back with a sigh, a dreamy look filling his eyes.

"Yes," he said, "when I play it does not seem to me that it is I, but a power that descends upon me from above, which floods my being. I feel, at such times, as though I were two or three persons in one, and that I, myself, was the least, and most insignificant of all."

"What you say interests me very much. I am glad to know there is some one else in the world that feels as I often feel."

Mr. Thornton was being drawn more and more toward his new-found friend, and, while they sipped their wine, they entered into a long and interesting conversation.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A TANGIBLE HEAVEN.

"**D**R. THORNTON," said Philip, "I believe the time is near at hand when the people on this earth will become aware of a real tangible heaven; one that they can be as sure of as they are of their present existence on the earth, or, as they are of the clouds that float in the atmosphere about them: not a visionary heaven beyond the stars, but a real heaven surrounding and embracing them, one that the earth herself has yielded up and is constantly yielding up; a heaven which the earth is forming, and has been forming ever since she has been capable of evolving anything. I presume you believe in the doctrine of evolution?"

"I certainly do," replied the old gentleman, "to the great disgust of many of my neighbors and friends, who think I am very little better than an infidel."

"If," said Philip, "we commence with the doctrine of evolution, we can follow the chain without a break or mistake, until we arrive at a point where the finite mind can go no

further. But, I think, the great law of evolution itself goes on throughout eternity. If man evolves his spirit, then all nature evolves its spirit; and if man rises to a spiritual altitude, then the spirit of all nature rises to its altitude, the same as the world of clouds rise to their altitude; and if heat expands and carries water to a certain level, and leaves it in the form of clouds, the same vehicle, heat, expands and carries the essence of all natural or growing things, that pass through that which is called death, to their proper altitude and there leaves them; while heat itself, which is but the electric rays from the sun, rushes on to its own altitude, and loses itself in a vast magnetic globe, which lies directly opposed to the sun, and is invisible to man. A flower, or a leaf, dies; all its life and beauty depart out of it; nothing but a dry husk remains. Where has the life, the essence, the beauty of the leaf, or flower, gone? Some might answer, 'Oh! they are resolved into the atmosphere.' Very true; they are *evolved* into the atmosphere, but what does the atmosphere do with them? Some may think that the constituents of the leaf or flower pass again into other flowers; but such is not the eternal law of evolution."

"Well," replied Mr. Thornton, "my own mind has often roamed into this field of thought; still, I have not been able to arrive

at any very definite conclusions. To tell the truth, I have never talked with anyone, very long at a time, on such abstruse subjects. The common worldly mind is not capable of understanding them, and the few learned gentlemen whom I occasionally meet are all grounded in the commonly accepted doctrines, as taught in the various churches. I have not had the courage to stand by my own thoughts, but have, rather, yielded the points to those whom I thought might have better opportunities for judging."

"I, long ago, made up my mind," said Philip, "never to allow another person to do my thinking for me; and I will not yield up my own judgment to that of any other man, whether of the past or present age, and I will think as much and deeply as possible. I may feel curious to know how other men have thought, and to what conclusions they may have arrived, but I will not hang my faith on any other man's conclusions; that which to me is truth, I will abide by."

"Well," said Mr. Thornton, "I should like to hear, to what conclusions you have arrived. You are a young man, and I am old. I have thought much, but rather timidly, and I have not settled in my mind what is truth or falsehood. I have always thought that I should yet meet with someone, with whom I could

converse; who would set my mind in the right direction, and now, as my eyes rest upon you, it seems as though you were some old familiar friend, or, rather, that you are the response to my premonitory soul. First, my dear young friend, I wish you would give me your idea of God."

"I do not believe in a personal God of the male gender," replied Philip.

"You do not mean to tell me that you are an atheist?" said Mr. Thornton.

"No; I am not an atheist," answered Philip, "although some might sneeringly call me one; but, on the contrary, I believe in a power—call it God, or by any other name—that fills all immensity: in fact, all that are, or ever were, or ever shall be: this, to me, is God: it is not male, but male and female equally balanced and co-existent. Now, dear Mr. Thornton, you will find the proof in a great, eternal, immutable law, that has not one exception throughout Nature's vast domain. Can you think of anything, my dear Sir, that is not male and female, or positive and negative forces? and, if there is no exception to this great law, why, then, do we hear so much about a God entirely of the male gender? Such a God could not be a perfect being, he would be but the half of a being, and, without the corresponding half, could not

create anything : it is the uniting, or marriage, of the male and female principles in nature, that creates all things. Can you think of anything, my dear Sir, that is created, or comes into being, except by the uniting of the male and female principles, or positive and negative forces ? ”

“ Really,” replied Mr. Thornton, “ I cannot.”

“ No ; there is not a solitary exception to this great law. Then, the uniting of the male and female, or positive and negative forces, is the creator of all that is, or was, or ever shall be, and the creator is male and female equally balanced and co-existent ; therefore, God is male and female, and all form, or creation, results from the union. I do not think that this idea can be called atheistical, and I firmly believe it to be the truth. Think as deeply as I may, I cannot arrive at any other conclusion.”

“ Some such thoughts have passed, like shadows, through my own mind,” said Mr. Thornton ; “ yet they were but shadows, without definite shape.”

“ If,” continued Philip, “ all creation is God, and God is the eternal whole, then the soul of man must find an abiding place within God, or within creation somewhere, and it is our business to find out just where and how man does abide. As all things are evolved, one from another, and

there is no exception to the law, whatever, then, man's future abiding place must be evolved from his present condition, and his surroundings must be evolved from his present surroundings, his spirit must be evolved from his body, and his spiritual home must be evolved from his earthly one: the law of evolution never turns backward, but always takes a step in advance; it never takes a stride, but a modest step; and if this is the case, as it surely is, what is the conclusion to which we must necessarily arrive? Why, that man's first spiritual condition cannot be but a simple modest step in advance of this. Now, dear friend, the dense atmosphere rests upon the earth, the first spiritual sphere rests upon the atmosphere, is evolved entirely from the earth, and is composed from its emanations as they are carried up through the atmosphere by heat, or, in other words, the electrical rays of the sun, and left at their proper altitude, just the same as water is carried up in the form of vapor and left at its proper altitude by heat. And, here let me say, all the water that is carried up does not fall back to earth. Much of the water that rises becomes so attenuated and etherealized, that it rises above the dense atmosphere and takes its appointed place within the spiritual sphere: when the spirit of man rises up to its natural abode in

the heavens, there he finds rivers, seas, lakes and oceans; not heavy and dense, but rare, ethereal, attenuated and spiritualized, precisely as he is spiritualized, so that it is as real to him as the more compact, dense, heavy waters of earth are to his compact, dense, heavy and material body; so of all else that the earth produces; the spiritual part of all things ascends, and all that which is called death is ascension, or evolution, merely taking a step higher, that is all. Now, if all natural things take a step higher, what shall we say of art? that which is produced from the mind of man. Now, dear Mr. Thornton, I shall ask you, What is produced through the mind of man? First, then, his dwellings; then, all things which he invents and manufactures for his comfort and convenience; then, paintings, musical instruments; there is scarcely any limit to his inventions. You may think all this ceases when he takes a step higher. Do not you think he erects dwellings, invents more beautiful things as he becomes wise, paints finer pictures, evolves instruments of greater perfection, and so on, *ad infinitum*? I can arrive at no other reasonable conclusion."

"Well," replied Mr. Thornton, drawing a long breath, "my shadows have become real things within your mind: where I have been weak you are strong."

"I think," said Philip, "I am but reasonable. I once said to a gentleman, that I thought there were pianos in heaven; not only pianos, but the most perfect ones that had been invented on earth, mentioning the Steinway as the best instrument of its kind. A clerical gentleman, overhearing the remark, laughed, as he sneeringly said:

"How is it possible for anyone to entertain such ridiculous notions? The *idea* of pianos in heaven! and Steinway's at that!"

"I turned, saying: 'Are Steinway's pianos to be ridiculed more than David's harps? Do you not preach, continually, about a heaven where all the angels have harps of gold, which they are for ever twanging? and, as a piano is but an improved harp, is there anything more ridiculous in an improved harp than an unimproved one? or, do you admit that earth is further advanced than heaven—that earth progresses, but heaven stands still?'

"'Young man,' he asked, 'what do you know of heaven?'

"'Probably as much as you do,' was my reply; 'perhaps, even more, for I do my own thinking, and pin my faith to no ridiculous creed.'

"'Oh! you are one of those crazy Spiritualists!' he retorted. 'I was reading, not long since, a book of that sort, and among

other absurd ideas, with which the book abounded, was a ridiculous description of an Indian girl, with feathers stuck in her hair, and clothed in a crimson robe, moreover, said Indian girl did not talk according to the rules of grammar.'

"'Then, of course, Rev. Sir, you think none are admitted into heaven except those who thoroughly understand grammar, and converse after the most approved and correct style? What becomes of the countless millions who never even heard of a grammar? Must they all go to perdition? The Indian maiden wore a short crimson robe. Would it have been more becoming if she had been clothed in a long white one? She had feathers stuck in her hair. Well, is it more absurd for an Indian maiden to dress her hair with feathers than it would be to forever carry a palm in her hand? which, I believe, means a green leaf or branch of the palm tree.'

"He looked at me in the most supercilious manner, but deigned no reply. Presently, he said:

"'Another absurd idea in this ridiculous book: A young woman is represented as being clothed in white muslin, and her hair tied with blue ribbons!'

"'Sir,' I asked, 'What kind of material are those long white robes made from, in which

your angels are clothed? Possibly you may think the fabric a little thicker than muslin, but to my mind the muslin is more beautiful: "and she had her hair tied with blue ribbons": God has tied the whole universe together with ethereal blue, and set a brilliant bow of colors in the clouds; the earth is decked with all the hues of the rainbow, the heavens are studded with golden lights—aye; silver, gold and crimson—is it very strange for a little angel to tie her hair with blue ribbons?"

"Well, what reply did his excellency make to that?" asked Mr. Thornton.

"He stared at me as though he thought I were bereft of my senses."

"'Young man,' he said, 'you mock and blaspheme!'

"'I beg your pardon, Sir, but I am no mocker, neither do I blaspheme. I am an earnest, sincere seeker after truth, and stand awe-stricken before nature's vast array: I but question the God within my own soul, but open my eyes and search all created things for the true laws that govern them; and the answers to all my questions straightway flow into my mind, as water that refreshes and strengthens the thirsty man.'"

"Did you not feel somewhat fearful, thus to express your opinions to one who must necessarily look upon you as an infidel?"

"No," replied Philip. "When I lack courage and dignity to stand up before all men, and express my honest, sincere convictions of truth, then I have no longer any use for my life, and might as well sink down into an ape, merely imitating others, without thought or reason of my own. When I allow my mind to become the slave of minds not as enlightened as my own, it will be time for me to lose my reason. I shall not be worthy of it. The precious gift should be taken from me, if I make not good use of it. Must I believe childish fables because the Church and Clergy desire that I should? And, why do they desire it? Not because they wish to promulgate truth, but they desire money, power; and the best way for them to gain these, is to keep the people in ignorance of truth, while they promulgate error and fables for truth, hold up their hands in holy horror, or a sanctimonious sneer on their lips, if one dare to be bold and courageous enough to stand up and declare the honest convictions of one's soul."

"But," objected Mr. Thornton, "many think, if they were to declare their true convictions, they would not be able to earn bread."

"When," said Philip, "I cannot earn my bread through true worth and merit of my own, then, let me starve; I am no longer

worthy of my bread. If truth and honesty will not obtain bread, then I will till the soil, and get my bread by the sweat of my brow. But, I am not afraid that true worth will not obtain bread. I believe every man living trusts and respects true worth, and will place confidence in it, when a cowardly sycophant will fail in the very thing he most desires to obtain. When he tries to obtain his wishes through a false showing of his own soul, his mask is easily penetrated by any observing eye, and he is no longer trusted even by those to whom he cringes so abjectly. A man can be no greater traitor than to himself and his honest convictions. When he tries to hold error in one hand and truth in the other—to place one half of himself on the side of error, and the other on the side of truth—he will be drawn in opposite directions, and eventually be torn in pieces, as he richly deserves to be."



CHAPTER XXXV.

A TANGIBLE HEAVEN—*Continued.*

"YOU are a very young man yet," said Mr. Thornton; "your soul is filled with hope and courage, but as you grow older, and come in contact with the jostling crowds of different minds, many ready to slay you for opinion's sake, while others mock, jibe, meet you with disdain and ridicule, I fear your courage will be much less, and you will become more politic, ready to hide your candle under a bushel, conceal the light of truth, which burns within your soul, under an impervious exterior."

"No!" exclaimed Philip, with solemn emphasis. "As long as the light of reason burns within me, it shall not only light my own pathway, but as many others as need more light and will accept what I have to give. Whenever we find a law," he continued, "that has no exception whatever, we are safe in concluding that the same law never did have an exception and never will, that it is eternal, and we can follow it out to its ultimate, and make

no mistake. All things, whatsoever, start from a germinal point : think as deeply as one may, and one can find no exception to this law, not even in man ; he, also, starts in the same way, and, as he is the highest product of earth, one is safe in making the assertion that the law is forever and eternal. Can you think of anything in nature that does not start from a germinal point ?" asked the young man.

"I have been running my mind over creation's vast domain," replied Mr. Thornton, "and I can think of nothing that does not start from a germinal point."

"Very true," said Philip ; "we discover that all form, whatsoever, is held together by magnetism, or the magnetic attraction, and that magnetism exists throughout all space forever, and is eternal. It exists in fine invisible points of pure magnetic flame ; each point attracts, and holds firmly, a covering of matter. Nothing can take on a form without first attracting and holding a spiritual germ. All forms whatsoever are composed of magnetism, which is invisible, and matter, which is visible, and the spiritual germ, which can be seen, and which holds within itself the exact form, in miniature, of the form which it develops ; as it develops, it clothes itself with magnetism and matter ; magnetism is its spiritual dress, and

matter, its material garb; as soon as it becomes perfectly developed, it blossoms, and the blossoms attract and hold other germs like itself, and at last it grows old and dies, or it has become a perfect form, performed its mission, and is then ready to take its place higher up in the ascending scale;—remember, it is the germ, which has developed, and in developing has clothed itself with magnetism and matter: the magnetic flame is its inner, or spiritual clothing, and matter, its outer or material clothing. Now, the developed germ has no further use for its material clothing, in fact, it is a clog which deters it from rising higher in the scale, therefore, it leaves it, or shakes it off, but the developed germ still holds fast its magnetic clothing; it cannot part with this, for magnetism is its vehicle as well as its spiritual clothing; and so the developed germ rises up to its proper altitude in its perfected form, clothed with its magnetic garment, which, of course, is invisible to man, as all magnetism is. Now, all forms that exist, of whatever kind, follow the same great law, and thus the spiritual universes are formed, and they are composed of all the developed forms that exist on the earth, or on other earths.

The great mistake that all materialists make, is, in thinking that all forms are, at death, resolved back into their elementary

condition ; whereas, all forms are developed germs, which are eternal. A developed germ is never resolved back into an undeveloped germ : that were impossible : for the sole reason of its development is to form universes of perfect imperishable beauty, that the highest product of all—man's intelligent soul, or the developed germ of man clothed in his magnetic dress—may have a home in every way fitted to his needs.

"Then, you believe there is everything in the other life that there is in this?"

"Most assuredly I do," replied Philip. "The germs of all forms, whatsoever, exist within space, ever have, ever will, and they develop up through magnetism and matter into their full forms ; they then cast off matter, and ascend to the first spiritual sphere, which is not, probably, more than five to ten miles distant, and rests upon the atmosphere of the earth, consequently, the first sphere must be five or ten times larger than the earth. All developed forms clothed in their magnetic, gauzy, spiritual dress ascend to this sphere, and form a world of imperishable and perfect beauty, wherein man's soul, clothed in his spiritual dress of gauzy magnetism, roams at his own sweet will and pleasure : he finds there all natural objects which he has been accustomed to see on earth ; he finds there a spiritual earth,

insects, animals, plants, trees, and vegetation of all kinds, developed according to their kind, and man develops according to his kind; there can be no break in this great law. If man is immortal, so are all things else; and if man develops and ripens for immortality through materiality, so do all things else that have life, whatsoever their kind. Do not all things die, or cast off their material covering, just as he does? It is against all reason to suppose that he alone is immortal; and, if all germs exist previous to inception, as we know they do, how is it possible for them not to exist after development? I am positive that when we leave this material covering we shall find a world of immortal beauty, made up of the developed germs of all life which we have here. How beautiful, and, at the same time, how natural, that man should ascend, together with all that he has lived and associated with here. Nature, as well as art, do not leave him: they ascend with him. Try to think of a heaven where one could never more see a green tree, a beautiful flower, a living animal, or bird. What kind of heaven would that be? Man would weary of a heaven without objects of nature and art. If he could not see forms of beauty and associate with them, what would he see? The old absurd idea of heaven, with God in form like a man,

seated on a throne, is obsolete; such an idea is too childish for any reasonable being to believe; and, even in such a heaven, we are told that the angels carry palms in their hands; and palms are the green branches and leaves of the palm tree.

"If, according to the old idea, palm trees are immortal, certainly all other trees must be; for, the same principle that causes the palm tree to grow, causes all other trees to grow; and heaven has animals, birds, vegetation, trees, flowers, and all forms, whatsoever, in their developed or perfected condition."

"Well," said Mr. Thornton, "such a future life as that would be more satisfying to the spirit of man than any other, I think. Still, I have heard some very pious people say, as well as one or two clergymen, that such a heaven would be too material to suit them: they would prefer a place where they could fall down and worship the Creator, or the God in whom they believe."

"How can the perfected, developed forms of creation, stripped of all material substance, leaving nothing but their spiritual bodies, be too material? There is no material substance left. It is all spiritual; and I believe those very pious people, and the clergymen too, would be the first to tire of a life where they could do nothing, throughout all eternity, but

fall down and sing praises to a God in the form of a man—where no tree, bird, flower, or any of the varied forms of creation could be seen. Such a life to the most of people would be more wearisome than the other place of torment in which they also believe. That God could create man for the express purpose of praising and worshipping him, I do not believe. Such a God would not be worthy of worship, and I, for one, should feel more like condemning than praising; but such a future is not in store for man, and if those very pious people, and clergymen, would spend more of their time in the study of creation, and how all things are created, the Creator would be better pleased, and more fully comprehended. To my mind, it is an insult to the universe, and to man's high immortal nature, to believe he does nothing through all eternity but to worship and praise such a narrow conception of God."

"My dear young friend," said Mr. Thornton, "I hope you are right, and I believe you are."

Philip then went on to relate his own wonderful experience—how he had, since his early boyhood, been able, occasionally, to perceive spiritual beings—how they had controlled him for the purpose of writing, and that many of those writings were far beyond his own unaided comprehension. There was

one paper, in particular, that he would like to show Mr. Thornton: it had been written in answer to his questions regarding the light of the sun.

"The paper is quite lengthy: perhaps it would be better for us to discuss the subject, instead of taking time to read the paper."

"Scientists and philosophers," continued the young man, "have never yet arrived at the true solution of the cause of the light and heat of the sun, and those unseen beings have solved the problem for me. The sun is not a single body, as it appears to be, but dual in its nature, just as man and woman, when once they become spiritualized and enter the angelic state, are dual and yet appear as one. The sun is a spiritualized body, or two bodies—spiritualized bodies—not material. The sun was once a soft primary world, and never inhabited. After it had cast off its children, seven in number, which is our solar system, it at length grew old and died, or yielded up its spirit, which, like all other spirit, was pure magnetic flame: this flame could not again clothe itself with matter, for the very good reason that all atoms held each its own magnetic flame; they could not be robbed, therefore, it must, necessarily, retain the form which it had left, and as, in passing from the body of the sun, it took a straight

course, it became opposed, or lay in direct opposition to the sun, far removed, and outside of all the planets; always keeping itself directly opposed to the sun. This globe, being purely magnetic or spiritual, is not visible to man. The body of the sun which it had left was now, and is at the present time, a coal black mass of pure elementary carbon: behold, now, the result! Magnetism and carbon keep up an eternal play, and it is the leaping of electricity from one globe to the other that is the true cause of light and heat. The magnetic globe sends great waves of magnetism to the carbonic globe, this sets the carbon on fire, and the electric rays dart straight back to the magnetic globe, where they are again resolved into magnetism proper, and are sent back to the carbonic globe. The carbonic globe loses nothing; the magnetic globe loses nothing; for each for ever feeds the other: it is merely give and take—give and take—and their children, the planets, are nourished and fed between these two globes; they are warmed and lighted by the electric rays as they dart straight on their course to the magnetic globe, and they are bathed in magnetism, which is not visible, as it rolls in majestic waves back to the carbonic globe. Now, both these globes are really invisible to man. He does not see the black body of

carbon ; he does not see the pale amber globe of magnetism, but he does see the electric rays as they leap forth from the carbonic globe, and this, to him, is the sun : it is but the electric light which he perceives, therefore, he thinks there is but one sun. He is mistaken.

"Now, do you not think I do the Creator better service by comprehending the method by which things are created, than I should to blindly fall down and ignorantly worship a very small and imperfect God, supposed to be in the form of a man ?

"The ancients were wont to prostrate themselves before the sun, and blindly worship it ; but their worship did the sun no good whatever. The sun did not require their worship. How much better to stand up and boldly gaze at the sun like an intelligent being, and try to comprehend how it warms and lights the planets, together with our earth. We do ourselves, and the sun, greater credit by understanding and comprehending it, and we do ourselves and the Creator more credit by comprehending and understanding how all things are created, and what their true destiny, than we should by blindly falling down and worshipping something which we did not comprehend."

"You are right, my young friend," said Mr. Thornton. "May your life be spared until you are old, for the world sadly needs many

such souls as yours. I wish that you dwelt here in this part of the world. What are your plans for the future, if I may be so bold as to ask?"

Philip then informed the old gentleman who he was: he told him of his father in Europe, and much of his past life, which the reader is already acquainted with; he told him of his deep and abiding love for Morna Haven, the only love of his life; the only one he ever could, would, or should love; how he was to return shortly, and make her his wife.

"I suppose, after that event," said Mr. Thornton, "you will go to Europe and live with your father, Lord Carlisle? Surely, you could desire nothing more."

"On the contrary," replied Philip, "I do not desire it in the least. America adopted me when I was an infant, and I will be true to her for the remainder of my life. My loyal love belongs to this country and to its people. My work and mission lie here. England can do without me, and I can do without England. I intend to travel for a few months, through the old world, after my marriage; then, I shall return with my bride, and settle here on the Pacific slope. I like this fresh new country. Nothing can be more beautiful than this part of California. To me it is the garden of the world; and, Mr. Thornton, I would like to

live here, in this very house. Could you be induced to sell this place?"

"No," replied Mr. Thornton; "I will never sell it. It has been my home since I first emigrated to this part of the country. As I before told you—since I brought my bride when we were both in the springtime of our existence. No," he went on, shaking his head; "I will never sell it; but I am an old man, and nearly done with this worn-out body. You have opened up to me a beautiful, immortal life. Dear friend, would you not be willing to come here and live with an old man, and fetch your bride? It would soothe and comfort my declining years—the very few that may remain to me. I will deed the estate to your bride as a free gift. I have no near relative, and the few that remain to me are all in the East: they have enough, and to spare. I have about twenty thousand dollars, besides this estate, in bank stock. I have long thought that I would endow some institution with all I possess; but I now feel that I would rather give it to you, for the promulgation of truth."

"In behalf of progress," said Philip, "I will accept your bestowal, and I solemnly promise you, that every dollar shall be used to promulgate truth and dissipate error."

The old man, and the young, clasped hands

as they entered into this solemn compact. They made an estimate of the full amount that Mr. Thornton was worth : Philip was to draw the same sum from his own funds, and add it to the old man's gift. All the mysterious writings in his possession were to be published, and as many more as should be given in this way : these books were to be sold, as many of them as could find purchasers, and those who were not able to buy were to retain them as free gifts.

Philip was to keep this old homestead, and reside here with his bride. As much time as he could spare from his musical profession was to be given to those unseen beings : for the purpose of writing that which they wished to give to the world.

"Yes," exclaimed Philip, with enthusiasm. "I will devote the remainder of my life fighting the great adversary, which many call the devil, but whom you and I, Mr. Thornton, as well as a good many others, know to be merely a pet name for ignorance, darkness and error !

"Yes, it is my hand that fits the mould, and none other ! Why else was it that I was rescued from the waves, reared in poverty among the most ignorant, unless to be able through experience to know and feel in my own person that which man most needs—

Wisdom, Love, and Truth? In the midst of poverty, I found myself rich, and I am sure it was all ordered that I might have wherewithal to accomplish the great work. Now, to all else, you have added your munificent gift. What more can I desire? A beautiful home here, on a paradisian shore: Morna Haven, the only woman I have ever loved, for my wife—one who will aid me cheerfully in my work; besides youth, health, strength, and money. These are all gifts that I may use to further the great cause. Man can desire nothing more in this lower world. For personal aggrandisement I care not. To be called ‘My Lord,’ whilst I rob the poor of their hard earnings, and help to keep the masses in bondage, slavery, and ignorance, is not after my heart; therefore, I will not live in England, but here in the land of freedom, where every man has a right to think as he pleases, and to raise himself as high as he can in the scale of progress.”

Philip remained with Mr. Thornton for a week or more, and it was all arranged that the place should be given to Morna, the money to Philip, to use as he thought best for truth and the enlightenment of mankind, and thus the old gentleman’s last days be made happy.

So Philip departed on his way back to the shores of the Atlantic.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FULFILMENT.

NOVEMBER had come by the time that young Carlisle found himself back in New York.

It had been arranged that his marriage should take place on Christmas Eve; in the meantime he was to pass a few weeks with his old friends, the Solingers. Hester had become the mother of a beautiful little boy, whom the Colonel and herself had mutually agreed to name, Philip C. Solinger.

Thisbe often visited Hester, regardless of her mother's protest, that she did not wish her to associate with Spiritualists, whom she considered worse than infidels. Yes; they were much to be preferred before they embraced the foolish notions of that crazy-headed young Carlisle! She didn't believe he was a lord's son after all; if he were, she was very sure he would not be staying here in New York.

Hester was wont to laugh heartily, and declare it to be "Too ridiculous for anything! to see the very small Thisbe with the exceed-

ingly small baby in her arms. The baby would grow; but, alas! for Tissie: she was certainly getting smaller instead of larger."

The Colonel was happy and buoyant. His lectures and sermons were now filled with the elixir of Immortality, and he attracted larger congregations than ever, for man does not thrive on a diet of stones; it is the bread of Eternal Life that he wants, not Oblivion and Death! If he had no other proof, the desire alone would be positive evidence of immortality: it is not possible for any creature to desire that which is not. This is another great unchangeable law, for no creature can conceive of anything which is not. Man's soul is a mirror, and has not the power of reflecting that which does not exist. The mirror, by its imperfections, may warp and distort real things, making them appear hideous, but the hideousness is the result of his own imperfect soul, or mirror; as soon as the mirror is perfect, and free from blemish, then truth is clearly reflected.

It was a dull November evening. The rain was pouring incessantly outside. The newly fallen leaves lay beneath the trees in soaked, sodden masses, dead! The grass was nearly so, and, if not wholly dead, was dying fast. The bright, beautiful summer was past, and many would feel that November

was dreary and sad. Not so, Philip. The earth had brought forth its most beautiful and best. Why? Where had all this life and beauty gone? Surely, there was none of it left in those sodden decaying leaves, or in those denuded stalks, that hung broken and lifeless, devoid of their blossoms.

"Ah!" thought Philip, "the earth has brought forth and developed another season, or layer of immortal beauty, for heaven to preserve for ever. Yes; the spiritual sphere is enlarged just so much the more, and not one form of life and beauty is lost: it all lives on for ever; all life is beautiful, no matter what its form, and there is room enough in Eternity for everything that ever lived, or ever shall live, for time, nor eternity, have neither beginning nor ending."

No. Autumn held no sadness for Philip. Heaven had enriched itself with another stratum of earth's spirit. The earth was now making preparations for another inception of spiritual germs, which it would develop the forthcoming season, for thus heaven was ever supplied with immortal beauty.

That evening found Philip and the Colonel cosily ensconced in the latter's study.

The Colonel was overjoyed to see the young man once more.

Philip confided to the elder man all that had

transpired since he left him, and then they fell to talking of the subjects nearest their souls. Said the Colonel :

“ Since you were the means of opening my eyes to the great truth of immortality, it seems strange to me that man should suppose that he alone was immortal.”

“ Yes,” replied Philip. “ If man used his reason more, and depended on blind faith less, he would arrive at truth much sooner than he does. Man is ushered into being precisely as all other animals are. He, like all things else, starts from a germinal point ; so do all animals, so do all things in nature, whatsoever their form, and man carries all art with him. Even the golden harps of the old idea of heaven are significant ; for a harp is a thing constructed by man’s art ; and, if one construction of art is admitted into heaven, the principle holds good that all constructions of art must also be admitted. Yes, my dear Colonel : all things go with man upward into the immortal country.”

And thus the Colonel and young Carlislie talked. Time went on apace. It lacked now but a week to Christmas, and Philip hastened back to his old home and to Morna Haven. He found her the same beautiful, thoughtful girl as ever, but more womanly. Two years had rounded and developed her form into

grander proportions. Her liquid eyes were deeper, her manners a shade more confident and commanding, but she had not changed more than had Philip. Instead of the beardless youth he had been when he left her, he was now a golden bearded man. His form was more dignified, manly, and commanding.

So, when the Christmas carols commenced, they were married. They passed the remainder of the winter in New York; the following summer they went to Europe, and, after travelling over the Continent as much as they desired, seeing all that was worth their while, they returned to New York, and from thence they shortly started for the Pacific shore.

And, now, behold them in their happy home, with the white-haired old gentleman, Mr. Thornton!

This home was Morna Carlisle's ideal, or dream of an earthly paradise.

Old Mr. Thornton lived until after Morna's first child was born—a sweet little baby girl, that bid fair to rival her mother—then, he quietly passed upward to the immortal, imperishable country, where forms of everlasting beauty greeted his eyes, and his loved ones met him with joy as they chanted: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, thy victory?"

Philip lived to publish many books written

by the angels—books such as had never been given to the world before. His life in his own home, with Morna, was as near like a home in heaven as an earthly one could be. He, and his loved wife, were one in thought and deed. But for her, his courage and strength would have wavered. But for him, her life would have been desolate, lonely and incomplete. Together they were strong and powerful.

Philip lived to do all on earth that one man was capable of doing, and, when, at last, in his old age, he followed his beloved wife, who preceded him to the world of imperishable beauty but a few days, the people of earth said:

“Behold! a great and a good man hath gone to his reward!”

THE END.

PRESS NOTICES.

"Among our visitors from 'the States' during the part half-year has been Mr. Carlyle Petersilea, the well-known author and musician. He gave a series of recitals at Steinway Hall and Marylebone Hall, where he displayed his splendid musical abilities to the delight of his audiences, read from his interesting books, 'Oceanides' and 'The Discovered Country,' and participated in conversations upon psychic phenomena. He is an interesting personality in every way, and commands universal esteem. His books, written inspirationally, have an attractive originality and naturalness pertaining to them; but such is still the prejudice against Spiritualism that our friend would have had a higher opinion of England's love of music had he devoted himself entirely thereto, and eschewed all mention of our Cause at his recitals; for those competent to judge assure me he is the equal of Paderewski, Bülow, Rubinstein, or any of the great executants whose names are familiar to the public."—From "*Echoes from England*," by J. J. Morse, in *The Banner of Light*, Boston, U.S.A.

"'Mary Anne Carew: Wife, Mother, Spirit, Angel,' is the title of a novel written automatically by Mr. Carlyle Petersilea. The story claims to be a narrative of personal experiences in the after life, and records the feelings of the heroine on awaking to consciousness after death, and her acquisition of knowledge and power in her new surroundings. It is written naturally and conveys many spiritual truths in an agreeable form. There is a peculiar charm and freshness not to say fascination about Mr. Petersilea's works which should make them popular."—*The Two Worlds*, April 17, 1893.

"'Mary Anne Carew,' by Carlyle Petersilea. If all alleged communications from the unseen world had had the culture, grace and sweet reasonableness as this thrilling and soul-uplifting story, Spiritualism would have been in a very different position than it is to-day in the minds of many. Mr. Petersilea is a host in himself: he is scholarly, observant, and earnest, and he tells the story of this one life with singular freshness and power. He maintains that he received it all from his spirit-guides, and spirits, come from where they may, will always be welcome, who can refine, chasten and beautify our characters, and who can compel us to think, inquire and observe for ourselves. The story before us, come from where it may, is most absorbing, and though neatly got up, costs but five shillings. Long may Mr. Petersilea be spared to produce work of this high order. His former works created for him a very enviable reputation, and the one before us can only enhance it. It is sure to create for itself a wide circle of admiring readers."—*Brighouse and Rastrick Gazette*, May 27, 1893.

PRESS NOTICES.

"Whatever Mr. Petersilea publishes is always charmingly written, inspiring in sentiment, and deeply freighted with instructive illustrations of spiritual truth. His latest production, 'Mary Anne Carew,' is no exception to the rule laid down above, and it forms a fitting companion to his previous works, 'The Discovered Country,' and 'Oceanides.' The story before us is one of personal experiences after death, and the means whereby Anne Carew enlarged her experience, increased her knowledge, and unfolded her powers in spirit-life. The whole is written in a fashion that, while it entrances the reader, at the same time it conveys lessons of spiritual importance that must necessarily be of value to the intelligent peruser. As a prize for Lyceum members it should be largely utilized by Lyceum managers. Mr. Petersilea has opened a vein of spiritual literature that English Spiritualism has hitherto been largely deficient in—pictures of spirit-life at once representative, natural and reasonable in statement and presentation."—*The Lyceum Banner*, May, 1893.

"'The Discovered Country.' By Carlyle Petersilea. The book has been described as 'original and startling,' and it does not belie its description; it is, moreover, so remarkable as to be in the nature of a new spiritual revelation. That the author is a deep thinker and ready writer is as evident as that he is thoroughly in earnest. Although 'The Discovered Country' is emphatically a psychological work, it is written in a style so simple in its power that those who run may read. The book is calculated to destroy the horror which usually surrounds death. In no single instance is the high, pure tone, which is the characteristic feature, departed from. The book will be read with interest by Spiritualists. Two portraits are given of the author."—*East London Advertiser*.

"'Oceanides: a Psychical Novel.' By Carlyle Petersilea. This is a novel with a purpose. It boldly attacks and deals with the marriage question, and essays the extremely difficult task of explaining the theory of spiritual counterparts. Oceanides is the heroine of the story, and is supposed to represent to the mind of the writer the highest type of womanhood; we will not be so unfair to the clever author as to give away the plot, but we may say that it is a love story of the most captivating character, and it will well repay perusal."—*East London Advertiser*.

"Carlyle Petersilea, 102, Guilford Street, London, W.C., has written and publishes two works which might well engage the thoughts, feelings, and aspirations of our noblest men and women. 'Oceanides' and 'The Discovered Country' are both psychological studies, tales, expositions. They penetrate the inner arcana of life, and endeavour to show that each man is really born male and female. The body for the most part is unisexual, but the spirit is bisexual, and sometimes the male element, and sometimes the female element, is most in power, and so most in evidence. The author is a deep thinker and a close student of 'curious and forgotten lore,' and the full wealth of his thought, research, and experience is impressed on his marvellous, mysterious, and mighty

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pages. Amid all the learning and rare thought of the pages, the story itself is never forgotten, though never before were such thrilling, awful, and weird love stories told. They go to the very heart of things, the heart of the heart, the heart of the future life, the heart of eternity. No space is wasted on superficial and secondary things, but all is devoted to the penetration and exposition of what is invisible, eternal, essential and blissful. The tone of the works is not only high, but throughout their influence is altogether on the side of purity and peace. We have visions, deep and winsome, of what men and women ought to be, and may be, and what many of them actually are. The two volumes cost but three half-crowns; 'Oceanides' is a wonderful half-crown's worth."—*Brighouse and Rastrick Gazette*, Dec. 31, 1892.

"'The Discovered Country,' and 'Oceanides.' — We have received copies of the above deeply interesting writings, the author being now himself in London, giving a series of fine entertainments, or recitals, of the best classical music, varied by readings from his own remarkable spiritual volumes, above-named.

"Mr. Petersilea has long been celebrated in the 'Athens of America' as an eminent musician, an admirable teacher, and one of the finest living interpreters of Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, and other classical composers. To these great gifts, Mr. Petersilea has added his powers of authorship in favour of his newly-adopted faith in Spiritualism. With the energy and devotion peculiar to him, and the talents of a high-strung and grandly endowed nature, Mr. Petersilea has contributed to the literature of his adopted faith, two volumes of brilliant writings, such indeed as only inspiration and profound research could have dictated. 'The Discovered Country' consists of a well-bound volume of 234 pages, representing the experiences of a mortal ('weary of the march of life') through the spheres of spirit land.

"No mere quotations or transcripts could do justice to the beauty, comforting descriptions, and brilliant pictorial delineation of this wonderful work. It must be read carefully and dispassionately to be in the slightest degree appreciable, and the reader must either come to the conclusion that the volume is a sample of the highest flights of imagination to which a mortal could attain, or a genuine transcript of life in the world of spirits, as inspired by one of its inhabitants.

"The second volume, named 'Oceanides,' is graphically described as a 'psychical novel.' In this respect, no less than in its general tone, it differs from the more occult and spiritually inspired 'Discovered Country.' The chief theme of 'Oceanides' is the stern law of natural 'affinity' existing between the male and female individualities of the human family, and the mistakes and consequent unhappiness which result on earth from such mistakes. This book, like the first named, is finely written, and interspersed with highly philosophical teachings concerning the formation and ultimate conditions of worlds in space.

"Mr. Petersilea's position as a musician, no less than his brilliant abilities as an author, merit warm support in this country, whether

from the friends of music or religion. We commend him in both respects to public attention and patronage."—EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN, *The Unseen Universe*, Dec., 1892.

"Mr. T. Brooks, who administered the proceedings, briefly introduced Mr. Carlyle Petersilea, who has never been heard to better advantage in London than on Friday evening. He introduced many instructive and interesting remarks on the music played, and its spiritual significance. He compared certain styles of musical composition with the various degrees of mediumship. He also gave some interesting personal facts, especially with regard to his own spirit controls. Mr. Petersilea is such a profound musical scholar and Spiritualist, that he might extend these educational observations with advantage in his entertainments.

"The playing was remarkable: such a correct and inexhaustible memory, such accurate rendering of the most difficult passages, such a manifold expression of the highest class of music, faultlessly performed. It is marvellous how so many tones, such an orchestra of music, can be produced by the combined efforts of one single pair of hands.

"To follow Mr. Petersilea carefully and sympathetically in his playing, is itself an education; for the result of his performance is very different from that which is heard in public concerts, where the effect is to astound with manipulative show, and amuse with sensation. Mr. Petersilea has long been one of the foremost musical teachers on earth, a master of technique and faithful rendering of the composer, and his work appeals to the mind of the audience in quite a different way from the style of the meretricious performer. Some say they cannot understand that high-class music. It is not necessary to 'understand' it, but simply to drink it in. We do not seek to understand the air; we simply breathe it, and live. We do not understand the mysteries of ordinary vision, but we open our eyes to the light of the sun, and we see. Who understands the theme of the lark, as he sings at 'heaven's gate'? The Sonatas are only grander expressions of heavenly language, appealing to that superhuman part of man, which is as yet beyond the reach of his intellectual conceptions. Is this leading upwards not the very thing which mankind stand in need of? Hence the great importance of Mr. Petersilea's mission. He was listened to by the largest audience on Friday evening that he has yet had in London, which speaks eloquently in favour of the high order of mind in our Northern Metropolitan Centre of spiritual work.

"The reading from 'The Discovered Country' was on education in spirit-life, where the great importance of thought-forms becomes paramount. But we on earth have also to deal with thought-forms as the basis of all the objective things that we have to use and enjoy. Mr. Petersilea is helping much to this true conception of the real nature of existence."—*Medium and Daybreak*, London.

"'Amy Lester,' during her passage through our columns, has taught many useful lessons, and has made a large number of warm friends. A considerable list of subscribers for the story in book form has been accumulated. We hope to see it make its appearance

as a handsome volume, to continue the good work amongst us which has been so well begun."—*Medium and Daybreak, London.*

"SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA IN 'AMY LESTER.' — Mr. Petersilea has handed us the following documents for publication:—

" 'Mr. Carlyle Petersilea.—Sir,—In reading the history of "Amy Lester," now appearing in the MEDIUM, I am struck with two things.

" 'You give this out as being a record of facts, see Chapter XIX., headed "Incontrovertible Evidence." Among these facts, or, say, funny facts, you give some details concerning a chair (MEDIUM, April 14, page 236) waltzing across a room and giving a man a shove; also of a table playing up some eccentric pranks. Don't you think you ought to have drawn this a little milder? as it is rather impossible for some of us to digest so much at a single meal. I have heard of a cheese (a very maggoty one) nearly walking, but not a chair.

" 'A few observations from you, through MEDIUM, on this point, might throw light on the subject. I think you should be more explicit, and say what is intended for facts and what for fable.—Yours, H. COMPTON, High Street, Stepney, April 22.'

" 'In replying to the above, I would like to have it understood that, when the writing power comes upon me, I am entirely unconscious of what is being, at the time, written by my hand automatically. Personally, I believe "Amy Lester" to be true in detail, as are, also, "The Discovered Country," and "Mary Anne Carew." If the writer will, at some convenient time, honour me with a call at 102, Guilford Street, W.C., I will be most happy to tell him many things in my own personal experience, that the space of this paper will not allow.

" 'The movements of chairs and tables are of such common occurrence, that almost any person of the slightest experience in psychical matters will readily agree with me that the statements referred to are not exaggerated.—CARLYLE PETERSILEA.'

" '[Evidently, Mr. Compton's experiences in the past have been much more of the 'maggoty' order than the spiritualistic. Let him aspire from the odoriferous realm of over-ripe cheese, form a circle round a table with a few friends, and he may readily become acquainted with the simplest and most widely-extended facts of spiritual manifestation. It seems illogical to suppose that all those things transcending Mr. Compton's experiences, should be set down as 'fables.' But there is evidently no one so politely sure about it, as the one who does not know!—ED. M.]'

" 'A WORD FOR MR. PETERSILEA.—Dear MEDIUM,—On reading Mr. Compton's criticism on Mr. Carlyle Petersilea's article, I was forcibly reminded of a well-known line: "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Mr. Compton reads a Spiritualistic paper, and writes to it in a most off-handed manner, but he must be a perfect novice not to know that such things *are*, and that they are not to be argued with, or done away with by ridicule, and that "there are stranger things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in *his* philosophy."

"I have not the honour of Mr. Petersilea's acquaintance, nor of Mr. Compton's, but I feel as I should do if someone had brushed the down off a butterfly's wings to see what it was made of, or had pulled a fair and fragrant rose to pieces, and crushed the tender petals in order to find where the perfume came from.

"We may not have the power to see and understand these things, but let us have the sense to stand aside and listen with bated breath when others, whose natures are higher than ours, and who have reached a higher plane than we have, take the trouble to depict and explain to us the mysteries *we* fail to comprehend.

"I must add, that the paragraph in the previous number of the MEDIUM, April 21, on true conjugal love and happiness, is worthy of being printed in letters of gold, and will speak words of comfort and hope to thousands of suffering souls; and, I, for one, after reading it, echoed Longfellow's words:—

"Servant of God, well done!"

—KATE TAYLOR-ROBINSON, Tweed Green House, Whalley Range."

"A VISITOR FROM AMERICA.—Mr. Carlyle Petersilea is announced to give six Recitals at Hornsey-rise Baptist Chapel. Mr. Petersilea is an American. He is described as musician, author, and spiritual teacher. We are told that our visitor was born in Boston, in January, 1844. He is descended from musical parentage. His father, an eminent musician, a pupil of the great Hummel, was author of an admirable system of pianoforte instruction, and began to teach his son when the latter was eight years old. Petersilea was known in his childhood as a prodigy who took to Bach's preludes and fugues as other children take to tops and marbles. In fact, he played the whole forty-eight from memory, and made a stir as a pianist at the age of twelve. In 1862 he was sent to the famous Leipzig Conservatorium, where he graduated three years later, receiving a special testimonial to his brilliant talents, signed by eleven of the professors, including Moscheles, Reinecke, Richter, and was besides granted the prize of the Helbig Fund. The *Art Journal* speaks of him as a spiritual teacher. Approaching the subject the writer says:—'His career as a pianist and teacher, and his extraordinary memorising of the entire list of the Beethoven sonatas, and his inspiring performances of the same are too well known to require reiteration at this late day. He now comes before the public as the author of these extraordinary books which have called forth many strong letters from some of Boston's advanced men and women in the literary world, including Oliver Wendell Holmes.'—*Hornsey Journal*.

"MR. CARLYLE PETERSILEA AT HORNSEY-RISE CHAPEL.—Mr. Carlyle Petersilea, the distinguished pianist from America, commenced a series of entertainments at the above hall Tuesday, under the presidency of Rev. Geo. Duncan, D.D. Mozart's Sonata 1. opened the proceedings, and was followed by three vocal songs, finely rendered, 'The Young Nun,' 'Barcarole,' and 'The Erlking.' These songs were much applauded. The accompaniment was most artistically played. Chopin's Etudes, Ballade, Nocturne and Valse,

were received with enthusiasm. Mr. Petersilea then left the instrument, and read Chapter I. of his mysterious work, entitled 'Oceanides,' which was evidently much relished by the audience. Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 2, No. 2, was then rendered with marked delicacy of touch. Dr. Duncan called attention to the fact that all the pieces were rendered without a line of music lying before the player, and he regarded Mr. Petersilea as performing not so much from memory as from absorption of the works. He declared that he had never heard such playing in his life. Tennyson's 'Brook' brought a high-class entertainment to a close."—*Hornsey and Finsbury Park Journal and North Islington Standard*, May 13, 1893.

"MR. CARLYLE PETERSILEA AT HORNSEY-RISE.—Mr. Petersilea, the distinguished pianist from America, commenced a series of high-class entertainments at Hornsey-rise Lecture Hall last Tuesday. He opened with a very fine rendering of Mozart's Sonata No. 1. This was followed by a tasteful and dramatic rendering of three vocal songs—'The Young Nun,' 'Barcarole' and 'The Erlking'—which were much applauded. Chopin's Etudes, Ballade, Nocturne and Valse, were most skilfully and delicately rendered. Mr. Petersilea then left the instrument, and gave a reading from his weird and occult work, 'Oceanides.' The reading was really a fine work of art in itself. At this stage of the meeting Dr. Duncan gave a brief address on the excellence of the playing, singing and reading, and trusted that the people of North London would seize this opportunity of hearing the works of the great masters of music rendered as few could render them. Then followed Beethoven's Sonata Op. 2, No. 2, which was received with much applause. A very skilful and effective performance of Tennyson's 'Brook' brought a pleasant and profitable evening to a close."—*North Middlesex Chronicle*, May 13, 1893.

"Such versatility is not often met with as that displayed by Mr. Carlyle Petersilea, who gave the first of a series of concerts at Hornsey-rise Baptist Chapel last Tuesday evening. He is undoubtedly a fine pianist and an excellent vocalist, and while I have not sufficient acquaintance with his writings to judge of his claims as a author and spiritual teacher, he bears a high reputation in this line also, Oliver Wendell Holmes, the delightful author of the 'Breakfast Table' Series, being among his admirers."—*North Middlesex Chronicle*, May 13, 1893.

"MR. PETERSILEA'S CONCERTS.—Mr. Carlyle Petersilea gave the second of his piano and vocal recitals at Hornsey Rise Lecture Hall last Tuesday evening. The proceedings opened with a few discriminating, critical, and musical remarks on the speciality of Mozart. This was followed by a brilliant execution of Sonata No. 2. Then Beethoven's ever-welcome song, 'Adelaide,' was expressively and touchingly rendered in German. Mr. Petersilea, in a few well-chosen words, dealt with Chopin's Etudes, Ballade, Nocturne, and Valse, which he then performed with thrilling power, which called forth rapturous applause, again and again renewed.

'The Young Nun,' followed, by special request, and was sung with taste and feeling. A chapter from the author's mysterious psychical novel, 'Oceanides,' was read with clear enunciation and rhetorical effect. Dr. Duncan at this stage interposed, and said that whether the novel was inspired by a spirit other than his own, as alleged by the author, or whether it was the work of his own spirit in an exceptional condition, as he was inclined to think, in either case they were face to face with a wonder well worth investigation. His theology of the unseen entirely differed from that of Mr. Petersilea, yet he knew the latter to be a sterling man, and hence he was pleased to hear what he had to say about the origin of his book. Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 27, No. 2, was prefaced by a few most interesting remarks on its occasion, and Mr. Petersilea's visit to the house in which the gifted composer was born, and was then rendered with wonderful delicacy of touch. A vote of thanks, vigorously accorded, closed the proceedings.—*North Middlesex Chronicle*, May 13, 1893.

NEW REVELATIONS

FROM

THE SPIRITUAL SIDE OF LIFE.

"*The Discovered Country*," Post paid, 5/4.

"*Mary Anne Carew: Wife, Mother, Spirit, Angel*,"
Post paid, 5/4.

"*Oceanides: A Psychical Novel*," Post paid, 2/9.

"*Philip Carlisle: A Romance*," Post paid, 5/4.

SENT BY

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