

MAD?



WHICH?



NEITHER.

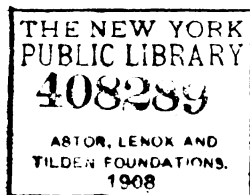


BY

MRS. EVELEEN LAURA MASON.

“Therefore in the decision as to what ought to be done, the scriptures are to be thy authority. ‘Thy Word’ in Nature’s vast universe is the scripture, or writing of God. For He who hath made all things and filled them with His life speaks in them. “A spiritual expression of this God-life in him, is the Right of Man.”

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PREFACE.

THE common course of things is uniformly in favor of happiness. Giving fair play to the intellect and affections, we not only discover what it is to live and how easy to live happily, but the period of our existence on earth ceases to be short and becomes immensely long.

‘If we preserve a profound estimate of joyful experiences and sorrowful moments, we have little cause for regret. What spoils life is not so much the occurrences of certain events, as the frequent, *futile* recollection of them. If mistakes have occurred they are to be recognized and the results righted and *not* repeated. Then in the analysis of them there will be more smiles than tears, more love than hate, more constancy than failure. Those who murmur the opposite, forsake the study of single scenes which add a thousand years to our biography.

‘How it is that angels are forever growing young we may readily understand by noting the history of souls who strive to be angelic; for this is the history of forsaking evil and choosing the good: bringing youth as a result and foretelling on earth the law of heaven!’

Forth-flowing from God contemporaneously come to us spiritually-rational and physically-organic life. These are the same essence: the difference is simply one of expression. As played forth through the body it is called organic life. As played forth through the dualized soul it is rational life, and as received and unalloyedly exhaled by the *spirit*, it is pneumatological life.

Man, while resident in the material world, actively or latently represents life as it is possessed by him, not merely in one. but in three forms of divinely sustained energy. Chemical affinity, cohesion, molecular attraction sustain the ele-

mental ingredients of his frame. These agents of his physical structure are competent to arrange and build up those ingredients into apparatus adapted to impel the several portions to the due performance of their fixed duty. The same agencies played through the *soul* vitalize and energize it; impelling it to receive and utilize the elemental ingredients of the dualized-*mental* frame and impelling it to arrange and build up those ingredients into soul apparatus; and impelling the several portions to the due performance of some fixed duty.

The knowledge of the lowest experiences of life constitutes physiology. The knowledge of the dual mentalized-functionings constitutes psychology; and the knowledge of the spiritual experiences and utilizations of life and of the spiritual apparatus and agency, constitutes pneumatology.

Physiology is the science of Life in the body. Psychology is the science of Life in the human soul. Pneumatology is the science of Life in the human spirit. But, as that life is eternally one Life, physiology, psychology and pneumatology in the high philosophic idea, are parts of the whole, and being connectedly played forth through triuned body, soul and spirit each is the exponent of the other.

Activities shown forth in relation to physical life are called bodily functions: and re-appear in harmonious counter-parts of mental life, as intellectual powers. It is the same thing, only expressed after a higher form of activity, according to the law of discreet degrees. These, are now well known *psychological* facts; but above this order of being there is the less well known, *third*, discreet degree called pneumatological life: the conditions of which are as much more elusive and the activities of which are as much more swift, mighty, permanent and all-pervasive, as air is more permanent and pervasive than mud and mire.

I speak of all this (and it would take an hour instead of a few minutes to unfold it) because I claim that men and women could sustain relations which would enable each to honor self and the other to a degree not popularly comprehended: and that this can be done according to the honesty with which each, in her and his degree, deals with self and the alter ego or other self.

A burlesque picture which, in the early nineties, appeared

in one of our magazines, representing a young woman drawn back from a man (who in apparent self-abandon had flung himself at her feet) as she says: "You mistake me sir"—is a picture which should not be considered as a burlesque, but as representative of the fact that many a man does at such crises mistake woman, as perhaps fortunately for the man, some women equally mistake some men.

The fact that needs to be kept in mind is, that men and women are *souls* and that some of them are inspirited souls. Some men live under a driving consciousness of the fact that they are interiorly far finer than they have ever *shown* themselves to be. And such men want women to know that self-recognized fact: and more or less consciously, every man wants the woman of his choice to trust implicitly in the *best* self of him.

All this is very well as far as it goes; but every woman also knows she inherently is much more and better than that to which she has, as yet, vindicated her right to lay claim. She has before her a goal which (perhaps only sub-consciously) she wishes to attain. She inherently knows that this better use of herself will not, however, be attained by a dissipation of soul-substance in methods which some human beings suppose to be a necessity.

So,—“You mistake me sir,” says such a soul to that other sort of a soul: if perchance such an one confusedly looks out of eyes filled with the contending lights and shades which alternately submerge it, as it seeks to possess all that with which his awakened spiritual aspirations have fired up both flames, psychical and physical.

Fortunate the woman who analytically recognizes the complexities of such a crisis. And thrice fortunate is it for the man to whose bodily-deluged soul (which is the reverse of a spiritually-deluged body) her triuned-personality conveys all that is contained in the words, “You mistake me,” carrying with it as they do, the suggestion that ages of bad teaching had left him to suppose that woman wants man to fling away his whole being in a relaxing and dissipating worship of her external charms. No true woman wants that. She wants man to gather up his own unimpregnable-individuality so that his highest aspirations will never let go their hold on

that Source of all Life to which he interiorly, as well as the woman, is vitally and eternally allied.

It is a strange and disastrous thing, that as soon as the life of God visits bestirringly the brain and being of The *Uninstructed*, their impulse is to fling away that Life in restlessness and in wasted energies, instead of enshrining it for uses which are adequate to its majestic possibilities.

I utterly repudiate, as unfit for the oncoming supreme conditions of this new age, the *thought* contained in the term "sex-life." Because the ramp and rule of instinct, consequent on the influence contained in that term, have given men and women to think of themselves as but fragmentary, physical beings: quite as if each were but half an individual, in whom, until the mate is found, an unrest and dissatisfaction of nerves must prevail.

The result is, frequently men and women go through life trying to find in each other that satisfaction, poise and harmonized-delight which if this had not previously been found and cultivated in themselves had left them on marriage, disorganized, self-sundered and unsatisfied.

If then, they were in that state (as many are) they probably met before marriage, feeling, if not saying, "I am discontented; one way and another life seems unsatisfactory. Can't you make me happy?" And then if there came from a spiritually-invigorated, high-nerve-strung (but not yet fully self-recognized) helper, the response—"I will do my best for you"—the two, perhaps, buoyed up with very dissimilar expectancies, decided to double up their possessions of outlooks. Then the minister blessed them as well as he could, and called it marriage. Then children were born, the depositories partly of what these two persons had to bestow upon them.

But in fact, conditions never are at any point as miserable nor as blameworthy as each crisis may suggest; because—and here is the beautiful truth—always and ever there is a 'spirit in man' and a 'spirit in' woman which tends to lift the individual 'out of his infirmity' or inequality: a spirit which, in each altruistic Individual, comes to the rescue at the moment a companion's crutch-needing-crisis arrives. So that the marriage union which is brought about by the sense of need felt by each, becomes not only educational to each but, in cases

where the ensuing mental conflicts are the chief matter of interest, the conflicts precipitate a soul-isolation which relegates each to the business of 'going within for help': and of thus laying hold on that 'indwelling Power' which enables union with The Source of supplies.

It is something to realize that neither marriage nor death nor any other condition blots out that Agent called Life! Its energizing, chemical affinity, cohesion and molecular attraction, work on through spirit, soul and body, to 'will and to do of its own good pleasure': which "pleasure" is, sooner or later, to give each soul the kingdom of self-sovereignty.

This at least is my opinion. In which case the beautiful fact is that even the occurrence which sometimes takes place and is referred to with bated breath in the words, "Oh! They have had a difference; they live apart!"—is an occurrence which, if well-managed but emphasizes a happy crisis at which the man in the case (perhaps over-strained by trying to adapt himself to "the woman in the case" whom he had mistaken as a pretty body instead of an inspiritized soul) goes off to hunt up and energize his own faculties, instead of longer trying to hold them in abeyance to his desire to please the wife, whom for the moment he fancies only half tried to please him.

Generally such attempts to shake off 'burdensome influences' are not 'sulking times;' but are self-searching and self-adjusting times: Times, which need eventuate in nothing less good, than the establishing, for a season between husband and wife of that "distance which" not only "lends enchantment to the view" but, also gives perspective to the picture, as viewed both by the woman at home and the man abroad; with the result that a woman, who has a faculty for self-occupation and support, does naturally thus get herself re-poised on her *own* better-plane.

But, mark you, that is not a thing which every young husband demands to have done. Still it remains that there is another question besides the question as to what the husband demands: and that question is, what does a woman's Creator, the Lord God of heaven and earth, want *her to do*. And too, there is one thing which a self-poised woman cares for more than she does for the preservation of the tie which binds her husband's *emotional-nature* to her: and that is, the *preservation*

of the tie which binds her own soul to her Creator. Her urgent necessity is, that she should be enabled to take her Creator's view of the case under inspection. She faces the fact, that the law of self-use for husband and wife both—while flowing contemporaneously from the One Life, yet impels forward on different planes the several portions (physical, psychological and pneumatological) of each triuned being, to the due performance by each of its fixed duty. Remembering that these duties, though not identical, will later, if fair play is allowed to the intellect and to the affections and to the possibilities of each, be shown to be but parts of the perfect and eternized whole.

The result then of this transient separateness may be that—in his attempts to distinctly show *what* he is individually when released from dictation, the man may “chum in” with the fellows who most flatter him: and may be allured to go to lengths of one kind and another which may finally result in self-exhibits and self-discoveries of a dissatisfactory (if not of an alarming) sort. Bringing him to realize after twenty or thirty years, that there are other realms of being that are better worth cultivating than were those which had been most vigorously attended to in early youth.

For, if the “woman in the case” is one who has *continued* to keep the hold on her Creator which she rememberingly had done in ‘youth,’ then when the youth of old-age arrives this well-developed, dualized pair of souls will, as life-long counterparts, have come into *the benefits* of their united recognition that soul and spirit are possessed of organs, functionings and faculties which, cultivated, get Man into such good form as enables him to appreciate HOW repellent it is to have The Carnal-Minded mistake spiritual-affluence and electrifying virtue, for a very opposite and antipodal sort of attraction.

MAD? WHICH? NEITHER.

CHAPTER I.

IN MEDIAS RES.

NO words could tell it; but she expected to tell it when she came back. But she had no words.

A thousand hands were plucking at her raiment; a million glories were winning her onward: and coming to meet her was Magnificent Immensity, heaped up pulsingly, all at one with the loving Somewhat which loomed down environingly about her. The fluffs and flying figures of puffs and pearly phantoms were as froth-like and fugacious as was that interminable stretch of white-topped tide, into the arms of which she would have jumped had not he above, coming out of the blue, flung himself into eyes, which by the wind's ministrations were veiled in tresses that were the golden reflection of his glorious self.

Her joy pealed forth as she dashed ahead into the midst of the wonder-of-it-all. Hasten she must, for now there mingled with the crash and dash of surf on sand and the gleam and glory of golden light, a voice beloved, calling her.

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Next she was struggling in arms that enfolded her, and her panting breath was swallowed up by lips that met hers as she was carried away by love which claimed her as all its own.

"There you see! We must watch the sprite every minute!"

"Yes! How she runs: and only ten months old," said one and another.

This was over sixty years ago down near a cottage by the sea when the roistering surf after a night's storm had deployed before baby eyes the miracle of wind-tossed billows aflame in the morning sun.

Electrified to speed into it she had been, when she was caught away, and resistant then she had been of the love which restrained her from a plunge into what would have gained her a swift transit back to realms from which she had so recently descended. A transit which would at once have brought her that, which sixty-three years of unremitting toil afterwards left—but broken in upon, misrepresentingly.

Quivering and storming with her head clasped close to her mother's heart, the angered soul heard the story told full of hurry, merriment and alarm, of how the little feet had sped to the sea in a way that seemed impossible. A story climaxed with a hug and a kiss for the swift feet, as cherishing them both in one hand, half laughing and crying, the mother called them: "Dear little shabby-shoes":—fetching to the child's transparent skin the flush of a complexed-repulsion from (not the shoes but) *the visitor*, whose attention was *fixed* on those disabled appendages: as striking out with her hand, the babe ordered as best she could, the spectator to go thence away.

How many days afterward was it when the father, home-coming, drew from his pocket that which proved to be three pairs of baby-shoes which were (so said the mother as she held them up to baby's eyes, curls and forehead) "one pair blue, one pair sun-colored and one pair white"?—holding them this way and that, accordant with the color of that which she touched; whether it were eyes, hair or brow; and having the little babbler try also to name the color: finally placing the soft shoes and child on the floor together; fetching the sister into the play; till the charm of this color-gayety had displaced all memory of the something, not gay, which had been in the mother's words about: the "Dear little *shabby-shoes!*"

"How she enjoys color," said the artist father one evening, as the play again was resumed.

"Yes; she is getting the full benefit of 'those shoes,'" said the mother.

"Yes; but she is taking 'the *new*' off of them," said some careful body.

"No, she is 'taking it all *in*,'" said the mother.

"I wonder if she would know the same colors if she saw them again elsewhere in other relations?" said the philosophic-

father. And the next day he unloaded his pocket of parcels in which there were a yard or two of three bits of light muslins. Then merrily gathering about the child unitedly again they played over the color scheme repeating "blue, white, sun-color: white, sun-color, blue: sun-color, white, blue,"—trying next to puzzle baby, and see whether the blue shoes and sun-colored lawn looked alike to the little eyes, or whether, as the sister said, she "knew which went together." "This is the color of your eyes and the sky and the air above you. And *this* is the color of your skin and the surf," said the sister: and the play once begun, went on and on, as such nature-things do, when a re-linking of versatile life is followed up by those, who are trying to keep a fluttering soul in some fragile little body which never, to any of them, seems substantially bound to the earth.

Till the little listener thought of *her* sea, *her* sky, *her* colors, her sun-flame, her shoes, muslin and air, and of her foam-topped waves, all but as part and parcel with the lovely things which father, mother and dear ones all, 'knew about,' as altogether, they were at one with The Presence which filled the heights above and the depths below; in which she soon began to have experiences. Experiences ever related (and only more and more so as life went on) with wind, wave and sun-flame, all of which blended, often deluged her life with more marvels than could be recounted: every one as new and manifold as were those of the time when she had so nearly run into a rapturous union with sea, sun and air: and when, caught back from the *tres-pas* which had so nearly overwhelmed her in the too-much of-it-all, she had been clasped in hands restrictive but kind; and into a love which, opportunely filling her attention with some use-filled semblance of the enrapturing blue white and sun-color delights, shod and clothed with them her flying feet and form; trancing thus through her soul a love and identity with this eternal environment by uniting it with home-interests adequate to further awaken (not destroy) her power to escape a deluge in *The Beautiful*: through learning how to so inspectingly name it, as afterwards to be fitted to discriminatingly use it.

Yes: early she thus gathered experiences, treasuring up, as in her soul's little scrap bag, what, upon inspection, to her seemed worth keeping.

Rush into them she did (or did they rush into her) catching hold on her as she and they seemed winging their way on soul and spirit voyages of recovery and discovery: so much so, that bye-and bye when she had gotten to be 'a little-big girl' (surely four years old) there came to her an experience bringing a discovery which linked her up with a tremendous past that affected (not her alone but) many other wonder-beings and something else which her mother called "history." Something which, though new to her, yet for all that, seemed to have to do with the day when she was kept back from submergence in the sea.

This day, also, she was (her mother said so) "jumping about too fast," "doing too much," "doing too many things at once." So, lifting her away again from "too much of a good thing," and taking her again on her knee, the mother said "Evelyn, you should be quiet today, for this is *Sunday!*" sending the silence of her being in on the child's;—filling it again, with the wonders of that first, never-effaced, full orbed, tricolored, body-soul-and-spirit experience! An experience which now in its totality, swept through the heights and depths of her being, as breathless she thought on it. For never before had she known that the sun had a day: and full of this discovery, at rest on her mother's knee by the open window, she looked out on the stretch of green sward which parked the ground, way out to a fence: the other side of which grew apple-trees and grew the waving corn with its rustling, switching sibilant whisperings: while beyond lay the serene blue lakelet, whose waters had long since become a source of wealth, responsive to her searchings and re-searchings; bathed now as were these external things in that soul-sight which quiet brings.

This was 'Sunday'! How nice it was! But? Yes it was another kind of a Sunday from the first Sunday, family stories of which and her memories of which thereafter, forever illumined her life.

I wonder did this mother (Oh—but she was a mother indeed), see 'the quiet' in that soul? And did she guess at the summing up of things which was going on there?

Perhaps she did, for she said:—

"*This Sunday, you are old enough to hear about the first woman, Eve.*"

"First woman? Oh! Did you say her name was Eve?"

"Yes," said the mother, taking the bible from the little table which stood between the windows. And then in that quiet they entered on the reading of, and the discussion of, the statement concerning that—"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth": and that 'the earth was without form, and void;—and darkness was on the face of the deep':—interrupted at that point by the breathless question—

"Oh! What *kind* of a face does it have? What *is* 'deep'?"

"Everything is Deep. Very—very deep," came the answer.

"Deep and darkness?" questioned the child. "Why, why did not our sun light it up?"

"Listen! 'And the Spirit of God moved on the face of the waters'"—

"Oh—waters! I know all about waters! We have them now, look mother look! Just over past the apple-trees and cornfield, there they are, peeping in at us. But—but what did you say happened on the waters? *Who* moved on the waters? I couldn't. I wish I could. I love waters."

"Quiet *Evelyn*, listen! 'The Spirit of God moved and said'":—The mother halted. Her clear hazel eyes looking with steadfast arrest, into the orbs raised in the quiet, which, becoming too tense, called forth from the child the awe-filled but impatient whisper:—

"I *cannot* wait! *What* did the Spirit say?"

"The Spirit *moved*, and perhaps the *motion* said, 'Let there be light. And there was light.'"

"Then" said the child in glad triumph, "*That* was the first Sunday: and I know just how it looked when it came. I saw one when I was a baby."

"Dearie," said the mother, "This book and the accounts given here, are all so wonderful and great, that even 'angels desire to look into them.' So I must tell you at once, the best we can do this day, is to keep quiet and read; and then—even though darkness is on the deep recesses of our ignorance yet if we are quiet, the spirit may move on that dark depth: and, if It says 'let there be light' surely the light then will come and will enlighten our Ignorance, all in good time.

"Are you *quiet* and ready?"

"I am *ready*," said the child.

Then went on the reading of the story of the dividing of the water from the land and of the growing of the grass and herb for the cattle of the field to eat; and of the making of the many kinds of beasts, birds and creeping things; and of the making of Adam, and of the bringing of all those creatures to him to be named: and of the giving him dominion over the beasts of the field. Then came the story of God's word that 'It is not good for man to be alone'—followed as that was by the coming of Eve; and then by their work in the delightful garden, everything in which was theirs to enjoy, *except* that the one tree which bore the knowledge of good and evil was forbidden them. At this, upstarted the little maid, puzzled indeed, exclaiming:—

"Why couldn't they eat *that*? I wonder what ailed it?" To which the mother answered:—

"Eve wondered too: and she plucked it and ate it to find out; and gave it to Adam to eat, with the result that (as God had told them 'in the day they should eat thereof' they should surely die)—they were driven out of that garden: and an angel was placed there with a flaming sword to keep the way of the tree of Life."

"To keep them away from the Tree of Life?" asked Evelyn. "I do not think that was fair!" she whispered, her eyes filled with distress: as they looked no longer at the waving corn or out at the lake, but at the Apple tree; as she thought of the beautiful garden where those happy ones could no longer play: and with her heart full of a crude sense of mercy-to-the-ignorant, said, "You see yourself, Eve was not much acquainted with God! For the story shows that she was only made, just the day-before the-yesterday. And perhaps she had talked with the serpent oftener. And perhaps it was only *Adam* who told Eve that God had told *him*, that they mustn't touch that tree. And you, said yourself, that the serpent had told her she wouldn't surely die,—and—and she might have wanted to 'use her own judgment' just as I heard father tell you to use yours."

"Well," hesitated the bible-reader, "Eve evidently *did* use her judgment, what there was of it. And she ate the forbidden fruit: and took the consequences; which were, that she had to give up all the rest of the fruit and everything else

in the garden and had to go out and live where weeds grew, and every sort of hard work and sickness and death and trouble followed. But we have read enough for today."

The lights danced sharply in the sorrow-shrouded, wrath-besparkling eyes, raised to the mother, as little *Evelyn* again said sternly:—

"It wasn't half fair."

"Daughter, we've hardly begun this story," said the mother, rolling through her hands blocks of pages of the large family bible as she spoke; showing what an immense stretch of study and time were before them, even if they went but half through this record of the doings of Eve and her family. "There are great *deeps* in this story which I have not yet comprehended; and which, as I said before, 'the angel' which protects the Tree of Life may still also be desiring to look into."

"Can I if I wait, by and by look into the deep?"

"Daughter, if the Spirit moves on the surface of the depths of our ignorance and says 'let there be light' (and always that is said) you, if you are obedient and attentive and on hand, can see what you can see."

After that, as may be supposed, Sundays were days in which expectations ran high as to the possible coming of wonder-works and words from One to whom afterwards, the little girl heard allusion made as to "The Sun of Righteousness" who was to 'rise with healing in his wings.' Wings which never to her were quite disrelated from the 'wings of the wind' of which also she heard in connection with the fact that it blew 'whither it listeth' and that we heard the sound but did not know whence it came or whither it went; and that like the goings of the wind was the coming of that Spirit breathed into those who are born of God.

Afterwards came her experience in dealing with forbidden fruit. But in her case the fruit were veritable apples: and very green and hard and indigestible they were. And they gave her agony as the mass lay undigested at the pit of her upper stomach; which agony intensified her reflections on the fact that, though her mother's charge to her had not been accompanied by the words 'in the day thou eatest of it thou shalt surely die,' she yet thought—she surely would: and philosophically wondered where, if she did, she, disobedient, would

be driven to. But even midst her ponderings she comforted herself with the thought that she had used her judgment, as her father had told her Mother to do: and was but taking the consequences: and was glad she had used what little she had: and hoped she would have a chance to better use it next time. But thinking of this brought to her mind dreadful experiences which had taken place "long ago" when she was scarcely three years old. Then, though she had not in the least coveted that 'fruit,' she had,—she had really told a lie about it. So she assured herself. For as she lay in her little bed, ill, the scene and circumstances were plainly before her mind. It was in another house and it was out in the yard back of the house: a yard with brick walks running around three sides of it, and laid far enough away from the high board fence, to leave between the walks and the fence, ground sufficient for the stretch of garden-beds which were filled in with old-fashioned flowers: except where at the alley-way-gate there stood that day, barrels with paper and ashes. In the midst of the yard was a green plot where clothes were dried: at the left hand of it, was a gateway communicating with an adjoining similar yard.

One day this gate opened. A boy entered. A nut was received from his hand. He was not a serpent, he was not Satan. He was just a boy. She asked sister (then perhaps seven years old) for a pin to pick the meat out of the nut. A glance of the brown eyes at the nut discovered horrible facts, which, with sudden shock brought forth the words: "Evelyn! Some one has had that nut in his mouth," and the stout answer, "No—o—o" was stopped off by the incisive cry: "Evelyn! Some one has had that in his mouth!" while *pari passu* with that cry went on the stalwart continuance of the sentence:—"No—o; no one in all the worl' but Jimmie Coddington."

The boy had vanished. The gate was bolted; the little hand was seized: and in and through the area and up the back staircase along the upper hall-way to the parlor, the sister solemnly hurried the child, far across to where in the alcove stood the piano: back of which, seating her on the floor, she thrillingly said:—

"Evelyn! *You*" (quite separating her from all the rest of

the world), "You loved a nasty, wet nut more than you loved the truth. God sees that lie in your heart. You pray Him to forgive you." Then away she had marched leaving the little creature to ponder on all that had come and gone, and on Something else, which had not gone! That Something was God's eye which saw in her heart the lie.

As she kneeled in the corner there came, through a slat in the blind, a sun-flash, so hot, so bright that it scorched her little summer-gowned breast as she waited there. That it was the sun-bright eye of God, she never doubted. Its heat was intense. But never did reason-condemned penitent bear the results of a crime more devoid of attempts at extenuation, than did this soul: and never was penance better borne than was the smart of the heat of that direct sun-ray.

The door opened. Sister entered.

"Did you pray God?" she said. "Yes," came the answer from the perspiring little meditator; who, though no word had been uttered, had yielded up her heart for inspection, and doubted not that her Maker saw there all that was in it.

But that had happened when she was only three years old. And she was four years old this day as she, ill, thought of it all.

She knew her illnesses were called "strange spells": and that she was "fragile but not diseased," as she had heard her mother say. As she had grown older she knew the spells came on with no warning; and that she used to run to her mother shivering, yet delighted, and yet frightened whispering, "Mother, all nations are coming." And that then she knew not much, till, while in the hot bath being rubbed, with a violent retching, froth was thrown up: and then, as one who had met and compelled an emergency, she recovered conditions, though for a day or two she was lame and disabled all through her nerves because of the long distances which she seemed to have travelled, and of the world of new things which she had learned about, but "could not tell." Then days afterwards, yes, years afterwards, things from those other worlds came to her bit by bit, picturing conditions which she was to help make; *beautiful things*, the dreaming and the doing of which filled her time and enchanted her soul, in maidenhood.

How much these mental picturings and deluges was attributable to the broad outlook at European and world-wide historic conditions, conversationally deployed by her father's statesmanlike mind, is untold.

He had been a great traveller for those times: and the assertions made by him relative to the necessity that "the balance of European powers should be kept," probably laid hold on her mind almost from babyhood, reviving in her brain-substance, matters that seemed incorporated there, relative to her sense of the "majesty of proportion,"—as those words would not have done in a child-mind except as they were related to what is called "prenatal knowledges."

Whatever the cause, the words, "balance of power" seemed identified with the shock and thrill of terror and transport, relative to that certainty which sent her to her mother with the cry "All nations are coming":—accompanied as that was, with the sound of the steady tramp, tramp, tramp as of arriving hosts, whose echoing strides swept in on her soul their fiery energies and ambitions as, phalanx on phalanx, closing in upon her, her breath was stopped by the majesty, magnificence and yet the misery of it all; as with outstretched arms, whisperingly announcing the fact, she sped to her mother thrilling the family through with something more prophetic than the thought of sickness or death.

There needs here to be unfolded a matter which may be of benefit to other old-souled children, who come homing themselves in these days with younger souls: who, knowing not *how* to deal with this kind of spiritual stress and strain, often dose with drugs the body, while in their fear, haste and misapprehension of the case, they drive the spiritized-mind onward to delirium, causing the high functionings of these fifth and sixth-round-natures thus, for the time to be thrown off of the balance of their powers. This occurs but because, many know *not* that the fifth and-sixth-round-egos (of whom not a few are coming to earth in these days) are not only born old, but are born Subjects of two Invisible Realms of Life: which Realms are out of the ken of many teachers. Teachers who know only of conditions which are met and dealt with through the satisfying of wants relative to what the five senses demand. Because such teachers *live* but by the sight of the eyes and by

what they can hear, taste, smell and feel:—scarcely seeming to know that in the *Constitution of MAN*, the fifth principle (and others higher though latent) will become potent even when *not* fully developed. And that this potency will sub-consciously relate the possessors of them, to two other planes; the sixth and that seventh plane, which last is occupied by *Pure-Spirit*.

These things should be understood now, because without this 'Understanding' humanity gets no conception of the perfecting delights which await enjoyment. And they should now be understood because in *these* days, when life seems so flat, stale, dull and unprofitable that no one wonders at suicides and no one wonders that persons look forward to death as it leads to cessation from consciousness of their discontent,—this *cure*, this knowledge of how to deal with this stress and strain *should* be substituted for the drugs and maddening liquors which destroy, not deify, human-functionings.

It is a dire thing that mistakes should be made as to the glories of the 'Constitution of MAN!' Glories and delights and faculties and eternalizing-powers-of-achievement which are all inherent to his yet-to-be-perfected-being. For these mistakes (and the distrust of and ignorance of these personal possibilities) lessen man's reasonable anticipations concerning the buoyant-future toward which it is his privilege to joyously hasten.

A most invigorating consciousness of all these, her inherent possibilities, possessions and prerogatives had, perhaps before infancy, filled blithe Evelyn Hope: keeping her a'dance and a'bound into the "too much of it all" as her mother named her natural jubilation:—feeling (as I suppose she did) that it must be quieted down. Because, persons arriving on the sixth or even the *fifth* round of development, are *disabled* by their possessions, if they are not left in quietness and peace to re-collect their memories and knowledges, sufficiently to put themselves in right relations both with things in the seen and the unseen worlds. And the problem with her mother was, *how*, in this tumultuous bread-and-butter-needing world, such a task could be accomplished. Yet that it must be accomplished she had felt assured: and as assured she was that possessors of such faculties, must learn to live 'in quietness

and peace,' both as to manners and to speech. Though even this attempt would be likely to arouse domineering persons to attempt (ignorantly and animalizingly) the stultification of such an one's higher perceptions and *conceptions* of life.

Without going analytically and dissectingly into the needs and future dangers of her little girl's temperament and spiritual development, Mrs. Hope yet felt almost sure her child would never make herself or her sights and insights comprehended or even so far *understood* as to be very useful to others. Yet she felt, life indeed would be a brutish thing if *some* persons did not sacrifice themselves to the business of awakening humanity to a recognition of that future that awaits every man: and, to the fact that this *ineffable future* will come to each just as fast as (but no faster than) he exerts himself to come up to its requisitions.

Meanwhile she realized that in the case of a mortal who lived at a plane where the fifth principle was not yet developed, it of course went without saying, that the sixth principle was but in embryo: and as for the Seventh, that, in almost every case is not *in* us, but rather hovers *over* us as the Inspiring Agent, ready to infill us (but it must be on whole-souled invitation) with a Supernal Creative Energy which we may appropriate and utilize exactly in proportion as a life of sturdy virtue and rectitude brings us into that obedience and *Humility* which makes possible a Divinitizing Result!

These would not necessarily have been Mrs. Hope's words, but they were substantially the ideals on which she lived and the *future* which she anticipated, as portrayed in the highest statements of the church of England, which bids us look forward 'to a better resurrection.' Meanwhile she knew that while the inbreathing of Spirit is "health to the bones" (as well as to the mind and morals of those who have the self-balanced power to rationally and reverently so inbreathe it) that yet, it brings to such a breather of that *Spirit* a high potency, like that ascribed (in the Apocrypha) to Asmodæus. For the Apocrypha instructs us in the book of Tobit, that when 'Sara the daughter of Raguel' was attended by It, this Asmodæus so warded off the evils of the seven who had attempted martyrizingly to destroy her spiritual balance of power, that, this presence of Asmodæus annihilated them: effacing them

from the problem as to who should be the husband of the daughter of Raguel; and preparing the way toward the coming of the real husband who was 'a son of Tobit,'—the Tobias who came in an acceptable way to Sara, in the Grace of the Spirit whose servant he was.

In history there have been innumerable women who, rightly understood and righteously treated would have become like (or greater than) 'the mother of Lemuel,' or 'Judith, the widow of Joachim,' or like (or greater than) that Hero for the attainment of whose spiritualities Leander swam the Hellespont.

Serious forecasts of their children's future were made by this father and mother. Especially concerned they seemed for little Eve who was so volatile, so like a breath of uncageable air, that like it, she gave an impression as of instability:—perhaps, not only because her inner quality was all-pervasive but also was one of the "three fundamentals" (air) which is always a necessary part of both of the other fundamentals; whether fire or water, erratic and invisible though this third fundamental seems.

But little Evelyn Hope had become even older than six years when, one lovely vacation time, with her world full of tremendous interests, her father decided that the time had come for this three-corded-nature to learn the *science* of harmonics. A science which in soul and society (as well as on the even more patent, stringed and wind musical instruments) produced subordinate vibrations which are concordant or dissonant, in proportion to the *intelligence* of those who play on them while living in this universe in which 'distance, motion and quantities of matter' are adjustable to the total system of things. In the light of these profound facts, he said one day:

"Daughter you are old enough now to learn the thorough bass of harmony. Pay attention: and when I get done with you, you will know something *more* than music: and you will know *that, eternally* well, beside."

He was a kind father: but he did not smile very often, if ever; and he never laughed. When he was well pleased, his face became illumined as when light flows through a transparency: and then his eyes became very blue. When things were different from all that, his eyes grew steel gray: and on occasion, a lift of the head fetched his chin up and out;—turned

from left to right as if, somehow the matter or the person on whom he pronounced verdict, were now affairs of mere past history, singularly devoid of future interest.

Little Eve had once seen that occurrence, (for it could not be called a 'look'), but as yet she had never been the object of it.

And now, blue were the eyes and radiated with light was the countenance, turned on her, as her father said in his singularly melodious voice:—

“Daughter, the *time* is *ripe* now for you to learn, the thorough bass and basis of harmony.” And as he said “*Time*,” it sounded like a delicious apricot; and “the thorough bass of harmony” sounded quite as if it were part and parcel of the jolly turbulence of the robins and orioles who, just outside the window were doing their best about it all. The majesty of the moment, within and without, as presided over by her father, stirred her up to a tremblant anticipatory rapture, whose ready response spoke well for life as she would find it, as long as she was environed with uplifting inspirations. But if—

Ah!—Why say if?—for up to that time there had been no ‘ifs’; all things had been either bright and gladsome or distinctly wrong and had been defined as being wrong; and therefore, almost spontaneously had been met by rejection.

Enchanted now with the matter in prospect, she settled to the business. For a ‘business’ it was, including as it did a mathematical calculation and a stretching of her fingers and of her attention to a degree which will be better understood if (for the benefit of persons who live today) I further say relative to the matter—that, in those way-back-days church music commonly had, under the bass clef, figures significant of the notes to be used in that floating harmony, to which the lower score furnished a bass or a basis.

The book now placed on the music rack before the little girl was opened to the tune of “Mendon,” with its stately words:—

“Loud swell the pealing organ’s note,
Breathe forth your soul with raptures high.
Praise ye the Lord with heart and throat;
Join the full chorus of the sky,—”

and back of her, stood her father, full of the majesty of the *philosophy of the art*, and of the business of transferring to this child, the multiform mysteries of the universal harmony which church-organ and all other man-made instruments but faintly foreshadow.

His soul was so full, that in all that he said or did there was a gathering up of 'so much' that, in his presence, every moment was overloaded with matter for search and research which was but 'food convenient' to souls who loved knowledge and inspirational feasts as some others love—well? What is it some others do love? except some other form of food and inspiration which of course is as convenient for, and just in season for, *their* needs.

Then said the father, before placing the fingers of her left and her right hand on the notes:—

"Now daughter, take the common cord of C." She laughed merrily; "I do not know what it is, nor where to find it, or how to take it," she said. He answered, with that illumining of his face, so much pleasanter than a smile:

"I will place your fingers on it; then you will know where it is on the piano; and after you are sure you can do that with your fingers I will show you where and what the common cord of C is, on the music-printed page."

Then—but this is not a piano music lesson. It is but an incident in the great matter of the attempt to proceed along that larger, harmonic-life which so often bewilders most of us, by entering *into* us unprepared as we are, and unpictured and unanalyzed as it is by even some bright souls.

But I will say, at least, she had gotten the point fixed in her mind regarding thorough bass; that the bass (or basal note) was the chord note on which, if a common chord of it were to be built up, she simply had to take the given bass note and the third and the fifth and the octave or eighth note from the bass: and that, doing this, with the letters C, D, E, F, G, A and B—would give common chords of each of them; but if under the bass note a figure seven were placed, then she knew that instead of taking the eighth note from the bass she must take the seventh and let the eighth go. And she discovered also that sometimes the figuring was such that a $\frac{7}{4}$ would have to be taken, in which case, instead of the third

from the bass she must take the fourth from the bass note and instead of the fifth as in a common chord she must take the sixth. She sprang blithely to this accommodation of arithmetic to music; and felt secure, as long as her father called the tones (both in the book and on the page) by the name of the letters which, whether on page or piano, remained the same. Then when it came to naming the notes according to the key and all those later complications, the charms grew as her intelligence concerning them increased; while always side by side with every statement in music there danced along some analogy which existed between the statement and other facts like it, somewhere else.

This versatile, swift-flitting habit of mind, disturbed her father a little; and set him to the business of most steadfastly dealing with her nature; pulling her down to always 'thump hard' at the bass note, to make her realize that music was foundationed on the solemn, sonorous resonance of the basses; however pleasing the lift and the lilt of the higher parts might be. Which was brave and unselfish for him to say, as the charms of his tenor voice were far away from the drum-like business, performed by the part which he praised so highly.

He was surprised to see how quickly she caught the idea; and with what an affectionate attention she looked out that the bass should be rung out supportingly, in recognition of its importance to the harmony of the whole. To test her knowledge of the *science* of the matter he covered with a thick paper the tenor and alto clef, leaving her to reproduce what was on the page, simply by looking on the bass note and the floating soprano; thence being expected to know what, if the bass and soprano were two of the notes, the two others *must be* according to the figures beneath. Meanwhile up to this time she had had given to her only pieces of music which were in the key of C, and in common time; and with none other was she expected to meddle. When she was about ten years old the day came when that father said:—

"I shall be away in New York for a fortnight my daughter; and I want you to see how thoroughly you will have perfected what you now partly know: and how thoroughly you will have learned some other church tunes by the time I return."

"How many hours must I practise?" said she.

"I am not talking of hours, I am talking of *results*"; said the father. "I *trust* you as to the hours. See what you can show me as *results* when I come back."

And she, with an elastic sense of the wealth of time which would be included in fourteen whole days; and with a rather magnified sense of the rapidity with which she could learn 'piece after piece,' bade her father good bye.

It was vacation in summer time. Everything charming seemed happening. Everywhere she went it seemed to her there was plenty of *music*: birds, katy-dids and the waterfall over across the field, and—Oh! Oh! such weather and so many things that, if a day or two *did* slip by she knew she could pack in every hour of some of the *other* days, and astonish her father when he got home.

Never once did the mother remind her of her music. At last the father came home. The daughter's heart sank. Before going to dinner that night the father said:

"Now my little Eve, you may give me music." It was a strange feeling that came into her heart:—a sort of a sickness such as she never had felt. She looked at her father. His eyes were gray. She seated herself, and to make the story brief, he asked her first to rehearse her old music. After a fashion it was done. Then he asked for the new. What followed then could hardly be called music; for however well she had "picked at" certain tunes, her trepidation and another more terrible feeling rendered the whole matter a fiasco. Her father rose from her side to his feet, and said "*you have betrayed your trust,*" with that lift of the head and contemplative outlook at other realms which left her to feel as utterly wiped out from among existences which concerned *him* as if she had never been!

There literally *are* no words in which to tell of the excruciating shame, rage, amazement and desire to punish some one (was it her father? or was it herself?) which deluged this child; as for the first time in her life she felt *shame*.

Betrayed her trust! All the language ever afterwards anywhere used to report utmost depravity, not in the least equalled in repulsiveness that signified by the term uttered in this father's dispassionate announcement of the facts of that case.

She was summoned to the table. Seated there, she saw

her father serve, with his usual elegant courtesy, every other plate: but not hers. It was as if she were not seen. The whole horror of it came over her. And falling, staggeringly from her seat, she tumbled forward rather than sped into the parlor where, beyond the closed doors, her mental and physical conditions included such a convulsion of heart, brain and body with a half hour's sickness so undoubtable that concerning it the mother, returning to the table said:—

“It is safer to lift the *horror* of her fault a little from her nervous system!”

To which the father replied:—“She needs to have the matter impressed on her mind. She is too volatile. She must be made to be critically scientific and morally discriminating. This betrayal of a *trust*, must be made a lesson to her, for as long as she may live.”

Said the mother:—

“All these lessons will be of little *earthly* service if her mind is shattered by the exaggerated horror into which she is thrown at every fault.”

The man left the table and went to the child. And now looking at her out of blue eyes he said, relentlessly nevertheless:—

“I repeat, you betrayed your trust! Never do it again and you *may* outlive the consequences.” He was not as one looking at a child: he was as a saviour looking at a soul whom he felt to be so habitually whelmed in the million glories and glammers of things of *beauty*, and mental munificence, that nothing but an immediate stanchioning of it, through and through, with a few invulnerable principles, would (as he believed) make this soul as strong and serviceable for *this earth's* work, as it was inspirationally *fitted* for intercourse between realms angelic and mortal. Because this intercourse—this prevalent running to and fro mentally, between realms angelic and mortal is always open to the dangers of submergence in the useless vacuity, of the mere *dreamer* of impracticable and unutterable dreams.

Whatever his object, the crisis was cruel. But cruel as it was, it was as serviceable as was but one other yet earlier occurrence, which took place when the child was but three years old. As, bustling up from the basement dining room of

the house in which they then lived, and rushing ahead to get into the parlor first where the music was to be, she (or some other of the children) by some means pushed forward the double-sliding doors in such a way as to close so inextricably her fingers into the crevice between them that, only by the help of the carving-knife steel were the doors so pried apart as to loose the bruised but not broken fingers.

Then that father, white of face as he was, over the baby's sufferings, had smartly given her two chastising strokes; calling forth from the mother, the cry:—

“Father, I beg! She's punished enough by the door.”

To which the father had replied, “Elizabeth, she is heedless! The child might *disfigure herself for LIFE!*”—with his adoring artist-gaze turned, not only toward this unblemished babe, but toward the mother and other children who, in their perfectness of health, inward and outward, were his jewels.

“You frighten her sick, with your severity,” said the mother.

“Calmness never frightens. It arrests the attention of the inattentive; and I want to impress on her the things which she must early learn. Frighten her? She must learn to face even frights. Never fearing one; analyzing each; seeing what it is made of and conquering it, with intelligent scrutiny, if she wants to be serviceable.”

“I tell you, you are too hard! She is so little, so deluged with everything flowing in on her mind at once.”

“*Exactly.* That is the very reason that she must *now* learn to be critically correct, accurately truthful and absolutely sane in body and mind,” said the man; while the mother took up the child: and explained to her:—

“Yes, yes dear. For you see, how dreadful it would be if such a busy-fingered little girl had a useless little hand; and how dreadful it would be if, in any way you were crippled or scarred for life.”

“A sound mind in a sound body is half the battle of life,” said a visitor at hand. And this idea was emphasized by her father that very afternoon; as in their walk, they passed by where dwelt an imbecile creature with organs and senses of touch, sight and hearing badly disarranged, showing her the very *opposite* of the condition praised by the visitor as ‘a *sound* mind in a *sound* body.’

Still the mother, harping on the matter said,—

“When I was a child I doubt if I could have lived, *struck*.”

Those words took effect, though they smouldered in mind long, yes a full year afterwards when the child (then over twelve years old) had lost that father who had so sedulously impressed on her all those points of value which he had held to be the most important he had to confer. He had passed out of life however while he was in Europe engaged in legal matters relative to a family heritage, concerning which he had felt less interest; until his beautiful ideals, principles, spiritual foresight and insights *seemed* to be less available to ordinary needs than they were for extraordinary uses. And ordinary needs were daily matters.

It was when his sense of these necessities were thickening on him with ponderings of questions as to whether he must again go back to hunt up his ‘family property affairs,’ that a strange experience came to the little maid. The father was striding rapidly back and forth, hands in pocket, head bowed, swinging along, measuring the chances and difficulties of projects brewing: his fine brow contracted with ponderings, when the mother, drawing a chair near the large square window opening on to the back garden, said, “Sit here father and see if smoking this will quiet you.” Taking the little roll, the father turned it over in his fingers, looked at both ends of it and then at the name on it, and then into his wife’s eyes as she passed him a match. He shook his head; then he smelled at it and seated himself, and lighting it, leaning his arms on the broad low sill with head out of the window he drew two long inhalations and expulsions of smoke; the second puff of which was blown back and swallowed by little Eve who, close up with raised face was watching the new mystery; and catching the smoke was choked and sickened, as her mother caught her back saying:—

“Stand away. Your father is smoking.” Then outflung was the cigar with the words:—

“It is poison. It is a filthy habit.”

“The child can keep away from you,” said the mother.

“The *cigar* can keep away, not my child!” said he. “It is a poisonous, filthy habit!” and he got up and paced the floor again.

In a few minutes a delectable cup of tea and a pretty plate of incomparable bread and butter, plenty of it all, was brought to that lovely garden window: and the whitened-faced Evelyn had a little cup "not *too* strong": and the tea was pronounced "fine" as the cigar had been pronounced "filthy": and the father got quiet after the tea: and settling back in his chair, tranquilly laid out his plans with the wife; while the fragrance of the tea and the blossoms about the window, and the conversation within, did everything charming: though they did not efface the memory of that scene, nor remove immediately the shock and sickness which had thrown up that swallow of tobacco poison.

Always in Evelyn's mind there was a boundless expectancy of achievements along lines attributed to 'sons of God':—beings, to whom her mother would have been amazed to learn she had introduced Evelyn when she was about seven years old, accompanying the introduction with words read from the Bible that they 'took to themselves wives from among the daughters of men.' Nevertheless practically it was an introduction which came off that Sabbath afternoon, for it presented to Evelyn's attention wonder-men, fixing her mind on an inspection of their character, bringing her into that 'quiet' on the wings of which all unconsciously to her mother she had floated away into a fairy land to which often and often she returned, as if the clouds had opened and let her in.

Her expectations were later quickened and contrasted with conditions in a realm utterly different, when her father as he was regretfully preparing to leave his family for a voyage to Europe, was suddenly aroused to an untellable indignation at hearing of the presumptuous proposals of a man whose unmoral quality and mental inanity were such that the father felt they should have hindered the man from aspiring to the hand of one of his daughters. Wishing to repel the whole realm of possibilities and to finish forever such matters, with his occasional strong use of terms he exclaimed: "My daughter, all men are devils: never trust one!" Fetching from the frightened little Eve the outcry: "Mother, is father a man?"—and the mother's quick response "Evelyn? Yes. But he is *your* Father!"—uttered as it was with an accent and an energy which separated him and his daughters from the things called

'devils': but a further separation from which was attempted as regretting his words but not contradicting what he said the mother added: "Evelyn, there are men and there are MEN." Which words coming from that mother's mouth summoned like a picture the mental drama relative to the now assured fact that the *kind* whom his daughters were never to trust were but men, while this dear father was one of those other MEN referred to as those from among whose daughters 'sons of God took to themselves wives.'

At this level were her understandings of all the statements made: and there they remained when her father had sailed for Europe from whence he never returned as death there claimed his mortal part.

After that as Evelyn's attention was more attracted to the study of Jesus, the 'Son of God,' and as she learned of his inexpressible devotion to saving people of the sort called 'sinners' and 'children of the devil,' she naturally ranked that sort in with the kind of men and their children whom her father's outburst had brought to her attention. And when she learned that other kinds of people known to her as Christ-Ones, banded together to continue doing what Jesus had been *killed* for doing by the syn agogue men (for this spoken word had been caught up by her as meaning men all agog for sin) she eagerly sought her mother's permission to present herself as a candidate for baptism in her own little river, as Jesus had been baptized in *his* own little river Jordan. So that she could go right on helping him and doing all the work which He would have done if the Jews had not killed Him.

She did not state or discuss in words the things thus put together fully here, for the reason that 'she had no words' adequate to the business. But as on her first Sun day she had expected to tell her mother all about that, when she came back, so now she expected to do, when she came back from—where? Why perhaps from some forty years' sojourn in the wilderness, like that pictured as the sojourn endured by Israelites when they followed their Shikinah.

(You notice reader I'm not stating the kinds of things which her church supposed she was thinking, nor do I say that her mother had gotten a grasp on the netted-up-matters which Evelyn in her study of scripture and other things, had

formulated for herself. I but hint at her outlook at the case as she understood it when she was received into the church, whose doctrinal statement of its faith in the soul's capacity and duty to hear, comprehend and obey the voice of God, was a comprehensive statement which practically sustained this child in hunting up for herself all that she could learn of the soul's great case.)

Among other things this outlook of hers included that, the taking of her father up into unseen realms, was practically the same, as when Jesus had been received out of the sight of his disciples; and that there together they were, neither of them forgetting her; but being ready to explain all those things to her which Jesus, before he had ascended, told his disciples he would 'bring to their remembrance.'

Probably the fact that she had never seen death or conditions incident to burial, left this transition of her father to seem to her quite at one with that, which had taken the Saviour up out of sight.

At this time, she was energetically hunting up all particulars given in King James of Scotland's version of the Bible concerning Jesus and his mother. But she found very little; and she was very sorry for this; because, with or without reason, she identified the mother of Jesus as being one of those 'daughters of the sons of MEN from among whom the sons of God took to themselves wives.'

It was long after that, when she came upon a story which more fully explained the dignified character of the life of the mother and father of Mary—the Joachim and Anna, who had lived on a plane increasingly exalted ever since the time when David (a way back progenitor) had *repented* of his dreadful sin: leaving her afterwards to conclude that Mary's progenitors had devoted themselves to such an improvement of family conditions, as she believed might have been in the mind of her father, when he so thoroughly scouted the idea of marriage between his daughters and any of the sort of men whom he had called "devils." She wondered whether there were other books in the world, which could tell her all about this matter; and felt that at least MEN, could be as good as were Anna and Joachim: and that her father's daughters could certainly keep from being mixed in, with the sort of creatures of

whom he had spoken so sadly fierce. And thinking of it all, away she floated, as if into union with that "Sun of Righteousness" which from her birth had seemed to be in and about her, constantly bringing 'healing in its wings': but never yet entirely burning out of her heart the remembrance that the 'Sun's eye had looked in at that scar on her heart'; the burning away of which she felt could only come, by an absolute cleansing of her soul's remotest recesses in the fervent and effectual fire of the love of Truth.

And this Love of Truth always sent her back to pondering over the question whether Truth had not been the source of the pity which had flamed up in her, at what she considered, the lack of justice and fairness which appeared in the statement, regarding the forth-thrusting of Eve from that garden. She felt if Eve had gone out so as to take better care of Adam that was one thing: and she half believed she had. And she sympathized with her about it and felt, she perhaps would have done the same herself. But none the less did she hold to her alert recognition that something better even than that Edenic-estate, was still in reserve for Jesus-like kind of men, however amiably Eve had succumbed to Adam's necessities, when she walked away with him into briar-land.

Thinking of these things she was, at the opening of a service on the Sabbath after her noonday's baptism in the river near which so many of her childhood's idyllic days had been passed. She had received the 'hand of fellowship' in a church of a denomination whose specialty she had since been told was, that each individual stood not only as one intrusted with the 'oracles of God,' but as an avowed representative of the life of Jesus.

A great trust therefore had been committed to her. Once as a little girl she had betrayed a trust and had been told, if she never did it again she might live down the consequences. This she now was set to do; for a transaction had taken place between Jehovah and herself which, as she understood it and had been taught, included Jehovah's gift of His spirit to her, and her gift of herself to Jehovah. The isolating sacramental character of this transaction had laid hold, beyond utterance, of her nature, making it to be to her a thing unimpregnable, untouchable by the interposition of any claim of whatsoever sort or substance.

As she thought of all this, she felt that thenceforth she would have nought to do but to wait till the spirit moved on the depths of her ignorance, saying, 'let there be light'; for then light would come and in it she would go forth undoubtingly to do what must be done.

The Sabbath afternoon was calm. Her heart was ready to receive the impress of the wisdom of God.

She was absorbed in devotion when on her ears came the minister's call on the people to—what?—to "adore a God of love Who with a sword of justice pierced the heart of the guiltless Son that the innocent might suffer and the guilty go free"? Yes, that was what he had said.

If pages now should follow, they would give no hint at the death-blow which for the moment seemed struck at the core of her being. The man who spoke, the smile on his face, the rotund, suave satisfaction in getting innocence for himself and for others so cheaply, the heartless but logical ease with which he faced the result that might accrue from the slaughter of the guiltless instead of the guilty, even all this sickened her less than did the *horror* of the fact that he spoke of this transaction as "*justice.*" Sickened, as through life twice and thrice again, sudden shocks sickened her, she leaned her head on the back of the adjoining pew, agonizing as children more often do, than their inattentive friends surmise. Her emotion was thought to be 'conviction of sin.' It was; but it was conviction of the sin of the man who dared to talk thus of the Infinite Wisdom who, by the Simple facts of His Nature, is debarred from laying the blame of what one did, onto the shoulders of another who did it not.

If the father of Evelyn Hope had been still living, it is doubtful if she would have entered into the membership of a church where such a maligning of Divine Character *could* occur: much to her advantage afterward, though the study was which this crude statement precipitated on her: and much-at-one with the principle beloved by her father, though was the divine fundamental doctrine of this then and thus misrepresented church. A principle and doctrine which then (and for long afterwards) was often enshrouded in crudities which were allowed to be thrust onto them by the distorted statements of Calvinism, of which the above quoted,

blood-curdling outburst is sign and substance. A statement which belonged to a systemized 'scheme of salvation' from which the simple Baptists, originally withdrawing had, as a result, in earlier American history, become outlawed, along with devout Quakers and others, by the "Church of the Standing Order."

Evelyn's steps were quickened, as sped onward by the pulsing current in brain and being, hastening to her mother she then repeated what had been said. The mother reviewing it had answered:—

"I must think you misunderstood." The child had responded,

"No, he truly called on the congregation to 'adore the God of love Who, with a sword of justice pierced the heart of His guiltless Son that the innocent might suffer and the guilty go free.'"

A profound silence had fallen.

This mother had let that child choose for herself (as her sister had done) in uniting with this denomination of christians: and had allowed it, in her far-reaching faith that steps by the way if taken with purity of heart and in the integrity of the individual's comprehension of the supposed facts of a case, were often more advantageous than at first might seem. And now she said:

"Well dear, remember this. While doubtless the ministers here in this little town are all trying to do their best, yet they are not all educated men. So now what you have to do is to listen respectfully, study your bible and judge for yourself while praying the Spirit to move on the deeps of ignorance. Then there will be light; as light comes, walk in it."

"Oh!" thought the little maid, springing up alertly the next night just as she was dropping to sleep after having prayed for the Spirit to move on the depths of her ignorance and give light on next duty—"Oh! I know now! I will ask the Sabbath-school superintendent to let me have a Sabbath-school class." Which, next Sabbath she did. He for answer said, looking at the *very little* thirteen-year-old-girl:—

"Do you want me to take children out of the other classes for you to have in yours?"

"I only want a pew and the privilege: and I can get the children from the street," said she.

"And what will you teach them?"

"I can at least teach them to speak the Truth."

"Well, that will be something! And you can have the pew and the privilege, if you can find the children."

The result was, very little time had elapsed before alert children gathered about the health-filled activities of Evelyn Hope's Sabbath-school class. Children enchanted at the idea of trying their best to tell her the truth as best they understood it, in going over lessons which, theretofore had been committed to memory, but not discussed.

In fact it was Evelyn's memory of her first experience in a Sabbath-school class, and of the way in which her delightful anticipations of 'true study' had been rebuffed, which made her now, herself naturally so adaptive to the intelligence of those in whose midst she sat. For when she was *seven*, she had learned her first Sunday-school lesson; which began with a verse partly like this:—

" Long e'er the lofty skies were laid,
Or
Or Adam formed or angel made,
Jehovah ruled alone " : —

and some sense of the desolation in it had filled her mind all the rest of the week, while playing out under those 'lofty skies': so that with eager expectancy the next Sabbath she bolted out the end of the recitation with the question—

" 'Jehovah ruled alone,' but teacher! What I want to know is, *who* did He rule over? For this says it all happened long before the lofty skies were spread and before the first man was made, or any of the angels!"

The teacher had not thought to say: "In any case He ruled Himself, a task which no human being perhaps has followed His example in doing, but which is the life-task of each of us to learn how to do!" And well enough it was that the teacher had not said it; because the *rebuffing* of the questions which had followed had stirred up the child's mind's workings to deeper activities, and had increased her study of the scriptures written in *nature* as well as in the printed book; which

studies carried on under her father's invigorating stimulus had filled her soul and mind with discoveries which now came splendidly into play, as at thirteen years of age, she frankly and honestly entered on the business incident to her privilege of possessing a pew and filling it with children who came to her to be taught.

Of the next seven or eight years which followed it might be an exaggeration to say they were filled with mental enchantment; yet—though there must have been something of the "work" in them which goes to the making of daily life when money to live the life with needs also to be won, yet in retrospect the time was *full of satisfactory results gained*, possibly because *sought* in accordance with prayers like that one attributed to Socrates when he prayed that "Pan" (The All) "would grant him to be beautiful in the inner man, and that outward things might be at peace with those within." A prayer the yet-to-come after-half of which was not so much uttered by Evelyn Hope as it was recognized as being already answered. For she was in a state that needed not that she should pray (as did Socrates) that she might 'deem the wise man rich,' because she always had so deemed. And her experience was that she received what Socrates asked for, *i.e.*, 'such a portion of' (not gold but pennies) 'as occasion demanded and none but a prudent' maid—'could bear or employ.'

The poverty which pinched her most in those days was lack of *Time* to do what she could see needed to be done. And when casually speaking of the glorious opportunities which needed utilization, it came about that interested interlocutors (instead of setting about embracing those opportunities) only embraced the opportunity to beg for her life-long assistance in their attempts to do that work; there arose within her never a thrill-of-brain-and-being significant of the existence of other relations between any of those persons and her purposes, than that of an incidental teacher and of a possible user of the things so taught. Her very stability of purpose, and unconscious disregard of the personality of those about her, rendered her misunderstood. So that not until four decades later, did she realize how utterly her absorption in the effort to utilize Truth, Justice, Health and Devotion to Indwelling

Power, had made her seem to be a trifle with hearts instead of a mere worker with minds. Of hearts she knew only that according to her experience hearts were good to energize what heads could plan. This was her attitude toward every mortal, whether child, woman or man, with whom she came in touch: enchanted as her whole being was, with views of Truth, which scale then seemed affluently upmounting into blendings with skyward-billowings, as in childhood she had seen sea-surgings upmountingly blend with the surf-like cloud of the blue heavens above: until all were at-one.

So that to have made sure of learning analytically to the utmost, all that which the first Sun-day's morn had synthetically pictured to her ravished baby-soul, she, springing Creatorward, would have run athwart the edge of the angel's flaming sword, or would have precipitated herself into self-disfiguring and self-effacing dangers had not sharp and shrewd parental restraints done for her in baby-days that, of which the memory, in every case afterwards kept her from further real disasters by making her arrestingly to consider and remember (one after another) the *penalties* which had followed on each infantile *tres pas*. Penalties not given as punishments, but, fixed as "marking stones" significant of 'hitherto my life has led me':—from which, thence onward, new heights she vowed should be attained.

And it was midst the culmination of the gravity of such *remembrances* of the *results* of wrong action, and amidst such outlooks at the Heavenly Possibilities of *right* action that she lived, moved and had being, the season when there appeared on the scene, One who had come into the world, over a year after her arrival; and about four months after she had had that all-embrasive baby-experience which had baptized her into the Substance of all that the teachings of the sea-sun-and-sky-picture, had since to her memorialized.

CHAPTER II.

"WHENCE COMES HE?"

A NEW chapter must now undertake the work of sketching at the historic qualities which prenatally were cultivated and reproduced in the bristling activities of her life's counterpart: young Hermann Holstein.

First? The mother of him!

In writing of her, her parentage, her surroundings and characteristics, right or wrong I think first of the family of Harts: associating them with the Hartford and Middlebury towns of one hundred years ago; when a liberal thinker was, by the 'Standing Order' regarded as an infidel; and when the anathema of the Puritans was as hard to be borne as was an excommunication from the church of the middle ages?

The prominent woman who was the *teacher* of the mother of the man who became Evelyn Hope's life-counterpart, was fathered by one Captain Hart, of whom an historian said:—

"He was not merely a liberal thinker on the metaphysical questions which theology raises, but was very tolerant in practical life. He was church treasurer, and himself paid the taxes of a man who had been imprisoned for refusing to pay taxes for the support of a minister of the 'Standing Order,' according to New England Law. But his generosity was so far from being appreciated, that he withdrew from the church in which he was said to be a pillar, as far as one *may* be said to be a support of doctrines in which he does not sympathize.

"He was a straightforward, bold spoken, true man with great respect for "Christian Institutions." This man's second wife, ten years younger than the Captain, was an admirable manager "who kept the fire of loyalty and love alight on the hearth, and who carded and spun the wool and whose distaff (like that of Homer's heroine) was one source of family prosperity." She was the mother of ten children and the step-mother "of seven: all of whom lived in comfort . . . in a neighborhood where . . .

none were rich, none were poor," and where eleven years after the Declaration of Independence, Emma Hart was born. She was the next to the youngest of the seventeen children; with whom "district school-day-time teaching was supplemented by home teaching" which was said to have included, by the time she was fifteen, "the reading of Plutarch's Lives, Rollins's Histories, Gibbon's Rome and the most important of "British Poets." While, so says the historian, "exercising her muscles in nerve stimulating work as they talked with the mother about what they read and thought." These assiduous forms of work brought her, by the time she was twenty years of age, other successes beside those in the town-school in which she had taught: successes which made her 'sought after' as Teacher at Northfield, Mass., Middlebury, Vermont, and Madison, New York; and also sought as Wife, by John Williard, Marshall of Vermont.

Relative to this proposed marriage, her historian, Dr. John Lord, said "When founded on mutual respect for solid virtues and sympathies in science, politics and religion, the brightest hopes can be entertained." "For if woman can blend her highest, intellectual impetus with devotion to the duties of Wife and Mother, she therein attains the greatest service to all concerned. Friendship, based on sympathy and respect, brings one into allegiance with Certitudes of the Soul."

As significant of the *strain* which must have been on this Woman's life from earliest childhood (and probably significant of the stress and strain that must have been on the life of the Mother of seventeen children, and afterwards on the life of this Teacher's pupil, who afterwards was the mother of the equally overstrained 'Man who comes')—Emma Hart, while in Middlebury wrote saying:—"I go to school before nine and stay till one. Come home, snatch my dinner and go out again and stay till sun down. Come home, dress in a great hurry and go abroad. Get home again about ten, fatigued enough to go to bed and lie until seven the next morning, with hardly time to mend my stockings. Saturday I attend four meetings. My situation is a very trying one in some respects. It is hardly possible to avoid making enemies. To please all is impossible, as much as it would be for a person to be going two ways at the same time." (Was 'to please people' while she worked

toward her end the key-note of her character?) "To please the greatest number of people" (her letter says) "I must go to all the meetings and the conferences, one or two afternoons of the week; profess to believe, among other articles of the creed, that mankind generally will be damned. To please another set of people I must speak in the most contemptuous manner of the conferences, and ridicule many of the methods of the religionists, and praise many things which are disagreeable, like card playing, etc. In this situation I know no better way than to follow the dictates of my conscience. This would direct me to not ridicule what others hold sacred, and to endeavor to treat all in such manner as that they may not have reason to be my enemies; and to show I have no idea of pretending to believe what I do not believe."

Thus accoutred with a policy of manner (rather than vigorously and overwhelmingly inspired by a principle of life) she goes to Hartford and from there writes that she is much struck by the beautiful people she meets there, saying, "Among the older ladies I found manners and conversation that would dignify duchesses."

"Soft blandness, elegance and engaging intellectual brightness as opposed to pedantry and stiff monotony of dreary proprieties," (said her historian, Dr. John Lord) "made Middlebury, Vermont, seem to me in my youth as Hartford had seemed to Emma Hart Willard; and as Portsmouth, N.H., had seemed to Daniel Webster in 1807." "But it is a universal complaint that society now, in all social centres has degenerated. From the deserted villages of New England and from rural districts, the old glory has passed away. The farms once cultivated by intelligent, religious people, are now run to waste in the hands of German and Irish neighbors. Another generation" (he was writing in 1872) "may see scenes of honorable and healthy labor occupied by summer tourists and ignorant, bigoted foreigners. True, manufacturing towns have sprung up on every river's bank; but this to me is more uninteresting than the gloomy solitude of deserted streets: since the populations with few exceptions are lost to those qualities of mind and soul" (how did he make so sure of that) "which give dignity to life."

But—not forward to philosophies concerning the influence

of the coming foreigners was Emma Hart the teacher of Hermann Holstein's mother looking in 1808. Her mind was concentrated on the business of so managing herself and her own *reputation* as to secure to herself the position, esteem and good favor on which her heart was set. In her journal she "dreads calumny" (why dread) "and misrepresentation." 'She anticipates more than she enjoys. She quivers over wounds that her sensitive nature suffers. She speculates on the basis on which permanent and reliable friendships can be built. She chronicles the visits she makes, her literary labors, paintings and poems.' Her 'interviews with prominent persons: the Starr's the Swifts' the Latimer's the Chipman's and the Frost's': her 'large correspondence and her own conversations on interesting topics, among which are the relations which should exist between husband and wife.' "In her journal there are no outbursts of passion, no subtle analysis of human feeling: no acute observations, no searching criticisms: no original and profound reflections: no deep enthusiasm: nor any plan of education. She is 'preparing to enjoy the world as it is, and preparing to improve every opportunity for self-education, and to discharge daily-duty with cheerfulness and peace.'"

In 1809 her marriage took place: and not until 1814 did she embark again on educational enterprises. "The peculiarity of her life was her correspondence: relative to carrying out the advancement of her plans. She wrote to many public men, Mr. Munroe and others, near 1817, sending copies of her scheme for educational work, and wishing them to be given to every member of Legislature; writing to have them printed as newspaper articles," bringing into prominence the work which she wanted established, and thus gaining help for incorporating her proposed institution for education:—gaining the point that the legislature should appropriate funds sufficient to carry her plans into execution, and should set apart funds for the buildings to be constructed; contemplating, as those did, the erection of library, laboratory, philosophic apparatus and the securing of a staff of teachers with an additional increased State-aid for the Young Ladies Seminary of which she was to be recognized as 'President, founder and proprietor.'

The methods of work, the means taken to achieve results;

the seeming frankness with the comprehensive persistency in working toward the end to be gained, seemed agglomerated in this teacher, as the very substance of what she transferred to her pupils, as manner and method of educational attainment. It was a fixing of bounds; an establishing of limitations, a seeking of commendation and a direction of scrutiny to 'the way in which best people' did this and that rather than an expansive going forward with a free and fervid reliance on the inspiration which comes from Wisdom divine. Which *Wisdom* is (to those inspired by it) college, laboratory, philosophic apparatus, staff of teachers and all-sufficient aid from a State, whose intelligence and resources never fail:—a state named by spiritual philosophy, 'a State of Grace.' The points of departure between these persons of these two families included "opposites:—the right blendings of which were competent to bring about the finest results. In one case, *policy* actuated the teacher of the Mother mind of 'the man who came.' While in the other, untrammelled, scientific latitude was given to inspirations of the individuals who thus became, each a law to self. On one side there was a seeking for admiration and popularity and a dread of criticism and calumny. On the other there was an almost rude disregard of everything except rectitude to the interior habit of moral-isolation-with-the-principle-at-stake; which isolation became like an *encasement* in an *armor*; on the rebuttive quality of which, depended the *securing of opportunity to be alone with the principle at stake!* An interior habit doubtless as puzzling to deal with as it was at once attractive and repellent to those who not too intimately undertook the task.

It would sound cruel to say (and perhaps too extreme) that the tendency of the individuals of the Hope family was as much toward the repulsion of multitudinous friendships (?) as the tendency of the Hart-family was to attract, secure and build upon *friendship*, which *might*, sometime, avail in forwarding some work in hand.

In the mind of the Hope family there were reservoirs of knowledge, experience and personal outlook concerning things which had come to them from the many-branched-European-nationalities, which brought into the family-vein-and-brain, the *substance* of history through which in other lands and climes they had lived. History which constantly threw flash-lights on matters in hand, revealing principles at stake impossible to deal with by those who had too much regard to question as to the personal popularity that might be lost or gained, consequent upon the awakening of the praise or blame of onlookers.

To persons not habitually having recourse in times of mental disturbance to that '*quiet in which there is safety and peace,*' the proposition to have such recourse would but impel those unhabituated to it to rush instead to the ends of the earth, immediately, to see this influential man or that so as to circumvent the supposed manœuvres of one person or another:—though all this effort would but probably end in brain-cracking, home upheaving results and would leave, after years burdened with after costs of fatigue and with a mental and moral disfigurement for life, whatever else accrued.

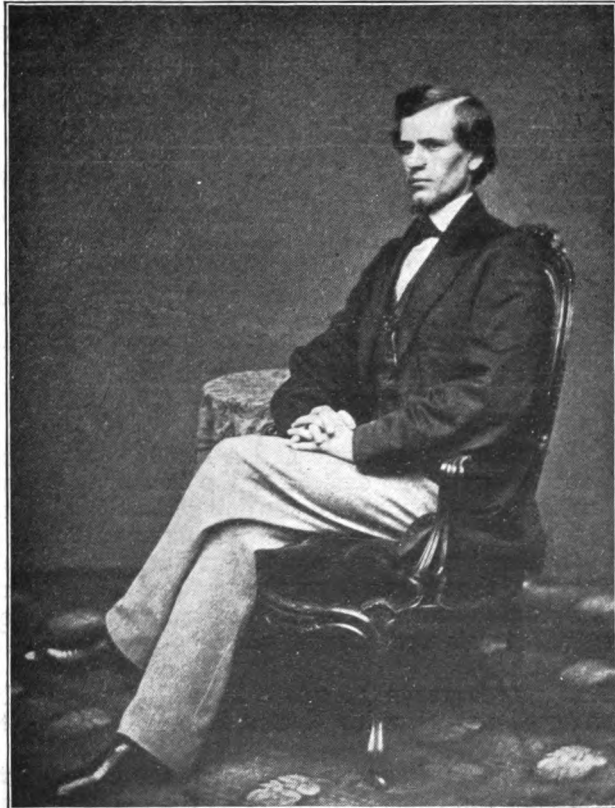
But what (say you) have the Hart family and the Troy Academy to do with this story? I will tell you. They pleasantly serve to sketch at faculties and *methods of achievement* which the mother of 'the man who came' had had incorporated in her own being and therefore had had on hand to impart to her oldest son. A son who proceeding at the same high pressure rate, at nineteen years of age had obtained the credentials of a licensed preacher and had followed that up by early obtaining the credentials of an ordained minister, backed up as that was—not only by his own enthusiasms and limitless will-power but—by testimonials, friends and the machinery of organized aids, all of which early related him as well to the work he was to do, as his mother's teacher (then known as Mrs. Willard of Troy) had been related to her work when she, all so early held in hand calls from three seminaries; and had also *en trainé* her plans to become 'president founder and proprietor' of the Troy Seminary for young ladies. A semi-

nary whose work for that time, cannot be too highly honored. For pupils who came from there during the next half century were recognized almost at sight, by the suave dignity and *savoir faire* which marked their bearings and dealings. A manner of dealing which was well relished by a world which values the calming self-assurance imparted by the attainers of this 'grand Duchess' manner, far more highly than it does all those elusive aspirations and inspirations which merely permeating the presence of Nereids and Nymphs, but awaken yearnings and discontents which not Nymph or Nereid, but the awakened soul *himself* must 'go within' in order to satisfy. And *that*, the labor is.

CHAPTER III.

“THE MAN WHO CAME.”

BOUNDING along on the ball of feet, the heels of which scarce ever touched ground till sorrow, sciatica and the seventies were well in sight, Evelyn Hope saw filling nearly the whole space of the open French window of the house of the second deacon of the church, this outlooking personage.



"It is probably the new supply" thought she, carrying with her the impression left on her mind of the long lower limbs, finely-booted handsome feet, well-kept hands and the penetrating, profiled-gaze which had met hers.

"They are having summer supplies" thought she again, speeding to school, where at the beginning of the sixties, she had under her care, forty or fifty girls and boys from about eight to ten years of age who were classed according to attainment. She was not only a teacher, but a worker who had set her soul on the belief (and the desire to exemplify the belief) that a thorough education would tend to do away with the odious vulgarity of ordinary notions about functions and employments: and would propagate instead "the true gospel, that the deepest disgrace is, to insist on doing work for which we are unfit, or to do any work badly."

Evelyn had voted strongly on the side of the church party which did not want Mr. Chervey to go away. He was a bare-faced man with straight hair, black eyes and swarthy complexion. She was sorry that the oldish minister, who had travelled much and "who wrote such learned sermons," had left them. For he had a good grip on the history of the old fighters in the Bible and out, not to say on the incessant fight which he hesitated not to declare (both in the pulpit and when a fly happened to bother him at the table) he had too much to do in keeping up with the devil to be bothered concerning anything or body else.

He had short stoutish figure and a not too rapid way of getting about; significant enough of the fact that the books he was writing and the study he was doing and the little salary he was receiving added to the ample, square, sun-flooded room in the handsome-house-of the *first*-deacon at which he was living, and the repasts from the ample table at which he thrice daily was sitting—were good recompense for the old sermons (new to his new charge) which he gave, Sabbath by Sabbath.

The fact was however, he *was* a learned man. He knew about many things of which Evelyn Hope did not (but desired to) know.

She was just then (after early having left the Middleborough Academy) near the point of arriving at the determination to

be a Preacher herself, if it were only for the sake of controverting some of the coolly cruel statements which the Reverend Chervey made about her adored Lord God, her entrancing Maker of heaven and earth. But, nevertheless she liked to hear this man preach: because as the old folks said, "he brought out 'treasures old and new'": and had a way of backing up what he said in such a well-concocted, sardonically-smiling style that it was "informing": and besides, he gave lots and lots of well-put up exhibits of the distinctive differences between Assyrians and Egyptians; and exhibits of the particular points over which they were fighting, as each claimed to be the true possessor and pet of that Lord God, of whom each considered the other knew nothing:—and above all, he dealt with '*Darius*' (and Evelyn Hope admired Darius) with a sharpcut cleverness that sometimes kept her awake nights, critically inspecting his truth-loving dealings with those who "made lies," and therefore were condemned to die by this Darius.

Take it altogether Evelyn liked Mr. Chervey's administrations: and liked the books he lent her and the ugly things he said, and the bad tempers he got into, quite well. For on occasions they had many good tilts over doctrines. One occasion was when Mr. Chervey had preached a sermon on the text, 'Rejoice young man in your youth, but know that for all these things, God will bring you into judgment,' or something like that; going on to show, with sparkling eyes and comfortable cheerfulness, how the Devil (for he explained and preached about the Devil and his devilishness much more effectually than he apparently felt able to preach and explain about 'Christ and his righteousness')—how the Devil would wheedle, tempt and win away young men into his snares; and how he would give them to the full of everything they wanted, and then, in the end, would take them to himself. But that God, after giving them a chance to 'choose which they would serve—Christ or the Devil'—would then leave them to the consequences of their choice, uninterrupted: till when 'fear cometh' then 'God would mock at them' and bring them to judgment:—interweaving it all with picturings of the charms of the Devil: and with picturings of the terrors of the wrath-filled God to such an extent that, after the sermon,—Evelyn Hope

(with heart wrung over such misrepresentations of the doings of Supreme Divinity) said to the comfortable preacher (as people were all meeting and shaking hands together)—

“If you please, will you tell me before I go home *which* you meant for God and which you meant for the devil?” When his outburst of laughter took the place of any fuller reply.

Yet, the going away of this minister with his library, his surprising remarks and well-stated scholasticism, included the taking off of so much that was valuable to the sharer in those mental spurs, that, the-after-coming of various Theological Students left Sundays quite blank of anything except the beauties and enjoyment of Sunday-school and choir work (for she was the organist).

So among other students, she had ranked in The Rev. Hermann Holstein; whom she must have heard preach the Sabbath before the end of the week just finished, but whom she had not consciously seen, to notice, until she saw him motionless as if framed in a Window as shown. What had occurred, however, during the interim of that first week was this;—(though not a word of it did she hear until the summer was ended and the spring was arrived). But what had occurred was, that after the first Sabbath service, this Rev. Hermann Holstein had had an audience with the first deacon (who was Evelyn Hope's brother in law) and had sought to arrange a six months' supply, saying that he meant “if able, to win for wife the lady at the organ.” But no suggestion of this was permitted to reach Evelyn's mind from any source; and her first recognition of the personality of the man was that which came to her as she met his gaze as he sat in that attitude of composure, looking forth from the window.

Pleasant good sermons followed which dealt with the childhood and youth of the young Rabbi of Gallilee and his stanch upholdment of truth as opposed to Pharisaical pretensions.

The congregation and Sabbath school increased and ordinary work moved on, including the consummation of the invitation for a six months' stay and the transference of Mr. Holstein's books and belongings to the fair double-windowed-front rooms before occupied by Mr. Chervie whose departure as much as ever was regretted by Evelyn; because his ancient-

history-knowledge, was more energizing than the simpler pleasant matters which, coming from the pulpit yet, for a time sustained an atmosphere of Sabbath serenity.

But as months passed on, outbursts, not a few had occurred: as when the young minister, under some cause for rage, one day strode down to the store of the second deacon, big cane in hand; terrifying the rather mild but gossipy little man. For the minister burst in on him, threatening him a caning if—something or other—the particulars of which Evelyn Hope (in her then disregard for the young person and his doings) never learned.—Supposing it was relative to some possible, boyish foible, which (while it might not particularly grace an established minister of the gospel) would not perhaps have greatly disfigured a lad in his teens or just out of them.

Later, thinking on these outbreaks she more recalled her sense of elderly repugnance for such childish violence than any sense of wonder that she had lacked interest enough to inquire into the cause of it. For just so unreasonably a little while before with veins swelling on his forehead had that same *cane* come up; this time, at last descending on the tiny form of a handsome little snake which had crossed a stone down in the Deacon's orchard. Then stroke after stroke descended with lightning swiftness, beating the ground behind the swift-flying-little form and at last hitting it, mutilated and killed it, as Holstein's cry went up, 'There! It is dead! I hate it! It is the devil!' bringing from Evelyn the cry, "No! No! It is the type of Wisdom! It is more subtle than all *beasts*"—as covering her face she turned away from the sight of *his*, so strangely swollen, disfigured and discolored was it; as with a rage, as of some terrific battle, he kicked at the little thing, which, a moment before had been the breather of its share of the Life of the Universe.

Later in the season the branches of the family were invited to assemble at the sister's house—which, with its large folding doors, was constructed for festal, musical and other social occasions, over which delightfully presided the ever ready hostess, Mrs. Polien Caproni. In the midst of these parlors, encircled about as they were with other larger rooms, stood the Christmas tree.

At the exchanging of gifts among them, the new minister

presented to the Deacon and his wife a copy of Jonathan Edwards' "Holy Living." A book which when Evelyn Hope read certain portions of it, convinced her that the donor wished to enforce the fact that superior marital conditions must be included, if Fatherhood and Motherhood were to partake of the Grace known to Mary and the Creative Power. An idea which, after marriage, Mr. Holstein was surprised to learn, Evelyn supposed he had intentionally placed within her ken so that she might know of his faith that the method of a marriage worthy to be called a christian marriage, was far and away from much else which popularly went by that name. Statements, which, after marriage he confessed he did not know were ever acted upon; or were mentioned in the book but which gave him a glimpse at outlooks that *twenty* years afterward he accepted as being brilliantly-spiritual enough to then safely preach about: which then he did with much *éclat*.

From her childhood up, these Christmas trees and gift-exchanges had tended to memorialize to the Hopes a day when an undoubted Wonder-Being had been born on earth. So the teachings in this book, without giving Evelyn a very defined idea as to what it all might include, coming to a mind which had still less knowledge concerning methods of life quite the *reverse* of divinizing, brought her a reinstatement in her expectancy of the possible coming of MEN whose *daughters* might be fitted to be wives of 'the sons of God':—holding her a'halt before the possibility that, though Herrmann Holstein had a bad temper and smoked tobacco, yet, he *might* really be trying to become, if not God-like, yet altogether different from that other *posse* of whom her father had said sufficiently condemnatory things.

She began to think he perhaps was consecrated to a Jehovah form of rectitude which accorded with his ideal of what constituted christian parentage. And this thought like a lily-flower relative to him, sprang up in her breast as she thought of the donor of that book, although other elements of his nature told of a duplex character which held her alert, doubtfully critical. And when after marriage he learned what she had to tell relative to the influence which Jonathan Edwards'-statements had had in winning her to her final acceptance of him, and then heard all that she expected of

one who was to marry a daughter of the real MAN, her father, —then, the superior half of the young man's being sprung to arms; making him eager to hold at bay all animalizing tendencies in the hope (as Evelyn pictured) of so intellectualizing himself and those who should come after him, as to thereafter make the often too-easily-gained-degree of D.D. to mean divinely more, when it should be attached to his name, than it averaged to do.

Meanwhile he had to frankly declare that, of such ideas as hers he had never had a guess; and as to the '*immaculate conception*' of Joachim and Anna's daughter (that Mary who afterwards became the virgin mother of the Son of God) he had never caught an idea: though he had nevertheless but spurned carelessly any hint at it, (which as Calvinistic protestant, he might have heard), as being at least unrelated to any teachings or influence supposably now a'days, to be brought to bear on marital-manners, as anticipatory of the final dignifying of the race.

But it was blessed to see how touched he was, that his then wife had, in her maidenhood clothed him in the glories of ideals which she had imputed to him as being his: but which distinctly he had to declare were not his, but hers: and which afterwards she distinctly learned were so.

But to go back to the time of the Christmas tree and the season after it when her joy of sudden surprise at his supposed newly discovered quality must often have been in her penetrating glance at him, conveying to his mind an appreciation of him, never there seen before.

One evening in spring 'the minister' had walked home with Evelyn, and after taking leave of Mrs. Hope he had tarried a moment in the little music room. These young persons had not talked about 'love' or special topics of home-making relative to themselves or others. They chiefly talked of what they read, and for the rest, work, constantly occupied them. No special questions about Mr. Holstein's parental home had been asked (for the family had no tendency toward what is called 'Yankee questioning') nor had Evelyn inquired concerning the church which had ordained him: nor, the college which had been his Alma Mater, whatever the mother may have learned about these matters. It probably was, because

there was a lack of that sort of attraction which lays hold on persons not too intellectually and spiritually inclined: but whose lives partake more of the gladsome gayety with which lambs gambol together in the fields, and with which birds, spinning through the air almost split their throats in singing their songs of love for one another.

Unimpeachable were the accurate manners of this sensitive-natured man, though his nerve-strained restlessness, perplexed, and at times repelled Evelyn Hope. He halted now by a table covered with books, turning the pages over rapidly, as if waiting to open up some affair relative to church work; for that was the last subject on which they had spoken. And she, halting, waited, knowing nothing of what was pending, when—

“Will you walk the path of life with me till our travelling days shall end?” came forth his words deep-toned and throbbingly.

With an arrest of breath she looked at him; and he answering her look, interpolated:

“Yes, I ask, will you be my wife?”

Was it a sob or an hysterical laugh which welled out the regretful ejaculation, “Oh Mr. Holstein; I never thought of *that!*”—impelled as it was by some sudden recoil.

And he, of course, supposing that the proposition which he had made to the brother-in-law had e’er this been repeated to her, looked at her indignantly and as though cold steel had been thrust into his heart. Not knowing that this *recoil* was that, which the sister and her husband knew had in other cases, met the marital advances of other not ‘so regarded’ swains:—a recoil in the anticipation of which, they had decided to postpone mention of Mr. Holstein’s intentions, leaving him to state them when he so chose.

He had done it and thus had been met. Like a nerve-wrung soul he stood with an indrawal of breath and a look at her which brought out her useless words:—“I am so sorry. What can I do?” while a sense of bewildered personal responsibility tugged at her heartstrings such as the cries of a babe awaken in the heart of a young, bewildered mother. Then with alarm and pity but with never a touch of hand she said:—“I cannot think: I will tell you in the morning.”

As looked back upon from the heights of the after forty years' journey up the mount of life, it then appeared to the isolated spectator of it, that this could only have seemed to the man (not only a trifling with as powerful a passion as ever swept torturingly through man's soul but) an uncalled for return for the proceedings of the young preacher who so frankly had stated his intentions to, if he were 'able, win for wife the lady at the organ.'

The chasm now opened seemed impassable. She less felt than saw it on the indescribably changed countenance of this duplexed-natured man whose implicit trust in her and whose restrictive control of himself during these extended months (for it was now May) had brought him years of growth in two directions: one, that of a newly alert mental discrimination: and the other that of an idealizing-worship of the woman who, unconsciously to herself had electrified the depths of a nature whose powerful magnetism so acted on hers, as unconsciously, to keep her repellently-self-poised in her effort to keep out of swampage in those magnetisms. A repellent self-poise which, at times sent him staggering mentally, under the electrifying rebuff which his nature thus received from hers.

It was pitiable, and twenty years ago it was inexplicable and would remain still *unexplainable*, but for the fact that now, at this epoch The Intelligence has arrived which, improving conditions, has brought a comprehension of that epistemological idealism which is grounded in a belief that a *Spiritual-Principle* is the basis of the universe. A belief which—so far from including 'the reduction of the physical world to a mere delusion'—is built upon the scientific recognition that this Spiritual Principle, *being* at the basis of the universe renders spiritual, psychical and physical conditions to be substantially co-ordinatable by instructed holders of that belief.

A belief which though it may seem illusive to uninformed and gross minds, never need be elusive to those who are capacitated to hold it.

In later life it became a source of wonderment to Evelyn Hope that there had so early flowed in upon her, a satisfactory comprehension of the *status* and *stamina* of Universal Existence.

In other times and climes Evelyn Hope under institution-alizing training (instead of under the analytically-individualizing training which had been given to her) could hardly have escaped lapsing into the conditions of mystic and saint. In that case long e'er this, she would have lain with hands clasped on breast, accredited with having died—in 'sanctity,' instead of as now, being allied to the unpopular work of *dissecting* the Cause of the popular misconception which the self-martyring-necessities-of-an-interior-mental-and-moral-diremption-from-outside-influences so often brings on such natures, during the first twenty years of an attempted union with the average 'man who comes.'

With a swift recognition of much of all this, she with clear unflinching eyes now looked studiously into his; meeting thence the scintillant lights which coming up from within, nearly blinded his vision, as he said:—

"To-morrow at ten o'clock I'll be under the blossom-laden apple-tree by the arbor to receive it,—if you *have* any answer to make to my offer of myself as—your husband." Oh—how the words, then came forth from the soul of that man as he added, "I will be *there* to receive it, for I can bear no more":— and with a lift of her hand to his lips he was gone.

(And I ask, Oh—I ask heaven, angels and humanity if there be not some cure for the self-immolating frenzy which tears to pieces such a being, when he thinks to find in mortal, what is findable only in the Indwelling Christ?)

He had gone. She stood there alone perplexed more than perturbed, but glad to find herself unswamped in the passion which hurtled still through the atmosphere; bringing her a sight of complications but not bringing her any idea what to do with them.

Her mother entered. Large-eyed she met her mother's gaze. Then said stilly.

"All is spoiled mother! *This* man wants me, *me* to marry."

"My dear? What else do you contemplate?"

"I contemplate nothing. I have just been about our work. I would love to be a minister, a preacher, a saviour of souls. Mother I can never marry! That is not my business!"

"Oh—very well," said the mother collecting herself, "there is no reason why you should. But you should have thought of it earlier and have treated him differently."

“Treated? Treated? what treating have I ever done”: breathlessly she asked, and indignant:—“What *can* you mean mother?”

“I mean your presence, your gladness, your interest and vivacity in carrying on church work with him and, *us* all,—and your discussion of his sermonizing, and your crisp amendments offered to them and—

“Well, in fact everything related to your inspiring ways and workings must have misled him to think that you—Evelyn—that you loved him. Don’t you *know* what that means?”

“Why, does it mean—anything to do with marrying?”

“What an impossible child you are,” said the mother perturbed. “Yes, it does. It means a state of heart and mind and being which (if you were in it) would make you *wish* to marry and to forever be homed with that man till death did you part, and long afterwards also.

“That, at least Evelyn is what marriage meant and still means to me; though your father is in realms beyond my sight and I am bereft of his care.

“Now, do you know or do you not know, what *that* means?”

“No, I do not,” said the child, for child she was. “I do not. I am glad this minute that this young minister is gone. He frightens me and tires me. I like better to be alone, oh—much of the time!—that is, just as soon as every day, I get done with whatever I have in hand to do: while—it’s the same old story mother—while in time, it comes to pass that ‘the spirit moves on the face of the deep,’ and without effort or even the urgency of prayer I see, hear or know that ‘this is the way’: and am prepared to walk in it; and then I fall asleep and rest; and then awake and work, and all the days turn into weeks and the weeks into years until, now, I am getting quite old, and am quite pleased with this way of duty-doing. Why should I not be, mother?”

“Very well. This is all simple and right. Your way is plain enough. Your next step seems to be, when you wake in the morning then, at ten o’clock you are to meet Mr. Holstein in the arbor under the blossom-laden apple-tree and tell him what you have just told me. But you should ask his

pardon for not having better known yourself and having understood his purpose and what all it means. Now go to sleep. All is quite right! And before the year is out he will find some more *common*-sensed, practical woman who will be glad enough to marry that gentleman, and whom he will be well-enough pleased to marry."

"What? Oh—mother, you mean right away, Hermann Holstein will marry? Will marry a *common*-sensed woman? Mother, have I not *common* sense?"

"No I do not think you have, real common, *common* sense. I myself do not know what to make of you. You dearly love children. You love—I supposed you did love, yes, in all the heights and depths of your being, Hermann Holstein! But you say you do not; so all you have to do is, to tell him so in the morning; and that ends it."

"Oh—mother I do, I do in a way! I mean I could not allow anything *bad* to happen to him. I only wish—mother I do wish he were my *child*! I pity him so!"

"Now child go to sleep; you are not talking according to your usual good sense."

"I am mother, I am talking according to *uncommon* common sense. It seems as though I had known him ages ago. But everything is so disturbed. When he is far away I like him and am anxious about him. When he is near he tires me!"

"Sleep Evelyn! Good night."

The next morning was a glorious May-bright day. The air was full of the fragrance of apple-blossoms. The great tree with its down-reaching branches was in itself like a bridal bower, well chosen by the lover who there awaited the word which should remove from his heart that sword-thrust.

She came to him with a seriousness of tender concern, more like the ministration of a priestess than like that abandonment to love's inroads, which had filled her mother's soul with a buoyant readiness for the acceptance of duties as wife and mother of husband and children.

Receiving her answer, Hermann clasping her hand self-restrainingly, knelt under the embowering blossoms, and thanked God, and vowed allegiance to her and to his God. He now trusted, but with concern, her love. For she, with the full comprehension of what it would be to betray that

trust by thought or by a regret,—engaged herself to him heart and soul, to assist him to the unfolding of *faculties* which many clergymen, lawyers and other collegiates, live and die without recognizing as wealth, latently potent within.

Her heart was not bounding under joyous attraction. Intense pity, pain, sympathy, anything rather than the felicitous pulsation of bliss-filled-being, was her portion as she thought of his shattered nerves, his hardly controlled excitement, and saw on the grass the cigar thrown aside at her coming, the fumes of which repellently more or less always hovered about him.

She feared (as never she before had feared anything) oncoming conditions. She had been content and energized by her work; she was now shocked through and through with concussionary antagonisms relative to the Something which she could not divine, but which in other times and relative to other persons she had always spontaneously and ruthlessly repelled.

Her stress and strain was, that she felt unescapably-responsible for this man, for whom—if this were love which she felt, she knew it was pain, not pleasure: a sense of responsibility to *give*, not a wish to gain.

“Oh—my wife, my wife that is to be! It is *I* who love *you*,” he said explanatorily as if, hearing her thoughts he desired to interpose between them and his needs, so as now to bring her to be his helper and co-worker for as long as life should last.

A co-worker? At thirteen years of age she had promised to be this, with the Christ! And now it was, that with Him and her future husband she was to co-work for as long as life should last!

At that recognition through her swept a spiritizing shock electrical, which Force, God-fetched, substantiating their union at the instant, upflung them to a plane from which had they never conjugally descended, the virginal joys of that betrothal-time, might have been eternalizingly established. As this swept in on Hermann Holstein's spirit it enraptured a plane of intelligence which before had been unknown to him as in his possession. The source of this battery was Infinite Spirit! That she knew, and wished him to believe. But she

could not explain it because she knew of none other. But she had an inherent sense at his outstretch of hand that he would not have endured the idea, that this impetus came 'not by will of man' nor responsive to anything that he, Hermann, personally was or could do or be, but alone from God direct.

Not for twenty years after marriage was she again fully secured in this her *then* 'defence' against the dismemberment of her personal faculties. A dismemberment which need never have been brought upon either of them, but for his disbelief in the immanence of that God-presence which, so all-sufficiently at that moment, had made itself known to him. A disbelief the discounting result of which, impoverishing their lives of that radiant joy, caused thereafter all else that could arrive, to be in comparison but disappointing and unsatisfactory.

But probably not like this, had been the experience of the May-born mother of this Sept-emberized child.

Therefore at this crisis the mother had seen no reason to restrain her daughter from rushing into this billowing sea: but had left her to choose for herself. And chosen she had with a final good result, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding.

For it is alone by holding to duty as duty is best understood at each moment by each Ego that there at last arrives to us the hypostatic union with the Spirit of Life. A union which in the last decade made the Holsteins' life (appearances to the contrary notwithstanding) to be four-fold more than all their other marital years had been.

Some prescience of what would befall after the 'days of their affliction were fulfilled' thence oft left Evelyn Hope Holstein to stand 'girt about with abstinence': the sight of which at times brought Holstein a *touch* of that *quality* which, at length, fully awakened within him, brought him at last a redemption to life unrecorded heretofore, in the history of the philosophy of Creative Action.

CHAPTER IV.

“Do not stir the fire with a sword.”—*Pythagoric doctrine.*

THE hour set for the marriage ceremony was 10 o'clock on a new year's morn when the snow having fallen all night, lay untouched over the country stretches.

From the Holstein home there came to the wedding, his wife and the Rev. Holstein, D.D., who performed the ceremony at the festal Caproni home.

The question, “Do you take this man to love and honor” (for not used was the word obey) “as your lawful wedded husband?” was answered with an “I do,” as profoundly consecrative and in a sense as spiritual and super-ordinary as had been all of this not common *common-sensed*-Maiden's soul-stanchioning questions.

Then came the breakfast and the carriages and the good-byes and the hurrying away to the train which carried them then to Hartford, from whence the next morning the journey was continued till, in time, they arrived at the home which received them on their coming to the church whose call had been chosen from among three.

This church was in a Connecticut town where manufactories, farmings and educational advancement and political philosophies and antagonisms all ran high. It was a year when the questions between North and South laid such hold on public interest that there was no separating them from church sermonizing and services, especially when, as in the case of young Holstein, the love of country (as understood by American enthusiasts for the sustaining of the union) was quite at one with the love of God. Meanwhile in Connecticut there were many large-minded and nation-travelling men whose appreciation of what was due to the South as owners of property that walked on two feet, was quite like their ap-

preciation as to what would be due to the North as owners of flocks and herds which walked on four feet.

It seemed impossible to steer clear of the conflict even if the Rev. Hermann Holstein had been of the timid meditative, peace-making sort: which, assuredly, he was not! Probably, the fact that many of the most influential men of that church were under the bann of the name "Copper-head," tended to impose on the Rev. Holstein's soul a sense that to not antagonize them, would be in the line of seeming to "toady" to them.

He had just come from the Boston-region where fury for the flag ran high; and he had not yet attained to that older self-poise which knows how to stand for principle without too violent a brandishment of personality. Yet it was a time when decisive utterance and action were properly to be expected from every self-poised man and lover of the ideal of liberty: an ideal however to which neither North nor South, had yet made marked attainment. Even to preach of the 'liberty wherewith Christ makes his people free,' seemed then to some preachers, only like a half statement unless it were practically followed up with—"by liberty I mean freeing the slaves and fetching the South into compliance with the National Constitution of the United States, untrammelled by the emphasis of 'State rights,' which tends to the disunion of a Strong Centralizing National Government,"—or some assertion as sweepingly emphatic.

The question before the Country was so intricate and complex that as far as these two young married persons were concerned, it would have become them to have remembered that the church-membership contained many men and women whose age, experience, self-control, travel and above all whose *study* of that *Constitutional law in which the statesmen of the South* were adepts, gave them advantages to which, not until long after, had Mr. and Mrs. Holstein attained.

The fact was, these two young persons were then themselves too unself-balanced to be able to cope with world-wide antagonisms or to settle the difficulties then rife in this nation: as they had been rife in the world age after age from time immemorial.

Evelyn Hope Holstein for her part, considered that six days

in the week there was strife enough over all these things important as they were. So that on Sunday, it might well be the higher business of ministers, to deal with (not the partisanships that belonged to the strifes of streets, caucuses and battlefields but) the eternal principles a wrong-dealing-with which was *back* of the strifes.

She would have liked to have had the hours of Sabbath day given to the effort to concentrate attention on the 'Constitution of *Man*': and of his need of union with that Indwelling Power whose impulsions (when divinely understood and utilized) would then be known as the Cause and the Coming of that "union": which would result in bringing every-one, black or white, South or North, East or West, whosoever along toward a universal compliance with that innate Constitutional Self Government to which 'sons of God' on whatever plane, rally as doves to their windows.

She wanted Hermann to preach of that union and of that 'sevenfold constitution of man' in preparation for the possibilities and needs of which the Constitution of this nation is founded. A Constitution which she considered, left room for each individual to become a State and an Estate, so full of well-ordered elements and values, that the uniting of millions of *such* men and women would include—not a struggle over differences but, a delight in meeting with and working "differences" up into new unions of opposites: which unions would produce (plane on plane) new *genres* of individual-excellencies, climaxingly like unto those possessed by 'the sons of God,' as they plane on plane, ascend to realms unimaginal.

But to all of this rather burdensome *idealizing* Hermann could but say, "Oh!—Evie wife! I *don't* know what you are talking about. Write it out for me carefully; and I'll see what I can make of it. You know, dear wife, the point now is, the South would, if they could, fill all the North with slave labor; and they would (and they do now and will yet more unless we fight it off) think no more of honest labor and the honest laborer than the mud under their feet. And it has got to be stopped. Our Pilgrim fathers did not make this country for any such Tom-foolery! And the only way to stop it, is to fight them and conquer them and then make them hear to reason."

"But I only mean Hermann," Mrs. Holstein said, "just one day out of the seven, you have your chance to talk to your people about so managing their *own* souls as to bring them personally into an individual liberty, that will free them from being slaves of sins, or even of peccadilloes and weaknesses which make them unfit to be vessels to receive the inflow of the Spirit of Grace! Oh—Hermann. That Spirit of Grace seems longing to come and fill every body and soul, in such a way that it would turn each and every one away from conflict, to Coöperation with the Might and Majesty of the Power of Peace, as it dwells in"—

"Oh! Evie—wife!" interposed Hermann. "We'll do the peace act after we conquer the South, and free the black slaves and fetch them all into line with the plan of that *God*, who 'turns and overturns'! Our boys are in the army. Your nephew, Charlie, is there; and 'we've got to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.'" And with a laugh at her idea of philosophizing the South into peace, he lovingly and kindly left her, thinking that, it was well enough for her to keep at that level and write out her fancies so that he could see what could be done with them in the sermonizing line later on now and then. She, meanwhile feeling and telling him, that of course, if she were a man she would be on the field defending the flag, and teaching philosophies to the men night and day besides: yet repeating to him that as he was a preacher, she wished in his pulpit (whatever he did on the street and in visiting) he would deal with men's *souls* and invigorate them with the recognition of the *conquests* to be made *therein*, laying out to them the philosophy of this 'up-stepping,' as she was sure Jesus in his esoteric teaching, had done. She knew that many of the wisest old men in their Church who were good fighters and who were into it, six days in the week, really wished he would (as they had said) give them a little rest from the partisan muddle on Sunday, and help them to get a real hold on themselves and their God. To this Hermann answered cheerily:—

"Well we will do our best, good bye, I'll be back in two hours."

There was no uncertain sound in any of the Rev. Holstein's preaching however, and there, as elsewhere, churches were

being torn asunder whether in the hands of conservative or radical. Decidedly he would have been called a radical; that is, a northerner who wanted the slaves freed, the rights of labor dignified and Boston emphasized as *par exemple* what regularly-built-Americans were to come up to.

He was only about twenty-four years old and had touched upon and made a beginning at very many things of importance, but had not had time to go deeply and broadly into much, if anything. He had his life before him. Neither was there in his active makeup much of the philosophic profundity which later, becomes the square foundation stone on which character is based. A stone which certain builders, having rejected, have then but called those practical principles either by the name Transcendentalism or German Rationalism: a term used very lightly by persons who neither analyzed nor in the least sought to understand psychical, much less spiritual-faculties; so that preachers who went into these soulful matters were spoken of as "tainted with the German," with an accent on the word "tainted" which was meant to signify their need for prompt burial!

But not thus were these Philo-sophics (analytically so-called) regarded by Evelyn Hope Holstein, (daughter of her father as she was) who had been (generation after generation, not "tainted" but inspired and instructed by the best Wisdom of Germans as well as other Commentators and scholars the list of whose German names would be too long to insert here.

However, there were in this church a good many oldish men who had thought far and wide, and travelled far and wide. Their conversation to her was very attractive, and the manufacturing works of the town were very attractive; for delighted she was at seeing things made. The great silver-ware and plating Company in their use of alloys and metals and in their engraving and fashioning of many fine old art forms, became to her an object of gratitude. Because they were making at prices within the reach of many households, things which in old times but a King or two here and there, were able to possess; perhaps, more solid in coin but no more handsome in effect.

A Deacon Twiss, an old man who had travelled in the South in his youth (and that must have been long and long before) and who knew about what the South was before "the fussing

between the South and North began" as well as during the stage of events in which "the fuss was brewing," having property down there, had become now a 'joint sufferer with other property holders'; and did not think it at all necessary that the North should go "raiding the South," but instead should propose conciliation, arbitration and better acquaintance with the persons and their principles and purposes in that section. He was quite a splendid old man. Among other things however, he had what some people called his 'medicine crochet' consisting of unbounded faith in a little weed (I have forgotten what Mrs. Holstein told me was the name of it) which he gave to his cattle, his family and himself, and wanted to give to his minister's wife, to make her more robust. She told him she was well, and just wanted to see the world come too, into 'quietness and peace' when it felt able; and that *that* line of doctoring he perhaps could profitably take in hand.

But this book cannot be filled with accounts of the fine people in that town, or of the limitlessly interesting things they knew and did; as these were set forth in response to Evelyn Hope Holstein's questionings. For to question relative to knowledges, had been in the Hope family as legitimate a matter as to question regarding personal concerns were supposed to be illegitimate.

At times she still was the same busy, delighted soul as in girlhood. So it was a painful thing for her when one Sabbath, Mr. Holstein in preaching a tremendously furious sermon against treason which 'is as the sin of witchcraft,' went on at such a rate that dear old Mr. Twiss (unable to bear any more of the shafts so evidently sped at him under the name of 'copper-head') rose and stamped out of Church with a thump of his cane; being followed all the way down the aisle by added and sufficiently pointed phrases quoted from the Bible by the naughty boy-preacher in the pulpit. And triumphant he felt over it: while his wife saw in it, certainly nothing along the line of instruction or piety of any kind. And with that recognition, she had to tell herself that Holstein was not so much intent upon instructing (even if he were able) as he was upon conspicuously getting the best of an opponent. Now she did not consider dear old Mr. Twiss an opponent; but that he was a man who would have been untellably serviceable if Hermann

could but have taken the benefit of his counsel regarding the broad conditions of this case; informed relative to it as this old man was by more than twenty years of personal association and identification with the family and religious life, and above all with the intense study of *constitutional law* which their senators and congressmen, as gentlemen of leisure, gave to the far-reaching philosophy on which that 'documentary instrument' for the protection of the liberties of man, was founded.

For even then Mrs. Holstein understood that the question of slavery was not the basis of the difficulty with the South; and later she understood, after living in the South, how slavery had come in, as an incidental matter. For 'difficulty with the South' had had its source in the determination of the people, early to set up there an aristocratized form of government. Because at the coming to this country of the early settlers, two different sorts of individuals had arrived. One sort had come at an early date, when only hardy souls impelled by a great and unearthly purpose, *would* have risked all, as did they who landed at Plymouth Rock when:

"The breaking waves dashed high on a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky their giant branches tossed;
And the heavy night hung dark the hills and waters o'er"

for it was "*a band of exiles*" who then had "moored their bark on the wild *New England* shore," as Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans (whose name accompanies this stately hymn), goes on so memorializingly to state when she tells us that

"*Not* as the conqueror comes they, the true-hearted came,
Not with the roll of the stirring drums or the trumpet that sings of fame.
Not as the flying come, in silence and in fear"

for

"They shook the depths of the desert's gloom with their hymns of lofty cheer.

"Amidst the storm they sang, and the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang to the anthem of the free.
The ocean eagle soared from his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—this was their welcome home."

For these pilgrim fathers landing on Plymouth Rock sought

“thus afar” (as Mrs. Hemans rhythmically tells us) not jewels, not wealth of the seas nor spoils of war but a pure faith’s shrine:—hoping to leave unstained what they on their arrival found in the wilderness before other Christians had arrived, which was “freedom to worship God.”

There is much to show that this “band of exiles” came thither precisely to get a place where they could build up a manhood according to ideals which were within the scope of what they felt their hard-driven minds and lives could compass:—rather than, in antagonism against the scholarship which the Cavaliers later (when conditions of the country were easier and they had landed at Jamestown, Virginia) had set about cultivating;—or rather, had set about securing conditions amid which they might cultivate—scholarship and higher philosophies. Philosophies which included a recognition that while men were born free, they were not (neither does our Constitution state it) born equal. It is believed that this larger line of apprehension of the *possibilities* of the race, includes facing the fact that persons are *not* born accoutred with equal faculties: for the reason that (as some believe) not all, in other incarnations have equally laid up for themselves ‘treasures in the kingdom’ of mind and morals. Treasures, upon the possession of which (not upon the possession of money) are the real powers and abilities of achievement foundationed.

These Cavaliers therefore selected to settle on, not a rock-bound or frost-bound coast: but they settled where a heated climate brought them values easily obtainable only, when the presence of persons was secured, who by birth were used to a hot climate. It then early came about that it seemed necessary to secure (as dominant Egyptians and Orientals of Asia had secured) “hewers of wood and drawers of water” who were accustomed to such climatic heats. Heats not only climatic but, of the mental and spiritual-fervors of an order of religious teaching which the natives of Africa, in the first centuries A.D. had heard from the African Christian church, when Origen, Athanasius, Arius and others had lived, loved, worshipped and worked there; evolving their recognition of supernal truths taught afterwards, in that Alexandrian University in which John, the beloved disciple was trained. Su-

pernal, spiritualizing, unspeakable-truths; many of which afterwards were treasured in the higher-teachings of the "William and Mary" College of Maryland, and in the Georgetown University.

It is therefore easily believable that two distinct orders of men, methods and manners, had arrived North and South, affiliatively attracted to climates whose dissimilar necessities and orders of procedure included in the South a tendency to the dreamy leisure, which brings the dreamy inflow of *ideals*; which ideals again are as dissimilar as were the methods, manners and men of the Roundhead and Cavalier types.

To Evelyn Hope Holstein's picture-seeing-way of glancing over history, the cause of these antagonisms (or shall we say unlikenesses) between the North and South and the inhabitants of these two sections was self-evident. And now to her, this national upheaval seemed based on conditions which had been well known to her constitution when her "spells" had come on. For the Nation too now North and South seemed to be in a shiver between fright and delight, as with ear to ground it quaked and thrilled under prophecies and glorious promises; while on one hand contending armies were arriving, summoned from far away shores, bringing as they were expected to do to the South, imperialistic aid, on which the South depended in its need, to establish its aristocratic State Sovran outlook: while on the other hand, the army of soldiers sent forth by the verve and nerve of the descendants of the pilgrims and lovers of their principles, were impelled to exaggeratedly set forth the-limitations-of-a-religious-outlook: which limitations but the more roiled up to unbelievable energies the enemies of that limitation with the result that there followed a convulsive throwing out and off from the National System the congested mass whose constrictive qualities were equally foreign to the National Constitution. Opposed qualities however which chemicalizing through North and South and East and West, eventually tended to bring about that healthy balance of powers which must be kept in Individual, State and Nation.

As years nearing 1903 afterward advanced, Mrs. Holstein felt surprised that persons of higher intelligence (who must have known what the world had gone through in ages past),

should have failed to realize that this land of the brave and the free (this 'Atlantis') had been heaved up from ocean's depths to become the arena on which (not forever should the tramp, tramp of *ordinary* armed hosts prevail, but on which) Spiritual, Onrushing Powers pouring their fiery energies and ambitions into every soul, would bring the hosts of the Power of the Life to Come, which reigning in and through mortals, will at first overwhelm them in a sense of personal majesty and magnificence unsupportable, by unprepared souls. Souls, which until they are prepared for this, will be impelled to pompous activities relative to aims not to be compassed by any who have not first *secured* their own balance of powers.

Retrospectively these things so looked to Mrs. Holstein near the last decade of the century. But not thus clearly had she seen them in the early part of the last half of the sixties. Then the most which she clearly saw was that each soul in order to keep its balance midst a spiritual deluge, must recognize that this great wealth then coming, was for the supply of needs other than those which the senses demand. So she realized even then, that the best which the nerve-strained Hermann Holstein could probably do, was to teach men and himself to live so healthily as to so preserve the five outer senses that they should be secured in the enjoyment of all which the right employment of these senses would procure. Because this grand *All*, would thus have *earned* the ownership of a health-filled organism, which thus would become an Avenue of Instruction relative to what his inner "senses" (the refined counterparts of the outer senses) would then be capacitated to safely acquire and utilize.

But when she told Hermann about this he sometimes got only as far as to laugh at her praisingly, loving her very much about it all, in that precious but immature childish way with which lads in their "salad days" find themselves hampered. Nevertheless she never had or would forget her father's words: "A healthy mind in a healthy body is half the battle of life." She told Hermann so. Then, slight fellow that he was, he threw out his chest (dear youth) though in doing it, he seemed to bring the whole of his back frame into requisition in procuring the result thus presented to view.

He was doing as well as he possibly could, and much work he had done of one sort and another considering his years.

She understood then thoroughly that, for her part, she must hold herself quietly in readiness so as to aid, as occasion arrived, his overloaded soul when the enemy came in like a flood. For she believed what she had to do was to help him to see it is not so much outside influences, as it is the conflict which exists in our own beings which sends us morally and mentally staggering. And that this conflict arises when the physical, psychical and spiritual faculties are electrified all-at-once, by the inpour of majestic and magnificent impulsions which come from fifth and sixth round planes of life. Impulsions, which unless they are explained thoroughly to souls on their early arrival in this world, are likely to drive them into pomposity, perils and at last into conditions only cured by the purgatorial fires of life's experiences.

She now increasingly valued the conditions of her childhood, including as they did, her father's rational and critical inspection of the results of the turmoil within her; added as his treatment was to her mother's tender and loving care of her: as together they had assisted her toward at least so partial a unifying of her forces as had arrived at the time of her betrothal. A unifying of forces however which she already realized was endangered under the deluge which was coming to her now from Holstein's nature; as perhaps also the too high potency of the inspirations which came from her nature to his, were including there a too swift chemicalization of elements which as yet were unprepared for so heavy an invigoration of their particles.

It was clear to her mind then, all so early in married days, that the necessity which had been on her in maidenhood to have a chance to collect herself in something of spiritual solitude, was still a necessity; and also she was coming to see that little occurrences which, vexing Hermann, repelled him from her, were equally good for Hermann: because marriage should not include the deluge of either by the other, but the assistance (which comes from the blending of opposite spiritual forces) of each to be his and her best self.

After she again had thought this all out, she was fortified to better what came without disturbing Holstein by irritations or discontents.

The large parsonage had a garden for flowers and a garden

for fruit and vegetables connected with it, both of which were in such good trim when they moved into that house that they were a time-trap to lovers of these natural delights.

The parish visiting and the visit receiving, brought them interests so large and diverse that the difficulty is, to resist excursions into matters not exactly bearing upon the summed-up story of these two lives; the early dissimilarities of which rendered them counterparts: simplex and unified as was one; duplex and at times utterly antagonistic as against itself as was the other.

Mrs. Holstein's bible-class and general study and lesson work, increased so that the limits of the short three quarters of an hour granted on the Sabbath as the lesson-time, often arrived in the midst of questions, the desire for further discussion of which, resulted in arranging for impromptu gatherings round the dining-table of the sunniest room of the parsonage where, not dinner, but bibles were in evidence; as not only the Sabbath-school class but friends of the class who were invited, rallied for study.

Mrs. Holstein was then a simple Baptist (after the original sort). The sort some of whom were sent into the wilderness with Quakers and committed to the mercies of Indians, because of their high expectancies relative to the Divine Power's unfoldment to them of the mysteries of creation.

By this time Mrs. Holstein settled closely to scriptural study and simple religious-duties so as to leave alone the points of National antagonism and annoyances generally. Maybe this attracted to her simple work some of those who had been disturbed by the tendency to keep on "the war-path," which good patriots necessarily needs must do in those days. It was not a healthful season perhaps for Hermann Holstein, who more than well enough liked antagonisms. The volcanic rumblings of his nature had appeared often to Evelyn in her girlhood; though his manners to her personally also since marriage had been full of love and expressions of esteem: except when outbursts of "ministerial authority" came in evidence. For it must be remembered that all this was nearly forty years ago; at that time when the glory of the average old fashioned Calvinistic D.D. was a volcanic authoritative lordlinesses of methods and manners which this

boy preacher at this time, affected. An outburst of this sort had occurred without any warning the first Sabbath that, together, they had started for church through the snow-laden streets of that country town, when, the Rev. Holstein striding on in advance (as he had seen his father do) suddenly, with a voice of resonant-dominance called back: "Step in my steps." To which, being unable to do anything of the kind as his steps were so long, with a little laugh Mrs. Holstein replied, "But it is impossible; you are so long and I am so short"; getting flung back into her unprepared soul the violent answer, evidently imitated from the "battle-axe of the denomination" who chiefly had prepared him for his theological course, "You do not *mean* to obey me!"

That was the first time they had stepped out to walk together that path of life which she had promised to walk with him, till travelling days were done. And with an arrest of her heart-beats, presently she found herself up-floated to a plane where, relieved of the consciousness of everything which the earth could give or take away, there had come to her a union with—whom?—if not, the Spirit Divine, which overshadows us, in all our ways? A momentary translation to a realm, which so united her soul to serve 'her day and generation': that, as they reached the church and stepped into the vestibule where friends were waiting to receive them, and to receive introductions to the bride on this her first entrance there,—her pleasant tranquillity was as satisfactory to the people she met as it must have been *misleading* to the Rev. Holstein; who (understanding nothing at all of the almost mystical occurrence which had transpired in that interim) only felt *incensed* that even his rebuke so publicly administered, apparently had affected her not at all. If she had cried, fainted or blamed him, or had retorted, he could have understood *that*; and would have at least known that those methods were not of light importance, nor to be safely repeated. But the treatment of the matter which seemed brought upon Mrs. Holstein from the upper air, perhaps left Hermann to feel that a realm at times divided them. The separation was as inexplicable as it was restful. The only trace which appeared of the departure and return may have been what was left in her countenance and presence when her fluttering sensibilities having been quieted as a startled

child is quieted by its mother, the lift which then came upon her, took her away from thought of grievance or offence, linking her closely up with her one thought of the necessity to be true to the trust assumed on that betrothal morn, relative to her union with something greater than the outer man then exhibited. A union the bonds of which were for an instant consciously established and recognized by Hermann Holstein.

After the morning service the host, in serving the table had said to the not very substantial diner, "Come! come! Dear Madame, you must eat more than that. For you have gone through a hard morning. All the people were looking at you to see how they would like the new minister's wife"—to which she had replied pleasantly enough, "Now I could not know that: I was so busy realizing how much I liked them,"—feeling meanwhile as if she would never be able hereafter, to know how long Holstein's mellow tones and courteous manner would be uninterrupted by outbursts which she verily believed, were less a part of his nature than the mere imitations of the manners of some instructor whom he had admired, and who he supposed exhibited dignity, in these peremptory and conspicuous ways.

Some time afterward on a day when the class was to gather at the parsonage for study, this was practically proven to be so; for then the maid in filling the high old 'base-burner' with coal, had left the hod standing before the stove; and the wife passing, had caught it up and was swinging it back to the place on the little mat which protected the carpet from it, when,—“Put down that hod!” came forth the word, just as the hod had swung back to the spot whereupon it was then set down.

“Come to ME!” said Holstein. The wife approached. “Sit here,” said the youth with a stroke of his hand on his knee: and Mrs. Holstein, quietly noticing the almost maniacal light which boiled up, more and more intensely at each mandate, amiably seated herself on his knee, looking at him while he thundered forth with an increase of zeal:—

“Are you going to *obey* me?”

“He does not realize that I am more than a year older than he, and have been taught to use my own judgment almost since babyhood.” she thought to herself. Then she said aloud, with cheerful pleasantry:—

"Obey Hermann? I shall do better than all that. I shall help you to the best of my ability for as long as life shall last. You see it would have been harder for me to have put the coal hod back from where I took it, than to drop it over the spot at which it had arrived. Be happy and all will go well" she said lightly. Which brought forth from him in artificially deep, bass tones, as from one not to be influenced by any frivolity,—“You do not *wish to obey me!*”

“It is some impossible notion,” thought she; but not again did she essay pleasantry; but rising she stood for a moment looking into the open door at the coal fire, thinking:—

“It is evidently a tie between an insane desire to subjugate everything and everybody with whom he comes in contact, and a youthful theatrical-imitation of the uncle whom he has often called ‘the battle-axe of the denomination!’”

And with this thought she looked back at him, and he, evidently somewhat impressed with a partial study of the matter himself, looked forth at her thus:—



It was as good a turning of that point as could have followed, for she then decided that, ready to please as she was, she would on all reasonable occasions consult, but not too tediously, his wishes, so as to carry out the plans of him who was the minister of her church and her husband.

But almost immediately after this occurrence another instance showed her that his jealous regard for absolute domination was at least a most unhealthy as well as a ludicrous element. As one day having received tickets to some trifling entertainment, on entering the Wednesday evening prayer meeting, he strode hurriedly up the aisle, opened his bible and as if under pressure of most urgent calls upon his attention said:—

“I will read a word, offer prayer and then you will rise and receive the benediction and the meeting will be dismissed. For I have an engagement.”

A flutter went over the assembly of people, many of whom on that winter night had come on a three mile drive over from the farming portion of the town and had settled themselves for one of those very social and instructive conference meetings, dear indeed to their hearts and important to the plans of the working members of a large country church.

Two great stove-fires had to be lighted in those winter days; and the duties of getting ready for the gathering were as onerous as the pleasures were far-reaching in result. After the reading, the head deacon rising interposed: “Pastor, we are here: and if you have to withdraw, of course you are excused; but if you please we will do the best we can and proceed with our service.”

Then in a trembling of excitement and what seemed like a borrowed style of action, came forth the words: “Never-r-r will service be carried on here without *me* in the desk. You were the ruin Deacon Rutter, of the last pastor! If you begin it on me, I’ll pr-a-a-y against you! Rise and receive the benediction!”

Then the wife remembered whence this might have been borrowed. For old-fashioned Elder Knapp of that boyhood’s time was recorded as glorying in the terror which he *thus* brought to persons of quite another sort than were these, there assembled. But the shock of this thing (added to previous matters) was too much for the wife, whose head fell on the back of the next seat, as to her great chagrin she broke forth into weeping.

The people came up about her and the pastor as he left the desk, and kindly things were said and the service was

resumed: but the man, hurrying forth his wife, strode to the town-hall, where the little popular entertainment, made no more impression on the mind of the woman, than as if she had sat in death.

A tumultuous epoch was that of 1863-1864, and quite at one it was with the hurrying energies of a man who in no case in those thirty years, seemed ever to relish anything restrictive of activities to which, at the spur of the moment, he suddenly felt to be called. In this wise, there came on him at this time, an impulse to give up his pulpit and to enter on duties as Chaplain of the army. But before he had made his wish publicly known, he was called on to *consider* such a summons: and then, as if caught in the rebound, he immediately accepted arrangements which were made to send a substitute in his stead.

His thorn in the flesh in those days was his painful love of prominence and approbation which, when they were not markedly met and satisfied, left him quivering in a torment of wounded feelings; from which, as a sensitive plant springs back from a touch, he bounded away, regardless of consequences, reversing all previous plans, necessitated as if stung, to speed away to pastures new and scenes more blithesome.

At about this time the previous pastor, having given up his position as Chaplain, coming back was cordially met as a pastor should be, by a people whom he had well served. This threw Hermann Holstein into a discomfort unimaginable by his differently natured companion: with the result that, in the midst of his successes, with no warning and before the first year was much more than climaxed, the Rev. Holstein proffered his resignation; adding to it inflexibly, the statement that those who were his friends would accept it at once. He was restless and wanted a change. The people most urgently came to him requesting a reconsideration of his resignation, but neither they nor Mrs. Holstein influenced his purpose.

He was tired of the place; the new was worn off, and his outlook at larger fields in other lands, or at least in other parts of this land, had been enlarged by his experiences in that church among men who had travelled more than he as yet had been able to do. He liked the business and political swing, and

various interests of a big city. He had seen farmers and farm life, and manufactories and manufacturing life before. There was nothing particularly new to him in the conditions of the town which so well pleased Mrs. Holstein. Besides, this outlook at the supposed enlarging philosophies back of Henry Clay's and other southern senator's words, including those hidden philosophies relating to old Virginian times were beginning to greatly interest him.

How much Mrs. Holstein's discursive *mental picturings* of things past and foreshadowings of things future, awakened him to go to the lands where they were supposed to exist, was not at that time as clear to her mind, as at a later review of matters it became. She possessed an imagination which put her in *possession* of that which she could *read* about or, which even the little hints brought to her in the conversation of travellers and learned persons, portraying, revived. But as for Hermann, he was like those men of old who so often were reported as hearing the words 'up and out of *this* place to a land I will *show* you.' The thing which misrepresented him then at times however was, that with no discussion of his plans, he would take on an antagonism, walking with his arms curved forward, his fingers closed tightly into his palms, his head bent as with strides long and furious with an *Idea* in his mind, of which, making no mention, he thus sped off to fulfil, A speeding away which seemed full of suppressed alarm as if under a need to escape from some feared hindrance. But a little patience on Mrs. Holstein's part she hoped would bring him to explain the idea which impelled him and the line of new conduct that he was wishing to carry out. For she soon learned that he would rebuff all hindrances, irritated by the simple fact that they were attempted hindrances, to be answered only with a terrible look in his eyes and the words, "I tell you, I am going to go!"

After a year or so Mrs. Holstein got used to this as being a merely uncontrollable impulse to travel, rather than a matter always backed by a defined plan. His look at times of interference, on the part of her or anyone else, brought her quite too fully and unquestioningly to rely upon the idea that he probably knew what he was about. But this too easy reliance, came on only after she had become so nerve-spent and

tired with the crises and changes and outbursts, as for a while to have relaxed her hold on conditions which she had thought in maidenhood, would immediately be fulfilled by them both, for the good of themselves and others. But at the time of the change from their first pastorate, his violent outbursts under opposition were new to her; and during her first experiences in them, her inability to deal with this young bullock-like method of butting, trampling and vaulting over boundaries, aroused in her the question whether if she were by nature more of a herd-like companion, she would better fit in with his manners, when he thus got upon the war-path. But then after these outbursts *that* man would have vanished, and in his place there would appear so tender, debonnaire, melodious-voiced and skilfully devoted a being that not only women in general but men of the world would hasten to carry out his plans and purposes. The pity and danger of it was that never stood a man on two feet who, in his prepared minutes, more fully assured beholders that all things were possible to him (as really they seemed often to be proven) and never stood a man on two feet whose magnetism drew to him and his plans more empowering agencies. But in those early years, at the first shock of wounded love-of-approbation, or of jealousy concerning the preferment of another in parlor, pulpit or prayer, there fell on him such scorching chagrins as drove him to extremes not to be counted upon.

Not alone was it that his duplex nature made him seem under different circumstances to be as two persons with whom one had to deal, but in addition to that through the first ten years of his life he seemed incapacitated to realize the relation which exists between cause and effect, or to realize that there are no todays which are not built on yesterdays, and that there can come no tomorrows which are not built on todays. No expectancy did he seem to have that a crop-reaping followed a subsequent seed-sowing: obliterated as that idea often is from minds educated to rely upon "imputed righteousness" and the outworking of a scheme stated by Calvin, which aids sinners to escape the justice of God and to take the benefits of a manœuvre which puts the sins of one person on the blameless shoulders of another.

Many uncomfortable things had arisen during this tumultu-

ous epoch in their first church; but also hundreds of more comfortable, serviceable and educational benefits had accrued to them. And now the next thing in order seemed to be to follow in line with Hermann's suddenly planned and executed departure for the city of New York, where on their arrival they became guests in the family of a merchant. There with the custom of intimacy which in old times ruled among church-members, it was expected that the pastor's wife would recount the doings of the other church, the cause of the change and the source of dissatisfaction if any.

Mrs. Holstein, however, was now too reduced in health and vivacity to go plunging into matters relative to political differences and consequent church disturbances. For New York city at that time was full enough of these divisions at every turn, to necessitate no illustration of them, or of the results of them.

Shortly after arriving there, Mr. Holstein was installed in a church in a section of New York where, what seemed to be a high pressure of missionary work was kept up, midst the teeming homes there; and in addition to visiting, all the church services and the business of making new acquaintances there, were hers to attend to, as the summer months arrived. Hermann however evidently had it on his heart, sooner or later to make for the South toward which his interest had turned, as toward an unexplored land. He loved travel and did not love an extended continuance in any one form of work, or on one spot.

It took very little while for the New York merchant to recognize in Hermann Holstein, his business adaptations. And wide awake as the whole country then was for taking up new exploits in the money-making line, this shrewd merchant soon opened up to Holstein, plans for entering upon business in the South. For it was a time when so-called "carpet-baggers" with fortitude, energy and cash, could carry on successful money exploits.

While these matters were under debate, ill-health had brought the wife the privilege of retiring from the summer heat to a pleasant Brooklyn home where they boarded, and where she had leisure for the use of her pen which in earlier times, among other things had brought her little revenues of

money as well as that pleasant mental exercise which takes the place of the necessity for *conversing* over untried purposes and philosophies. She had not forgotten Hermann's words that he did not know *what* she was "talking about";—but that if she would write it out he would by and by read over all her work and utilize it.

Before departing for the South Mr. Holstein took Mrs. Holstein to her native city where with relatives homed in the vicinity, she had time for writing and study and for regaining that sustained level of peace and quiet which invigorated so swiftly her health. Letters from the South came up telling of business enterprises considered, and preparatory steps taken as the Rev. Hermann Holstein was received in the homes and in the church interests always open to him, because of his brightness and of his family's extended relations with the Baptist denomination.

Mr. Holstein's versatility of genius was not only inherent but his business faculties were well educated, though then he was (with two pastorates back of him) a minister of but about twenty-six years of age and the business-knowledge incident to having, in early boyhood, mastered mathematics and book-keeping previous to and while in the Boston Latin school before entering on his necessarily brief preparation for the theological course.

In this Latin school, by the way, in his struggle over the meaning of the Latin word "*dum*," having been reprimanded for having thrice forgotten that it meant "*while*," and having then been seated back of a high desk after his reprimand, he, wrathful, soon edged his way along unseen past the line of seats; and, reaching the door, went out: where halting a moment and thrusting in his face he had shouted "Old Fletcher, it'll be a *dum* while before you ever see me again"—as speeding away he left that school:—and soon afterwards entered 'Beebe's Boston Mercantile House' where his marked financial ability and adaptation to needs, later on caused something much more than a *slight* demurrer to meet him from Mr. Beebe; who appreciating his value questioned the wisdom of his leaving matters of finance to enter the ministry.

It was the possessor of this recognized-skill in book-keeping and recognized adaptation for business management, who,

now in the third year after marriage, had flitted South, intrusted with an enterprise for the investment of money and merchandise committed to him by the far-seeing, wealthy and wise old New Yorker. But on arriving there though the elements, money, merchandise, plans and a person to deal with them were *en trainé*, the conditions for at once uniting all these agencies were not immediately so. Therefore, while looking about relative to the right adjustment of matters, it was necessary to fill in time remuneratively: and this was done by taking up the tangled accounts of a Southern House, which caused his ready skill at book-keeping to come into play with the same facility as did his equally pleasant social skill, relative to the church work with which Mr. Brownnett, his employer, was interested. Not more cordially was he greeted in the counting house than in the home of the southern family, with its servants and children, and where the young wife and mother, who, presiding there opened to him her circle of acquaintance, bringing him into the interests of the people of the First Baptist church, with which they were identified. So that, incidentally, Hermann Holstein was at work in that church too; speaking if not preaching among them, occasionally: enjoying it as he always did enjoy church work when it was well-balanced by a spice of financial interest which relieved him from bonds too fettering.

During this time letters were sent up from the South, full of eager anticipation of success to be gained, and expressions of his desire for the health of his wife and their early reunion. Business affairs were discussed freely enough then; as were the conditions of the southern country, which he betimes, pretty thoroughly scoured on horseback in the interims (as well as in the interests) of business. Letters they were, filled with merry sketches illustrative of the appearance of the colored people: and pathetic stories of their need for education and for a right adjustment to the 'freedom' which the Emancipation Act had then lately thrust upon them, but of which they chiefly had gotten the idea that now, being free, they need not work:—which sketches, added to his reports of occasional pulpit ministrations and of "calls" already before his attention, to again enter the pulpit, gave the wife ground for advice "to hold steady for a while till his pending business

with the New York House, had at least been tested." She, meanwhile, sending him in her letters, full accounts of pleasant home affairs and new social interests, including cuttings also of articles published in papers: and copies of stories published and sold: so that during those months, their intercourse was spicy, beneficial and instructive, but tentative; in that on both sides, there was a waiting to see, what next.

The "what next" however, was a letter mentioning Mr. Holstein's ill-health and a request for his wife to come to him.

This was at the juncture of the closing of the war when the South was under martial control and the country was generally in arms. But with no thought of fear or of anything but that her husband was to be met and their work was to go on, she started for the South: at-one with her *mental* occupations, which 'separated her (not from but)' unto that God 'who comprehends all things and is not by any to be comprehended.' A mental occupation which so absorbed her in a composure to 'unity with it' that her presence implied and imparted much of that composure, even amid the hasting and hurrying crowd. So that her mere unpremeditated statement "My husband is a minister. He is sick in the South. I am going down the Mississippi to meet him," won to her whatever care was needed as she journeyed through the army-filled country, across to Chicago and down on the Mississippi boat, through regions where the use of pistols, bowie-knives and the firing of sudden shots were then but as prevalent as were the bitter antagonisms against the "Yankee" whether soldier, citizen or commercial speculator. Sometimes the attention given to her was accompanied by a careful forth-put of questions; and sometimes with something like a warning as when, a person much older than herself with high-cut features and an unmistakable southern inflection of voice, after lowering her window and shutting out the strong sun-light, said, glancing at her Harper's Magazine, "Pardon, I see you are a New Yorker by your magazine." For in those days, especially before the war, Americans were given to a friendly readiness of speech which then distinguished them from the imitations of the taciturn English-manner now prevalent. Understanding this friendly readiness but also understanding all that the man's *tout ensemble* included, with a spice of merriment in her heart

but gravity in her face, she answered, "No, I am a Pharisee of the Pharisees, I am a Yankee from Boston!" Meeting a look of scrutiny followed by an exclamation which with a turn of expression separated him from those to whom he next alluded as he said:—

"Madam, I beg you as you get further South, to make no such statement as *that!*"

"Why not?" said she. "It is the truth."

"Madam, not in all places can the truth be safely told," he answered, with evidently a tendency to pursue the conversation. But enough had been said and her book then absorbed her.

When she had left home her sisters had said to her, with anxious care:—

"Now do not let any one take your little hand-bag away from you in their readiness to help, and you would better divide your money and bestow it in different places and your tickets also." She had this in mind as they neared Chicago: and when this gentleman mentioned the hotel to which he was going and desired to take her bag and assist her about her baggage and escort her thereto, Mrs. Hermann Holstein happily was able to say that her husband had arranged these matters all the way along the road for her: and that an agent from a Chicago Hotel was engaged to be on the lookout for her at her arrival, and afterwards to take her and her baggage to the Mississippi River boat; so that all was arranged as fully as man's foresight could do. And with a heart full of love for that husband's unremitted providential care which always environed her when he was in his right mind, she at the moment was met by the person whom he had sent to the boat.

The fact was this young woman was habitually held by her religious belief allegiant to the principle back of the work which (at home or abroad, in church, school or social hour) panoramically pictured before her the business of proceeding to the consummation in herself and others of *humanity's highest graces*. These to her were not merely words: they were a statement of facts as defined in the steps by the way as was any arithmetical problem which comes to hand.

As she came among the persons whom she met on the boat, her swift recognition of the little lacks and needs and hopes

and fears shadowed forth in their circumstances imparted to her presence a mothering quality which, to the tenacious, might possibly be considered patronizing; which awoke the whispering of the words "She's from Boston," which practically meant only "is not one of us." But all went 'friendly' enough: and she became the recipient of stores of information. But more interesting than other matters were the things which she learned about the Mississippi. For the bottom was so sandy as well as so fluent a mud-mass, that season by season as the storms came down from the mountains, the current washed out this bank and that, with so little warning that this river-road was filled up, while further down the bank at the other side she was showed a place where had stood a substantial levee (landing, wharfage or storehouse spot) which had just been swept out of existence.

Hearing of this she expressed amazement to these gentlemen that these conditions were permitted: bringing on herself looks as though she were not far from benighted to talk thus about the unmanageable Mississippi currents; but when she went on to say that there were limitless amounts of material up in the rocky country above, any quantities of which could be brought down on rafts by the strong and idling negroes who, under management of a few of the bright men on that boat, could place them at different points along the banks, all ready for the business; for that then after dredging the river out, they could build deep downwards, rock-river-walls, which would convert that troublesome river into a splendid water-road through the land:—then they asked "Who will stand the expense," and when she said, "*The Nation!*" that was found to be not a particularly lucky word; but it brought on a showing of the fact that, if from coast to coast the Nation were the friendly family it ought to be, all the States would then know that the best good of the United States was dependent upon securing the best good of every individual State. And that all the country as well as British America and South America, needed that fine water course. Some of the men caught the idea quite cordially; and complimented her upon her plan. But the women, looking at one another, acquiesced in the words uttered by one of them, as she raised her beautiful eyes in a semi-horror to Mrs. Hølstain, ejaculating:—

"Oh! you have such a strong head! Mine is just as ~~w-e-e-ak!~~"

And the river roiled by and the lazy hours halted along, and the sleepy rope-hauling song of the Negroes rose up till, suddenly—

"We'll race her!" said someone, then behold a competitive boat was in line. Then pine knots and other inflammable stuff was brought to bear on the business of outrunning the other boat; and as is the custom in such cases, betting followed: and as money was staked on both boats, the stakers not wishing to lose it forgot danger, so that the Captain could hardly prevent the dominated 'stoker' from doing as he was bidden by the betting men, at the peril of his life whether he obeyed or disobeyed.

Boilers not infrequently burst, and not infrequently boats were blown up under this pressure. But when women were alarmed, the men taking their wives to the upper deck to watch progress, frequently found their cry *against* racing changed to another tune, as they saw the other boat gaining: bringing them to call for a firing up, so as to not let the other boat beat.

But this time the journey was ended without accident. Then aboard the boat sprang a slender man, tall and thin, with long hair, black mustache and big sombrero, sun-sallowd but not sun burned. Yes it was, it really was Hermann Holstein, but not one in a hundred of his best friends would have known him nor scarcely would have recognized the tone of his voice so de-energized had it sounded in inflection and utterance: till seeing his wife, calling her by name he exclaimed: "Here at last!" and soon sped away with her bag and baggage to a home where a pleasant reception was prepared and most cordial greetings extended.

To young persons and the middle-aged of to-day, conditions of the South thirty-seven years ago, if recorded, would seem more as if they were reported concerning stretches along the sand-banks in Egypt's deserts, or near the mud-mass which lies along the Nile at the recession of that river after the annual flooding of the country. The bare-legged young pickaninnies and poverty stricken old "blacks" (so much in evi-

dence after the servants had lost the masters who had cared for them as personal-property must be cared for) were like enough to the Fellaheen of Egypt. Though these were Africans—not Arabs: while yet among them were almost as many styles of face and complexion as the stretches of the African-world could show.

Hermann Holstein had already established pleasant acquaintanceship and identification with social and religious work as well as business connections: and into these his wife was so readily received that in less than a month her place in the Choir was assigned her and later, a place in a Sabbath school-class: where, however, it was as one of the pupils not as a teacher. But on the second (as on the first) Sabbath the Teacher was absent: and the class had talked over the lesson together while waiting: so that the young girls, finding out who their companion was and what she had found the Bible to be, asked her to take up with them the lesson.

This she was doing, when with quickened step the Superintendent, approaching, exclaimed, "Madame? I myself should not dare scarcely to teach this class of immortal-souls. I am surprised." And with a look at her as if the whole conflict between South and North were hurtling through his graceful frame, this Sabbath school superintendent, going to the desk, opened the school with a prayer in which, following close on the invocation came the outburst:—"And O God! Bless all christians *south of Mason and Dixon line!*"—under which discriminating appeal to high heaven, the courteous young girls near Mrs. Holstein winced; knowing perfectly well that the lady to whom they were becoming attracted, had not had her abode *south* of that line, which then was considered as the demarcation between Secessionists and Nationalists.

But as usual, the unmoved expression of the countenance into which they peeped, left them to suppose that Mrs. Holstein had no pride, or no sense, or was afraid to do other than take all the "slaps" which Southerners might choose to give to the class of new arrivals whom they frankly called by the not too melodious appellation of "carpet-baggers" and "mud-sills."

Fortunately for her, all her life, there was within Mrs. Hol-

stein's nature, an up-bubbling fountain of gladness which often taking the form of merriment, balanced the other, quite as spontaneous but more fiery uprisings, which at times infilled her frame.

After the business project relative to the New York merchandise was substantiated, there came to the care and companionship of Mr. Holstein the young brother who, at the first establishment of their marital home had been sent down to them from the farm where as a lad of thirteen or fourteen he had been placed in the effort to secure greater quietude to the parsonage of his father, where then, a second wife (a talented and wise-woman) presided. He was then a tall, black-haired, sallow boy, a bundle of reckless experiences partly reaped on farm life among the cattle and cattle-like rollickers over hard work and the not too fastidious fun which prevailed there. So when he had then been received at Mr. Holstein's, into the academy near their first house, he was full of exploits perhaps harmless enough but of a sort out of the range of Mrs. Holstein's childhood or girlhood experiences, so that she knew little of the blunders and performances into and out of which he cavorted until later, an admiration had sprung up in his heart for a refined christian schoolmate who was to be baptized. Then, when it came to pass, that feeling that he had given his heart to the Lord, he wished to be baptized with this young girl to whom at the same time, he had also given his heart, permission was granted.

After baptism there had been secured for him the charge of a school in an outlying country district, through the influence and skilful recommendations which were brought to bear. What this tall, fierce, old-looking boy had to teach, or what disciplinary condition of his own mind he was supposed to be able to bring to bear on his pupils, not long remained a problem; for he was soon returned to the parsonage half-crying and laughing, joking and romancing, betting and blundering and so well advanced in adventure and fitness for a fight that, with a little suppression of facts he was admitted as private to the ranks of the American army: though under age he was, while yet on the way to six feet high he was striding.

But now he and his brother next older, who also had had years of army life, were down South, loading their brother

Hermann with projects, and who can tell what else. For merriments, burlesque and a fashion of always trying to 'make people think this or that to see if anyone would be such a fool as to believe such nonsense' were very prevalent in their erratic order of talk and existence. Limitless animal activity, a jumping over fences when the open gate was close at hand; a scaling of walls and getting in at windows, and an ever appearing where not expected, with a laugh and a bound and a hurricane-like jubilation, such are the remembrances which young John left of himself, unbalanced but mechanically ingenious and really kind-hearted lad though he was. For though he became a husband and the father of three or four children, never more than a lad seemed he.

From childhood he had been enamoured of mechanical inventions; but with the old-fashioned estimate as to the superior dignity of so-called "professional life," he was thwarted in his desire to go into a machine shop delighted though he was in the mysteries of mechanical contrivances and the adaptation of motor-power to ends and aims, the hope of the compassing of which ever danced before his active mind. Hindered from all this, there followed the becripplement of possibilities which otherwise would have blessed the world, as in early life the father of these boys had had fetched on him also a disappointment the results of which marked his nature until he became able to assimilate conditions which were at variance with his first plan. The religious enthusiasm of this father is unimpeached. And the wife? the mother of these boys, Oh—the thought of her pictured face full of love, fun and mirth and extreme imaginative faculties and aspirations for high achievement fills my heart with tears. The softness of the dimpled chin, the rounded lips and wonder-seeing eyes which marked the (sometimes child-like expressions seen on the) faces of her boys, was a softness which in the children was met by the ferocity of will-to-achieve that, for the first third of his life, made almost merciless, the characteristics of the disappointed man whose early disability to change a plan, was then his 'thorn in the flesh.'

But this mother? so laboriously self-dissecting had been the climaxing of her days as pupil teacher in Emma Hart Willard's academy, that, when in the prime of her successes

there, she was asked to lay them down in order to take up the new work proposed to her,—this self-dissecting characteristic, brought her to torture herself as she questioned whether, if she became Elder Holstein's wife she would do it out of love for him or for love for his work.

To many persons this sort of self-scrutiny relative to what some men would call "fantastical shades of difference" would be thought to simply *disable* persons from robustly meeting, common-sense questions as to great matters which men had in hand. But fortunately among women there is still conserved so much of this self-searching that others also find themselves hindered from hastily saying (as was Aurelia Springson) "How glad I am that this man whom I love has in hand a work which I equally love, so that in marrying him I shall enter with him on a work which I love":—because something *more* than the accomplishing of general, successful-work-in-the-world-at-large is at the core of woman's being: as, consciously or unconsciously, on contemplating marriage, she is repelled or attracted by the elements of the temperament, nature and characteristics of the man, which elements, if she marries him, will in part determine the *Kinds* of souls, who will *seek* to be incarnated under their roof and *her* heart.

In the case of Elder Holstein, he had been a self-supporting hard-faring, hard worked-theological student, who had dedicated himself to a mission like that of the early Judsons, Vintons and Haswells. And he had pulled through a youth in which he had battled against attraction toward womanhood as against a temptation; and had had cultivated in him ideas in regard to the evilness of Eve (and many other matters in that line) which far from fitted him to appreciate the dignity and beauty of the prime object of marriage, which is to reverence and 'cherish' a wife's consecration of herself to right self-use concerning their mutual parentage if children they intend to have.

At that particular epoch comparatively few men who considered that they were under "a passion of consecration to God," either had the forethought to devote themselves entirely to it, by leading celibate lives, nor the coolness of judgment to decide that, if they married, part of that 'consecration to God' would include dealing in a God-like way with the children

whom by marriage, they chose to bring into the world. But instead, all unprepared when the children arrived, they seemed to deem them, tumultuous hinderers of 'the ministry,' whenever they took attention off of the preaching.

In the old time, it was by some men considered, that a "passion of consecration to God" included the achievement of a work which the managers of it supposed would never get done under a less furious impulsion than that brought to bear, not by trusting to the cultivated intelligence of the people, but by such exaggerations of the perilous-danger abroad, as to make those who listened, to feel that all would be well lost if they could but get to that "Foreign Land" where they could do for the children of heathen what they too frequently left undone for children under their own roofs. Probably as countries were then rugged, and scholarship limited, every departure from ordinary methods, necessitated a binding together of "come-outers," in a frenzy of consecration, which included, not daring to permit the least incursion of a hope of the possibility that any person, not in line with their creed, could have a chance for salvation.

At that time, a relaxing of the statements of the horrors of the heathen's case, was looked upon as a relaxing of the energy necessary for the getting of the money for the achievement of the object to be attained. Sectarian passion then rebuffed Intelligence and Reason, as it would the Fiend, as shown by a term of theirs, relative to any analyzing of their doctrine:—"To question is to doubt, and to doubt is to be damned."

Much of this tumult, strife and self-imputed right-to-dominate-others was conveyed to the blood and brain of the sons of such fathers and also was in many cases, a part of that karma which is back of souls who gravitate to such indoctrinated homes for cradle and care.

The frenzy of enthusiasm in those days, brought some persons to feel that they would willingly be burned at the stake where visible fire blazed, rather than fail of sacrificing themselves mid that fire of self-abnegation which generally was pictured to their minds, as that which must follow self-devotion in heathen lands. Not realizing that many of the troubles which followed there, need not have followed, if those workers had been wise enough to understand and practise the Pythagoric doctrine, not to "stir the fire with a sword."

I risk saying here, that if none of the men who went to Foreign Fields had been ignorantly passional in their religious beliefs, nature and practice; but if, instead, they all had had the teachable readiness which would have enabled them to remember that it was the Orient which had *fostered* conditions that made *possible* the birth of Jesus of Nazareth, they — then could have gone to those lands more as Emerson would have gone; speaking with *leaders* there, of the higher mysteries known to them, grateful and gracious for what could be received as well as for what could be imparted relative to the case. This condition would have brought into amiable harmony the Intelligence of both lands; enabling a showing forth of the true doctrine of that redemption of souls also known in the Orient as the ego upclimbs on its unfolding way. But on the other hand, men who were in that “liberal” line of thought, were not particularly well accepted in this country at that time; much less would they have been able to have gotten “a following” or to have raised the money to send them to foreign fields to there talk over such visionary matters.

The terrible fact then felt was that the “whole world was lying in darkness and sin” and the bright fact was that the light of the world was that Jesus, who for *being* the Light of the world, was crucified by the *religionists* of His time while, ‘the common people heard him gladly.’ So it was to the common people that these Foreign Mission-enthusiasts went: not expecting any better treatment than Jesus had received and therefore, preparing for it, they often got a good share of it.

And it was to the level of a *fury* of consecration to a work, which doing, might bring upon them worse than crucifixion, that Elder Holstein and his bride-elect were exalted when, consummating marriage, they then learned all so late that the Board had decided against their appointment to the foreign field, asserting Elder Holstein’s unfitness in point of health and strength. Therefore, cast down from his readiness for sacrifice by that pen-stroke, with his Berserkir fury turned in on self, his brain reeling under an agony which filled his fragile but nearly six feet high frame, in wrath he announced from his pulpit (and afterwards repeated often out of it) the words “the prophet declared ‘When I was angry I said in my heart, all men are liars,’ but now I say it when I’m not

angry!"—and it was in the midst of this sort of an affirmation of being *not* angry, and midst this father's rage of desire to get away from those whom he felt were false dealers with their promises and betrayers of his hopes, that his son Hermann was conceived and born.

A believer in heredity and prenatal conditions would conclude that the aftermath of this fury toward those who,—in opposing him seemed to be opposing the will of God concerning him and his work,—had *seeded the soul* of the son who was conceived and birthed midst this fury to get away and to punish opposers and to publicly justify his own assurance that he was "called of God" to achieve greater things than ever had been achieved—by making some sort of a world-wide, future success. But believers in heredity also would have seen that, to meet this explosive turbulence a balancing influence had been imparted to these sons through the father's marriage with Miss Springson, that pupil of Emma Hart Willard. For her accumulation of a winsome-mannered, educational-self-use was bestowed (as in after life was plainly shown) on her well-mannered and at times, graciously attractive, thrifty and presentable sons.

But an overloaded house that early home must have become. For, as will be remembered, by those who have kept the run of events in early missionary days among Evangelical churches,—in the christian households set up in India's lands, children were born not few or far between: and relative to these children the custom was to return them to America, more or less well provided for, where they were relegated to families who felt it to be an honor and a privilege to, at least, take care of the children of missionaries seeing that they could not themselves go sacrificially to the fields where the children were born.

So in the days of the first Judsons, Vintons, Haswells and other missionaries, their children, when thus returned, perhaps for two generations, gave those who took care of them, to feel that by this care, they attained some prominence in the work on which was set the seal of an approving Divinity.

Therefore during many years of her married life, Aurelia Springson Holstein at times had had with her (beside her own four boys) several of the sons and daughters of those

much envied missionaries who were arrived and established in "Foreign Lands"—a term, then reverently whispered, almost under breath.

And here in the South three of these brothers now were.

And such a funny appearing world the South then looked to be to eyes newly beholding it! For in the winter season the streets then were so deep with mud that, betimes a pole was seen, sticking up here and there with a hat on it and a card attached saying warningly, "Man lost here."

One day when the streets were in this condition, Mrs. Holstein going out with her sister-in-law found herself unequipped for navigating them, and seeing her companion step out boldly into the mud, she, drawing back found herself left in the lurch on a street where she could not be left as she was not at all acquainted as to the next turn to be taken in the onward way. But just then "a darky and his dray" approached. So, without a second thought, she beckoned him to back up and take her over. Which he did. Then she stepped onto the ponderous affair, and balancing herself with hands in muff seriously awaited the arrival at the other side. And arrive she did; there to find several chivalric-southerners laughingly ready to assist her to descend. But seeing her gravity, they with equal gravity bowed, as with thanks to them she went on her way with her companion, who, having crossed through the mud, had watched her transit with an amazement not unmingled with a sense of the unfitness of the act.

With her studious concern for the National points at stake and her absolute absorption in trying to adjust (as well as might be) the antagonisms and complications which came up about her on every side, Mrs. Holstein forgot regard to outside appearances. She was simply full of straightforward business, one point of which was her desire to have all her country-full-of-people, live civilly and happily under that law of life which she felt our National Constitution most perfectly states. Her simplicity often misrepresented her to persons whose inward complications and matters of hidden back history would not allow them to act out and speak out all they had in their hearts and lives.

Between the South and the North, social conditions included

an undertow of cross currents which made social contact not inviting to Mrs. Holstein; whose training had never been any more in the line of self-restrictive-utterances than in the line of unnecessary antagonisms.

While boarding at a very pleasant hotel many new acquaintances were made, and many calls received, which often were left long unpaid; largely, because the following up of these acquaintances seemed to her not worth while. In a sense she felt unplaced and transient; for not being really of the "carpet-bagger" quality, she was far and away from caring much for some of the inspecting sort of visits and calls which were made upon her.

One visitor, who had called twice, came yet a third time to visit Mrs. Holstein; being filled with wrath at the "martial rule" which then established, greatly emphasized the fact that the Northern army was holding a dominating control over the people of that southern city.

During this third call, the visitor went on more furiously than ever about "Abe Lincoln" and the governmental methods; saying many things of a sort which were then ranked as treacherous utterances and which tended to make the lives of many persons so uncomfortable that a very emphatic stop had been put to them; culminating as utterances often did in abuse which was bestowed upon the too-kind-and-easy-sorts of northerners! But none of these matters had at all disturbed Mrs. Holstein. For she regarded the case from a broad outlook and thought exactly how she would feel if she were a southerner under these conditions. But evidently her equanimity had misled this person into rushing on to pour out all that was in her heart; till exhausted and well pleased with all that she "had given to the Yankee" she took her departure.

With some near idea of the woman's misapprehension of her courtesy, Mrs. Holstein decided to return the call. When she was received by her southern hostess it was as if the mere presence of a northerner acted on her as scarlet is supposed to act on the ire of a wild bull; and she proceeded as before. And again with pleasant forbearance after an unavailing attempt to introduce a subject of pleasant interest, Mrs. Holstein took her departure.

Perhaps it was this same afternoon, that, returning a call which she had received from a lady of Northern Missouri, she found her call there, broken in upon by the arrival of this other not agreeable personage. Of course it would have been in order for Mrs. Holstein to have taken her departure on the coming of the new visitor. But she chose to wait a while. For this elderly Mrs. Martinique of Missouri had confided to her, what she had endured from this person's interminable persecutions along this line. Mrs. Martinique was an elderly lady and besides was in the perilous position of being "a southern Unionist," as was her husband. So that in her case, her forbearance was not accredited to her as that '*noblesse oblige*' which is incident to the fact that to the victor, courtesy is easy.

As she looked at the face of her nerve-strained hostess Mrs. Holstein decided what she would do. So when the outburst became increasingly virulent, as soon as the speaker stopped to catch her breath Mrs. Holstein said:—

"Madame, when you were my guest and talked this way, I, as your hostess politely received it. When afterwards you were my hostess and talked in this way, as your guest I received it. Because in my home even before we had learned to be patriots we were taught to be civil. But now we meet on common grounds at the house of a mutual friend, and I will tell you that I love my nation and desire civility; and that your words (as you know) are those called 'the words of a traitor'; and if you ever utter them to me again, I will see that you are put under martial control."

"Why," cried the woman with whitened face "I didn't know you *cared?*"

"But you know now. And this ends it," was the quiet answer.

Then Mrs. Holstein bidding both the ladies good afternoon in a manner more pleasant than her words had been, took her departure.

Very soon afterwards this Southerner 'got up a party' to which Mr. and Mrs. Holstein accepted invitations; not with especial enthusiasm, but in the recognition that there was no good ground upon which to decline; and that to make up an excuse was not only out of their line, but also would seem

(and be) like beating a retreat before an assembly of people which might be considered less possible to deal with than had been this one pertinacious intruder on laws of common civility.

It was a pleasant party and the greetings were cordial. For the story had all been told and many of the people had taken it as more like a turning of a joke than as a real threat; especially as Mrs. Holstein in those days was slight and small and therefore noticeably far away from any appearance of pugnacity or purpose along the line of desiring to call out the militia to meet a friend.

But when the flowing bowl and the usual festivity which looses tongues, animosities and personal restraints was in action the fact that these three *were* loosening, and the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Holstein alone of all the company had declined participation in the bibulous proceedings, added a quality to the affair which was not attractive, and which caused the two northern-guests to early withdraw from the occasion of which they had had a sufficiency.

Then came the day when it was requisite, according to all common civility, to return a call at the house of a lady who was a well-known adherent to the right of secession as well as a bitter adversary of "the invading Yankee."

It was late in one of those hot afternoons, when nothing but a duty could have called Mrs. Holstein forth, when her cards were sent up. A few minutes elapsed before the hostess followed the word, brought by the servant, that she would be down immediately.

To the uninitiated it is well to say here, that mosquitos in the South are of two kinds. One the ordinary night mosquito, and the other, the extraordinary day-mosquitos, known by the name of "gallie-nippers."

The hostess when she languidly descended, found her guest battling with these thirstiest of creatures; and to her first greeting added:—

"Oh? *Do* the mosquitos bite you? Well it is too bad. But they always do bite the Yankees."

"Yes! Yes!" said the visitor. "For they know where the best blood of the nation is found!"

She said this with a frank childlike fun, as in those days

she did reply: which sent the idea in but without either a stab, cut or a sting. For up to that time she dealt with ideas as one deals with one's brightest treasure, caressingly and joyously; sharing the brightness of the treasure with all. For all had an equal right to them and in her estimation the placing of truth in a right light was but what she felt any one who loved it dearly, would be glad to do.

It was not until years afterwards that her long pull amidst unjust complications, errors and false dealings, brought her a flavor of bitterness which sometimes added a not agreeable snap to her words. This was not then the case, however; and a pleasant good-fellowship was established between these people; because, for one thing, the husband of this lady was a northerner who was glad to have the very southern wife able to look at matters a little more fully from the broad point of view which he himself held but which his wife had felt was held by no other northerners.

CHAPTER V.

"For the beginning is well disposed, if I but shall have grace, without hindrance, to receive, what is appointed for me!"

AT about this time the New York merchant and his daughter arrived, really coming on, as Mrs. Holstein realized, to look into business affairs.

Then horseback riding and pleasant gatherings were enjoyed, and other gayeties of the season, such as would have entertained and interested one who had not a recognition that business complications were closing in as the partnership had increased and the business had enlarged as it seemed to her, almost beyond management.

Whatever the conditions, she was in a position in which she could neither speak 'nor strive'; held as her outer life was by the "hand of iron in a glove of velvet" which left her (not so much to manipulate against it as) to hold on to Hermann while events seemed to be manipulating him.

In course of time the New York visitors departed.

Later Hermann had taken a horse-back run out into the wilds of the State, on a several days' absence,—when one night Mrs. Holstein awoke, and getting into her double gown, rather fell and scrambled down stairs than walked, knocking at the rooms of Margaret and Maynard Holstein, crying out:—
"Margaret! Maynard! quick! Hermann is in danger!"
For had she been on the spot not so fully could she have seen the torrents rushing down the mountain into the rising river beside which long lines of men waited, to cross in a boat, which on its return would be doubly filled if but half of them got on it.

"Cross! Cross! Hermann cross! He'll drown Maynard if he does not cross!" she cried:—telling, what she saw in an agony of spirit impulsion. In a few minutes she suddenly quieted; but not until, as Hermann afterward told her, there had shot through him an impulsion which caused what then occurred.

And this was what had occurred. In that valley Hermann was standing-in-line waiting for the coming of the boat, when suddenly with a bestowal of nickels and dimes as need demanded, he swiftly bought up the place in line occupied by men before him, till he gained the spot which insured his passage on the boat as it came up. Those who did not cross on that boat, crossed not at all. For the flood came down upon them and they were in it. All this was told by Hermann on his return.

But why tarry over what now must be told? Relative to these transactions quite another sort of boat had been chartered and soon afterwards lay in readiness loaded with goods. On to this, late one night, with no explanation and no more allowance of discussion than had attended the leaving of the first marital home, Mrs. Holstein having packed her little trunk was bidden to make her exit at the back of the handsome brick building which was both store and dwelling, where a carriage awaited them. They were going on a trip down the river, Holstein said. He said it was better that she should be with him, and that Maynard's wife and family were going too. It was a sort of houseboat. It was cool and lovely weather and goods of all kinds were to be taken and sold at trading points along the way. She could take her books and sewing basket, and materials of more or less value could be purchased from the bulk on board. How long would they stay?

That could not be discussed now, he said.

This was the first she had heard of it. The whole large building was very still. The house servants went home at night, and Maynard and wife and child were already gone to the boat.

Hermann was in his most nerve-strained state. She was to "Come along and that quick."

All her things (many quite precious), her old-fashioned brass-bound bible more than a century and a half old, with the old family names in it, her piano and a great box of fine skins which, one of the Vintons (Sir Brainard) had sent from India (tiger and other skins): besides her newly made home in the spacious rooms especially theirs, with the mutual dining room on the floor below which Maynard's wife had in charge,

all this new attempt at home-making seemed now thrown up, as had been the first home hurriedly and inexplicably.

Mrs. Holstein could hardly think calmly: there seemed so much that was perfectly unmanageable in it all. They stood there perfectly alone, with just a colored man outside the door. Hermann was talking breathlessly. She was to hurry, the carriage was waiting at the back passage, where usually not carriages but teams came up.

"What do you feel afraid of?" questioned Hermann.

"I *feel* that there's something wrong," she said. "I'm not yet *afraid!*" He looked at her as if there would be something wrong if she dallied much longer; and faint and helpless, she went along while he explained to her that the weather was fine and, "you will have a good sail," he said. "And now Evie Wife, *do* make the best of it!"

And off they went.

The boat had a cabin in the middle of it, with berths curtained off on one side for Maynard and family, and on the other for Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Holstein; and at one end of the little space there was a table for meals; there were chairs also; and Maynard's wife had brought with them what else they thought to need. There was an upper deck with an awning, where they were supposed to stay much of the time. But to Mrs. Holstein there was no question relative to the comfort of the affair. Her mental question was as to the object and *reason* of leaving their big business and apparently established position with a proper partnership, including as it did, two well-placed southern men of good family and refinement, whose faith in the Rev. Hermann Holstein, had attracted them and their money to the enterprise: and between whose families and Mrs. Holstein, intelligent, amiable visiting relations existed. One partner was a Georgian gentleman whose family residence was just over the line; and there Mrs. Holstein had passed her happiest, social days, since coming to the South. But it was so evident, that no questions were to be answered that, after looking the place over, she looked into Hermann's eyes, giving him to see that she cared nothing for the inconveniences, but cared only for his welfare.

Later the boat was run up a side river, very circuitous, and full of high reeds, water-trees and other growths. And

one day from there, the Holstein men, put off with the little boat, carrying something of a load. Later, came over the water the sound of pistol shots; and then the two frightened men came back, and in getting on board the big boat it instantly set off.

Hermann exhausted and in a deathly pallor that evening, had thrown himself on his berth in a sound sleep. Evelyn Hope Holstein sat with her busy needle swinging, by a little table close to Hermann's berth. Maynard and family were in the seclusion of their curtained apartment. The Captain, a middle aged dishevelled person, who had been to Mrs. Holstein's recognition but part of the whole indistinct, bad-dream-like horror of the affair, entered, and seated himself, unasked and unaccosted; a man to whom the now frail, ill and half-dulled Evelyn Holstein had never spoken. Without raising her eyes, she now went on swinging the busy needle. The Captain watched it and Mrs. Holstein.

Were they hours, or only minutes that went by, till thirty of them had passed in this silence? when, as with a sudden return to all the possibilities of this enveloping horror she said:—

“Maynard! Rise and kneel and pray if ever you prayed, for God's visible presence here.” And the Captain springing to his feet tiptoed out, as Maynard rising from the berth whereon he had thrown himself in his clothes, came and kneeled and prayed, as he knew how very well to do; having heard good prayers from childhood up.

What those men had passed through that day, what was then pending in that cabin, what was averted, Evelyn Hope Holstein would not let her mind inspect. And this she told herself, while guarding against entertaining suspicions regarding acts which were not yet grounded in facts, then or afterwards, explicitly made known to her: but the *results* of which she took, year after year, with the *added* results, which the silent receiving (instead of rebuffing) of ignominy always piles up till the end comes. And as to the question, When shall that end be? that, some later volume of life, if not this one, may answer.

They left the trading boat at some convenient point and took passage on a Mississippi river-steamer.

Before leaving the business house, the younger brother had left the affair altogether.

Mrs. Holstein half-ill, as if living in a dream-world, was in the care of her husband and his manager and his manager's wife. A woman who wished to do as well as she could, but to whom many things relative to this line of procedure were *not* the utterly unknown quantity in the problem of life, that they were to little Mrs. Holstein.

Therefore never for a moment had she ranked *her* husband with any such things, unless under the supposition that he had gone mad—rank, staring mad! And a mad-man at times he seemed. But never disgusting was he, furious though his conduct often appeared. So much so that she often would have been terrified, had she not forever renounced that possibility, under the influence of her father's words, which asserted she must "*face and not fear*" every and any-thing which arose.

On the boat the hours went on,—how? Was Mrs. Holstein blind, deaf and dumb? or was she but bearing the unavertable, seeing it not, hearing it not but seeing, hearing and thinking only of the promise "I will lead the blind by a way they know not. I will make darkness light and crooked ways straight before them and never forsake them."

When they had gotten to the Gulf and had reached Louisiana she found that to question was now practically unnecessary for she realized what the privacy and clasping of hands and great pledging of one another had included, and decided that there had been a lack of frankness in business transactions which should have existed between her husband alone and the partners of the firm. But how impossible under those circumstances to speak of this to those onrushing men, as they journeyed. She realized her utmost then would be to hold to health of body and mind and be never a burden to Hermann, herself or the world.

It was so managed in carrying out all this that both in Louisiana and afterwards in Havana, the wife was largely separated from Hermann; as the two women commonly roomed together, leaving Mrs. Holstein very little opportunity of getting a personal word with the husband who was now a practically disguised man: not only in manner, voice and

style of clothes, but in that his brown, close-cut hair had now grown very long and was now dyed intensely black, as also was his very long mustache. The light-haired Maynard was in a like condition.

There were things in which the rest of the party liked participation which Mrs. Holstein did not:—drinking wine and other things like that were disagreeable to her, as were the brutal bull-fights of Cuba and the masquerade parties, fashionable at the hotels but not particularly acceptable to her ideas of things among a strange mass of men and women; things which she, as a minister's wife and a devout little christian maid, had considered unfitting and therefore not enjoyable. Therefore she passed them over; waiting the return of the rest of the party, occupied enough as far as that was concerned, and gladly greeted by Holstein when, coming back, he found her awaiting him, while for the transient moment, he looked in upon her.

Still what was not liked by her of course was, his disrelated, half-stranger-fashion which seemed to be "part of the play" both in Cuba and during the stay in New Orleans.

But going back to New Orleans. There they drove through the beautiful shell roads embowered as they were, by trees from which hung horsehair moss that like a lace drapery swaying in the breezes, added a diaphanous robe to the stalwart trunks and limbs thus bedecked. The tremendous cacti whose century-grown leaves bent not under the weight of one seated thereon, added to the thousand other new and august flowery beauties, would have satisfied Mrs. Holstein there, could she have instructively given herself up to the stories which they told of the wonder-working power of God. But not long enough did they tarry at any point to get at all which any moment contained. They but flitted through the picturesque hotels where graceful Creole ladies and gentlemen greeted them with offers of entertainment and offers of sights which "should be seen," unable to tarry as they were; though the conditions of that great State of Louisiana had in it historical and other matters concerning which they should have informed themselves: historical matters, and matters including anthropological conditions which they could have memorably garnered up with a hundredth part of the money

and with but the same amount of *time* as they elsewhere were giving away disadvantageously.

But a glance at the face of her husband, showed her, conditions which struck terror to Mrs. Holstein's heart. For clamped on as if with the greaves of a coat of mail was that armor of reticence, which enabled him at all times, to hide what his heart felt or his brain thought as he looked forth with a piteous steadfastness of gaze.

While there, in New Orleans Hermann had had photographs taken of himself. A picture is before me which I utilize to show the Rev. Holstein as then he looked though he was scarcely more than half through his twenties. Like an alarmed child he looked, perplexed at conditions for which he seemed as little able to account as he was to face them.

But not then would any questions or advice have been accepted by him. His quest was, a place to which to fly away from the consequences of an insane act. For insane he then had been as often he seemed to be at other moments of his career.

Mrs. Holstein had her soft-covered French pocket-bible with her, and now (as often in perplexity) she let the book fall open, placing her finger at a spot on the page which she then read as though it were a Divine leading. The words were in substance: I will lead the blind by a way they know not. I will make darkness light and crooked ways straight before them. . . . All this I will do and never forsake them;—and as she was reading this tranquillizing message, the artist said: “Madame, sit so, as you are. That will do: I’ll be ready in a minute!” and thus the picture was taken. When she rose and turned to Holstein, it was with a certainty that though she needs must speed away with him wherever he chose to go, yet One ‘greater than he’ was leading—not so much his outward actions as—the inward workings of soul as he rushed before impulses, which were resulting in showing to him conditions, moral and mental which, at this very time, he was seeking to comprehend.



Across through the Gulf they went again, down the Caribbean sea putting into port there under the frowning walls of Moro Castle.

In Spain she practically felt to be. Their hotel was opposite the Prado where almost daily were drilled the Spanish soldiers, whose tight-laced waists and well-built out chests seemed to leave in not too free action their muscles as they practise their double quick and return:—when their “grounding of arms” included no such instantaneous thud of all the guns in line as did that of our ‘boys in blue’: but instead, something in the way of a patter, patter, patter, which amused spectators there.

Oh—but the charm of the *dolce far niente* of that restful place. A place where your shop-keepers come to you and bring you, with endless patience, goods of which you feel you ought largely to purchase: but of which, however it might have been for the others, nothing there was attractive to Mrs. Holstein at that time, but one greatly needed substantial black silk which with her thrifty love of occupation and need for raiment, she had bought, cut and made and then had worn, as dress, coat and bonnet, when, suddenly one day Holstein, pale, nerve-strained but firm, told her he desired her to sail for New York with his brother and sister-in-law while he waited to attend to further business where he was.

Up by the Atlantic she went; reaching the city near where Hermann's sister and brother were homed: he carrying with him a heavy bag from which, in buying Mrs. Hermann Holstein's tickets from New York to Boston the money was *not* taken. And the single half dollar which was afterwards passed to her, with the courteous suggestion that 'it might be needed,' was taken from Maynard Holstein's pocket.

Possibly, by this time the impression had become established that Evelyn Holstein was so gently inane that, as she never spoke of money or asked about it, it rightly might be concluded that she never needed it.

But not inanity nor insanity impelled her, but her recognition that all poor, feeble, blundering-brutalities were of too fugitive and trifling a nature to call for a fixing of *her* mind upon them, seeing that all things orderly, healthy, righteous and fine were in the on-striding march of events for which she but waited and worked; being in readiness to receive and utilize *them*, as they came.

And Oh!—the joy of getting back and meeting mother, sisters and friends, where she was received as always she had been, as 'Evelyn come home'!

Then, as always, she took up her pen, and with a dash, a scribble, a reconstruction and adjustment, the stories were carried by her to three of the then prominent Boston story papers; among which was "Ballou's Magazine"; the proprietors of which, with a glance over her plain but sumptuous black silk suit (which as usual greatly over-represented the wealth (?) at her command) paid her well for the contributions and asked for more. They were published under various names. For she had no thought of ever making a profession of this that she simply did on the spur of the moment to make a penny, the same as years afterwards she did it to instead *relieve her mind of sights and insights* which, had she not thus uttered them would, by their suppression, have burst both brain and heart.

And now as in girlhood (without in the least releasing her prayerful care of her absentee) she drew long breaths, while her brain cleared and brightened and her health returned through the simple agency of feeling 'free to do her best on the spot she stood on,' midst her circle of friends. And of course,

as always, church work was taken up. And of course as always, music rearrived. Her friends and relatives were art lovers and in various ways created about them in simple forms, outward expressions of the beauty which filled their mental inner-world.

And now it must be told that in the course of the journeying (afterwards called the trip up and down the Mississippi, through the Gulf, up the Atlantic to Boston, and down again to Cuba and back home again) there had met the Holsteins at their hotel, a grave-faced and friendly man who was one of the partners of the Southern firm. Then at the consultation, a look from Hermann's strained and yearning eyes, gave the wife permission to retire, which she did into the chamber adjoining their little parlor; where, falling on her knees, she bowed her head under the storm which she felt had burst; but of which, she was sure God's care would avert the fury; while still as death she waited for what—step by step—she knew was beneficently arriving: she meanwhile knowing nothing of the conversation carried on in the room beyond.

At a summons from her husband she came forth to meet and bid farewell to the man, who never knew whether she were identified, or was the *instigator*, or but a *bearer* of the consequences of these men's mad acts; acts, so utterly out of line with anything she had supposed to be possible, that she had not once permitted herself to think of attributing such acts to her husband upon whose interior goodness she still relied.

So when in after time the news arrived that she and they all had been expelled from the Baptist church over which largely presided the man who had prayed that God would 'bless all christians *south* of Mason and Dixon Line';—her identification with that expulsion (faultless as she believed her life to have been) was but burned into her soul as a *way-mark* significant forever, of the utter valuelessness of sacerdotal dicta concerning *what* constitutes membership in the '*real* Body of Christ.'

If, at any time pain, sense of insult and injustice had been allowed to get foothold in her heart, all would have been lost. But always and always she knew that like Eve, she had chosen in marrying to walk out of her girlhood's Paradaical garden;

as, taking the hand of her Adam, she accompanied him whithersoever he must (for a 'must,' it seemed to be in his case) wander, breast-high in briars though it might be.

But now she was at home with the love-bringing, never-question-asking friends of her childhood and youth. If a sponge had been wiped over a slate on which was recorded a miscalculated problem, the case would have been but the same as (for a time) was all this that she had passed through:—as now she took up her little duties and worked and waited till *the future* should arrive.

Always her heart yearned toward children: that is, some children. Not because a child was a child did she love it, but in some children she saw that which gave her a sense of being called for a while, little or longer, to do for it what she then could do.

Amidst all this, one day returned to her, Hermann Holstein. He was received as if an hour before he had left; and was greeted as under those circumstances he would have been.

In a dreadful plight of health and heart and brain he was arrived; coming this time as a broken-hearted child comes to its mother; and as a mother, questioning nothing, but understanding enough, she received him, as did her friends.

It was the last day of the old year. The church had agreed that instead of 'watching the old year out,' a five o'clock morning meeting should be called to watch in with prayer the New Year's light. To this meeting Hermann Holstein desired to go, there to renew his vows and re-dedicate himself to God. And with him in his re-dedicatory act went his wife.

Midst his tensely wrought up nerve-system this quiet acquiescence of the wife who asked no questions (perhaps because she felt she knew all she wanted to) left him more easily to relax and recover what he always did thoroughly recover when he was with persons whom he felt did not blame him; and that was, self-assurance and ability to bound forward into new achievements quite as if the past were annihilated.

But it was his *present* that she now had to deal with; though in analyzing his *past* she felt it helped her better to remember that in most every case their point of view was not the same.

She had the good sense to not refer to these matters.

He began looking about, enlivened by the unbroken good fellowship which seemed to exist between them: with the result that he obtained an opportunity to fix up the badly entangled accounts of a business house the disentanglement of whose affairs had seemed impossible to those who had attempted it. But by him it was possible and was done with good repayal.

Then followed entering on business for a company, the agreement papers of which thirty-six years afterwards, lay among documents and letters preserved by him: and by him consigned to his wife as way-marks relative to points achieved and blunders utilized.

In her work for children Mrs. Holstein had visited what was then known as 'Van Meter's Little Wanderer's home': taking there one day a basket of fruit and other goodies for the babies' rooms, to which, when she was admitted, at once her eyes fell into the handsome, opal gleaming eyes of as miserably a distorted bundle of bones and skin as ever she had seen. She passed this mite—helpless and crippled as his legs were, seated aside and coiled up by himself as he was—the basket which she had in hand. A round-toned shout went forth which showed his lungs were there, as he called out. "Come fellows," gathering thus about him little toddlers from all sides. Then with a sumptuous air he judicially dealt forth all the basket contained, except the proper portion which he retained for himself.

"Can I come and get that baby and take him home for a little while?" she said to the matron; and her name and abode at her sister's being known, "Yes, and welcome," was answered.

"If I take him *now*, shall I keep him until I am ready to bring him back?"

"Yes," was the cordial answer: and the child was washed and dressed as well as could be, and home they went together. A very *risqué* thing it was of course. But always there was a sense that the years were passing and that nothing of particular value was being achieved, and that needs (especially child-needs) never stood still.

As was said by the sister when her surprised eyes met the

child, "It is not even a pretty child, and surely not healthy However?"—and the 'however' was followed with kindly co-operation as if it were but a matter soon to be overpast. But it was not a matter soon overpast; for Mrs. Holstein was too truly a *woman*, to idly face a life in line with the disjointed upheavals, which her exclusion from the purposes of the peculiar style of Holstein-energy, had precipitated on her, with all its misrepresentations of her personal nature, possibilities and natural order of achievement. So that child remained with her day by day for the next six years, and would have remained longer if, by that time Mr. Holstein's fourth adjustment of his affairs had not arrived, including, as seemed then to him necessary, the fact that the now-well-trained little lad could then go back to the friends from whom he had never really been taken, but only borrowed.

Mrs. Holstein loved work, and loved to work for the cleansing of the blood and brain and being, and for the straightening out of becrippled and becripping deformities and for the instructing of alert minds and for the cheering and brightening of little hearts like this, of the waif of whom she knew nothing at all, except that quite evidently, Passion had precipitated it on to the world, and that therefore *Principle* should lend a hand, at this epoch for the bettering of the results of Passion.

She did all this with a whole heart and with a cheerful intelligence that went far to displace the shocked-arrest of attention with which her soul regarded her husband. In this 'arrested attention' there was no element of blame or unkindness. No requests were ever made to him; no needs were expressed, no fault was found. But her state of arrested attention must have affected his mind as if he were brought face to face with the question, "Well, what next?"—though, and here was the element of reassurance to him, never did a doubt of her husband's conjugal rectitude cross her mind. Nor did she feel that his lapses from her ideals of integrity (I do not say his own) were incident to anything other than his immaturity of moral development which included miscalculation concerning the immutable character of cause and effect, and concerning the certitude that the sowing of seed

is followed by a reaping of the crop of which that seed is the precursor. For the rest, through it all, reigned her consciousness that he was impelled by fury-driven panics like those which had raged through the father's soul when at every restraint he had felt man-made interference alone had held him back from achieving God-ordained miraculous-results in other lands.

In after years a fuller knowledge made her realize what to her then seemed the further fact: that Hermann Holstein's past karma had attracted him to the home where these conditions were existent, because conditions there were part and parcel of his own uncompleted pre-natal career. An uncompleted career which was opposed in status to that in Evelyn Hope's home, where conformity to the old Spartan virtues seemed unavoidable in that nothing could make void the distinction between mine and thine.

She now concluded that he wanted her to trust implicitly in the best self of him. And in this best self she was trusting. He evidently had a goal which he wished to attain. So had she. She flattered herself that he wished to gather up his own unimpegnable individuality. He certainly had a right to do it. Whenever he got ready he would come to her with the purpose of trying to double up their possessions of outlooks. Later on, a crutch-needing crisis might arrive; if it did she would be on hand at her best to help him then. Meanwhile whenever mental conflicts might ensue she would realize that they would but probably precipitate on him a desire for soul-isolation which would result finally in sending him 'within for help.'

It was not a new matter for her to respect the individuality of another. That respect had been demanded and sustained to a large extent in the family which had homed her at the epoch of her reincarnation. Certainly then it was equally her business to respect the individuality of her husband, and this she would do for as long as life should last. It touched her rather keenly though when she found that his tendency to seclude his plans and purposes from her, had arisen from his sense that she had realms of mental or inspirational life which brought upon her a silence rather than an attempt to reveal their unspeakable matters.

Something or other which existed in womanhood, she now concluded, tended to make males, suspicious of it. And no wonder, because much of their religious instruction always identified woman's influence with the Eve, apple and serpent business, leaving them as it did many of the old Brahmins, apparently disgruntled at a recognition that 'Woman knew too much.' Yes, and it was said that the freemasons of whom her stately sister Elizabeth's husband was one, kept laid away in secret vaults, wisdom which was apparently too good for woman. All Mrs. Holstein cared about it was to know that it was the very best thing which men had to teach each other. For she did know this in its favor, that its pillars were Joachim and Boaz and sufficiently good pillars they were; and that there was very much less teaching about forgiveness than there was about right building of the whole being, scientifically considered, of man's triuned nature. She knew from some source that they did not expect (as Shakespeare says) to "jump the life to come" but that every step of the life, whether it was to come days hence or centuries hence, was to be dealt with as the result of what already had been formulated in action.

She was therefore very glad when she learned near that time, that Hermann Holstein had become one of the Fraternity of Ancient Free and accepted Masons, and that he was studying most vigorously the philosophy, ritual and instructions of the Order. An Order which demanded good life.

She was very glad to learn that Hermann had taken himself and his youthful misconduct to this brotherhood, as not forgiveness but restitution and reconstruction and a "strengthening of the things which remain"—she believed was their law, relative to the remission of sin.

With the facile readiness which accompanied Holstein's efforts to get out of trouble by plunging largely into achievements along new lines, within a year or two, success seemed tiding in. The brother-in-law at whose home the marriage had been consummated, probably had become the receptacle of the Gulf-stream-Caribbean-Sea-jaunt-story; for money had been loaned sufficient to reimburse certain outstanding liabilities: receipts for which were found among papers the preserving of which assisted at (and impelled forward) the telling of

this story. A story chiefly representing the processes which went on in the chemicalizing of his mental, moral and physical ingredients, as he boiled and bubbled and seethed over his unaerialized purgatorial self-management.

As soon as things were going well, one of the brothers arrived again laying plans for achievements, while precipitating Hermann into responsibility for the investment of money not yet accumulated by his own hands: but which it was the plan to let other persons stake as against Hermann's toils; while he bore the burden of the responsibility of the affair.

The brother who was the inventive genius of the family, had now on his face something of the interiorly-instructed intensity which looked forth from Hermann's eyes as, secure in his wife's steadfast-friendship for him, he came to her one day of his own accord; telling of a business project on which he was about to enter with relatives of his mother's family; saying: "I want you to name this store and the enterprise! And Evelyn?—we are to put out a monthly business paper for which I want you to write the fashion articles and the stories,"—assuring her that the money would be invested by those people, and that he and the brother would put in business and skilled work as against the money investment. It seemed to be a family matter. The men in it, equally responsible; and she feeling sure that they would at least get out of Hermann more than he would, out of them, did her part in keeping up her contributions to the paper. The life which followed was in the northern part of New England among his mother's family-friends; whose unflinching kindness, overloaded as they were with cares, was reciprocated by Mrs. Holstein.

But from the start one arbitrary command of this rushing tearing dominant-darling, her husband, cast restraints on her life which had never concealed anything nor had held anything which needed concealment. This was the arbitrary command: Hermann Holstein forbade his wife to enter upon church work or to consecutively attend, in a self-identifying way, any church. Because with his excruciating love of approbation he desired to turn the light off from whatever he had buried in oblivion; and therefore ordered his wife away from intercourse which might lead to the revealing of the fact that they had both been hustled forth from that church where

prayers had been so definedly offered for "all christians south of Mason and Dixon line."

Once and again in after years Mrs. Holstein felt displeased with herself that she had not then said, when that request was made, "Here, I draw the line. I will help you, I will not 'meddle with your affairs,' as you call it; neither will I now *succumb* to your fashion of demanding that my outward life shall in any way misrepresent my inward state." At times she felt that she should have told him (and have made him listen while she spoke) that during war-times it was all too common that ambitious young men had in their business life, pages which were far from free from things which it remained for them, by their after-life, to rectify: but that this rectifying of wrongs did not include (but was the reverse of) a laborious hiding of the fact that the wrongs had been committed. But not fully did she do this, because her husband was then so over-wrought by a hurtling fury to get something done which he felt would more privately right up his affairs, that even a reference to anything not prefaced with praises, caused him to fling away from her help, looking at her as if she had repelled him;—once calling her "self-righteous," and once intimating that she did not want to do whatever he told her to, in order to help him out of his difficulties.

Therefore a thirty-five years later review of the affair gave her to feel that on the inspiration of the moment she had done what was best for her husband, conditioned as he was; though it apparently involved her in results which piled discredit on her reputation relative to business matters, which one way and another, ever increasing, she bore, in her disregard for every thing but her determination to "do her husband good all the days of her life": especially as she trusted to his conjugal rectitude.

The point then settled at that time, being that if she would *do* nothing and *be* nothing, and *say* nothing and *associate* with nothing that would lead up to a recognition that she was a religious woman separated from the church which she loved, and would never seem unhappy about it, all else could be allowed her. She could saddle-ride and drive with the girl-cousin up there, and have all the books she wanted, and

time and quiet. But to church she was not to go. And as time and quiet and books and saddle-exercise, with the continued care of the child whom she was teaching daily, filled her time pleasantly and profitably, she was happy enough *almost*; and acquiescingly left the rest to him, working hard every moment along these studious lines and being good to him who desired to be so very good to her.

In one way or another, matters prospered; as far as then she was allowed to know: but in winding up (she surmised but did not know) they might have left Holstein complicated in the money losses which accrued, during those somewhat dashing years spent by the money investors.

But whatever his plans for the further carrying on of affairs: there was pressing on Holstein's heart (as presses on the soul of a communicant disrelated from a church on whose graces it is thought that the hopes of heaven depend) the need for managing, by the aid of the pastor of the Fifth Avenue church of New York, a reinstatement in church bonds.

Ever and ever I do claim that the mutilation (or shall I say the arrest) of that possible great man's latent faculties came from his educational-immersion in the preposterous *talk* about "escaping the justice of God."

On the breaking up of the business in the Northern State, Hermann Holstein returned to the University town adjacent to Boston where the uncle, who had been his pattern and instructor preparatory to entering on his theological course, having recently died, the widow and family still remained at the parsonage. The house was a large one and arrangements were made to rent there ample rooms and board for Mr. and Mrs. Holstein and the child, the "little wanderer" who was still with them.

Here without restraint Mrs. Holstein was not only left to proceed with society and church work, but to enjoy the scientific advantages of that University town, which gave her access to lectures, libraries and opportunities for research. After this adjustment of affairs, Hermann Holstein imparted the news that he was now to be one of twelve men who were going out on a prospecting mining-tour, each of whom were to put in a thousand dollars: and then glad that his wife was so well employed and content with her work and surroundings

he went his way. But from this trip he early returned a sadder and a wiser man; having again lost all he had invested; but having gained health from the trip and some other values which, at every turn accrued to him, bringing as they do, at least experiences, to those who review and utilize them.

Not many months afterwards, with his heart and head now turning to the work upon which he felt his wife had never let go her hold he found himself ready to accept a call in 1874 to a church in Massachusetts. The adjustment of his church-standing had been secured in the Fifth Avenue church, New York; and while this whiffing in and out of church-interests at the beck and call of a control outside of one's own inspiration and convictions, and this breaking up of the delightful work into which, so palatably, she had settled herself, was not fascinating to Mrs. Holstein, yet she demurred not; though in her mind she very sharply faced the fact that, if this in view, were a Calvinistic church, she was not there going to misrepresent herself, by having a letter taken to it, as she had been misrepresented when she had been pushed out of the southern church and yet again had been misrepresented when afterwards she had been not allowed to attend worship, lest attendance in that Northern city should throw light on the fact that Hermann and she no longer were accepted-church members.

Pleasant enough though the home had been in the house of the widow of the 'battle-axe of the denomination,' yet the hammering away with the conserved family force of that battle-axe, in time became too much of a good thing. For so impressed had aunt Melinda become with the idea that Evelyn's Calvinistic-education left much to be desired, that, in order to have a good opportunity, to put in some strokes, she invited Mrs. Holstein all unsuspecting on a junketing trip with a lunch-basket and such nice things to (not to say a cheerful place) but to Mount Auburn Cemetery.

On arriving there, having seated themselves, this aunt, with her handsome black eyes bubbling full of the coming victory and merriment at her adroitness in capturing the subject, said:—

"Now Ever, I'm going to know if you are sound on the Articles of Faith."

In view of the fact that this was not to be an intellectual feast but a mere dogmatic attack, light fusilladings of which had often before been deployed, Mrs. Holstein, mentally defending herself, began by merrily answering:—"Just to think of it! Enticing me out a'picnicing and then beginning in this way!"

"No matter," said the aunt. "I'm going at once to know, do you or do you not believe in the devil?"

Then the niece, (only in law you know, not really in blood) drawing herself together as if at last ready to intrust a confession to the bosom of a friend, said:—"Aunt Melinda, if I tell you, will you keep it private?" With brightening eyes she whispered, "Yes." Then said Evelyn: "You ask do I believe in the devil? I have to confess—are you sure that you will never tell?—that my faith is fixed on nothing less than Jesus and His righteousness, not on the devil and his devilishness!" A muffled but a merry laugh rang out through the secluded path, as the strong-willed aunt said:

"You can't get off that way. You must tell me," &c. This was getting to be rather too much, for with all the serious problems she had on mind, Mrs. Holstein saw no occasion for this foolish badgering over matters which were unhandleable by even the whole creed, let alone by such fragmentary bits. And it was enough for her to be good and patient under the dictations, restrictions and changing freaks of Holstein's tender-hearted spasmodic attempts at righteousness: while as for this matter, to it she decided to put an end or find a more tranquil home.

Then said the aunt, "Ever, you're not a good Calvinist."

"I have just barely time to be a good christian," she replied.

"Evelyn you expect to save *yourself!*" said the Aunt.

"Well Aunt Melinda, that would leave Divine Wisdom more time to look after you and your lads and lassies."

"You cannot and shall not get out of it that way!" she said, and Evelyn rising replied: "If I lived at your house and had to hear too much of this I should wish I were dead."

"Why Ever!" ejaculated the would-be preceptress. "The bible says that 'all that a man hath he will give for his life.'"

"The Bible?" said Mrs. Holstein. "Of course you mean that one being in the Bible is reported as having said that.

And that being was hardly a pattern fellow. For you remember it was the devil who said it to Job when he was tempting Job."

"Why! Why!" ejaculated she, "I really believe it was."

"Yes'm. For the chief clinch that any insolent dominator can get upon any cowering coward, is to inspire such an one with such a fear of death as will lead the coward to state, do or be anything, on the supposition that everything else is well lost if but that poor thing, *mortal breath* can be kept within the panting nostrils! *Now* will you leave me alone? If you will, I'll read Calvin's Institutes, through, from start to finish and give you my opinion afterwards." They merrily clasped hands on that, and soon afterwards were on the cars homeward bound: where the next thing done by Evelyn was the getting down of "Calvin's Institutes" into which she plunged, giving months to the studying of that man's life and of his execruciating, woman-terrifying statements; which among other things gave it to be understood that an unborn being was supposed to be in a state fitted to receive eternal damnation, if it lost what little life it had, before being born, because therefore it would have died unbaptized.

The horrible accounts of the agonizing methods by which enterorized expectant mothers sought themselves to baptize the unborn babes, once and for all stanchioned Mrs. Hermann Holstein's soul through and through, with the determination that before ever allowing herself to have even her letter moved into another Baptist church, she would find out what she was supposed to accede to concerning what some other man believed about her own Majestic Sovereign God, Maker of heaven and earth.

It was a brave study that she gave to the business, taking notes, comparing parts and thoroughly acquainting herself with Calvin, as well as with the means which had been brought to bear on the poor young man, before he took up the fight which ended in putting himself on record as the author of those "Institutes."

These things then all just hint at the matters of the past of those people: the man and woman who arrived in the town of Leominster near the winter holidays of 1874, to take up there a recontinuance of Baptist church work.

CHAPTER VI.

"By solitary persistent thought one may penetrate at last to the essence of things,—the ultimate principle."

THERE was something crisp and cheerily inviting about that change to Leominster as far as the Rev. Holstein's appearance and outlook at events were concerned. It was November, but they had gotten ready for November, and a bitter winter and much out doors parish work. Hermann Holstein had gotten flesh on his frame, which with his buoyant courage gave his face a look which it would have seemed he never could have taken on. Yet why not? He was reinstated in denominational fellowship and had a church ready to work with him heartily, and more than that, as he said, he had a wife ready to start life all over again with him, though not such a statement of the case as this would have laid hold on Mrs. Holstein's mind. Yet she recognized that this readiness to start "all new" had its advantages to one of Hermann's temperament; and she knew, as he had once told her, that she was something of a "root-grubber": but in response to that name, looking into the case, she considered that, if she only grubbed roots in order to see what destructive form of life was injuring growth, the process made her no more unhappy than the disturbing of flies and moths averages to make one who seriously cares for the survival of the fittest.

As she looked at Hermann she told herself there was nothing to prove that he was an india-rubber man; though as long as his wife did not fail to keep up and impart courage, he had an elasticity of rebound which puffed up nerve and tissue in a way that made it seem he had a life-insurance for a hundred years to come.

Those who had met him in New Orleans and during Cuban days would not have recognized this jocund, jubilant man as being he of that other epoch.



The start for Leominster in a way, seemed like a bridal trip, and an entrance on a first pastorate. Yet, it had the advantage that Mr. and Mrs. Holstein were not only acquainted with each other, but were now a good bit more fully acquainted each with self. Better still, as far as Mrs. Holstein was concerned, her plunge into the depths of all Calvin had to tell about himself and philosophies, had caused her not only to come up out of the fiery smudge, glad to breathe pure air again, but also glad to have discovered that the spiritual Principle back of his symbol-crowded statements was the very principle which thrilled her being, as, the 'mystery of the majesty' of that God who becomes flesh and dwells among men.

In going to Leominster the name of the church had been an inspiration to Mrs. Holstein. It was the one Baptist church in the town of Leominster. To her mind, at its mention as a possibility, its name divided itself, as The Leo Minster, or

the Lion church. For after visiting there and having heard some of the old members, speaking of their work, call the church the "runt," (which means the little tiny pig) of the litter,—the name 'The Leo Minster' took hold on her as an offset to that belittling idea. So, not as 'the least of all,' but as the Leo Minster did she now regard that church and its future work; and so she told Hermann to his great delight.

There was, as in most every Baptist church, some latent repellences regarding the Calvinistic creed. In going to Leominster not only had restrictions on church attendance and church work been removed from Mrs. Holstein, but also her claim to no longer make a pretence relative to the fact that for her, not creedalism but Christ alone was the pivotal centre of life and scripture, had been accepted by Holstein.

So it came about that, at his first ministrations at the meetings for 'prayer and conference,' he had stated the primeval Baptist doctrine as distinguished from Calvin's views of the matter, explaining in his large and truly Jovial way, that it was to aid them in taking their own right stand, as true and simple Baptists, that he had come among them; and that, therefore, so that they all might understand what in his opinion that meant, he desired them to each have bibles in their hands at the meetings for prayer and conference; in order that at once they could make personal investigation, as to what they individually believed should be a scriptural wording of "the Baptist Faith and Practice." This *did* make a stir; but they all took hold of it. For not a few of the younger people there, had rather the air of disliking the "runt" theory, (good farmer name as it is for the little pig of the family) and therefore went in to this new form of dignified scriptural research with all the feeling of being one of an august conclave assembled for an august purpose. For they understood that they had now set themselves to help in finally wording a statement of doctrine which, after they personally had helped to word it and then had voted for it, would be by no means the finishing up of the affair; but on the reverse, would include their further defining in their lives, the refining power of the indwelling Spirit whom they had accepted, (at the opening prayer of that creed-considering-meeting) as their guide and Inspiration.

The result was, a scriptural wording of faith was formulated, submitted for discussion and then unanimously accepted by that church.

At the first meeting of the Foreign and Home Mission and Social Society of that church, after the minister's wife had been elected President, in her paper of greeting and of an outlay of work, she spoke of the church as "The Leo Minster in whose inherent capacities there dwelt the power of the Lion of the Tribe of Judah." And the name Leo Minster and all that it could or should be made to signify, laid hold on the imaginations of the people most upliftingly.

It was a vigorous opening up of affairs; and if the time had now come for it, a *record* of the work done there and of the inspirations which illumed the air and filled progress, would make a book in itself. But not here now can it come in.

It was a splendid opening; and the change which had come over the Rev. Holstein as shown in the illustration, was but an outward expression of his inward enlargement of zeal and power to do The Leo Minster work. The only point of hindrance being that not then (nor ever at any one time in all the following years) could he or would he settle entirely to carrying out the spiritualizing-ideals which he well-formulated in words, but which were not to him ideals which were rooted and sprouted in the depths of his soul; but were ideals repeated, rather as reflected, from his wife's mind. If they had been his ideals, if they had been an output from the overwhelming pressure within him like that which strained on nerve of soul and spirit of his wife, they would for him have blotted out desire for ever leaving that spot; because he would have felt that any spot where willing hearts and intelligent minds are waiting ready to work out that which is in line with the evolution of humanity's highest powers, was a spot big enough to stand upon and work out from.

The difference between Mr. Holstein and his wife was, he never could see 'the spot he stood on'; while she saw such affluence of possibilities and such a sufficiency of eternalizing work "on the spot she stood on" that always she was pulling to stay where she was and do the work there given to do, while he was always pulling to get away, to leave what he had begun, while he started elsewhere something new. It

made their lives, from the first to the last decade, to be but a beginning of things, though in the last decade her better intelligence told her that what she had felt were but "beginnings" were in every case but the "nexts" which (as the Swedenborgians say) come into play for the general good when each soul does his duty on the spot he stands on.

Before me, is Mrs. Holstein's private journal dated October, 1874: a month or so before the removal to Leominster; which gives useful sketches at conditions: because during more than forty years her journals were receptacles of mental outpours when self-inspection and relief were imperative, either on occasions when she needed to pull herself down out of the clouds, or up out of what seemed to her to be the muddy spots in the life path which it was her business to walk through. This newly opened journal of 1874 breaks forth thus:—

"As to my inner life (my real life) the Divine Providence has led me on safely; though I read any and everything that I can relish. Believing the words, 'And if ye drink any deadly thing it shall not harm you,' I have gone on as if I had an antidote at hand for any philosophies supposed to be 'new and strange.' I wish I could make as sure of having an antidote for the tobacco poison which so often deluges the pure air. But to drop that, what I am telling myself is, that dull-goodness seems to me as paradoxical as a dark-sun, or a motionless-hurricane or a frozen-summer, or a soul-made-of-flesh, which last is to me the most impossible idea of all. For I cannot remember a time when my soul has not seemed prancing up and down blithely in my body, questioning, not only about how it was made, but about what the breath-of-God-in-it ought to empoweringly do in, for and through the Temple it inhabits. Many of these questions are only serviceable to speak about in my journal.

"For they seem out of line with common sense to persons we average to meet; and popular answers (if any) given to much simpler questions, set my soul dancing in dissatisfaction and rebellion at the way, persons reckon life by thinking of the *down-below* instead of the *Up-Above*, as being the starting point. Many people would think that the last way was 'treating the subject upside down.'

“But why should *I* be hunting for teachers when the promise left me is ‘I will send my Spirit and He shall lead you into all truth.’

“That promise is large enough for me; for ‘*All Truth*,’ is Infinite Truth; and therefore covers the needs of Infinity and Eternity. Some of the quaking souls would say ‘Oh! the leader is quite able; but it is *you*, you little mite of dust, who are the dead failure in the proposition.’ I say no. For Spirit would not be sent to lead us, unless in the recognition that those whom It was sent to lead, were *capacitated* to follow His leadings! Otherwise it would be a mere fiasco on the part of the sender. Now I am sure of all these facts. And I am sure of them because, Spirit can lead spirit; and at my making, it was *The Spirit* which breathed Its breath into me and made my soul to be a living recipient of Spirit: and the image of Spirit.

“And this I tell *you*, my journal!

“Hermann brought me a new book today, written by a Unitarian. Just even the picture on the cover was a gift for which I heartily thanked him. It was a symbolical illustration: and we talked it over together. First there are glory-rays forming a circle; and in the centre of these rays, is a triangle; and in the centre of that, there is, in Hebrew letters the Incommunicable Name of Jehovah. This illustration is done in gold on a dead black cover. It is like a flood of golden light picturing amid the blackness of darkness, the mysteries of that Spirit which moves in the depths and heights of Being.

“Whatever there is *within* the book, it probably is something relative to that of which a Seer said, ‘And over all the glory, a covering.’ Now I shall not look in upon the glory which may be within this book until I have gotten all which I can get from the ‘covering’ of the book. Then I will see whether the covering reveals rather than conceals what the writer has to say within. I hope it will be something about the glory of the triuned Word exhibited in script and set forth in the written word and in nature and in the Indwelling Power of the con-science which, thrilling within us inherently knows with and is known to that Incommunicable Name. In that Name are hidden ‘all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.’ Of these treasures Jesus spoke as being ‘like the treasures

in the field, of which it was said, a man would do well to sell all that he had' in order to purchase it. But in which, the field-owner would then have to do his own digging. And now all this, I know to be fact! And to dig for life I am *not* ashamed.'

"I do wish my Hermann more loved 'to dig' in his soul's own garden. To arouse his slumbering energies. For other energies that are now so wide awake, are of the instinctive, (I hardly want to say animal sort, but) childish, immature sort.

"*November, 1874.* Two weeks ago Hermann, as I understand, was called to go to Leominster; but he has told me since that there were reasons against it; and he has made attempts to get others to supply his place there; and one after another, the attempts seemed to fail and the time for going was getting nearer and nearer. He was talking it over with me, wondering what would come of it; when taking my bible I opened it for a 'leading,' and put my finger on I Kings, Chapter XII, 6th, 7th and 8th and following verses: and then I read aloud to him the 6th and 7th:

"And King Rehoboam consulted with the old men that stood before Solomon his father while he yet lived, and said, how do you advise that I may answer this people?

"And they spake unto him saying, If thou wilt be a *servant* unto these people this day, and will serve them and answer them and speak good words to them, then will they be thy servants forever.' The other verses following were left out of the question. To me the *possibilities* of the case lay in the answer which the old men who stood before Solomon had given Rehoboam; so that the affair now seemed to be entirely left in King Rehoboam's hands to act upon successfully, if he liked the business as laid out before him, of being 'a servant,' at once to these people, 'answering them and speaking good words to them.'

"I said this to Hermann, assuring him that nothing less than the grandeur of a service such as Jesus rendered, and a speaking of *Good* or *God*-words (not man-made words) would secure a union between his work there and those people's needs: a union and a settlement there which would bring about things comparable with the ideal set forth in the statement '*then, they will be thy servants forever.*' For in that case a mutuality of service might accrue, which would lay hold on eternity.

"This seemed too seriously permanent a transaction for the look-ahead-full-of-many-jumps-and-turns, which, naturally attracts Rev. Hermann Holstein.

"As I looked at him, I felt he was not really 'converted to God.' Not that I doubted his wish to be fully an *average* good man. But this matter of being 'converted to God' in my mind, included very much such a sort of reconstructionary-performance, as would have to be brought to bear, before raw material (say old rags) by going through a shredding up, cleansing and hot-iron-pressing process, is 'converted to' *paper*." Mrs. Holstein had a curious mind, in a way. For whatever little glimpses she caught here and there, of mechanical contrivances had each been treasured up as an accurate hint at processes carried on in the mental mechanism of the business of soul-building. She had told Hermann something like this. But it was not particularly pleasing to him, and with a laugh at her he had kissed her brow, as he said: "I can't go in to all *that* now! But I call those two verses a lucky hit."

To proceed with the journal:—"November. When he went to Leominster, Hermann told the people the story of his attempt to get some one else to preach for them, and how the time drew nearer and nearer, till like Jonah he seemed driven against his will to come and testify to them.

"I afterwards told him, that if they had followed up that analogy they would not have been particularly flattered by the likening of them to the Nineveh set. But he told me I mustn't expect him to make his analogies go on all four legs; to which I replied, I only asked him to have them go on *two* legs, human-like, with face uplift to heaven: and he said 'You go into everything too deep!' And I suppose I do, for a busy world. For I *love* the heights and the depths of the unsearchable riches of Christ.

"Then as I was telling you, Journal, he told them of the verses which came as 'a leading'; and he read them to the people so that they were carried away, and declared it was 'the Lord's doings': and he must come. And then in his debonair style he put them off, saying that he would come up the next Sabbath and fetch Mrs. Holstein with him, and think the matter over.

"There is a man there, who is against Hermann's coming.

His name is Mr. Bishop. He has heard some things; and besides is averse to having a tobacco-smoking minister come among young people; not only because it is a bad example, but 'because a man who smokes, is not at his best, and is injuring himself, and besides is indulging in an acknowledged vice'; and he said a church did not 'want to salary a man for preaching about holiness, except as he comes right up to the mark in his own habits of life.' Also in the business place in the North, in the Masonic fraternity, there was a man not in favor of having Hermann accepted there. But that has been talked over and settled; and now Hermann has told Mr. Bishop what he thinks is a good story, about a man who thought he saw a wolf in the fog; but who did not want to run away lest it should chase him, and so looking it steadily in the eye he went toward it and found, on getting nearer, it was his own brother whom he loved dearly.'

"November 22nd. I do not know whether Mr. Bishop is a free-mason or not. He seems a very fine man and has a beautiful spirited wife, and their daughter (the organist) is a refined young girl. The son is an attractive boy and I sympathize with Mr. Bishop's views about not having a smoking and expectorating minister.

"When I was up there visiting, some one asked me, 'Do you approve of smoking Mrs. Holstein?' and I answered, 'Why I never do it, did you think I did?' which like many answers makes them laugh a little while it saves me from complications; because I hate the vulgarity of opposition to a husband almost as much as I hate the complicity which frivolous answers or silent acquiescence includes. Why could not Hermann have been just a little bit more consistent with his higher self? I should be almost too happy if he could come right up to his own best level. But that he will do soon. For it would be dreadful if he comes to feel that he does not like my best level of thought any better than I like his lowest level of thought. It brings to mind the old question, How shall two walk together unless they be agreed? to which I answer now as I did before we married, when he asked if I would 'walk with him till travelling days were done.' I told him then I was a 'yoke-fellow' with Christ, and he knew that I understood that he, a minister was a 'yoke-fellow' with Christ,

and that therefore we (the Lord, he and I) unitedly would give a good pull to that chariot of the Lord, whose wheels roll on fire.

“He has changed very much however since the days when he wanted me to ‘walk in his steps’ literally. For then it seemed, and was at the time, significant of his determination that I should step spiritually in his steps.

“Our betrothal was singular perhaps. I know for a fact that the electrifying union with Spirit divine as it clicked through my brain and nerve, was in touch with that Spirit in him, and aroused him then as it often arouses him now, bringing on him torrents of life, stirring up now *all* that is in him; and that that ‘*all*’ includes his tremendous business faculty; and which also thus gets fired up to accomplish more things at every moment than any mortal man can do single-handed—yes, or even by the management of others, unless he has a mighty power of moral steadiness.

“I do not want that pungent touch removed; but I do want him to understand that his only hindrance is, that he cannot become what he yet may be, until he loves, *loves*, *LOVES*, (oh—ecstatically) loves ‘Righteousness.’ But how can he labor to cultivate Indwelling Righteousness when he believes that, by some artificial process it is all ‘imputed’ to him, if but he will believe that his sins are ‘laid on Jesus.’

“*November 30th.* He says he made a clear story of his difficulties in his first settlement (I do not know what difficulties he had there) and of his ‘slump’ in business, and of having paid off ten thousand dollars, and of having gotten rid of other debts by going through bankruptcy.

“Gotten rid of debts? What does that mean? What a mess business is! I would rather have ten dollars a week and live on it, than be responsible for so many things of which I know nothing, and with which I had nothing to do as I understand the case. He explains to me that he told it all out plain up at Leominster; and that they ‘sympathized with him and expressed regret at the way they went to work about hunting him up.’ And now they have given him a hearty call to the church.

“I wonder if it means, he told it all to the free-masons as well as to the church-men? And I wonder if Mr. Bishop had it in both cases?

“However,—I will do my best to try to look at Hermann’s affairs from *his* standpoint; while I deal with my own affairs and conduct and plans, from my standpoint. And my standpoint is that of a ‘yoke-fellow with Christ.’ For it was as being, a yoke-fellow with Christ that Hermann asked me to become his companion for life, probably only taking the sense of the *other* term as revivalists average to take it, when they use the words with which Jesus describes his yoke when he said of it ‘My yoke is easy and my burden is light, and you shall find rest to your soul’; forgetting (as these revivalists often seem to) that Christ’s yoke is easy and the burden is light *only* as the yoke-fellow squarely puts his head into the yoke and squarely pulls *with* Christ, not against him and not flinching from the path, along which together Christ and the yoke-fellow are appointed to walk by Supernal Intelligence. I do not call it an easy matter.

“I thought Hermann understood this when I told him about it at our engagement, but I now think that much of what I said about that scripture but became to him ‘pulpit words’ to remember as ‘good hits,’ to be used at a future public ministration.

“Part of the church are absolutely fascinated with the swoop, *éclat* and general vigor and jollity with which Hermann has dashed in. I am not adapted to it. Yet I don’t want him to go against his nature! And perhaps his being in the ministry will be good for him and bring an uplift to him out of the (to me) rollicking, rough manners of the commercial-traveller sort; into one side of which his nature (as well as his five or six past years of experience) were developing him. I am not adapted to that quality of life. It made a great gulf between me and the sorts of people with whom I had to occasionally come in contact during those years. Therefore at this time, in the prime of my life, the problem is, how to do my work, no matter how hard it is, while distinctly holding myself aloof from things related to the commission of bankruptcy sort which sound to me like nothing better than a commission of larceny, though as Hermann told me (and as I partly believe) that is because I am a woman and know nothing about that line of business. At times I wish he could have been content to keep out of the pulpit (much as I love our

church work) while we worked and scrimped and saved, as I would have been glad to do, till he paid his debts. Still, his life, with the two sides of his nature, is his to manage, while it is mine to but help him, I meanwhile carrying on in addition my own life at my own level as well as I can.

"It is probably a good thing for him to,—of course it's a good thing for him—to act in freedom! And all I have to say to you my journal about it is, that I'll do the best I can.

"Leominster, *December 12th.* Here we are at Leominster; and have been here for some weeks. Amidst conditions which are swooping along successfully and brightly, I must keep in mind two things: they are, to keep myself straight as to pennies and principles. But a wife is so far from having freedom of action that, whatever comes and goes she must expect to bear the blame for not preventing all evil, no matter how impossible that is, or else she must be reversing Adam's old statement by saying 'Not I, but the man you gave me, did it.'

"I wonder if the prayer that I put up so fervently when I was thirteen years old is going to take effect? I prayed then (as I heard that a good man once prayed) that God would baptize me into all sorts and conditions of men. During the last ten years I, at least, have had a baptism into a sight of some of the *ideas* of so-called religious men concerning things which I never guessed had existence."

Questions when aroused do not readily fall asleep unanswered. This Mrs. Holstein realized. The principle at stake back of the questions, sent her about the work of trying to release young minds from that unintelligent fear which, under alarm, tends to secrete errors and qualities which, revealed, analyzed and inspected could, by the young, be then rejected or so reconstructed as to be made available for future uses.

She found herself trying to do for the young persons about her, what she vainly wished had in childhood been upbuildingly done for Hermann Holstein. For with her unreportable view of the case, she was distressed that he (as she considered) had become additionally hampered by the results of the steps taken in the very attempt to escape "results." For the let-

ters gotten from the New York church were significant of a "good and regular standing in the denomination" which so quickly reattained seemed as artificial as had been the Southern church's statement relative to the Holsteins' standing. For in her case, Mrs. Holstein had never lost it: for she had never flinched in her hold on the teachings of the original Baptist church concerning that God of justice to whom she had committed herself; and from whom she had never wished to escape, and to the divine certitudes of Whose Justice she had delivered over her soul in the assurance that Paradise could hold no more empowering an embrace than is the unescapable grasp of that Eternal Justice. A Grasp (and thankful and serene she now felt as she realized it) which, when her husband should *love* It, would lift him up out of his fears and fugacious-precipitances, into the self-poised liberty of sons of God.

But of this, she saw Hermann, because of his long contranatural education, had no conception. She foresaw the day would come when (after all that he felt had been accomplished) he would yet find matters remained where they were at first; that is, in the hands of Infinite Wisdom who—regardless of the condemnation or approbation of man—was dealing with the basal facts of the educational-necessities of every soul at each crisis. She realized that the God of Omniscient-Justice knew about Hermann's lack of rigorous, moral discrimination; his timidity in bearing up under blame or dispraise, his flightiness regarding the law of cause and effect, and his overwhelming tendency toward the show and appearance (rather than the substance and permanence) of deeds.

Often it came upon her like a black cloud that these moral hindrances would block up real progress again and again until he came to a sense of the fact that the Mississippi River escapade was an outward sign of his soul's disease, which must be cured before he attained permanent outward ease and outward order.

A foreseeing spirit is a burdensome thing in a sense; and yet when "foreseeing" prepares one, so that no shock of confusion makes matters worse when the time of trial arrives, then this is but serviceable. So she faced the fact, at the same time realizing that one soul cannot force personal growth

along a given line upon another. Because, step by step the calvary of life is upclimbed only as each personally takes each successive step. She wished, however, that mid his complications he had abstinently and comprehendingly turned to that Infinite Justice Whom, knowing the end from the beginning clears up all complications at each step of the way. For these complications, always arising about his path, made Hermann's status that of one who though he had received the word of righteousness not yet could be translated from his afflictions, until he had received, into his heart a *new sense* of what he had done. She saw that, until he should 'receive into his heart a new sense of what he had done,' those unrectified entanglements even amid the apparent successes of succeeding years would bring on him added complications. She foresaw by his attitude of mind toward the past, that he had 'not fulfilled the days of his sins,' because the faults of his nature were so fully a part of the nerve and fibre of his moral and mental make-up that he was by them held at the mercy of Satan who, 'desired to sift' him wheatlike, as he had sifted Peter.

The work at Leominster was so vivacious and in some senses new, that within a year the fame of it, reaching to Washington, D.C., resulted in calling the Rev. Holstein to a prominent church there, of his denomination.

As often happens, the things which one should know at first relative to contemplated projects, refuse to come to light until a good bit later on, when strength and time seem to have been wasted in bearing with (instead of facing and rectifying) conditions. But this is all probably a mere matter of seeming. However that may be, the matter burdensome to the Washington church, related to restrictive impedimenta which seemed to be lessening the intrinsic value of a work which theretofore it had tended to aggregate. But such was the comprehensive grip which the Rev. Hermann Holstein immediately got upon matters committed to him, that he at once planned to deal with them as he saw fit; and if that plan could not be carried out, after a dash-in, crash-in and do-what-he-could, he flew to pastures new, leaving who-might-come-after to pick up the flinders which such healthy convulsions usually flung to the surface, much to the advantage but more to the surprise of those concerned.

An article just at hand from "The Gazette" printed September 22nd, 1878, three years after Hermann Holstein's settlement, contained the following statement relative to the:—

CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH.

ITS HISTORY—A REMARKABLE INSTRUMENT—PROSPERITY OF THE CHURCH AND ITS USEFULNESS.

On the 15th day of June, in the year 1869, was executed one of the most remarkable instruments ever put upon the records of the National Capital. For some time it had been evident that a new society of Baptists must be formed, and on May 28, 1862, a number of interested persons met at the residence of Deacon C. S. Butts, and after some preliminary discussion agreed to form a new church, and adjourned until June 2d, when they were to take active measures for the accomplishment of their worthy purpose. On that day a number of members of other Baptist churches met pursuant to adjournment and constituted a church under the name of the Sixth Baptist Church of Washington, adopting the views of doctrine expressed in what are known as the "New Hampshire Articles of Faith." This church and congregation form a society in which members of the congregation are permitted on certain conditions to vote and hold certain offices connected with the society. The first officers of this church as elected were: Deacons—C. S. Butts, J. T. Fales and C. H. Norton; trustees—Hon. Amos Kendall, D. C. Whitman and H. Beard; treasurer—R. C. Fox; clerk—W. R. Butts.

The relations of this last worthy and well beloved brother were to be very brief with the church of his choice, for in November of the same year he was called to a brighter and better existence.

Rev. J. S. Kennard consented to act as pastor of the church until September, 1862; after which, temporary supplies were procured until February, 1868.

On the 11th of September, 1862, David Haynes was elected trustee, to supply a vacancy occasioned by the removal from the city of D. C. Whitman, and at the same meeting the name of the church was changed to the

CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH.

On the 24th day of September, 1862, the church was recognized by a council of delegates from the following churches: First Baptist Church, Rev. G. W. Samson and Deacon J. C. Lewis; Navy-Yard Church, G. F. Gulick and H. E. Marks; Island Baptist Church, Rev. C. C. Meador and Deacon G. M. Kendall; Fourth Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Rev. R. Jeffreys. At the service in the evening the prayer was offered by Rev. C. C. Meador, sermon by Dr. Jeffreys, right hand of fellowship by Dr. Samson, and closing prayer by Rev. J. S. Kennard. At the annual meeting the original officers were re-elected, and R. W. Fenwick elected clerk in place of W. R. Butts, deceased. In January, 1868, a unanimous call was extended to Rev. T. R. Howlett of Trenton, New Jersey, who accepted the pastorate a month later.

The congregation worshipped in Temperance Hall and in the Old Trinity Church for several years, when a lot was bought, and the corner-stone of a church edifice was laid on the 6th of September, 1864. In December, 1865, the lecture-room was occupied, and on the first Sabbath in June, 1866, the building was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies. The society was now in a flourishing condition, and that it should have a great interest in remaining so, Hon. Amos Kendall of the first part and R. W. Fenwick, J. B. Lord, J. W. Krafft and R. C. Fox of the second part became parties to the following most

REMARKABLE AND INTERESTING TRANSFER:

Whereas, the said Amos Kendall is desirous that the Calvary Baptist Church and congregation shall have and enjoy a house of worship, &c., (omitting the descriptions, &c.), it goes on to declare "that the building shall be used for public worship, Sabbath-school sessions, religious and business meetings of the church, lectures, fairs, festivals and exhibitions of a strictly moral character and for the purpose of raising money for the church or other religious and benevolent purposes, and for meetings of Baptist associations and other religious assemblies and for no other purposes whatsoever.

"The pastor shall be elected or dismissed by a majority vote; any person who shall have contributed regularly to the support of the church for three months being a qualified voter on the same footing as members of the church and entitled to the same consideration. A majority of the members may by vote exclude any person from any participation in their proceedings. Neither church or congregation shall at any time contract or owe at any one time a sum exceeding two thousand dollars. The office of pastor shall not at any one time remain vacant for more than eighteen months. The church shall never permit the board of trustees to become extinct by the dissolution of the society, or for any other cause. If the said church and congregation shall hereafter allow said house to be used for any other purpose than those prescribed in the first of the foregoing conditions, or if they shall in any way disregard or violate any of the foregoing provisions, then in that case the title and property of said lot and church edifice shall be *forfeited*, and the property shall revert to me, or in case of my decease, to such of my heirs as shall be at the time of said reversion members of the Baptist church in good standing. But in case the said church shall not hereafter violate or disregard such conditions, then the said property shall remain for the use and benefit of the church, and all claims of me or my heirs shall be forever cancelled.

[Signed] AMOS KENDALL.

"Witnesses—Edmund F. Burr, William Stickney."

The above extracts are copied from the deed of transfer, and form a most striking instance of the folly of hampering a gift with conditions. No limit of time is fixed for any of these provisions, and the vagueness of proposition and the uncertain tenure of opinion regarding moral uses, make the thread which holds church and people together a very slender one. With such an uncertain possession, it would not be strange if causes of disaffection were to arise at any time, and as the property is worth

about \$150,000, no opportunity will be missed for seeking grounds of offense. It is a pity that men of sense and judgment should be given to such weakness. To trammel a gift with conditions and provisos, is simply to make a loan; it is in no sense a gift. Except in cases of minority or weak-mindedness, such hedging about is but the merest absurdity. If a church is incapable of managing a gift independently, it will fail to comply with conditions, and in many cases the claims are in themselves the cause of the failure. The church is at present in a very prosperous condition.

At its organization it numbered the following thirty-five members: Mrs. Lucy E. Bullock, Mrs. T. S. Burr, Miss Mary L. Burr, Miss Rebecca Burr, Thomas Burr, Mrs. Elizabeth Bushee, C. S. Butts, W. R. Butts, H. Chellstrom, Mrs. E. W. Clarke, Miss Bessie Clarke, Mrs. Elizabeth Cudlipp, Augustus Davis, Mrs. Augustus Davis, Mrs. P. Dering, Mrs. Mary Evans, J. T. Fales, R. C. Fox, Mrs. R. C. Fox, David Haynes, Mrs. L. D. Ingersoll, Mrs. George W. McLillian, C. H. Morse, Miss H. M. Morse, C. H. Norton, Miss Columbia Noyes, R. G. Olcott, J. A. Stoddard, Mrs. Judson Sweeney, Miss Mary A. Tucker, D. C. Whitman, J. O. Wilson. Of these, fourteen still remain members of the church. A somewhat remarkable fact concerning the present membership is that of the 536 members, 506 are residents of Washington, a much larger proportion than is usually found even in cities where the population is more regular. Dr. J. W. Parker was settled as pastor in 1870, which position he filled with great satisfaction to his people. He was succeeded by the present pastor,

Then came in the name of that Pastor:

who has been in charge for nearly three years, and under whose care the church has been flourishing in a manner highly gratifying to its friends. By the courtesy of this gentleman, the writer was enabled to revive many interesting facts concerning the church, and to examine the copies of the original papers of transfer. The church owns and conducts two chapels and three Sabbath-schools, all *free from debt*, and in a very prosperous condition. Among the members of this church are many well known in official and social circles—Professor Cleveland, Hon. A. M. Clapp, Major A. H. S. Davis, David Haynes, F. W. Howe, Hon. William Stickney and their families. The Sunday-schools number altogether about 1,000 members. The main school at the church is in charge of Mr. Stickney, who presides ably over the little flock. The organ is a very fine instrument, and the deft fingers of Mr. Lawrence draw most delightful music from its keys. A well-trained, carefully selected choir furnishes the service of song, and adds greatly to the interest of the worship. Mrs. Myers, Mrs. Gillson, Mrs. Jewell, Miss Johnson, Miss Riley, Miss Ball, Messrs. Johnson, Ball, Cooley, Burdett, Haines, Swett, Dean and Bliss are the members of this attractive portion of the congregation. Services are held twice every Sabbath—morning and evening, and the sermons and other exercises are of a most interesting character.

The case being that Mr. Amos Kendall had been a man full of inspiration and of as dominant a determination to keep

his hold on whatever he took in hand in order to fetch it into line with his purpose, as was Hermann Holstein. Therefore it is supposed he had done relative to his conditional gift to God, all that the cutting from the newspaper states. The result was, a sense of subjection (as the word went) to a one-man power burdened the self-poised-activity of the people who were rather made to feel that an unauthorized word or slight departure, would imperil the property at stake. For the matter of "property at stake" was as much in evidence as the matter of *souls*, which, according to creed were supposed to be at stake. So that there lacked that utter abandonment to the impulses of the divine Principle which when it has 'free course and is glorified,' makes church work a matter of jubilation. Because the question of *that* Principle was dreadfully mixed up with little restraints incident to the principle that was invested in the enterprise, the stock-value of which at any moment might "revert to the heirs"; causing the matter to seem as if membership and souls would also lapse, with bricks and mortar and all the rest.

The three daughters of Mr. Kendall were as elegant in natural-genius, brightness and ability as was that inventive business man, Amos Kendall, whose successful identification with Morse's early electric invention, was but representative of the characteristic of his verve and makeup.

As remembered afterward by Mrs. Holstein, there was nothing ostentatious, dictatorial or ungracious in the manners or hearts of these three ladies; each of whom were heads of families and households; as far from being dominant or assuming as they were from being neglectful of their duties.

But as always "the mort main" (the restrictive hold of the dead hand on the living), was as chilling as if the lifelessness of the cold clay shot through it.

With a backlook at conditions, ever afterwards there arose before Mrs. Holstein, a remembrance of the handsome but concerned and tender countenance of the oldest daughter of Mr. Kendall and of the other two, distinctive as they were in fine characteristics. And in after years there came to her, deep regret that she could *not*, at once-incisively have known of all the complications of which the printed bit of Calvary Baptist church history three years afterwards, was significant.

For that "Remarkable Instrument," whatever outward prosperity it may have secured to the church, must have brought much inward perplexity on "the heirs"; keeping them in a toilsome, nettled state of responsibility, mingled with a sense of having to rebut the approach of any conditions which, were they allowed to overstep the mark, would invalidate the claim of the society on the possession of the property, and would thus make the heirs instead, to become its owners.

The young son, "Will," was a kind-hearted, but nerve-strained, lovable-natured young fellow; his mother's only son, and in more than half of his qualities, her image. He was an overstrained, overworked young man: and at last out West, mid the hardship of superintending affairs of the Indian Reservation, he there sickened and died.

The outcome of tumultuous effort at securing *personal* control of matters of general interest, and the artificially exaggerated furries over the simple business of "doing good,"—are very puzzling things to look back upon, at almost any stage in life. So in the review of the discomforts which attended the precipitate manner in which Hermann Holstein gallantly dashed in and then crashed out of his "settlements" (?) it is memorable, that he usually dashed off, just when he had gotten at facts; and was getting into mutual relations with affairs which, with a continuance of straightforward helpfulness and intelligent trustfulness, would have brought about a clear understanding of the back history of all matters concerned. A clear understanding from which there would have arrived a well-founded peace and a substantiated-religious fervor and security in achieving the future possibilities which, doubtless Amos Kendall's outlook, from the first had to his mind, pictured.

But taken at this level, it cannot be said that Hermann Holstein had ever had a settlement. Nor, probably, has he yet had a settlement. Because a "settlement" in pastorate, or in business matter or in community, or marriage or country or universe, includes and necessitates the taking of time and the getting of "quiet" enough to allow the analysis and right adjustment of *particles*; which adjustment admits of the sinking of sediment; and its after chemicalization as foundational-stuff! Which sinking and chemicalization, and founda-

tion-building allows the more affluent elements to rise to their plain where the segregation of particles proceeds, and right order and activity harmoniously move on.

For anything of this sort Hermann Holstein had never yet waited. Analysis he avoided. He called it "root-grubbing." Struggling over the adjustment of particles he eschewed. Nature was to him rather slow. As for the sinking of sediment, if anything of that sort was to be attended to, he chose not to be on hand; and as to chemicalization, life in his opinion being short, left little time to dally over the doings of particles. Others might inspect all that while he got away to new business. I do not say he was not interested in these matters; but that his home teaching was quite the reverse (relative to the methods of life) of those which were recognized loved and utilized in Evelyn Hope's home, where the idea of dumping or running away from complications or consequences, was known to be a thing impossible. Nature would not have it so; and nature was God's hand-maid and workshop.

At times it seemed to the wife, a pity that she could not fittingly and with "good form" have been permitted to say:—"Dash on darling if you will: crash ahead and start in on new things and I will come after bye and bye, ten or twelve years hence. But now, I must help mother Nature in the adjustment of things which fortunately float to the surface following, as they do, on these very necessary upheavals." But that could not have done. Her place was with him, for they were one. Though not for a moment did she consider that this included that each one was but a half of the other. For on the reverse she knew (as often in writing and speaking, she afterwards affirmed) that each was a dual-being and that her hope was that both of them at last would come to equal the 2 x 2 whole ones which are four whole ones: and therefore would furnish the four-square-foundation of the Calvary, upon which upclimbingly, as years went on (Eternity-given) they each would mount to immeasurable heights above.

In coming to Washington Mr. and Mrs. Holstein were received as guests in the home of Mr. Amos Kendall's oldest daughter, whom we will call Mrs. Granville.

And if but all that was known three years afterwards, had

been known at the first of that visit, probably the kindly confidences which seemed forthcoming would have been better met and utilized; and not only a warm friendship might then have been immediately established with this beautiful woman, but friendly conditions might have been established between all the people of the church and the donor and administrators of that "Remarkable Instrument" concerning church property. Perhaps it was a forthcoming of these confidences which Mrs. Granville was introducing when one day she said:

"Mrs. Holstein, no one can feel toward this church as I do." Which words Mrs. Holstein met with the simple question:—"And why Mrs. Granville, if you please?" "Because," came the answer, "it is a monument to my dead mother."

Now the answer would never so precipitantly have followed if Mrs. Holstein then had known (and had *been*) all that she was three or four years later. As it was, without a second thought, with her profound reverence for Ecclesia-supernal she said, gently enough:—

"Others may love it because it is the Body of the Living Christ." For her soul had been shocked-back at the thought of identifying matters relative to the Spirit of Eternal Life, with what, at the instant, had made that church structure to seem, but a mere sarcophagus, placed to memorialize the remains of one who had passed up into union with LIFE. For LIFE (Vibrant Life) (not death) was to her identical with the mystical term 'the Body of the Living Christ.'

A silence fell.

Perhaps in that silence Mrs. Granville received a view of that which was in Mrs. Holstein's soul: although as Mrs. Holstein afterwards realized, the dear lady had previously been deluged sufficiently with unpleasant matters relative to the dislike generally felt at the property tenure; and might have felt that Mrs. Holstein, instructed in all these matters had come into her presence armed against allegiance to the "Granville party." For by such names were the parties of that church designated.

Then Mrs. Holstein, to keep out of commitments to other implied statements, which would be untrue for her to make, asked if they had the Calvinistic creed in the church, and heard from this dear christian lady that "Jesus and the bible" were their creed.

Then all opened up pleasantly. And in the hold to the simplicity of the gospel which made the gathering into a church to be but steps taken introductory to the 'going on to perfection,' of which Paul speaks, the Holsteins fell actively to work. But in the songs which had been accepted as fitting enough for the Sunday-school service, there were not lacking those of that cheap got-up, rollicking sort apparently made to sell, rather than to teach the subliminal truths relative to the resurrection to newness of life, in which resurrection the divinitized Christ had not only led the way but in which His Life (working in and through us like a resurrectional cry) arouses within us a spirit-power which displaces regard for the grosser conditions of the body-business often so exaggerated in the feasting, plotting and planning of the political world!

A lax wording of spiritual-glories, which in one hymn one Sabbath caused Mrs. Holstein to feel ill as she followed words (which she did not sing), the burden of which was:—

"I'm glad salvation's free: Jesus died for you and me, I'm glad salvation's free." Like another:—"Nothing either great or small remains for me to do: Jesus died and paid it all, all the debt I owe":—hymns based on a sort of "going into bankruptcy-operation," with a jovial disregard of the consequences that, to Mrs. Holstein, seemed like a practical-instructing of children, in a disregard of the *meum et tuum* principle, a regard to which, of all things, must be cultivated in the minds of children, if they are to be reliably correct citizens of earth or Heaven! And another misleading and indolence-cherishing hymn (absolutely horrible to have sung in lands where not only the Negroes but plenty of others would be content to sun their lives away lying in a sand-bank) was the hymn:—"Oh to be nothing, nothing, only to lie at His feet &c." Hymns which fell far short of the aim: which is, to *inspire religious discrimination* concerning realms to be gained consequent upon personal spiritual achievement. At least, that was her conviction. And thinking of these things she stepped to the platform and pointing out some of the lines, said to Mr. Granville:

"Must we sing those dreadful things?" and he, regarding as he followed her finger, got the horror of it and answered

quickly, "I declare I never noticed what we were singing. No, we will not sing them again."

The quality of these hymns only suggest other matters which, in the hurrying, multitude-collecting-work included in the three Sabbath-schools and their *thousand* pupils, slipped over moral distinctions: with the result that, with all their labor, the amount of permanent usefulness had not been in proportion to the taxation of time and nerve, which the labor had cost. A very hard working people they were, with their numerous week-day services in addition to the two mission schools and the home school and the preaching-services and the prayer services of the day.

Mrs. Holstein often wondered whether any of those good workers ever got a chance to stay at home with their own families in "quietness and peace." Certainly Mr. and Mrs. Holstein did not; or if they were at home it was but for receiving and attending to persons who came to them there, relative to these affairs: all good affairs, but too much of that kind of a good thing.

Finally to simplify matters in a way to secure that the "classes" (which were quite marked in that church) should be able to meet each other in a way that would make these gatherings more agreeable to all concerned (in that each would meet their "nexts") it was arranged that church and congregation should be received informally every Monday night in the large double parlors, broad hall and library of that home, which rooms, by the opening of all the double doors, could be thrown into one.

The hours were arranged so that persons who liked it better, coming in the early part of the evening could then make sure of meeting those whom they would have prearranged to meet there at that time. The receptions were held from 8 to 11. So persons who had many evening functions to attend came in after 10 o'clock; while another little company got in the habit of dropping in between 11 and 12; feeling sure they then would have the pastor and wife more to themselves. And they did, what was left of them.

A good bit of work went to the keeping of these things serviceably *en traine*; and included Mrs. Holstein's hold on a tiny notebook in which, Sabbath days, were inserted (as intro-

ductions were received in the outer vestibule of the church) the names of the people introduced to her; and little items identifying them with their wishes, interests, purposes and objects. So that, what seemed but as a passing courtesy, included the final knitting up of the isolated societies and getting an absolute hold on the intellectual and family needs and aspirations of these people. More than that it gave an opportunity for utilizing the awakened interest of certain transient visitors to the congregation, of the sort who, belonging to the scientific bodies of Washington; resulted in bringing in their aid to the construction of the *kind* of work which Mrs. Holstein hoped would be so truly upbuilt in that national centre, that its results would reach through earth's utmost limits.

Meanwhile relative to this, there were various sub-societies in the church. For instance there was the Foreign Mission Society, the Home Mission Society, the Ladies' Sewing Society, the Young People's League and several other lesser societies connected with class work of one sort and another. But all these left out of the reckoning children too young to be admitted to the Young People's League. A company, therefore from the age of five or six to eighteen were invited to come together and organize under the name of "The Coming Force" society; to choose its President, Treasurer and Secretary and vote upon a Constitution. A Constitution was sketched for them, which showed (as might be supposed from the name above mentioned) that this large body of young people were a valuable adjunct to the church; because in their soul-agencies there was latent an on-coming force which inspiritizingly released, would reveal them to be the possessors of a Power which, directed to right uses would give to the world later on, a much more subliminalized mental-motor-agency than the older ones of the church yet felt ordinarily electrified that Body.

The preamble of the constitution in effect went on to state that this subliminalized mental-motor-power was competent to become as much greater than that now extant in the Church, as the electric current (for all this took place nearly thirty years ago,) was seen to be greater and more sublime than the old-fashioned steam force now appeared. Though the preamble

stated that a hundred years before that date, the steam-power and what it was prophesied it could do, was then the wonder of the world.

The Constitution was not hastily adopted, but was discussed and amended and consulted over until "The Constitution of The Coming Force Society," and the three-fold constitution, body soul and spirit of every boy and girl there, had come to seem part and parcel of each other.

It was intensely interesting to see how these bright children and youths sprung to the business of identifying their invisible-latent forces, with all that they could learn regarding the invisible electric current, whose outputs through mechanical contrivances were then newly enough in evidence, to smartly lay hold on the sensibilities (not only of the children but) of some scientists who felt they had a thing or two to learn and practicalize about their own mental-motor-powers and the right management of them.

The result was, gallant responses were made to all calls for papers, relative to the inward workings of a power so marvelously symbolized by the outward workings of that unmanageable force, the electric currents of the universe. Fathers and older brothers readily assisted in skilled interpretations of mechanical contrivances, which threw wondrous light on the study of the gladsome heart-beats of every mortal, as that *Life* goes thudding up into brain, fashioning there impulsions to the achievement of the best, which each could do and be, as a result of the right *up-garnering* and utilizing of this Life of God.

Thirty years later an efficient man in Washington, meeting the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Holstein, asked if his "Coming Force Society" paper on the little "Coral" was remembered by them? Remembered it was.

But Oh! Oh! Oh! Now must be told the fact that there began to arrive the outworkings consequent on the conditions stated in the "Remarkable Instrument." For now the cry went forth (which regularly was sent forth in the church when the "powers that be" felt that it was time for a pastor to move on) that they were "in debt," and that *that* couldn't be allowed. For, as said young Will, with a horror-stricken face, "the property will revert to the heirs!" At this out-

burst, conditions were stirred up, not in union with the spiritual 'sitting together' which truly had characterized the early part of that evening meeting. It was as if it were designed to thrust on the audience at the meeting's close a sense of the decline in progress. For it was the last shot fired before the meeting was dismissed.

Mrs. Holstein recognizing this, as two of the deacons greeted her, said in a clear voice:—"Oh—gentlemen, pray tell me what is this ponderous debt?"

"Sh-sh-h-h-," said Mr. Larks, "not much."

"Well? \$3000? \$30,000, \$50,000?, pray what?"

"Oh, \$300," said Mr. Larks.

I am afraid a jubilant laugh rang through the vestry as Mrs. Holstein (who was president of that Individual Effort Association, whose business it was to emphasize the freedom and the agility with which individuals-associated, could accomplish matters that ponderous-organized-bodies often meditated over long enough to never get it all out of the way) said: "Mr. Larks will you look up and call together the presidents of our little sub-societies; asking those of them who are here, to meet the president of the Individual Effort Association in the South room? Then, if the ladies please, we will place that amount of money in your hands before the next monthly meeting occurs."

Mr. Larks was a quick, bright man; and with a mirthful sparkle in his eyes, stepped about giving the word in a way that fetched the ladies together so well informed, that very little further explanation had to be made, except to take their vote that a meeting should be called for the next Friday (the day after the tomorrow) to arrange for holding an affair in Bronson's Hall; which should be open to the city where should be sold things for which, some would have then given the material, some would have given the time to make them, and others would agree to be the buyers; and all of the things would be of a sort which, being in any case wanted, would include no particular pull on the pocketbooks of the purchasers.

The matter moved through very easily at that level; and at the close of the very merry and alert evening, the treasurer of the Individual Effort Association in good business form,

transferred to the Treasurer of the church the \$300 which cancelled the not formidable church debt. And again the merry laugh went up from several throats and a thrill of new life awoke in persons who had felt the bondage of this machine-grind and who from thenceforth understood that *Associated Individual* effort, spontaneous and orderly, could fetch about almost any necessary result almost on the spur of the moment.

Not pleasant to all concerned however was this little success. For now it was claimed the pastor was not quite orthodox. When somebody responded "Oh of course, as for that we all understand that orthodoxy is my doxy and heterodoxy is everybody else's doxy,"—one of the discontents suggestively put in:—"Oh—they are good christians enough, but as for me, I'm for Baptist first and christian afterwards":—to which, as the other man was real good, he did not retort on his interlocutor "Afterward? well, how long afterward?"

At this time so many horrible things were occurring in Washington not alone among "lawless negroes"—that the District was waking up to the fact that women—those among them who were "neither idiots, criminals nor lunatics," but therefore were really "people"—should be called upon to express their wishes by the use of a piece of printed white paper which could be quite as fittingly utilized to that end as was the lobbying and political wire-pulling and the suasion of personal charms which instead often were brought to bear on the master-mind (by the "weaker") as political influence, to an extent concerning which this story is not engaged in giving an account. Dreadful things were occurring concerning which the Moral Education Society, presided over by one Dr. Carolyn Winslow, had held public meetings and had more than once appealed to Congress.

At this time a flood of life like an electric battery seemed pouring through brain and being as Pastor and wife bounded along in work, social, national, (and on the part of Mrs. Holstein) literary; if so stately a word can be used regarding spontaneous outputs, relative to the burden which the immoral lassitude of the District was leaving the city to carry.

The Rev. Hermann Holstein in his increasing, chivalric devotion to the national securing of right family conditions and to that development of the individual which comes only

from rectitude in the use of that Indwelling power which surges through brain and being,—headed a movement to see whether the Representatives of our nation should be allowed to permit the disgracing of our nation by the legalization of conditions which had made France, in its vilest days to become what it then was; and that which it was making other nations to become, wherever military control had supplanted that personal self-control incident to self-poise, spiritualized individuality.

Lincoln Hall was called into use for the meetings, and there assembled accusers of the moral mismanagement (not the moral mismanagers) which it was declared tended to the destruction of home and to the final disorganization of society. Then this fearless fighter for the Real Cause of Christ (that Messiah whom Hermann Holstein was coming to realize could not have been born on earth had not the Mary's virginal purity been capacitated to receive and embody the harmonized *Esse* of Jehovah) set about and accomplished a work which, in itself would have immortalized a man who never did anything else. But not of that never-do-any-thing-else sort was he, nor was the work which the Holsteins, together did in that place. For the quietly discriminative-faculty of one, combined as it was with the dramatic fiery-achieving-energy of the other, accomplished things of such an upheaving-quality that eventually they proved to be in line with the crashing into, dashing through and hieing away to something greater than the last, which increasingly to the end, marked their thirty years of public activities.

During these public meetings and amid the congressional appeals made at this time, Mrs. Holstein learned, that Congressional Representatives told leading persons that they "could not do this or that because the vote of their constituency would not uphold" them in it; which remark gave her to understand as never before, the value of the voting constituency: and made her to feel little pleasure in the complimentary words used by that Committee just before permitting the ladies to retire. For the words were: "We can't do much! and of course woman is the moral power of the country. But as you know, that does not count as we reckon up the voting constituency":—bringing her to say to Hermann:—"You see,

our toil is of little use if we but pick up villains and the results of their villainies from the mud; while leaving their prey to mother the images of those villains; from the bearing of the burdens of which their *prey* can get no redress!" To which he answered honestly:—"I should be glad to have you and some other women vote, but not all womanhood." "Why?" she asked, "Because they would not know what they are about, and would be but tools in the hands of designing men."

"They are that now!" she said. "Political management is dependent upon securing what is called *influence*; and the influence secured is that of women, who do as they are bidden: and flatter, beguile and enchant (not for the attainment of a moral point, but) to carry out this man's wish and that, relative to influencing this other man or Committee concerning the workings of the final machinery for which the 'pretty party tool' is often allowed to know nothing: except that such a job is to be done through bringing such a man's influence to bear upon such another, for the benefit of a fourth or a fifth or a committee! This does not make the man elected (whether it be husband, brother, or enemy) to be the representative, but frequently the *mis*-representative of what woman, desires to have established as 'National Integrity.'"

"It's a tremendous tangle," he said, "let's drop it."

But a slave with a slave-driver's whip about his feet might as well have tried to drop that which he was being goaded on to do, as could Mrs. Holstein have dropped the work the spiritual impulsions to which, now lashingly fell about her head, ears and heart. She decided one day that the religious men of the Young Men's Christian Association must have given attention to the best way of keeping young men out of those slums of which they talked so much. She took the trouble to go to a meeting of that Association to hear how they discussed the matter in hand. Almost the first thing that met her ears was a call by a minister upon young men to fight against "the three evils tobacco, rum and women."

As the brutal words nearly stunned her she did not fall,—nor with a climaxing of agony did she face the false god of such fiendish talkers: but keeping her heart from bursting till she could reach the speaker, she asked him then if he did not know that such *licentious teaching* about 'woman' was the root-

cause of the "hells" of which he had been talking: the fumes and fires of which, were thence brought by their masculine visitors, into homes?

He looked so stupidly perplexed at her fiery question that, turning to another man of a better looking sort, she asked him what *punishment* the leaders of the Christian Association proposed to bring upon a speaker who circulated such virus, discharging it into the cleaner young souls who, coming there, got instead of help, such blasphemous instruction as to the level and the quality of womanhood?

"He did not think," said the startled man.

"Think? Then what in the name of the Lord who made us, is he doing with his brain? They are but mad-men, idiots and certainly are criminals who speak without thinking. And yet *they* probably are *voters*."

The shock was so terrible to her that never again did she enter a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, where instructors who did not think, were yet unrebuked, permitted to pollute young minds with the refuse which such a talker must have created and gathered up in his own past life, before coming there himself, filled with sloughs of emotional blather, he instinctively poured it forth on his listeners. On thinking upon the matter it was not difficult for her to see that there were reasons in the nature of their instruction, for separating the sisters and brothers of humanity from teachings, which at another level, could be brought to bear upon them both at one time and place in a way that would then educate them together for the holiness of the future life which they were to live together.

The quality of the whole thing caused her renewedly to promise her God that she would not only *think* but would act in accordance with the thoughts with which His Spirit fired up her life energies.

She asked herself "Is it possible that men inherently are woman's enemies? Do they hate their own souls? Or was it that they but loved their own bodies to such an extent that they would willingly swamp the souls of all womanhood (and Christ's life as well) rather than strain toward that isolated virtue without which there is no redemption from the purgatorial fires which the rampant unspiritualized Body,

lights for such men, and keeps alight for all those with whom such men come in contact?"

At this time such a sort of creature named Dr. Patten was reported in one of the papers (instructor of the Negroes in a prominent Southern school though he was) as saying, "Women, if they have liberty given to them, go into infidelity and license." The whole article was taken up in following issues of that paper, by two prominent gentlemen, one from the law and the other from the army; who speaking against it, put in a vigorous plea for woman's enfranchisement, that as a voting citizen she might in every way be protected against the wrongs heaped upon her by "mis-statements" as well as by slum-life, and might be enabled to uphold the integrity of the country, which best could be done by protecting her own best interests. That army and law thus met that unreasonable statements of the pulpit was a satisfaction to lovers of the race. And other articles followed with the result that, as has been said by the word of God, 'When the enemy comes in like a flood' (as certainly it did in that man's preaching) 'the Lord shall lift up His standard against it.'

A great effort was made and articles followed in many papers, and co-incident, was the arrival of women who, at that time were present, moving upon Congress for an amendment to the Constitution. Many prominent ladies in the city, of well-known intelligence and standing, then prepared to go across the country to a convention at which they were to present their plea for putting "a plank into the Republican Platform." The term, to Mrs. Holstein had an energizing sound as if she could hear something like the click of a hammer and see the flash of a new nail-head in the sunshine as at the carrying on of this plank-placing business.

As every ultimate act is but the first of a new series of circles it is said, a man never rises so high as when he knows not whither he is going. However that may be, this push that came on Washington at that time relative to some debauching-religious remarks as well as recessions from higher orders of dignity among certain congressmen, brought Hermann Holstein fully into the whirl of spiracle uprisings. So that quite outstripping the limitations set by the "remarkable instrument" which hitherto had kept other pastors

subservient to its domination, he went ahead as if upborne on the wings of the wind, which like the spirit invisible, seemed inbreathed by his people; bringing them to use all instrumentalities for the general betterment of humanity. A using of instrumentalities which included the enlargement of general work rather than a narrowing down of attention to the mere increase in church-membership.

Froebel's philosophy was then deployed, largely by the practical energies of the Misses Graves who were members of the Calvary church, and whose renowned school called for the aid of more young women "of opportunity," who should learn the system and enter upon the utilization of themselves and all they could make themselves to be, in that work.

The philosophy of it opened up wonderfully upon inspection as presented by Mrs. Holstein, incidentally, to her bible class where were several young women of sufficient wealth, time and education but of insufficient calls for the best utilization of those possessions. It seemed to her to be but a good utilization of church energies, to assist in forwarding this work by securing for the Misses Graves these pupils and, by securing for these young women the Misses Graves' instruction. It was done. Then came the necessity that the mission school buildings in the city should be opened and utilized at least six days in the week, for the betterment of the little children for whom there was no room in the then illy-proportioned public schools. But when the Granville branch of the Kendall family demurred at the proposal to use the two Calvary Mission schools, preferring to hold them sacred to Sabbath-day occupation, Mrs. Holstein, thinking simply of the children's needs as related to the unutilized school buildings, taking her pen, filled occasional columns, drawing public attention to the case with the result that other mission chapel buildings were offered, and soon were equipped and manned by teachers, some of whom were from Mrs. Holstein's class.

Then followed the organization of the Froebeline Kindergarten Association, which took place at the house of one of Calvary's leading church men; the Honorable Robert Fenwick, whose large outlook at the higher necessities of child development within the first seven years of life, marked him (as did other unusual elements of character) as a man worthy

to be the father of the children brought to him and his beautiful wife. But at this stage, little did it matter how much work was done or how bright and cheery was their work. The point was, the management of it was flying forward, quite beyond the grip which the "remarkable Instrument" expected the heirs to keep upon it. Debt was not now the burden of complaint, nor was doctrine. But the burden was the spontaneity with which achievement bubbled up from everything touched by—whom?—why, by 'the Spirit of the Living Creature which was within the wheels.' More than that the old buried matter in some complicated form significant of badness instead of madness, was being made to do duty as cause of complaint.

Then came up what might be called "a regular, traditional-old church quarrel" (I wonder if that is the right name?) This, was invigorated by two or three prominent old Washingtonians who long had felt they had a "political crow to pluck" with the Granville party. There was also something to do with a big business-pull included (not to be recorded here) but which partly inspired the management of such a sudden, secret turning of the tables on the Granville leaders that, "hoist with their own petard" they found "the majority vote of all the money payers" (on the power of which church action depended) had been brought to bear on the very party who was settling to the business of disrupting the bonds between church and pastor.

This vote was so brought to bear by the well-versed political-managers of the matter that at a meeting for which he was not at all prepared, Mr. Granville found himself, as Chairman brought face to face with a list of names which slipping from his trembling hands went unrolling before him down the vestry aisle. A list not *too* closely written so that in its unnecessarily magnified length there were included, I think, more than half of the members of that seven-hundred-and-something church: which members asked from what was left of the church, "letters of good fellowship and dismissal to the E. Street Baptist church, D.C." The list included the names of Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Holstein, who also were to become members there, in virtue of the fact that already Hermann Holstein had accepted that church's invitation to be-

come their pastor. A rapid-transit-affair it was; full of slick, quick, political manipulation precisely adapted to the spirit on which the church was organized. A spirit of policy rather than piety chagrining to the depths of Mrs. Holstein's nature, but a source of jovial merriment to many politicians of the District, not a few of whom also had a "crow to pluck" with some back history matters connected with the makers of conditions there.

As this rapid transit affair took over to the other church many of the most effectual and satisfactory workers, great enthusiasm was inspired by the enterprise. For avowedly it had in view the establishing of a more truly-Baptist sort of a church as it was claimed, in that it was to be free from bondage to anything other than the 'Maker and Builder of a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'



All went on well there apparently; and the Holsteins moved over to a smaller dwelling house in the midst of a large garden opposite to Judiciary Square and nearer the midst of the mental machinery of Washington's Judiciary and general governmental matters, than was the other cumberously large, handsome, but over-expensive home.

Though not pleasant to Mrs. Holstein were some of the conditions of the leave-taking, yet she found herself able to respond to questions asked her by friends who remained in Calvary Church:—"What have I to say? It's my husband's church and his affair. As for myself, my work is not interrupted by external changes. There are plenty of good people in each of the churches and there is no reason why all may not go forward in each, on admirably enlarged bases."

Really good people, like Moses' hosts, had followed Rev. Holstein as a leader into freedom and personal self-sovereignty; and on him they were enthusiastically glad to depend. For peculiarly vivacious progress and distinctively-inspirational-growths in a scientifically religious upbuilding inhered in this, which had enthused some men of public importance; whose scientific order of mind impelled them to demand something more substantial than sentiment as a foundation under their feet, as they honestly sought to brace themselves in the fight for a scientifically spiritual-attainment.

There were men there who *liked* to be good, not on an artificially contrived "imputed"-method, but as a result of honestly doing the hard work, necessary to mental, moral and physical self-harmonization. For some of these men recognized that absolute mental-moral-and-physical-advantages were the concomitants of the attainment of that mental purity and clarity which alone enables its possessor to see that mystic and mighty God, which neither scalpel, microscope nor telescope can else bring within range of vision. That mighty wonder-working God, whom to really see aright, does enable the seer to 'be like Him.'

So enthused was Mrs. Holstein by the rushing to the surface of all these grand possibilities and of their increased acquaintanceship with those of the finest of the District's citizens, who were engaged in true self-building, that it seemed little enough for her, as a consecrating service to the pivotal

point at stake, with her husband's approbation, to take a week's run out West to see about fixing that "plank" which she doubted not was to be at once set in the Republican Platform. Hermann had always said he wanted her to vote, but objected to having women generally vote, which objection made by others also, Mrs. Holstein met with tactful truthfulness in a bit in a newspaper, to the effect that the more miserably and badly treated a woman was in her own home, by so much more did she need that *National* aid and recognition which would uphold her in her right to be her best self, and would uphold her in the securing to her children what neglect, dissipation or ignorance on the part of an unfortunate father, made but the more requisite.

While seated on the platform at Chicago and when listening in the great hall there, she first heard speeches made relative to methods which would secure the evolution of the higher powers of the race; and by them felt ecstasized, as if the Kingdom of heaven were coming right down their souls to greet. And later, at a convocation at Omaha she was asked to open the services with prayer; when her outburst was more like a greeting to Glory arrived, than a begging for its descent. But it was in Chicago when, repeatedly having been asked by (the then not-half-understood but beautiful-natured) Susan B. Anthony, to speak on the topic she, declining, was then left to speak whenever she felt moved so to do. Suddenly she was moved. For a Chicago lawyer in the audience asked permission to offer a resolution. It was granted. Then in resonant tones he read:—"Resolved, the creeds of the churches are the chains which bind the women of the land."

Then said the minister's wife "Madam President, may I respond?" and being cordially greeted and introduced to the audience, with a heart bubbling with pride over the principle on which her church was founded she said:—

"Madam President and friends, it is said that 'the creeds of the churches are the chains which bind the women of the land.' *Truth* and our beloved President, permit me to tell you all, that however it may be in some churches, this resolution does not state conditions as known to me in the regular churches of the denomination of which I am a member. For in that church the vote of every woman relative to all matters,

counts equally with that of every man; and as all matters are settled by the majority vote of the church, and as there averages to be about two thirds women to one third men, these women could, if they chose, club together against the men (which they never will do) and by majority vote could elect women officers, women deacons and a woman minister and a woman-constructed and formulated creed giving, as the creed of our Church does, a Right to that Liberty wherewith Christ makes His People free!"

A clapping of hands, interspersed with dubious questions, followed; and the brilliant Mrs. Daggett from Athens, Greece (who was not too much in love with sacerdotal dicta) stepped forward as Mrs. Holstein seated herself, saying, that that *sounded* bright: but that she never imagined that conditions anywhere reigned, where such an outcome could be precipitated; and went on to say that she would be much surprised if, at the next annual meeting, Mrs. Holstein could report that, in Mr. Holstein's church, even one woman deacon were allowed. The question went to the President whether Mrs. Daggett offered that as a challenge, and being affirmatively answered by Mrs. Daggett, the challenge was accepted by Mrs. Holstein, who agreed to report (possibly) at the next annual meeting. There followed hearty applause, but with the bestowal of sympathetic and doubtful looks on her whom they considered a "too sanguine woman."

What else then could have been done on her return, when present at the first prayer and conference meeting, but that which was done? That was, when a prolonged pause between speakers, left it evident that she might "occupy the time," she arose, quoting 'Where the Spirit of the Lord is there is Liberty,' and if by a little change of statement we may conclude that where true liberty is, there also is the Spirit of the Lord, then dear friends, you will agree that the spirit of the Lord was in the delightful meetings held by women who went out to assist in securing the insertion of a plank in the Republican Platform,—a Plank the insertion of which will secure Liberty to woman, as an incorporated part of the law of this land.'" Then she repeated in substance, the resolution offered and the reply made in which had been declared the absolute, independent principles which were inherent in her beloved

Baptist denomination, and the possibilities which might accrue in the case proposed; and told the congregation of the challenge which she had accepted.

The pleasantness of her recognition of the status of the real Baptists, who were free in Christ Jesus, and of their powers of achievement in any direction, came comfortingly to souls who recently had made a Herculean pull, to recover for themselves that status.

When the service was over, a call from the head of the Board of deacons to the rest to attend to a moment's business, resulted in the after announcement of the fact that they had added to their number, three women deacons, of whom the pastor's wife's name was first mentioned. They truly were in an enthused, expectant state relative to the practicalization not only of all their best ideals, but of the scientifically religious processes of brain-and-being-building, which were becoming dear to the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Holstein.

Oh!—Then! How can the next thing be told? All so early in the midst of activities, contemplating a two-years'-hence-building of a more commodious temple in a handsomer part of the city, Hermann Holstein regardless of all conditions, acceded to the request of Professor Milo P. Jewett who had come on from Milwaukee, and affirmatively responded to that church's call to take up the work of the great North-west by becoming its pastor.

What was to be done? What they did do was, after earnestly begging him to remain, they assembled ministers from many churches of other denominations and men from scientific and other research-societies, and at a festal occasion at E. Street church, had them bring to bear their influence on their minister for the retraction of his decision.

But retract he would not. As for Mrs. Holstein it seemed to her then, and still seems, a practically treacherous act. So she told her husband. That had no influence. The fury to speed away was on him. According to his philosophy the time to vanish was, at the theatrical crisis of the *éclat* resultant on achievements just consummated, and before results of them were tested.

To Mrs. Holstein there but remained the liberty to do what she chose; which again included for her, chiefly the choice of

voluntary acquiescence in her husband's decisions as to what should be the next step taken. This she told her people: stating that they knew it was not her church, but her husband's church; and that she as his wife and helpmeet would (if she but could) continue to meet his needs. She did not fully suggest her sense of his unjust desire for self-ennoblement. It was not necessary for her to say it. The people easily beheld it. They must have felt that they had let him use them as bridges which carried him over the "divide" between the breaking away from what had now already become to him as a past matter relative to the attaining of what he would be in the midst of, as soon as he vaulted into his union with the work of the Great North West. However true this was, it also was fortunately true that the upheaval had gone far to substantiate the prime principle of the original old Baptist doctrine, which being established for the enforcement of the right of the individual to self-government and self-expression, really makes the simple Baptist church practically to be the church of this Republic; which from the first was founded on the same principle of individual religious liberty. An exalted foundation, some say, built as for a "castle in the air" whereupon only not-yet-arrived-aërial-saints could light-toed (and some say light-headedly) poise. For these objectors say (and I am sure they have cause) that the liberty of the sons of God as popularly advanced, takes on too often the demoralization, incident to the license of devils.

What then? shall the truth then not be sought at its loftiest because evil so much abounds? Or shall steps be taken to make it known that though evil abounds, the grace of Abstinence from all evil much more abounds—that is, in the Upper Air.

CHAPTER VII.

“There is a primitive and universal revelation that explains all mysteries and makes them agree with grace, reconciling Reason and Faith. Because both are daughters of God and concur to enlighten the soul by their combined light.”

NOW to halt a little and take a back look at a few of the many unsketched matters of interest relative to their life in Washington.

But not back to the buoyancy of surface conditions but to the resprouting of covered-in roots, go we now.

To add blunder to blunder by reckless blame or to spend time heaping the earth over live roots, in the attempt to bury a living past, is waste. For even fire destroys not. It but returns bulk to its original elements. Because matter is eternal, for the good reason that the Mind back of, and working in and through matter, is eternal. And the Eternal Flame—Mind—working through what seems to be dissolution, returning bulk to its chemical elements, sends the invisible particles of that invisible bulk readjustingly rushing into place, there to recombine all which He who has it in the hollow of His hand, permits and impels.

Thus all-pervasive Divine Nature (found in everything and so “in little man as well”) works on. Our business then is not only to let ‘the mind that is in Christ,’ work in and through us ‘to will and ‘to do of Its good pleasure,’ but also, to *not* interfere while it works in and through others; any more than we shall let ourselves, interferingly by others be put where we receive the mere bilge-water flung forth from the driving-wheel of the mental machinery of some one else’s life-boat. Not too much to interfere with, and not to accept interference from others, was the lesson then being learned by the Holsteins.

A good life followed up long enough, in time explains itself. That Mrs. Holstein was now learning, as more and more she relied on the fact that the ways followed by her companion-

in-life were *his* ways: and that he had a right to them, and could not be fatally injured by them, now that he did not becrippingly include her in "going that gait."

These things were so understood between them, when one day before there had arrived the division-episode at Calvary church, as Mr. and Mrs. Holstein opened the street door to pass out, Maynard Holstein stood there with the air as of a beneficent spirit arrived with healing in its wings.

Not buried in oblivion were Mrs. Holstein's remembrances of what life had cost her husband in nerve and credit.

He stood on the steps expecting greeting and welcome from her. The stillness of a frozen river which reflects back from its glary ice, passing conditions, was on her mind. That stillness reflected back what was passing through her memory. Standing at the distance wherefrom her eyes had first met his, with steadfast look she said:—

"How do you do?" Then she descended the steps, not asking him to enter, and needing no answer to her question, for she had seen how he did, and knew he had seen what was in her mind regarding him.

This was in the year '78. She had given fourteen years of her life, soul nerve and strength to the upbuilding of the work and character (I am not talking about mere reputation) of Hermann Holstein. Much had been gained. And now at this time when, apparently, success sound and substantial had arrived, with it as twice before, came this person whom she believed came to the surface to be saved from, not his ways, but from the *mischief* of them which he seemed ready to lay on any savior, while cloaking himself in the credentials of respectability with which he was quick to bedeck himself.

It has been well said, a sympathetic person is in the dilemma of a swimmer among drowning persons; if he gives so much as a finger to them in their struggles, they will drown him.

She walked down the steps: first looking at Hermann's face, which seemed to have thinned under the pallor that came over it. Then said he to the man, "In two hours I'll meet you at my study, I am now engaged,"—as with his wife he went on the way to make the parochial calls which occupied

attention, having for the moment thus warded off this crisis.

Was she an ungentle woman? Answer who may. Some tell us a gentle-woman is a woman of truth; "One who is lord of her own actions, and who involuntarily expresses that lordship in behavior, not being dependent on nor servile either to persons, opinions or possessions."

Fortunately there was for Evelyn Hope Holstein nothing (as her husband often said) which she greatly wanted. She wanted not houses, lands, praise, idle leisure nor ordinary jewelry. She wanted but one jewel: the jewel of a frank and honest husband's simple love of—her? No—of that Truth Supreme which, both loving, would make each king of self and would have made each to be what by interior qualities they were,—the counterpart of the other.

At this time he was doing his very best and very admirable it was.

There be those who say "Wherever a just and heroic soul finds itself, there it will do what is next at hand." Mr. and Mrs. Holstein had found themselves at the open door setting out to make parochial calls. The coming of that person was an interposed, unrelated affair; so at least Mrs. Holstein in her desire to protect her husband from more troubles, quickly decided. His coming was but as the arrival of one whom Mrs. Holstein believed had come up from his native realm ready to be forgiven, while getting ready to return again. It was as when "Orestes asks Apollo's interest in the things of the under world, things into which his nature could not enter."

The engagement to be kept was kept. The calls and other matters were finished. It was Monday and it was the evening of the pastor's reception. Later Maynard Holstein came home with the Rev. Holstein and dined, and afterward stayed at the reception. But in the fully occupied time, not one word did Mrs. Holstein utter to him. Because she proposed to not scatter forces needed for more hopeful business than this, which would but have blurred the outlines of the purposes of her life: and have diverted Hermann's attention from their work and from the fact that it was *by* that *work* that they now were to be known; in order that those (and those

only) who were as deeply interested in it as they were would know where to find them. For suffering enough from complications, indirections and worse foreign matters she had had.

Relative to her necessity to fix Hermann's attention on his now permanently defined work, there is a good word in the Bible Book: and so important is that word to the telling of this story that we will here tarry over it. It is the sentence which says in speaking of the portentousness of marriage, 'For this cause shall a man forsake father and mother and cleave to his wife.' Mrs. Holstein had been early impressed that on this style of family building not only does the State rest, but on it is conditioned the perfection of the 'whole family in heaven and earth.' She had a view of this family building which made these words seem as important to her as any to be found, from cover to cover of The Book. For marriage to her was a sacrament, second only to celibacy for those who have a vocation for *that*. A sacrament compared with which the symbols of Baptism and the Lord's Supper were adjuncts. She had definitely given Hermann to know that it was for the meeting of their eternalizing needs, that she engaged herself to him at their betrothal time. And that a husband (if he accepted her view of the case) would not expect her to share his attention among a troop of inconsequent intruders whose presence, instead of being an occasional courtesy, might tend to become a permanent distraction from concentration of attention on business relative to the "swinging of the crane." A whole-souled concentration on matters 'of life to come' which would attract to the dual-qualities-of-the-new-pair, souls empowered to arrive there, unless they were antagonistically and disruptingly repelled, as they would be if the house were deluged with diverse presences. Presences of mixed-qualities, incident to the coming of brothers, uncles, cousins and others, loading down head and heart of wife and husband with *common* pursuits (mixed though they might be with better aspirations and purposes) not definedly good enough to have about persons who had vowed to consecrate themselves to the duties of a parentity, of the quality of which, jolly thoughtlessness could have no conception.

She believed Hermann had increasingly come into the recognition of the untellable glories of the marriage of which

scripture speaks as being heaven's type. She held to the idea that it was their *business* as ministering servants of the power of the Indwelling Christ to advance the general recognition of the sanctity, blessedness and possibilities of a true fulfilment of that *sacrament* of marriage; assured that with this recognition, all good things would arrive on earth. For that then a young house-band (if that is the name of the man of the house) will not be tearing himself and everybody else to pieces in trying to *make* a fortune, but will become nerve-tranquillized and blessed in the realization that he and his wife have *found* their fortune in finding each other: and that their children will inherit fortune enough in the possibilities which they will have derived from their self-harmonized, inherited and pre-natal conditions. And winsome and worthy of effort the outlook seemed to her. She objected to having even church-interests interpose too much of its machinery between them and this consummation.

She was now getting to reckon on the coming of that season when the old age of youth having passed by, would be followed by that youth of old age, after which she believed Hermann Holstein would have an added twenty years of life, which should amount to a rectifyingly-beneficent climaxing of all that had gone before.

"Seest thou the seven women about the tower?"—asks some one. Then the first speaker describes them thus:—"The first there, which holds fast with her hands, is Faith: by her the elect are saved. The next which is girt up and looks manly, is Abstinence; she is the daughter of Faith. Who therefore shall follow her shall be happy all the days of his life. He shall abstain from evil works believing that if he shall *contain* himself from all *concupiscence* he shall be the heir of Eternal Life."

Now it was regarding an Heir-ship to such a fortune as *this*, that Evelyn Hope Holstein had united her life with that of this companion; supposing that he would gladly hold to the consummation of conditions which would at least fill their home (if not immediately, the world) with souls whose natural accordance with that perfect-precept would rid the earth of its superabundant horrors.

These ideals she had practically imparted to Holstein at the meeting under the blossom-embowered tree when there she had received his promise that he would cleave to her, (her inspirations and protective prescience as she understood that promise) till life should—not part them, but should have joined together that in them which death could never put asunder. Hermann had caught the thought then, that if even *some* families could be built up (just those who called themselves christian) on a level of life having reference to these results, there would be less need for compulsory codified laws, and for the incessant stress and strain of artificial ministerial functionings. Less need too would there be for the legal fraternity, and much less for the medical; because such abstinence easily would insure to the possessors of it, health, happiness, and a modest sufficiency of food, clothing and shelter, which would bring an affluence of *Time*; which affluence however, unless ‘the gates’ are guarded, fetches on the too self-assured-souls an easy lapse into lazy animalism and fetches that inundation in it which tends to flow in where peace and plenty seem sharable. An affluence which necessitates therefore, a supernalized enforcement of Supernal Truths which, by their very quality, sift out of a house the sort of hospitality for which such a home is not built.

But I leave it to you reader? Would Mrs. Holstein have been wise to have poured this in on her husband’s mind mid conditions which had arrived, as told in the previous chapter, when exactly his sort of dealing with complications was the sort of dealing needed just then and there in Washington? When at least, it was the special work to which he was then impelled on which he had to fix thought as to how he best could do it. For had he then, half heartedly undertaken any such prefiguration of the coming of the kingdom to earth, it would have sounded but like delirium to the ‘eat-drink-and-be-merry-for-tomorrow-ye-die’ sort of social marauders who made up the bulk of what is called “political mud.” Though not by that name did Mrs. Holstein call the surging particles of individual life which constitute the active element of American National politics.

From the hour of Maynard's coming, Hermann was overwhelmed with matters relative to the accumulated-indebtedness which had aggregated during transactions with his brothers, uncles and cousins; which indebtedness, although it was supposed the legal legerdemain called "The Commission of Bankruptcy" had annihilated, still left good opportunity for the bringing to the surface of things, which, like "Hamlet's father's ghost" 'would not down.' Things which those who to the end knew how to utilize, did utilize in relation to him susceptible as Hermann was, lest his reputation as a minister should be injured. Mrs. Holstein later, fixed his mind upon encouraging ideas as to how far the purification of conditions and the energizing of new faculties were brought on the two churches by the upheaval, which had come under his administration.

For when she could not bring Hermann to relish her outlook, her habit was to look over his ground to discover the points relative to what *he* thought was best, so as to utilize those points: feeling sure that when he had decided a line of march he would be more confused than benefited by dictation or discontent expressed by her. Meanwhile she decided, before leaving Washington that she would definedly state her relations to (not money but to) mind-values. Up to this time she had never spoken to him of the abominable conduct which had wiped her good name (and much she honored its never impeached soundness) from those Southern church-books, without waiting to inquire what personal cause there was for such an act. For the good of the race (not to mention in common justice to herself) she felt that it was time the false idea should be corrected that a woman in taking her husband's name, took on herself his moral inequalities and other personal or family results; however much it made her to be like that Christ who bore men's sins in His body on the Tree of Life. She sometimes felt that the result of the swamping of two persons in the wrongs of one, was injurious to both and helpful to neither.

She wanted to so deal with this problem that the way would be clearer for others at some repetition of such a conjunction of circumstances. The point was she had, unheard and unconsulted, been hustled out of one church, and as unheard

and unconsulted had been voted into—allegiance to something indefinite which, by the time of their settlement in Leominster and Washington, had resulted in having her name passed on—even to the linking it in to this forsaking of the honorable body of men and women who had followed their leader to the E Street church. So now she decided that, after the removal incident to the change then pending, she would allow no further affixing of her name to matters which she was neither allowed to fully understand, nor in which she was allowed to exercise any share of control.

But all emotion regarding these merely judicial affairs was quieted before one day she said to him:

“Oh—Hermann, as to the matter of the church letters? Hitherto I have let my name be passed about in the churches as it chanced. And now as we go to this new place I will work for the inspiring methods which we have here in such good running order relative to what we call ‘Woman’s work’; and I will try to repeat in the West—no old blunders. But what I want to say is that if, in Milwaukee you pull up stakes, to unreasonably scud away before the first breath of criticism, I then shall stay where I find myself, long enough to publicly withdraw from the whole denomination; simply giving as a reason that I do it, the more closely and quietly to grasp the hands of christians in the church and out; while I stand for that all-sufficient and blessed Justice, to protect us from which Calvin constructed his scheme of salvation.”

“Do as you please,” he said, “and go out when you please. But Evie, never speak to me about the matter.”

“Very well I will not,” she said:—“And a long stay there and a splendid work may we have.”

So it was with a perfect understanding of each other and an absolute reliance in each other’s good intentions that, leaving Washington, they started in on the Milwaukee work.

Still one cause of deep-seated concern was augmenting. It was the Rev. Hermann Holstein’s excessive use of the strongest tobacco which ever poisoned brain and mind. Its use might have added to his frenzy for rushing about, and might have had a part in that falling down benumbed and senseless as he had, near the time of Maynard’s presence in Washington: giving his friends (as it did) to consider his was a very light tenure of life.

Mrs. Holstein was more than sufficiently nerve-strained at this time. But for it there now arrived an antidote:—something like a re-coming to her of the conditions of those maiden days, when work, rest and a sight of new work and the strength to rise and do it, followed each other, as dawn, noon, eve and the next day-dawn follow in the twenty-four hours of the day.

After their arrival in Milwaukee in midwinter when she was devitalized to the last endurance, one day flinging herself on her couch feeling helpless and almost regardless of ever making another effort as if her very soul had become an empty vessel and even her spirit was forsaking earth there came to her, as in her maiden days, a floating up out of dismay, dread or questionings, as her whole being became but the receptacle of an inflow of spiritual pungency, which, little by little, overflowed into every nerve of her being, filling those nerves with power to respond to whatever work, the next call of God summoned her.

There was nothing magical, nothing sensuous (that is, of the outer senses) nor really supernatural about all this. For it was a condition co-natural to one, who being a child of the Great Spirit, was as inherently ready to receive this imparted life-of-God as a child upon the breast of its mother, is ready to receive the life which there forth-wells for its use.

With this inflow of food for her hungry nerve-system her brain had become, not only calm and strong, but luminous with sights of what was on the way. She wished she could tell Hermann Holstein about all this. Then, tell him she did; saying,

“Be sure Hermann, that in quietness and peace there is the Prosperity which comes from simplicity in purpose and life.” He agreed to it and believed it. But he was not (and had no reason to attempt to be) a dreamer. He was a Doer; and had the more faith in what he called her dreams, because of the very substantial practicalization of them, which she had so continuously put forth.

Mrs. Holstein from childhood had kept what used to be called a journal, a Record or a Diary. Not by any means writing in it every day, and seldom recording there either aches or pains, but chiefly *discoveries* or ‘finds’ as she used

to say in childhood. Which 'finds' then, were discoveries of imagined or real relations between things or the doings of the things themselves: as when (to give one of a hundred instances) she being about six years old, her father had taken them all to walk in the woods on the Sabbath-day, and going almost over to "the green dell" had stopped before a flat stone, of which (while placing under it, the point of the cane he usually carried) he said, "Let us all see who lives here!" And over the stone went, discovering to the children, the instantaneous scurrying, tumbling and plunging away of six or seven different kinds of creatures. Tumble-bugs there were, and beetles and centipede-like things whose multitudinous legs seemed not greatly to facilitate their speed: and some big ants, &c., of which, said the father, "Oh! Oh!, see how they run! They live in the dark. You see they are frightened at having light let in on them. Children, many people are that way. Let's put back the stone on them and leave them to grow up!" And that was done; filling the remembrance of the children, with a vision of that stone-covered-promiscuous party, who were getting on, as they liked to and where they liked to; which was in the dark under the heavy flat stone.

These sorts of "finds" were more numerous than are their records on paper. But recorded they all were in the very substance of the vitality which animated the frames of children who received such things into good and honest hearts: and many of them were jotted down in journal books during those years. In the book just at hand, she read one day as she rested, the following statements collected from what she partly had experienced and possibly had but remembered: and, as a whole, had long since jotted down:—

"Wherever a *just* and heroic soul finds itself, there it will do what is next at hand. Nothing can bring peace but one's self: and nothing then, but the triumph of Principle. And until a woman can through her work, communicate herself to others in perfected proportions, she is not competent to fulfil duty as life-giver. Communication through her work must be her character's outlook. It is foolish to take on one's self the burden of the meanness of the circumstances in which one is involved, instead of rising to the dignity of doing whatever one consents to do relative to these circumstances by

giving to them a liberal interpretation of the *causes* back of them, and a liberal prefiguring of the *results* which are to be expected as an output of the *best conditions of the case* and of the best *faculty* of the multiform managers of those conditions. For then the Elemental Force of the Eternal, radiating Its redundant joy and grace, will like a powerful solvent, reconcile heterogeneous personages (not so much to each other as) each to a newly recognized affinity with prime-ordial substance; bringing all thus to be at peace with (because recipient of) the highest altitudes of aerialized life—which each is capacitated to receive.”

And one other bit there was:—“Find the key-note with which your companion’s nature is set in accord and strike *it* now and again, and eventual harmony will result.”

It was not then a self disharmonizing person, but a well-composed woman who had prepared for her journey to Milwaukee and for acceptance of her husband’s past, as matters convertible into convenient spiracles of oncoming character and aim! Spiracles, which like the breathing tubes of a butterfly’s body, become avenues through which the breath of God returns to us not only the results of our past, but also, returns to us the power to *utilize* that past, not throwing away one iota of it, in the upbuilding of the future.

And high time it was for Mrs. Holstein to stand to the recognition that all things of the past were “very good” considering the stages of development to which the last seventeen years had contributed. For all these matters she had believed, whatever they were, had come to the individuals concerned as the next things through which each must pass, on his and her unfolding way. But, none the less (but all the more) she saw that this now to her must include the calling of a halt to the inroads which Holstein’s often distraught bewilderments concerning his affairs and his ambitions, precipitated upon her being.

She recalled facts, some of which suddenly had been brought to her knowledge, and some of which of course, had been known to her as they together had passed through those incidents. It was stated in her bible in Hermann’s writing that he had “commenced work in Milwaukee February 27th, 1881, being absent to preach farewell sermon in Washington, March

27th, 1881." On April 20th, 1881 he received his certificate of fellowship in the Chapter and Commandery in Portland.

During the five years of valuable life in Washington not among the least of the benefits received by Mr. and Mrs. Holstein had been the advantages which had come to them (especially as bits intellectualizing to Mrs. Holstein) from their association with and her use of the great library of Gen. Albert Pike of the Supreme Council of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite.

It seems a pity that so little room can here be given to the delightfully instructive and enlarging influences which came from this grand organization in Washington, among which as far as Mrs. Holstein's experience went, then stood conspicuous values, hinted at relative to occult wisdom into which the books delved which she had found in General Albert Pike's grand library. Books, which curiously enough her love for what she had enjoyed of Swedenborg's writings in earlier life had prepared her to understand; fashioned as much of that Masonic literature is on the science of correspondential language: sometimes called "The language of the poets," meaning the truly classical poets. There was much in these books which would have been null and void to her but for her acquaintance with the science of correspondential language.

One of the Rev. Holstein's addresses given before a prominent lodge in Washington, D.C., upon a noted occasion, was on "Beauty as related to Wisdom and Strength." It clearly brought forth much that showed how fully the mysteries of grace reconcile reason and faith; and how the ancient scriptures substantiate and emphasize subliminal truths concerning the necessity for self-poised-holiness in order to the evolving of a perfected form of outward beauty. But it did not state that Beauty, sometimes attained through ages of family care and personal purity, was sometimes then outwardly destroyed in man or woman at transitional stages, when a new chemicalization of substance was carried on by a new kindling of purgatorial fires, as the soul within mounts to higher and more refined levels or possibilities on a purer and more majestic plane.

Much that was set forth by Dr. Holstein had not been imagined as to be accredited to masonic pre-suppositions. When

the lecture was given afterwards in Milwaukee, others, not masons, realized that Light must have come from sources not avowed by the masonic-brethren. Opening up to them a vista relative to things of which they then realized 'the half had not been told.'

Nor could it be told experimentally by that Order, until all through their realm they had in practice "added to their faith Virtue." Virtue, more nearly subliminal than they popularly had then conceived as ever having then been appropriated or possible to be appropriated by man.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Given sincerity and straightforwardness on both sides, few things are pleasanter than the making of new friendships. There is a freemasonry of simplicity as well as of roguery. When there is pretence of any kind—position, wealth, cleverness—then honesty finds itself at fault. Then instead of a cordial intercourse of thought there come polite platitudes, constraint and weariness."—EMERSON.

TWENTY years after the time that Mrs. Holstein had written this quotation which had served as an introduction to a new record book opened at that August 16, 1881, she still felt that it illustrated her experience in the formation of acquaintance and friendships in the new Western pastorate where platitudes, constraint and weariness incident to pretence of any kind never befell. The frankness and whole-hearted simplicity which energized all intercourse there, left her to feel that nothing had ever been done or left undone by any of her western friends during that settlement, which disturbed her wish to meet them again. Following this above quotation the journal record breaks forth evidently at a date some six months after the arrival there:—

"*August 16th, 1881,*—Had just got my trunk packed with things one wants to use at a pleasant summer hotel when Hermann came in saying:—'All my plans are upset.' I waited and then learned, instead of the summer hotel, Hermann wished to go on a camping-out expedition in the woods of Wisconsin. I did not feel at all heart-broken over the change. He said the Summer-Hayes party were going on the trip and had invited us.

"I soon had taken out of my trunk the light summer gowns and, according to orders sketched on paper, got together rubber-boots, rubber coat, rubber hat and cape, big shawl and a substantial woollen dress besides the one in which I was to travel. Only a very little trunk could be taken containing important things.

"When we got into the big vehicle which carried us off behind bundles, hammocks, fish-poles, guns, pistols and cartridges,

Hermann asked me if I would be afraid to stay in the tents with the other ladies when the men went off. I answered, what the others of the party could do I would.

“Off we went passing through”—then came a list of some twenty towns all northward tending, relative to which the journal further down says:—

“We passed through wonderful woodlands near where were towns, the streets of which being lined with stately lombard poplar trees showed the German love for the fatherland and their determination in this, as in greater things, to transplant what they loved of Germany to America. All the way, as we approached Manasha, we ran in sight of Lake Winnebago which is about thirty miles long. It would seem to be a big lake had not we, in Milwaukee lived near Lake Michigan which is nearly 400 miles long; and if we had not known that we were on the way to a lake, Superior in size as well as in name. Up we went to Neenah which we found to be a thrifty town where manufactories are among the prominent industries. After supper we rode over to Doty’s Island. Now the Fox River is the outlet of Lake Winnebago; and Doty’s island is in the river; so that the river flowing on two sides of it conjoins as it blends with Lake Winnebago on the other. Here we went to Robert’s Hotel which is in the midst of beautiful trees, among which is the tree under which Gov. Doty signed his treaty with the Indians; and by the consent of all concerned after that, the island was named for him.

“We are going up to Odina to visit the Indian reservations: way-up, to ‘the Bad River Agency.’ Mr. and Mrs. Beard are stationed there. Miss Owen and Mrs. Evans of Milwaukee are with us and are especially interested in visiting the Reservation, their plan being to go on to Monkhall River mouth and then return.

“Half of the party was left here and the other half took part of the freight in the light boat and then an Indian and Charlie Moore (boatmen and helpers) and the heavy luggage was put into the big boat and in this, we and the rest of the party came over a long six miles’ pull up through the rice swamps. Here the river seemed turning off at all points, so, but for the guide ‘Haskins,’ none of the party would have had an idea which way to go.

“The rice and reeds and the cat-o’-nine tails with waterlilies and all sorts of wild flowers partly so blocked the way that, among them we had to pull right through. The rice is the chief support of the Indians the boatmen said. We met them out in their canoes all the way along; in some places they were pulling the rice heads off into their boats; and in some places just tying them up in a way they have, with grass stems and leaves: so as to keep the rice from falling into the water when it ripens. They have some way of doing it so that they quite rely upon each other not to take away what the tyer has thus saved up for himself or herself, to come and carry off when it is more fully ripened. For three or four miles we passed through acres and acres, skilfully tied up into heads from which birds could neither peck the grain, nor would the canoes in passing through shake it down.

“In the boats there was usually an old woman and a little girl or a young girl and almost always a pappoose was tied up as it swung in its funny little cradle. Up in Odina we found very good houses built on the Indian Reservation, put up for them by Government: but more often than not, the Indians sat opposite the houses in the wigwams where they lived, and enjoyed themselves looking at their houses.

“On landing we left our things and the boat with the boatmen; and went on to the house of the Reservation missionary, Mr. Beard; where we had a cordial greeting, but where no amount of money could buy a dinner for our party. And as for myself, I was so hungry that for the first time in my life I could have cried like a cross child for something to eat. Every one was hungry and we explained our sensations vividly to each other. But nevertheless, what had we to do but to walk way over to the house of ‘Walker,’ the Government farmer.

“Now the regular Government agent is located at Bayfield: and has many, many tribes under his care, and he in turn is responsible to the superintendent; but the large ample house and the pleasant people who received us are neither agent nor superintendent: but are the Government farmer-people who have in hand the adjustment of the farming-interests of, I don’t know how many tribes, but possibly only of the Chipewewa tribe.

"After the woman of the house had given us a dinner, much refreshed and as good as new, we all started down to the settlement to see the Indians dance what they call 'The Old dance.' Mr. Walker, the farmer, told us that those who were christianized and belonged to the missions, gave up those dances as it was desired that they should do; and that the others took it all in good part apparently. And he told us there was no law here; no law at all; but there was seldom any disturbances. For if anything wrong came up, the Indians told him or the missionary, Mr. Beard, about it, which-ever they wanted to have settle it for them.

"The Indian dance was sometimes called the 'Tum Tum.' When we came upon them we found them sitting about in solemn stillness within a circle; seemingly long ago fashioned by a raised embankment. Quite circular this embanking enclosure was. And in the midst, were the men in all the decorations which they could gather together always excepting in this case war-paint. They were straight, slight, tall men. And when, under what looked to be the 'moving of the spirit' one after another advanced to the centre, it was with a motion, as if their steps were taken in continuance of a dance which was passing through their beings in consonance with the tum-tum of the muffled music. Music timed to the step with which the speaker dancingly-walked forward as pulsingly there came forth through his closed lips the in-breathed 'Om-m-m-, Om-m-m-, Om-m-m-' as with face raised to the firmament, he next poured out what he had to say as if to high heaven. Listeners within the circle, many of them sat with bowed heads, while those outside mentally rose into sympathy with this adoration of the Great Spirit whom these men of the forest seemed adoringly to seek, as they worshipped in that temple not made by hands.

With my faith in their good intentions I wanted to ask one of the Indians outside of the circle, what they were praying for? But to my proposition to do this Hermann responded, 'If you want to leave your scalp with them you'd better ask'—comprehending I suppose that it would be an unacceptable intrusion on their mysteries.

"We spent that night at the house of the Government Farmer. The next morning before going further on our trip,

we learned more about the mission home and schools; and as Hermann was engaged about another matter, a young woman, one of the teachers there, took me with her on her rounds. She was getting a very good hold on the Chippewa language, and woman-like, carried with her her language book so as to have it in readiness for reference if she lost a word in conversation with them.

"She took me with her down to the young Chief's house. The old chief was the 'big medicine man.' He had not become a christian. Joseph the young chief and family were members of the Presbyterian mission; and lived in a nice Government-house where the wife and mother (Oh how sorry I felt for her when I saw her,) had arisen to the dignity of wearing corsets and our dreadful kinds of gowns and had in her house, a row of shelves on which upstood finely polished tin pans; the polishing of which accompanied by the scrubbing of the floors, seemed really to have settled in minds as a religious function, closely connected with the forgiveness of sin and the avoidance of the Tum-tum Dance. Here, there were some attempts to repeat (what was so much in evidence at the mission house, visible both on the pretty head of the missionary's wife and on the chairs &c.)—a general touching up with bits of ribbon and white cotton tidies. This Indian woman, nearly six feet high, walked forward (as if there were not seated on her left shoulder a stout little pappoose, clinging by his own strength to her neck) and majestically met us at the door as there we knocked.

"Previously, the teacher had said to me 'After a little while, when we meet chief Joseph, you tell him how proud he must be to have such a fine wife and child. I will repeat it to him and then you will see what he will do.' After a moment Joseph came forward and with his wife, was introduced to me. And presently I said as I was bidden. The teacher repeated it as she had promised. Chief Joseph heard it, and turning his back walked into the little inner room, behind the nearly closed door of which he remained until we had departed. Then said the teacher to me:—"I did this because they do not think enough of their women. He said to me the other day:—"Teacher, I can make my horse mind: I can make my dog mind, I cannot make the wife mind." And I answered, "Chief

Joseph, the white men find that so too; but they don't expect to make their wives mind."

"After that the teacher told me a story that I must remember to tell to the Mission Society when I get home and see what they think about it. It was this:

"As everybody knows, young Indians often prefer settled down women as wives, because they give less trouble and are more useful. One young Indian had a wife who was a tremendous worker; but he became converted, and afterwards very popular at the mission, so that the minister's people felt he ought to have a Christian wife. For as his wife would not come in to the mission she was an outsider. They married him to one of the girls of the mission, and on the next Sunday when he went to church with her, his real wife went also, and as they came out, she plunged a knife into the girl. Then as they have no law, and no place of punishment here, she was put under the ban of condemnation which included the forbidding of any one to give her food, or of buying anything of her or of allowing her to use their canoes in getting her rice and mats down to the towns along the river.

"The teacher wanted me to see her that I might the better understand the whole proceeding. She took me to this woman's wigwam and showed me what was stored up there, and the things which she had made. I saw there barrels on barrels of rice and strong, handsome skilfully-made mats, which she had plaited out of the grasses which she had colored: grasses like those various reed-like growths which we saw as we rode through them, filling as they did in many cases, the water-course. As I stood there beside her, the teacher, after introducing her to me, gave me in her presence additional points concerning her distresses. Then conveying to her the idea that I was friendly, I gave her my hand and bought two of her handsomest and largest mats at the price she chose to name; paying for them and arranging with the teacher that they should be sent to Milwaukee at my charge.

"The Indian woman said she had always 'worked hard for Jim'—who was a young fellow much younger than she was; and that he would get all the money and just come and get his meals and go, and pay no attention to her nor treat her decent; and then left her, to become a christian and marry

the wife at the mission. And that one Sunday she 'had to stop that wife.'

"The Government Farmer told me that this woman had been married to Jim by a Catholic priest. But that when Jim became a Christian at the mission, as there was no record of the marriage anywhere about, they called it null and void, and married him to the Indian christian girl."

It may be interpolated here that, after Mr. and Mrs. Holstein returned to Milwaukee, a letter was received from the teacher, sending back the money at the demand of the mission, as they would not allow the Indian woman to have it; because the woman having been ostracised, there was now to be no discussion permitted regarding their decision; nor any protection countenanced as possible for one against whom they had turned.

Mrs. Holstein felt that in the returning of the money (whatever complications might have arisen if the woman had been allowed to keep it) there was in that act the same love of dominance which had made an inferno of Massachusetts in the old days, when 'Mrs. Ann Hutchinson, wife of the noble Colonel Hutchinson of pre-Revolutionary days,' was sent out to the tender mercies of the Indians which then were found to be much more tender toward Quakers than was the mercy extended to them by the witch-burning church of 'the Standing Order.'

The journal continues:—

"The Government Farmer, Mr. Walker, told me much more about the trouble which this act kept smouldering among the tribes. For their inherited, unwritten code concerning rectitude to the Great Spirit of Life, included elements which would be as advantageous for us to live up to, as are many of the things which missionary intelligence, imparts to the Indian."

"After having seen young Chief Joseph and his family, the Teacher and the Government Farmer asked me if I wanted to cross the Bad River and go over to the wigwam of the old chief—'the Big Medicine Man'; because the old wife was quite sick and ailing and would like it much. So over we went. The Bad River quite deserves its name. It is a roistering, dangerous affair and seems all through that part of the country to be doubling on its own course, furnishing serious impedi-

ment to progress. Bridges are laid across it, consisting of nothing more or less than long logs flattened at the upper surface, but having no railing or other support. And as the depth below is great, whether full of roaring waters or at lower conditions of the flood, the crossing of it is no simple affair. But as Hermann had some other engagement at a greater distance we decided I would as well go. The tramp across was not very long, but the sight of the bridge when we got to it was something to contemplate. However, it looked not much worse than one known to me in my childhood as a way-mark called by the name 'as far as the first dam' used to look. So without stopping to consider the case, perhaps full of the thought of those charming childhood's days and of how impassably-big that bridge had then looked to my smaller ability, I walked with unhesitating briskness straight after the farmer, followed by the teacher and on to the wigwam. Space fails to tell about all that, and as I am quite sure I shall not forget how the very old woman on the bed looked and how terrific I should have thought the old man looked before these experiences were piling up—I'll just say here that the old woman wanted some tea—some good tea—and after taking the teacher's hint to be sure to use the word 'perhaps, *perhaps*' I went away, bound as far as my own sense of the affair was concerned by a firm promise to come back again that night with the tea. Even then with all my perhapses the Teacher, very much doubting the possibility of my accomplishing it, urged me to go back to the bed and add two more 'perhapses,' sufficient to impress the shakiness of the prospect toward which the old woman's soul seemed yearning. Out we started and the crossing of the bridge was accomplished under the stress of the interest of it, and the tea gotten and some other things, and then I was begged not to set out again that afternoon; and the releasement which was included in the many 'perhapses' were presented to my mind, but without effect. And off we started. And, (who can tell why?) when I got to the middle of the bridge, an absolute disablement came on me, only namable under the term 'stage-fright.' It was as if I were struck by death. The farmer had passed before me and had turned as he stepped to the ground and saw my condition; and with a good full tone said:—

'You're all right Madam,' and in another moment he had given me his hand. But the shock, the death moment had passed: and with firmness of step sufficient, I soon had my feet upon land again.

"When we brought the tea into the wigwam the old Medicine Man was there; and the look of high faith and appreciation which filled their eyes, and the way the old woman hugged the tea and the other goodies, was recompense enough for my scare.

"However the fact remained that that bridge was to be crossed again. How it was accomplished I hardly know, for I suppose I had gotten almost too tired and too nerve-strained for any further effort. But it was done and we got home. Funny? How soon we begin to call a place home; but these were all nice friendly people and sound and good.

"Neither the farmer nor wife or others there, in the least disguised the fact that that Episcopalian unoccupied little chapel was the one dear to their hearts, and that the administration of affairs there, used to take in more amiably 'the Great Spirit' worship as a not offensive view of religious-union with the Creator.

"When we started next day on the big boat we suddenly came upon what was called 'a pack,' consisting of about a half mile of great logs lying solid in the river, through which we were able to get only by having most of the men in our boat get out onto the logs and help push and shove, giving their aid to the two rather collegiate looking young men, who were dancing about on those logs perilously, as if it were firm walking. Young men who were superintendents of the lumber boom. They were very glad to meet Mr. Holstein, and learning where we were, proposed coming up later on, to Lake Superior to see the party there.

"We struck the shore of Lake Superior at about seven o'clock that evening. As the clear waters of the Bad River were suddenly lost in the muddy swell of the Lake, it gave me a realizing sense of the meaning of the term 'empties into the sea.'

"The black clouds and the sunset glories with the rumbling of the sea (for nothing less could that great lake be considered) with the swis-s-sh of its dashing waves on the sand, and the glorious air and the exhilaration of the wilderness isolation,

was then almost as insupportable in its influence as it is now unreportable.

“The men were moving about in a very lively way as there was plenty to be done before night came on. The Indians were bringing the things up from the boat, and pulling all the boats well up on the shore. The men named Charlie and Haskins, had started a tremendous blaze with logs ten feet long, finally, after having whittled up shavings with a speed that made the uninitiated, wonder how jack-knives could fly so fast. Others of them were putting up the tents and the bedsteads therein which had to be built in this way. The first thing they did was to place what they called a lift pole in the centre of the tent, through which they ran the canvas of the tent, resting it somehow on the crotch of the pole. Then they cut and planted firm in the ground within the tent, four crocheted strong sticks. These were supposed to be the legs of the bedsteads, and across these were the thwart-poles running both ways, on which were stretched the canvas sackings which all the members of the party had fetched for their own use, and which furnished the basis for a bed made of—feathers? no indeed, but of the soft aromatic tips of pine-trees which were thrown lightly and abundantly in until the couch was altogether fit for the cloud-floating Jove. Over these pine-tree-tops went rubber blankets, then respectable woollen blankets, and after that one thing more which probably was added in every case; and that was the delightfully tired frames to which slumber this night, needed no coaxing.

“When we wanted tea however, the water had to be boiled over the big fire in a pail attached to a pole, long enough to be held at the respectful distance which so august a fire demanded.

“They said, if I could get the wood which lay along the shore there, down to Boston, I could live on the interest of my money all the rest of my life.

“Nothing can be wilder than this shore, unless it be the Sierra Nevadas and the canyons there. The cliffs of earth when exposed to the sun, become solid rocks which rise sheer into the air, a hundred feet above the level of the lake. Into the dense forests the force of the lake constantly encroaches; one way and another carries away bodily the ‘monarchs’ there:—fairly

picturing how one form of life keeps some other form at its mercy all through the realm. Let us hope, that, it is all at its *mercy!*

“The next morning we went out over these rocks and chasms, to see the far-famed-pictured rocks of Lake Superior; which rise in their full beauty on this south shore. Then we came to a place where these rocks suddenly jutted sheer into the sea. From here a mighty tree had fallen long ago, in such a way that our boatmen had to ford the intervening water in order to reach the boat which had been floated lightly out beyond,—thus getting to the other side of the tree. When we got into the boat again Hermann said: ‘Face the other way Evie! I want you to catch suddenly the first glimpse!’ At that moment we were in the midst of a broad, turbid stream of beer-colored water with a dense white foam on the top which heightened the likeness. The water fell in a sheet of foam and spray over a hundred feet, they said; crashing into a basin beneath, creating such a whirlpool that again we had to get out of the boat lest we should be swept into the whirlpool. Then, landing on the shore, we climbed across rocks of an almost impassable steepness, round to where, getting above the basin curve, we looked down two hundred and fifty feet below, from which towering height a young engineer had fallen not long before and was sucked down into the whirl. Where he came up I cannot tell, for terrible stories were told of the undercurrent and maelstrom-whirl there.

“My husband was very nervous about this wild place! He insisted on dividing the party and upon our returning in the boat.

“There were some young lads in Dr. Holbrook’s group; one Walter Blossom and another, perhaps young ‘Artie’ Holbrook might have been the name. It was but a little skiff, but the conditions of the shore were so unsafe that Hermann decided to have me ride in the boat with Walter Blossom, a fifteen year old lad. A very heavy fog came on, and the sea tossed that skiff about so that it was very difficult for us to keep going at the right distance from the shore; for the tide carried us so, that we kept getting ahead of the walking-party, so that they became very much frightened, thinking that we might get lost. We could see them and I could see Hermann

gesticulating with all his might and main: as he was tearing along at his utmost speed with Charlie the guide, motioning violently. But the lake was noisy and we could not hear a word he said. And yet I thought he wanted us to come in, and would have done so, but we were among rocks which were almost impossible to escape. And that gave me to think that he was motioning us to keep off from the rocks. I could see the poor fellow wiping his brow and evidently in an agony of excitement. Just then we were a little clear of the rocks and I advised pulling for the shore; then Charlie's voice came yelling out:—'Come on shore!' in a seaman's tone. And we learned afterwards they could not see us at all because of the fog, and didn't suppose we could see land; and had no idea how far away we had drifted or whether we had sunken. We had cleared the rocks now and in we got. Then Charlie came on board, and as he was a regular boatman and knew the coast, Hermann felt safer, but was fearfully excited still. But I told him that I was perfectly able to walk and would rather walk with him, although they said it was three miles and I had already walked hard that day. So it was agreed that Dr. Holbrook should get into the boat as he was a little ill from his tramp and from hay fever.

"I was glad enough when I got on shore and was walking with Hermann. We held hands as we walked over the beach, which all this time was narrowing very fast, as the surf closed up, making the guide very anxious. After I had walked four miles, not three, it was decided I would better get into the boat again as the constantly narrowing shore made it necessary that the trampers should hasten; which they thought they could do better if they did not have to halt for my now rather fatigued motions; for the rest of the ladies had returned on the other boat. The whole party were very much alarmed. I got into the boat again as I was bidden, seeing that it was the best thing, and so exhilarating was the whole scene that I really didn't know why that great lake Superior would not be pleasanter to rest in, than any cooped-up graveyard: and why the melodious chants of nature, never ceasing, would not be superior to a little church requiem. I had no babies at home and Life is life whether in this body or in that freer spirit-world, where I *really* felt I belonged!

"We were shipping seas all the time and we were drenched; but we got safe back to the tents all right, and after I had dried out my dishevelled hair and had gotten into my warm gray, I started back down the coast to meet Hermann. He was frightfully nervous and tired, but overjoyed to see me able to walk back again in such good condition.

"Tired as we were, we enjoyed supper that night even though it had a high flavor of kerosene oil. The puzzle always grows, how people can pay so much money and exert themselves so much to suffer such miseries and eat such reprehensible food! Still as the whole affair is known as a 'pleasure trip' it would ill become anyone to analyze the elements which go to make it up.

"It was a chill night and the campmen had built up a fire back of the tent so that the smoke would be blown away from the tents, putting on full three cords of wood at a time, so they said. The logs were nine feet high and piled six feet deep. The blaze and the beauty of it was enchanting and awe-filling. Beside that, as if nature wanted nothing unadded, it was the time when the comet was blazing over the Lake; and as if Walter Blossom and little Artie meant to have added the one extra element, it chanced that a great owl,—a very very large owl—which Walter had shot (for he was altogether the crack huntsman of the party, as will be additionally shown later on) was hung on a tree where his eyes looked down on us, filled as they were with the firelight reflections, in all the weirdness of the unsearchable wisdom attributed to that bird of Minerva.

"Little Artie and I got out the camp chairs and made ourselves useful by hanging wet clothes on them in that tremendous fire heat: and sung patriotic songs together, and told stories in which every one joined, adding betimes their experiences of the day. For it was pretty well known that we had come close enough to imperilling our lives.

"It was a cold night, so they made the tents tight on the sea-side, and threw up the flaps on the fire-side so as to dry out the dampness the best possible. Then having dressed ourselves some more, as our way was—(not undressed) we got into our beds.

"I went to sleep looking out of the tent-door like a Persian

fire-worshipper and looking at the owl, whose eyes blazed into mine till the memory of his wisdom was lost in slumber.

"The next morning a good share of the people were going out trouting in a brook that runs into the lake. Not far up beyond, was an old Indian grave place where the remains embalmed, are tied up in some sort of covering and are hung high on posts or from trees; and I had walked along looking at these things till I had gotten pretty well infilled with the, not exactly ghostliness of it, but more like, deluged with Indians' spiritual sense of the world from which they never seemed to be very far away. When suddenly I heard the regular Tum-tum-tum of a sort which I had been told was a rallying summons of a not at all pacific nature. I found it impossible to control my desire to run back on that sandy beach faster than there was any possibility of doing. I felt ashamed to think I was *almost* frightened; but I was; almost as frightened as I had been in the midst of the bridge when that stagnant terror came on me; and just then the dear lad, Hermann Holstein heaved in sight, coming toward me (seeing my terror) much more rapidly than I got toward him: crying out:—'It's nothing! It's nothing! It's only that Charlie's nonsense,' and Charlie it was.

"Now I didn't like twice to have been as frightened as that. So I made up my mind that (though Doctor Holbrook felt the water was a great deal too cold for a plunge, as the ice was still coming down from some far away realm) I would, the next morning when the camp was nearly empty (especially when the physician was gone), dress for the sea; and walk into it. This I did. And forever I declared that I never had a more Superior bath.

"After that Hermann and I and one of the guides went in a skiff up to a place where men were prospecting for iron; and after we had reached an almost inaccessible spot it was desired that we should place our names there on the rock where but few names were placed, because but few had there arrived as far as known. Not long after that one of our most prominent and admired church-men, meeting us, told us of our high attainments for which he could vouch, having seen our names engraved on the rocks as he chanced to follow, not many days afterward, when I believe he had placed his name

there too. I felt quite certain that if we had money to invest, that would be the place to buy land for iron-mining: and though we had not, others had, and later on so did buy, with highly satisfactory results.

"Up here was the old fur-trading point with the Chippewas also; which is told about, in Washington Irving's book 'Astoria.' Hermann and I are going to read that book when we get home, so as to have the full benefit of this trip, by understanding how past efforts have been related to it, wild and deserted though it now looks.

"That man 'Tom' who was sent out to get us some good provisions after kerosene oil had too fully deluged what we had, has not yet come back. And according to the fashion here, doubts and maledictions have been heaped upon the poor Indian ever since he left camp to get supplies from Odina or Ashland.

"About noon to-day a boat came in sight. We thought it was that Tom, come back with some food. But it proved to be those young lumbermen who had come up from the 'boom on the Bad River,' those men whom we passed at work there. They told us they had come up to fish for the day, hearing that there was a 'camp of whites here.' We are 'whites'! They were all Wisconsin men; fine looking they were, one a college graduate, two others quite as bright, and one was a merry little man of a rougher sort. They were all strong and healthy and filled the time with bright chat about 'conquering the Wilderness,' of which I knew so little and of which I wanted to know so much. Their boat is a very good boat: substantial and large enough to hold quite a party. Better than the old Mackinaw boat and much larger than our little skiff.

"Hermann decided to have them take us back."

Evidently some days passed, then the journal was resumed, thus:

"Have skipped writing for some days. I am writing now on the slow moving boat as we go along the Kakagan river. We have 'half-breeds,' Charlie Brisses and Willie Coutour on board to pull us: and these other men, and Archie and Walter.

"Hermann had gotten frightfully tired. But the slow motion of this boat rests him as he has a chance to stretch out

while he reads and thinks. I am almost as tired as Hermann, for we have kept very busy running about. And as on our return we stopped at the Reservations, I got further information, especially about Miss McClary who is an excellent missionary and works night and day almost, in a mother-like way; full of personal interest, such as shown in that Indian wife affair. Miss McClary has been here three years and can talk Chippewa, perfectly intelligibly to the Indians. Mr. Beard has been here eight years, and allows that he 'don't talk it at all.' They say the old Indian man is a 'most vicious, violently-passionate old monster.' But I say, he has the manner (and apparently uses the courteous language) of a prince as he speaks to me in his tender concern for his wife. They are very poor: because they are too old to work. And the Government farmer tells me that the Government plan is to give those who can work and farm well, help about it; so that they can make more money and be more valuable to government managers there.

"We shall soon be at Ashland and then the run from there will be less laborious.

"Oh! They have just taken me to see the deer that Walter Blossom shot. They consider it the finest elk taken in a long while. It was put to good use, but it seems sad to have such a graceful life laid low.

"*Sunday Night.* I have just come back from prayermeeting at a little church to which, as it was Sabbath evening, Artie, Walter and I walked over. And the inspiration which nature had imparted concerning the God who had made it as well as us, I think I must quite have poured forth in prayer at that meeting, including utterance of thankfulness that we were all returning soon to the homes where we all would retake, with more critical attention as to *results*—the duties which we then found awaiting us.

"Little Artie and Walter are beautiful boys, and when I found that the last, had a sister May, the name—May-Blossom—fixed the other names in my mind as I told them when later we all met in our church on our return."

CHAPTER IX.

"The sages alone do not desire to forget. For their recollections are always their rewards. Wherefore they only truly are immortal because they are conscious of their immortality."

THE good point gained by the trip as far as Mrs. Holstein was concerned was, that it put her into healthful-relations to the possibilities of the great North-west, so that nothing less than the "conquering of the Wilderness" at which the young lumbermen had hinted, sufficiently forthfigured the things in the accomplishment of which she hoped she and Hermann were to give the rest of their lives.

If Milwaukee, the State of Wisconsin and the whole Baptist convention of the North-west had been created for her delectation, she could no more fully have felt herself avowed to permanency in that work.

The character of the people, the innumerable lines of work which they were carrying forward, stretching out as these lines did network-like from individual centres to the ends of the earth—made this region seem to her more individually vivacious than did the governmentally-organized-machine-run-affairs of the District of Columbia, interesting in another way though those had been.

People here were not "standing round" waiting for what is known in Washington as "influence." Every individual here was permeated by a personal volition which acted on him like Kant's "Maxims," which though less than absolute moral power, yet held firm in their place men of a good sort. So that without let or hindrance, with the regularity in which the sun rises and the storms come on and pass, their purposed achievements were proposed, accomplished and carried up and on to higher planes. So inspired was she by all this that she constantly penned "Outputs," sending them to the press unreviewed. For Hermann took her on so many fishing excursions, seeming to feel responsible for exploring the lakes of the State, that little time was left for doing more than to thrust these papers into an envelope and out of sight and mind

till they next met her eyes in print. In those long days of lake-life she at times felt as if caught up into views of things perhaps known to the old lake-dwellers, whose mysteries she believed were related to a life to come (not in some other world but) in this world, where the missionary hymn says "Every prospect pleases and only man is vile." But not so sang she that hymn; she hated to hear such statements about her fellow-men; and told Hermann, that in order to rectify men's opinions about themselves she had to send articles to the daily papers to give them a view of how fine, prospectively and intrinsically, humanity is, when a real sight of his real being is had.

Relative to her outputs, one day some one said to her, "Mrs. Holstein, your ideal man is as scarce as pink-eyed bass." She wonderingly asked him how scarce that was, and was told: "We hardly ever see one."

Imagine then if you can, how satisfactory it was when, fishing with Hermann and a friend of his, they greeted a fish which she had landed, with the cry, "It is a pink-eyed bass!"

Now as to the "pink" eyes she was not at all sure that she liked them as well as she liked the fine black eyes which had glorified the head of the barking, growling cavalla: a lordly-looking Spanish Don of a fish which years ago she had pulled up, down in the Gulf.

With Hermann's consent she forwarded this bass to his friend who had believed that that kind of a fish and her ideal man were equally rare. Of course idealizing things were said complimentary to *Hermann*, the *fish* and the *future*, significant of the possibility that this sudden materializing of the pink-eyed bass (whose existence was supposed to be nearly chimerical) might be altogether on the way toward the spiritizing of the coming race on whose arrival in the Twentieth century her faith was so firmly fixed.

The coming to her hook of that pink-eyed bass seemed to the persons who knew the circumstances relative to it, to fetch quite in line the rest of her outlooks toward things for which it was known Hermann and she were working. It partly inspired her to put out a well-liked ten or twenty page novellette called "Race-drift" which was sent to the editor of "The Wisconsin" whose doubt about the pink-eyed bass had been

settled by the presentation of it to him. And it was in this paper that the successive chapters of "Race-drift" were published, for which the writer received fifty dollars; which came admirably in use for the purchase of a furlined cloak, demanded by the bitter season. But even more comforting than the furlined cloak, were, to her the words of the editor's young wife as she one day stated that "For delicate persons who liked that plane of life, her church upheld and authorized a marriage 'according to St. Joseph,' which included for those who entered upon it, conditions of betrothal such as existed between Mary and the protector of her virginity, Joseph!"

This information was very interesting to this "dreamer who worked," but it filled her mind with a sense of the complications and of the temptations-to-distrust, which may have come to Joseph, when he found that the miracle (then so-called) of the coming of a child born of Spirit, had befallen them.

Records before me kept by Mrs. Holstein under date of Oct. 15th appear thus "Mem. Things done this week. Wrote article for Social on Baptist church of the future. If it is acceptable sometime I will abbreviate it and send it to the 'Chicago Standard' under name 'Church of the Republic.' Also sent article and letter to 'Woman's Journal' Boston. Answered letter from Mrs. Rockwell, President of the Milwaukee Industrial Home for girls. Also letter from Mrs. Rev. E. B. Gordon. Three others letters. Then went out to Industrial Home and found Katie Gotterscheine. Went to Missionary meeting to which State Associational Secretaries had been called to attend to further reorganization. Prayer meeting at night: and there engaged to meet Miss Fannie Martin at 9.30 Wednesday morning. (Fannie Martin intelligent daughter of first deacon, a Scotchman.) Agreed to meet Mrs. Bacon from two to three.

"October 22nd:—Wrote letter to Mr. Colby asking him to give address relative to the time when the finishing of the Wisconsin Central R.R. completed the line across the continent from ocean to ocean. Asked Mrs. Rockwell to give, for the January Social a paper showing the order of truly reconstructive work which is achievable among the young girls when taken up early enough to secure a preforming before greater evils necessitate a reforming. Also saw Mrs. Sherman relative

to the written plan that she is to present, connected with the gathering up of the several branches of work: and the names of the officers proposed by her and to be voted on as being responsible for these lines of work.

“October 23rd. Mailed letters to the Rev. Mrs. Medbury (very competent Secretary of the Woman’s Foreign Mission Association of the North-west) asking for a review of work done and present status to be given at the New Year’s meeting: inspiritingly setting forth the expanse of country necessary to travel in visiting, as she often does, the churches in this North-west convention. Had long visit from Mrs. Curtis, our Secretary of Home Missions; one of the daughters of the pastor at Wauwatosa and a skilled teacher of the prosperous infant class so-called: a class including many who are of the age most desirable for the formation of the Coming-Force-Society as organized and conducted in Washington. She wishes to see if prominent men and women will desire to forward work along the line so well received in Washington relative to securing an early hold on the moralizing functions of children.

“October 24th:—Result of letters was, a bevy of ladies were called to meet Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Curtis and the President, to formulate Constitution and revise matters.

“Oct. 27th:—Went to Wauwatosa and held an Associational Committee meeting. Met Mrs. Lester and also met Rev. and Mrs. Underwood, the parents of Mrs. Curtis and Mrs. Gray. Mrs. Gray is the wife of the Mr. ‘Tom Gray’ whose book-store furnishes for Milwaukee’s rapacious readers a fine order of literature whose quantity and quality is said to rank way up above that utilized and read in any State of the Union.

“Oct. 30th.—Invited class up Saturday evening at 7.30: promised to call on Mrs. Peck and Rice. Mrs. Peck is the wife of the witty man whose record of ‘Peck’s Bad Boy’ has been a source of as much merriment as it has of wealth; or as it has, of occasional chagrin to that fine, serious-minded, and very well balanced son of his, whose radiant but solemn eyes look forth on the world with something of the wonder that his mother’s carry; as she contemplates things which never seem quite so funny to her as they do to all the rest of the world and Mr. Peck: who claims that as for his relations

with the church, he is only a brother-in-law; because he is the husband of one of its sisters.

"I am glad I am to meet dear Mrs. Rice and that she is to identify herself with the augmenting of the Coming-Force-Society of the youth of this North-west. For the word 'North-west' sounds to me like 'Arcadia.'

"October 31st:—Sent report of the now consolidated 'Individual Effort Association': and a letter to Miss Mary Sherman relative to it. Also letter to Mrs. Major H. M. Roberts to whom I hope, after we come to mutual understandings, I shall be able to recommit much which for the time I am getting loaded on to me. Wrote letter congratulating Mrs. Bianca Mitchell on the publishing of her amusing little books: a woman who is making a brave stand to hold right relations to her best principles and thus, the adjustment of her child's life to the development of the representative womanly traits on which she has set her heart. Had a call from Mrs. Knowles whose substantial qualities are shown forth in the large family of children everyone of whom, their parents have individually impelled and aided along the lines of progress to each most dear. Call from Mrs. Lyman, and Mrs. Scott and Mrs. George Peck: ladies, who, considered in relation to their achievement will not object to have even their names headed by Mrs. Lyman's, whose seniority in achievement along lines of literature and reform (as well as her long life of well-filled years) gives her pre-eminence.

"Nov. 3rd. Called on Mesdames Roberts, Curtis, Gordon, Thatcher and the family of Dr. Milo P. Jewett. Took music lesson.

"November 4th:—Practised four hours just out of love to old memories. Worked up paper. Attended to making Mary's suit. Mary is one of the pre-formed, not reformed girls whose opportune induction into the girls' Industrial Home was followed by my receiving her here as a 'house-help.' She was engaged to a young German fellow who is earning his living creditably: and as I looked up the matter, I saw no reason for the interference which had existed, but, rather, for a mothering care. This has been agreed upon between Mrs. Rockwell, President of the Industrial Home, and myself. The outfit which I am helping Mary to make is one,

the gray tints of which bring out her color, while adding a quiet grace of appearance at which Mr. Schneider was evidently surprisedly pleased.

“Nov. 5th:—Letter from Mrs. Lynde: also official notice from the noble old ‘Association’ for the Advancement of Women (A. A. W.) notifying me of my election as a director of the Board and also as Chairman of the Committee on Reforms and Statistics; the rest of whom are, Mrs. C. B. Chase, Valley Falls, Mrs. Ellen Mitchell, Chicago, Mrs. Mary C. Peckham, Providence. Mem. To attend to that and do duty. Mem. Not to forget it.

“Nov. 11th:—Accepted the offices and wrote to the members of the committee to send me matters of new interest and items of work to be done before August 188—.”

I find here an article pinned in, published in a paper, to give reasons for the rapid increase and substantial dignity of the Baptist denomination. A paper which for the good of those who care for this story is here put in bodily, between matters relative to what Mrs. Holstein called outside work (such as the A. A. W. work &c.) and this printed enthruser for her distinctive church work from which she would let nothing restrain her, for as long as her duty thereto was pledged.

Our own history as a denomination proves this. Examine the statistics of a quarter of a century; our increase in associations has been 500, so now in societies we number nearly 1,100; in churches 13,000, our present number being over 2,400; our ministry has increased from 6,475 to 15,400; membership, from 808,754 to 2,133,000. The per cent. of national increase has been about 71 per cent. and of our denominational increase 160 per cent. At the time when these statistics were made the population of the United States was 47,000,000, so that one person in every 23 was a Baptist. Now, what has produced this? I answer, our unity of conviction.

“Nov. 12:—Mem. to write to different reformatory Institutions for statistics so as to know *how* the good work here of this Industrial School, stands relatively to what is considered elsewhere, as the best possible conditions yet attained along those lines.

“Dec. 3rd:—Have been getting ready for the Christmas Cantata. Had had little reception at home, of about fifty people:—cost \$18 and four days’ hard work. Made arrangements for the festival and fair; had the committee here and all is

going well. Officers of young people's Associations came up on Saturday to arrange business concerning their work. Their President attended to it. Wrote to 'Kate Gannett Wells' accepting Directorship and Chairmanship of Committee on Reforms and Statistics. Also wrote to Mrs. O'Connor, Washington, there, prominent in moral educational work and, with Dr. Winslow and others, identified in the publication of the 'Alpha.'

"Oh! If *only* I would never get tired! There are many New Church People here: as there were also in Washington. They lay hold on scientifically spiritual statements in a way which simplifies things altogether.

"Dec. 7:—The working up of my large bible class would give me occupation enough if I attended only to conditions which arise among the thirty or so bright young men and women related to it. There are members of a Fabian family in the class; one, a married sister and her well-balanced German-American husband who seem aroused by the recognition that the bible is a book full of books some of which are devoted to sketches at histories of nations known of old; whose conditions are set forth in those books by prophets and seers as they then and there summed up each his own country's relation to the massed doings of the six thousand years, covering the time before the flood, not only up to the coming of Jesus, but after that, when the disciples and apostles told on thence concerning the climaxing of that to which we are now looking forward:—and that is, the power of an Order of life which (under the descent of Spirit) will regenerate the world. And that this will be done by bringing to us a state of society in which beings, like the Lord Jesus Christ will *not* be crucified by churches and synagogues for being God-like in truth, gentleness and might."

Mrs. Holstein gave me to know that, at the time, she did not realize how frequently she probably ran ahead of her class: as she made statements for which few minds (though older and wiser than theirs) were then prepared. But she risked all she told me, being desirous only of arousing them to hunt up difficulties in the scripture: that they might honestly study into them and discuss them with her and get at the foundation of the difficulties then and there: rather than, in

the class to acquiesce in statements, which, outside of the class and in the outer world, they would either repudiate or let go unsettled in their minds. The Journal goes on.

"A lesson came up relative to this, in which the instructive attitude assumed by Balaam's ass when he objected to going any further along the road which had been forbidden to Balaam,—awoke much surprise. One or two of the young men who were glorying in German rationalism, had the air as if the foundations of The Word quaked under the impossibility of accepting this evident fable. But the teacher turned attention to the fact that in olden times the dignity of a very dignified man was sometimes announced in the words: "And he had ten sons who rode on asses,"—asking the young men what glory they would feel was bestowed either on them or on their father if such an assertion were made of them to-day? A laugh of merriment bubbled up, for none seemed able to detect the charm of such a procession. But when a young legal student, Fabian, heard that the ass, especially the white ass, was a symbol of pure judgment and that august persons on Orientally-august occasions, rode upon that creature, (as the multitude made Jesus ride upon the foal of an ass on his triumphal entrance into Jerusalem) he then realized that, to say a man had ten sons who rode upon white asses was equal to saying, as in English verbiage, he had ten sons who 'wore the white ermine': or as was said of judges in another English epoch, that they 'sat upon the wool-sack.' This brought the story of Balaam's speaking-ass into right relations with the symbolism that is included in this story. For the story was that Balaam had prayed the Lord that he might be allowed to do a certain thing which the Lord forbade twice; and which yet Balaam prayed for till he got (or as I think, till he persuaded himself he had gotten) permission to do what had twice been forbidden by the Lord, who changes not. So that Balaam with his interior knowledge of these facts was pushing forward his own schemes against his own best judgment. Then the story tells us, the ass halted refusing to go further and delivered his mind upon the subject. Typical of the fact that Balaam's attempt not only to subject his own better judgment, but also of his wilful attempt to make the Lord subject His judgment to Balaam's, was at last arrested as set forth

by the indignant outburst of his own over-driven judgment (typified by the ass) against the driving hand which impelled it along a forbidden path. This is but a hint at interpretation of scriptures of which Jesus said (relative to His words) were 'spirit'; and of which Paul had said concerning his words, were to be spiritually discerned. And is in its degree true of Orientalisms generally." So Mrs. Holstein told her class the spiritual interpretations of them, far from annulling the solemnity of the hidden truth inculcated, instead intensify and exalt the scientifically-spiritual philosophy therein contained. Then the class wondered less that antagonisms grew up toward what seemed to be 'childish-stories.' And they realized that the scriptures were exalted truths, but for these truths one must search as for hid treasure. For these truths relate to the moral possessions of that city of Mansoul whose defence from lower insurgents, was seen to be a matter serious enough to call for the energies of mind and life. The eternalities of the values within the depths of each soul, brought them a realizing sense of the meaning of the old statement, that truth is at the bottom of the well and that only those who will dive for it, can fetch it up.

The interest increased greatly. Open house was practically kept for the class, as in groups or individually they came, relative to defining some points of scriptural morality. Points, which twenty years ago were not popularly opened up as they now are, by the work of our 'New Education' Societies: and which, therefore were then so little understood that things said at these gatherings, were not often clearly reported either by cattle-like jollity, or the creedal-alarm of those whose childhood's-training had not prepared them for personal discrimination, either historical or in matters like these before the class.

During a call of one of them, at the parsonage, the matter of divorces and the *cause* of divorces came up including the question as to what should be done with the children under such conditions. Incidentally Mrs. Holstein suggested that if children assumed the mother's name instead of the fathers, it would simplify matters; because mothers know that the children they bear are theirs: therefore many complications, which arise in disorderly life would not arise, if from the first,

women were educated to expect that they would be held accountable for the dignity and welfare of every child to whom they gave birth. For then, necessarily, that would include giving the mother-half of the race, educational-and-money-earning opportunities: thus rightly relating them to the unescapable responsibility of motherhood. This forecast was thrown off conversationally as social forecasts were, in the ease of the all-pervasive social life at Washington.

But here, to that young man, it seemed like nothing less than the arranging on the spot for revolutionary conditions. And so, perhaps it was re-stated by those eager to report progress. Which indefinite reports left the speaker to bear the burden of whatever inadequate interpretations might be precipitated, by those who had no hold on the principle at stake.

Looking back twenty years later upon this and like things, Mrs. Holstein at times half inclined to commend methods figured forth in the words 'answer a' person 'according to his folly': a method which might thus save speakers from casting pearls before those who, being on the corn-feeding plane, would escape swallowing indigestible pearls when corn only was needed.

For the idea of simplifying life by having children bear the mother's name and by making the mother responsible for those who thus bore it, by fitting women from childhood to meet their responsibilities, left the young man a confusion of ideas, probably not particularly elucidated by outside discussion of them.

The then Mayor of Milwaukee and his Swedenborgian family, with their spiritizing ideals, seeing the disparity which existed between some of Mrs. Holstein's outputs and the common-sense, ordinary life about her, one day told her of their admiration and wish that they could aid her valiant soul; but also told her, it was sure to be very hard for people who made themselves to be anvils on which they let others beat out their ideas:—because, (said they) "you know iron is stubborn stuff: and can only be knocked into form and shaped up, when it is red hot; and that gives the anvil pretty hard treatment to endure."

This was said with the good intention of bringing Mrs. Holstein to use the idea about casting pearls &c. For it is the

practice of Swedenborgians to say their "bests" only to their nexts; while through her life and her father's before her, *Truths* were uttered as they flowed through the mind, on the supposition that persons a'near were those whom heaven allowed to be there, to get what was to be gotten and to be given, each by the other; to be utilized as best each receiver could: leaving accountable for the utilization of the mutilization of truths high or low, only the receiver of them: an easy manner of faithful-life which took the stress off of it.

In after years she questioned whether, if all through life she had given herself to the enjoyment of the graceful attentions proffered by persons who, in their churches were in lines superior to hers in study and research—instead of standing on guard against all those enticing things as if they were allurements from hard duty—she would not have done more wisely as well as more agreeably, and quite as profitably for all concerned. Here again as in Washington it was said "Don't go into that hard work. We want you! Leave those things for other kinds of folks to attend to." To this she could not even reply that she loved that hard work; all she could say was, it was left undone because some persons could not manage it; and therefore those who could, should. And later on when she saw how misrepresented she was by her unreasonable sacrifice,—she then but accepted the fact that there was 'a hand which guided,' both as it impelled Holstein and as it impelled her, to dive into conditions of which she at last got a comprehensive view, as affairs in Washington culminated, and in the great North-west.

There was a class in the mission school over on the west side, which had the credit of being so unmanageable that, even the last very good teacher had to give it up. Then the superintendent was at the point of concluding that the good of the school demanded that those boys should walk out of the school and stay out. They were a hardy looking set of little ruffians who evidently gloried in their reputation and were there for no other business but to prove that they were unmanageable. Mrs. Holstein felt it would be a horrible beating of retreat if a Sabbath-school agency had to confess that nothing better could be done, than to drive out the boys who had come in for the purpose of overthrowing order.

She took the class.

On the first Sabbath the lesson had proceeded practically not at all; when the pulling of hair, punching and giggling were followed on the part of the most skilled, with looks of—not far from an access of abstracted innocence—which left the less well initiated to come in for the blame of the whole fracas. All this, at once revealed conditions.

A silence fell upon Mrs. Holstein partly indeed related to the quiet uplift which habitually came when a new outlook opened before her. She must have sat for a few minutes looking quietly into space while she thought of the next thing to do: perfectly conscious however that the more profoundly undisturbed by their nonsense she was, the sooner they would collect themselves on another plane. A silence had fallen. Then it was interrupted by "What's the matter with teacher," with punches and a settling back into something like alarm. But undisturbed the teacher remained till the concern grew serious enough to have entirely quieted them all, as with distended eyes and parted lips they drew up nearer, forgetting all else. Then said Mrs. Holstein:

"I see! What I had thought of doing boys, now seems impossible. I was planning, after a few Sundays, when I found out what gentlemen you were, to give you a special party at my house, with a nice spread and a nice talk."

"Well, do!" said one of the boys, "we'll be good."

It's enough to put in here that Mrs. Holstein's whole attitude was a finishment of the matter for the present; and included the establishment of such a chasm between herself and things just transacted that no plea of the boys or further inquiries or references, for the time took any effect. Then she said, holding them at the same distance:—

"The *sort* of boys I had in mind as my guests were, of course gentlemen: and naturally they would have clean faces and clean hands: and would know how to meet politeness by being polite also. But we'll have to let it drop."

"Teacher 'twas his fault."

"No marm 'twas Joe; he punched me!"

"No" said a small voice from the end of the class, "Theyse always doin' so an' I can't hear nuffin."

"It seems finished," said the teacher. "It was the whole class of boys that I wanted to invite."

"We ain't going to do this any more," said the big one.

"Prove it then by attending to the lesson," said the teacher. And they settled to it with more or less seriousness, but with no possibility of repressing questions as to what they *would* have done if they had come to the party, and why the teacher would not let them now seeing they were never going to do so again.

The result was, it was stated as a *possibility*, which might happen after two weeks that, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, exactly at 3, if they were invited they then would ring the bell and Mrs. Holstein would be ready to welcome them, if they were invited. But that clean hands and faces and combed hair of course, would have to come too. Then notice was taken of one boy whose long and shocking mass of handsome brown hair was alluded to. To him the teacher said, "I am going to give *you* money so as to have your hair cut and cut right. Then you can wash your head and your face clean and thoroughly and I can see what a nice boy you really are. Now boys if you are going to be fit for this, you will show it by paying attention to every word I say: and by asking me right questions about things you do not understand."

The leader of the gang, for it was a gang not a class, set the level, by straightening up honestly and paying attention with an evident ambition to ask questions 'if that was the new game.'

The study went off very well. The next morning Mrs. Holstein went over to the home of the unsightly boy and found a more unsightly home, for the mother, among other things, boarded babies, one of whom, large enough to be walking about if it were not a cripple, was tied into a cradle, the condition of which plainly showed it stayed there longer than it would seem possible, receiving its food there but not receiving other more imperative attention. It was a painful sight. The woman who, overloaded with cares added this, for the pennies it brought her, was far away from being a bad looking person; quite the reverse. She welcomed Mrs. Holstein with all the flutter of surprised-cordiality which showed that the right chord had been struck when her boy had been picked out as the one whose condition was to be so distinctly bettered. Of course the expending of that money had seemed like an

unreasonably lavish exploit and had not yet been accomplished. But the father came in and looked about and exchanged a few words and it was promised that the boy should go and have his hair cut. Then came eager explanations about what a good boy he really was, but that he had gotten in with boys who were bad.

The next Sabbath he appeared smiling, but somewhat bashful over his betterments; though they really were not extreme enough to have troubled him. For the hard scrubbed circle from which the dirt had been eradicated had left a border of black which, though it set forth in high contrast the rosy face that beamed out, still, on the point of absolute cleanliness left much to be desired.

Most of the other boys had taken the hint and had come in greatly improved conditions. Some of them, as who should say, we comb and cut our hairs without being given pennies to do it.

The conduct was so good that after rehearsing suggestions relative to arriving punctually and of being polite enough for Mrs. Holstein to be polite in return, the invitation was given for the 3 o'clock affair.

At the very hour and moment the little posse appeared on the steps, the bell was rung and they were received.

What they were received into, was the charmingly contrived little house. The rooms all opened together (two parlors, the dining-room out of the hall) with fireplaces so adjusted that the view of the three of them heaped high with glorious coal fires, met the sight and senses of these shivering boys. For it was a bitter cold day.

Of course these fires were illustrative of the way Mrs. Holstein had of misrepresenting herself as a preposterously extravagant woman. But it was but a part of her fealty to the law 'spend in the line of your purpose.' "Perfect the moment." But her natural fealty to this law resulted in bearing fruit far along life's thickly weed bestrowed path.

The boys from the first, were enchanted with the fires. Such a superabundance of beautiful-looking-comfort, bursting on their gaze at their entrance, took their minds off from all else, as tiptoeing from point to point, so as to command a view of the whole and with a glance round the inner rooms they said—

"See the fires!" And see them they did, reciprocally consulting over the beauty of them.—Mrs. Holstein walking about with them as she greeted them, paused then at the grate toward which they had especially gravitated, and drawing up chairs in a circle about it, got those seated who wanted chairs, standing herself with the others, while she said gratefully,

"How good men have *worked* to get all these coals way up out of the mines and fetched across the country to make these fires, this day for you!" Then came ejaculations about coal-mines and how much coal cost and where it was to be had; which showed smart bits of knowledge about things, which did not particularly include answers to the question which now came up as to, *what* coal was made of. Then came the facts that coals were forests which had grown and fallen and been heaped in under other falling forests. Then ages on ages had rolled on. Till far back and long since what had been trees had carbonized into coal perhaps like this, the broken pieces of which were burning there before them. But not all of those carbonized trees had been left as coal. In some places underground, coal had been left untouched and undiscovered till many ages more had rolled on, during which those tons and tons and tons of coals, crystallized into diamonds. She told this to the boys: And as they questioned and she answered, every nerve of their beings seemed thrilling to the goodness, (not only of the results of the miners' work who had risked so much to bring forth those coals,—but) to the charm of the leisurely growth and fall and carbonization and crystallization of something which was within the trees at first; which was a motor power there! A motor power barely hinted at that which was in their own beings; and which, working there eternally, was bringing *them* forward to a spiritual purification and refinement that at last, would make each one of them to become as superior to what they then were, as a diamond is to the bulky blackness of coals; useful and necessary though coals are in this world for the purposes which were always being achieved.

The connection with this thought was kept up, as the repast was enjoyed in the dining-room; a repast which Mrs. Holstein told them was (as all their dinners should be) something like the coaling up which good engineers had to do, as they

kept up the fires under the water which, turned into steam, impelled the driving wheel of that wonderful affair called a steam-engine. And there she had the good sense to stop, saying no more until a boy had added, 'but they're going to use electricity now.' Then she said, "But all the same, an engine, heated up with the same old coal, has to be used, to keep the dynamo running; which dynamo captures the electricity which is in the clouds out of sight and once out of knowledge of us all. And that electricity to me seems like"—she halted and bowed her head in reverent silence for a moment and then added—the "invisible, Almighty Spirit of Jehovah." Those words came like a grace uttered after the repast.

The hour was now spent and soon, with the undimmed brightness of the sudden arrival and swift completion of the whole affair they were taking their departure, while asking, "when can we come again"? Poor lads! To that no answer could be then given. For like all her work there could not be too many repetitions of the dramatic effects, the preparing of which in more ways than one, cost what people commonly dumped under the name of 'such extravagance.' For the three visible fires at once (just as a picturesque effect) would have shocked persons whose thoughts of 'relative values' were differently based than were Mrs. Holstein's.

Many little affairs like this and sudden ways of expenditure out of proportion to her ever-sustained-personal economies awoke popular misconstruction, concerning much she did and aspired to do.

"Nobody understands you," said someone. To which she replied—"Allowing that is so, I then fare no harder than did Jesus; and not as hard as did his mother!" And by that retort she brought on herself a culmination of misunderstandings which tended to cap the climax.

But to go on with the journal, back to the time when the gray suit was finished for the rosy-Mary from the Industrial Home.

"One Sabbath afternoon, a little merriment was heard in the hallway as a niece, who was visiting at the parsonage, entered, with something of a stately manner, saying, 'Mrs. Holstein, let me present to you Mrs. Schneider, who was married

this afternoon.' And there stood Mary in her gray costume and a few added laces, her head well bridled back ready for consequences as she said:—

“‘And here’s the certificate! Mr. Schneider would have it, so that my mother could not hinder it any longer. But he says I’m going to stay with you and that nothing will happen till you get a good new girl: and then I’ll go away to my own home.’

This news was conveyed to the Industrial school the next day as Mrs. Holstein drove out there, taking Mary and the certificate with her. Thus placing her in the rightly to be recognized honorable relations upon which, all orderly she had entered. Though she still had not been quite released from her term in the school. Which fact made it requisite to place the matter before Mrs. Rockwell, so as to receive her adjustment and commendation of the case.

At this time Mrs. Holstein’s pen “flew by night ’mong troops of spirits” one would say as she put on paper what she caught on the wing, relative to the necessity to interpret the useless complications, which made the life of womanhood so hard, that it resulted in deluging the nature of her unborn children with conditions, *not* requisite if but an easier adjustment of things could be brought about. In later life she realized that her self and husband were so perfectly united in virtue of their opposite qualities, that doubtless, together they made a battery of-intellectual-and-spiritual forces. And her insights and foresights as they swept through him, impelled him to the obtaining of what he supposed were “means” adequate to the accomplishment of all of which she dreamed. Now no such impulsion was ever intentionally sent forth by Mrs. Holstein. Her wants relative to table, clothing and everything personal were light and few, except the need on her to express and substantialize her sight of human possibilities. And to the substantializing of these things at betrothal she understood that Hermann and herself had set themselves apart. To do this would include much less use of the annual salary then in hand, than was now expended; but it would include holding steadily to the object in view.

Perhaps she should have realized that there was, in Hermann Holstein’s family, a great desire for approbation and praise

of man, and for the wealth without which the display they loved, seemed to them not attainable. Their qualities made them become more loveable and graciously adaptable to the world they lived in than was Mrs. Holstein. For since marriage she had seen so much suffering about her, that she was held as if by chains to find the cause of it on the unfounded supposition that if that were known heaven and earth would combine to remove that cause.

It was a good day for Mrs. Holstein when she remembered what a lady in Leominster had told her: stating as she did that it was unwise to afflict oneself so greatly over other people's blunders and miseries; for that if those people did not like their conditions they would get out of them: but that probably few of them suffered mid their dirt, disease and dreadfulness as much as did Mrs. Holstein in finding them therein: taking her to see two or three families where, in one case the easy-going man with his equally easy-going wife were having a very comfortable, unanxious time with their five or six children, midst conditions that included in a way, *all that anyone needed*; seeing there was enough to eat and one good hot fire around which they friendly huddled, while ragged clothes abundant to keep them warm, hung on a row of nails within easy reach. And there they were, as the Leominster lady said, enjoying life as they chose it, much better than they would have enjoyed the exertion that would have gotten them out of it.

Mrs. Holstein realized afterwards that it was true and that such unheard of toils, night and day, as she and Hermann went through, were out of the realm of the imagination, of those comfortable sorts of persons, as being things possible.

She knew that as Hermann said, she was a "root-grubber."

But by this time in her life she knew very well what 'Root' it was which she was seeking to (not up-pull but to) *view*, in order to secure (as far as she was concerned) its healthy condition. This 'Root' was that root which put forth that 'stem of Jesse' afterwards known as Jesus of Nazareth. And her ideal was that if that 'root' (Purity) *could* put forth such a stem and such a flower as was that 'lily of the valley,'—it was wrong to have so many such misrepresenting creatures on two legs, continue to be produced, if instruction would fetch on better Human Exhibits.

It was useless for people to tell her she expected too much. She believed that in every house and family there were latent, the possibilities of a forth-put of typical-beings. For all had the potencies of Divinity. At that time, it seemed to her she could not bear that anyone should suffer that "greatest of tragedies":—the entering into this world and departing from it without attaining at least one defined upstep, during this sojourn.

The minister and wife who preceded them, were older and far less strenuous persons than the Holsteins; and were at a stage when, though they were devoted to righteousness, they fell into those easy methods which agreeably relate church work to those, who object to too much intrusion on home methods.

Mrs. Holstein would have been very happy to have been assured that to Wisconsin and the North-west, they were to give twenty years instead of twenty or twice twenty months. In her work there, as President of the Home and Vice-President of the Foreign Mission Society in the various churches of the Baptist convention, it was her privilege to travel with Hermann, visiting these many churches as occasion demanded. For in this convention there were twenty-two associations; and these associations included—the smallest one, eleven churches, the largest association, twenty. To enable them to travel over all this stretch of land, Mr. and Mrs. Holstein had had presented to them, railroad passes.

Within this realm was the Wayland University at Beaver Dam; a co-educational school, whose methods as administered by the President and the Professor of Greek (his remarkable wife), presented great attractions to Mrs. Holstein. Often visits were exchanged between Beaver Dam and Milwaukee, although it was a long run by rail, as people in the East would consider such distances.

It came to be known that prosperous (educationally considered) though Wayland University was, yet an endowment was becoming absolutely necessary, if the college was to hold its own. A consultation over the matter followed. Then it was decided that four men, Prof. Milo P. Jewett, and a man whose name is forgotten, the President of the University and the Rev. Hermann Holstein, in equal shares would

raise the endowment. But before the plans were in running order, Prof. Jewett sickened and died: then the President of the University was called to endure the sickness and death of his little daughter; which incapacitated him for the work. The third gentleman broke his leg: but Hermann Holstein remained; and with him remained that accumulation of vigor and energy which his methods of life (if but the use of tobacco with its poisonous elements could have been abstracted) had rendered almost supernaturally powerful. In virtue of his promise and his friendship for the Wayland work, Hermann Holstein then put his shoulder under the added three-fourths of the burden which had been dropped: and, after asking his church to give him nine months' vacation, settled himself to achieve the task thus remitted to him.

This asking for that vacation was a venturesome thing. But the work was done, the endowment was adjusted and the dignity of the college and its President was so enhanced that, taken at the flood-tide his success went far to next place the President, as pastor of a prominent church in Chicago; and then afterward it went far to arouse the Chicago University, mid its then stage of financial and other embarrassments, to desire Rev. Holstein to come to its aid and settle up its tangled affairs, and to secure, as good a basis to that University's foundations, as had been secured in the case of Wayland University at Beaver Dam.

But not for such a scattering of forces was Mrs. Holstein in favor. It seemed to her, with her sense of justice, altogether *unmoral* that Hermann should allow this diverting of his time and interest from the church, who felt no general enthusiasm in giving up their pastor to this outside work. She felt that it was in the line of a recurrence to conditions such as those precipitated in Washington. Conditions which she decided she would never help to establish.

After her delightful and instructive visit to the Work and Workers in The Baptist University of Wisconsin, Mrs. Holstein had new picturings of the possible humanity with which Wisconsin teemed. Glorified energies not half utilized, seemed to fill men and women who walked those streets whose possibilities she believed were not so much idealized by her as not fully realized by themselves.

The catching of that pink-eyed bass, and conditions incident to thought and conversation about the story (called "Race-drift") quickened the faith of some men whom she had told were potently able to realize their imagination's utmost stretch; and who afterwards declared that a divinitized-humanity seemed rare only because, fine elements remained in the depths of men's beings for mere want of encouragement to come to the surface. Her sight of the turmoil kept up by Lake Superior, as its waters swept into itself and away with it, trees, rocks and all things friable had partly impelled the writing of "Race-drift." For it had been a tremendous hour to her (unmoved, calm and introspective though she had seemed) when the turmoil of that Lake on that stormy occasion had so nearly carried off into its bosom their whole party, on sea and shore. Their escape from this swampage Hermann had laughingly ascribed to the 'law of the survival of the fittest.' And in her reviewal of the contest and of that term, the question came up "The survival of the fittest for what?" With the added query, "Was she to be reckoned in with the lot called 'fittest'?" She answered, in any case she was fittest to become her best self: for no one else could become that for her. Neither could she become it for anyone else; not even for her husband. *All* that she could do for him was to sustain herself at her "fittest" in order that his love for her should not detain him at any level short of that stretch and strain in virtue of which he would secure the survival of what then in him, would be his 'fittest.'

This critical analysis of the matter was fetched to her sharply; because of a condition incident to his *age*, which brought him peremptorily to declare, that all she was or could make herself to be was his!

What she objected to in this was, the furious, unintelligent grip he seemed suddenly to have taken on that which those words destructively should *not* mean.

For the unintelligent, rape, rend and maddening swirl of tumultuous forces, as seen in that storm on Lake Superior, revealed its inferiority to the majestic Intelligence which, in divinitized man, can self-actingly choose and refuse this or that, up to an exalted limit (?) the bounds of which, she considered, are truly limitless when mortal mind seeks and finds union with the Eternal.

Yet, how like a chip on the wave those men and minds had seemed when they were tossed at the mercy of tumultuous forces which each moment were at the point of submerging them!

But what effect would have been wrought, even if the boat had been sunk or the walkers on the shore had been whelmed in the waves of Superior? Nothing at all of importance would have been effected as related to Minds there, which unsubmerged by fear or dismay, contemplating those conditions, held fast to that which was 'fittest,' as they thus reigned self-sovereign over the maddening swirl of the tumultuous forces of unintelligent nature.

Never forgot she that moment. In other moments more perilous and alarming, she but realized again the certainty she then had felt, that waters could not drown her, nor could the raging billows of mind or matter separate her from her invulnerable union with Eternal Mind, at-one-with, which she was, whether in the body or out. So now assured she was that the tumultuous conditions of lake or mortal were,—though grand agencies in the natural and psychic universe—not yet all of life in that, in fact, they were but half of life. For equal, and more eternally absorbent, are Powers Serene; both in the natural world and in that realm where reigns the 'sacred silence' of Infinite Mind.

Therefore she had nothing to do but to secure herself in this Serenity (vital, intelligent, invigorating as it was) that by its survival she would have it in readiness as an adjunct to what survived in Hermann, when the push of his will-force would then gladly leave him to greet and meet the aid of her 'fittest'; in order that under that "composure to unity" the up-step then due would be taken by him, as together they would stand where always she had longed to arrive.

After this defined lay out of oncoming scenes in life, she was fully in readiness for what occurred. What next did occur was this. Hermann received from the Iowa University his degree of Doctor of Divinity. Very glad she was; for she considered it most opportunely arrived in that it would make more substantial his verdicts in regard to matters so heavily pressing on attention in those days, when ministers not a few and among the best thinkers, were having to submit to or

fight against, the stir which was being made over so-called 'liberal statements.'

Relative to these preachers it had been asked in the secular papers 'what is the matter with the letter H, that Holstein, Hoxam and Humford are leading the way into the light all so fast?'

The question was now up, far and wide, whether ministers must be driven to preach as their congregations demand, or whether, speaking as 'God gave them utterance,' they then, if necessary, would leave a people who wanted to hear only words dictated by them to the preacher. For in the face of some of the most intelligent men of that epoch, was practically flung the question: "Will you speak truth as you understand it and lose your pulpit, or will you keep your pulpit, and in your preaching, meet the demands of those who salary you?"

One day, coming home from church with them, a minister (who had a family to support and whose scholarship, large mindedness and honesty of soul had brought him into relation with truths so life-constructing, that he could ill brook the restraints thrust on liberal thinkers) said, turning to Mrs. Holstein with a nervous laugh: "Preaching is getting to be a great business. It is bread and butter." To which she answered:—

"If on that account Mr. Holstein says in the pulpit anything he believes to be not true, I will not eat his bread, let alone his butter."

"Ah," said he, "but you have no children."

"Then" said she, "it is the more our business to hold to the truth. We have that 'line for line emphatic diaglot with its interlineary renderings of the Greek Testament'; and my idea is Mr. Hoxam, if Baptists are to be berated for not believing Calvin, when we have never pretended to take him for Christ, it is time that we remembered relative to the translation of scripture which he authorized and presided over, the words of Dr. McKnight. You know, when this translation was put out in 1604, Dr. McKnight said of it that it was 'made a little too complaisant to the King in favoring his notions of predestination, election, witchcraft, familiar spirits and kingly rights'—and also that he said 'It is partial, speaking the

language of, and giving authority to one sect.' And that Dr. Gell also said it was 'adapted only to one sect': imputing that, not 'altogether to the forty-seven who were appointed to the business by King James, but to those that employed them'; for 'even some of the translators complained they could not follow their own judgment in translating, but 'were constrained by reasons of State.'

"The question rises," said she, "whether you intend to doctor divinity as Calvin and King James tried to do; or whether you desire that Divinity shall almightily doctor you, Eternity given, as the Great Physician, the indwelling Christ is competent to doctor all your ills, and bring you out of every trouble."

The matter was more fully discussed one day when this old friend of Dr. Holstein's and Mrs. Holstein walked out to the great baseball game; for then it was clearly stated that nothing set forth in scripture and steadily revealed to the scientific, reverent search in the book of nature were gifts and glories unreceivable or unusable by those who would 'receive the Lord at His coming.'

Her heart was filled with untellable sympathy for the abused uncomprehended Jesus of Nazareth; whose mental agonies had been set forth in ancient writings which had come to her hand: writings which would have been ignorantly derided by those who revere not the true mystery of Christ and of His coming again.

It seemed impossible for her to have Hermann give up the ministrations of the gospel of Christ, grand as his upbuilding work had been in Washington, and great as it should have been (though apparently scarcely taken up yet in Milwaukee) in view of the fact that reports of the inspiring work done in Washington had led this church so enthusiastically to call him to their much more enlarged and influential field.

Many of the ministers who were then being chidden like children by the more ignorant and machine-run-portion of the clerical world, felt at that time, their hearts melted under what someone has called Spinoza's 'God-intoxicated' recognition of the union which the devout soul, as it lifts itself up, has with the creative power of grace.

She was very much enthused with the fact that they need

not hold themselves back lest they should have to take a small salary; for they had no one dependent upon them. And she was filled with shame at the mere suggestion that something not truth-in-its-fulness, should be spoken if well paid for, instead of speaking truth in its fulness without money and without price, to whoever would hear, receive and follow.

She could not feel that there was any justice in receiving any sort of salary except as the receiver gave to his church and congregation, at which seven hundred or so persons assembled, all that consecrated study could bring them.

Every year they lived they were in fact growing closer together in their love for the Divine and each other. Then what was the cause of the excruciating suffering which so often was depicted in his manner. She attributed no wrong to Holstein, and yet she realized that he had not the all-sufficient bliss in the intellectual union with study and achievement in this searching of the scripture, which came to her. Sometimes he said that she loved study more than she loved him. She could not call it 'Study'; but her great honesty gave her to see that the revelations of Christ concerning the indwelling Power of His unspeakable creative action, was of course, more adorable than aught which she had discovered anywhere else or everywhere else in the universe. And against this she could not imagine Hermann could rebel.

About this time the scripture came to her, when such strife and antagonisms arose: 'Is it a small thing that I have separated you unto myself?' Still Hermann's manner was such that it harassed her with the thought that she had done wrong in attempting to marry him, if her obedience and joyful oneness with the Spirit of Wisdom had on her a claim of an interposing sort. But whenever he brought her to this miserable state of mind her better judgment showed her that this hold which the Lord of Life had upon her (if she never failed in duty, and gentleness with her husband,) must help him toward that Love Divine which eternity but substantializes.

Then came to her a new echo as from the realms above, in the words 'Thy maker is thy husband' to which she added the words: 'and my husband is my child.'

Established upon this recognition, in simplicity and trust, she did a venturesome: Oh! indeed, a venturesome thing.

For she let open upon her the flood-gates of two worlds; accepting all that the inflow of light from realms above would eventually cost her of isolation, misunderstanding and self-misrepresentation, including no chance of receiving what might be called 'human returns.'

An unutterable pity for Jesus and his mother came upon her. For the more she thought of Mary, and the more she surmised and realized her powers, functionings and possibilities, the more she implored the good God to set no limit to her own utterance of whatever the Spirit of Truth could give her, regarding such a telling of the story of the womanhood, which in this age, might be climbing thitherward, as would enlighten many pure and sanctified souls: relative to the mystical (but natural) movements of 'the Spirit of God upon the face of their souls' waters.'

Then came to her an outpour of illumination relative to what seemed to be 'back history matters.' And later, in putting forth that book, ancient mystic illustrations came to hand in a manner that enabled her to illustrate as well as write this "Vision of Peace." An inflow which of old when it befell saints, sent them mentally and verbally reeling like drunken men (Isaiah-like) in their attempted utterance of metaphor and supernal vision; relative to which during years Evelyn Hope Holstein (venturesome child of the ideal as she was) was ready to die, midst hunger and discredit, could she but reveal the 'constructive power of peace.'

It was a surprise to her how, later, art pieces (left us by the artists and philosophers of Greece and of Phœnician and Egyptian days) came to hand like inscriptions of the unspeakable; which being utilized as headings to that volume, secured at least to real students the benefit of their immortalizing revelations concerning matters which to the ignorant seemed, and continued to seem demoralizing rather than immortalizing. In addition to this the 47th problem of Euclid—'the square on the hypotenuse of a right angle triangle equals the sum of the squares on the other two sides'—(sometimes called "Nuptial diagram of Plato's commonwealth") so pictured her value of the union of every dual soul, and the doubling and quadrupling of the union of two souls who were counterparts (as she felt herself and Holstein to be), that she util-

ized it on her book cover: not realizing how fully that might mark her novel as being at one with an element which Plato's philosophy included. Which element was of all things most repugnant to her soul. An element (which as everyone knows) included a most autocratic dominance of the few over the many, and the most utter destruction, not only of individual autonomy, but of family sacredness; in that woman was reduced to conditions unmentionable here.

So that this, equally with many other "flash-light" attempts at the revelation of self-wholeness and sanctity, misrepresented her to the unstudious hasty glancers at a work, which as one critic said, "required too much study to be popular or serviceable, when the world was so full of equally good books that could be read at a sitting."

Necessitated to give herself to the 'leadings of the spirit' without any further distraction by the talk about bondage to doctrines which neither she nor the Baptist denomination pure and simple had avowed, she decided the time had come to bridge the chasm: as Hermann had agreed that she should do,—by living in that liberty of the sons of God which is as far from license as it is from servility to man-made dicta. Full of joyous outlooks at the uses which he could make of his D.D., if united with friends of the advance guard as they stood together for the primeval Baptist doctrine, she came to tell him about it: and about how he could make the church popularly to become what it was, The Church of the Republic.

Probably coming out of the hard mental pull which had gotten her ready for what she arranged to do with and say to him, she was in a state of fatigue, which fatigue may have met him when he needed instead to have her in instantaneous readiness to do what he then wanted. Her inability to efface herself and enter upon the matter he had in hand might have been very inopportune.

Over-burdened and full of repressed nervousness, drawn back looking at her thus:



he said:—"You are getting old."

Not with tenderness or sympathy; much less with admiration did he say it, but with a manner as if added to all his other burdens was this of a burdensome old wife. She too, drawing back, halted; then in a moment, realizing that she

was just prepared for telling him exactly that fact she said;—
“Of course I am! And that is in part what I have come to tell you about.” Realizing meanwhile that between some ministers and their wives this juncture in life, and this recognition of the coming on the wife of old age of youth, had brought wives not a few to feel that the time had come for them to politely retire from life.

But not so did it affect her. Old she was! Old enough to have had part in experiences personally known to her as Eve’s. From childhood with these six thousand year old records she seemed to have been dealing: consequently dealing they had been with her. But of that she could not tell him.

Looking at him she said simply: “Believe me Hermann, the best of your life is all before you.”

Then she ceased attempting the adding to his burden of any other lookouts, for she knew there were two different attractions upon him: one of which he did not then open up to her, the other of which related to the pressure then being brought on him to become the Dean of Chicago University. This of course, would include giving up his pastorate which she wished him not to do. But on the reverse she wished he would tell his church that he had not dealt with them fairly in taking nine months of their time in doing work outside, and that in order to make up for it he would give a year’s work at a much lessened salary, carried on at the church house: occupying two rooms fitted up with their parlor and library furniture, which rooms would be utilized as a centre from which a form of institutional work could be carried on, nobly testing the principle of the outworking of “Associated individual effort,” that there should be met the needs of persons who were trying to sustain truly Christ-like homes, aiding them at the best to help themselves. Meanwhile she proposed that the value of two days in each week should be reserved to meet the higher spiritual and intellectual demands of people whose scholarship and self-development required an outlook at and a utilization of the supreme truths of Christ. Families and aspirations which had been much neglected since the Holsteins had precipitated themselves on the Milwaukee church. For these higher matters had been overburdeningly (so at least some of the people felt) given to persons who did not understand the

language used necessarily, in conveying supernal facts; and who, therefore were not enlightened thereby.

She had not a chance to lay this out thus fully. At almost the first word it but seemed to him to be a third outlook, added to the others before his fatigued mind. So he said impatiently:—

“What I want you to *do* is to get ready now and go down to Chicago now; and look over what I am arranging there. It looks to me as if with your love of study and all these kinds of things (having gone into Hebrew as you already have, with the teacher of it there), this would be exactly what you should like. Two rooms there especially set aside for the Dean, Evie, I have already had repainted in oil paint and the coloring is good. I want you to come down with me and look it over.” She valued his kindness and thanked him heartily and went. But she went because he asked it; not because she had forgotten how complicated that matter was, full of attractions and divergences including as it did a condition of financial matters the patching up of which would have been for Hermann but labor lost and no credit gained. But above all this, much as she would have liked the study time, she saw there would be no dignity or utilization of Hermann’s spiritual nature in going into this matter of money-begging up and down the world for that university. He had had more than enough of that sort of matter, as his strained eyes and air of bewilderment midst complicated money matters clearly enough revealed to his wife.

It was a bitter winter, and bitter winters can be on the Lake shores of the North-west: and on her return from the University investigation she was found to be under an attack of pneumonia of the most critical sort. But they were homed with Dr. Helen Bingham, whose care of her on her return was remembered to her latest life.

It was Christmas Day, and after giving a few hours to her care, Dr. Holstein, with no unkindness, but out of the necessities of his case exclaimed, “My Lord! Evie, I can’t stand it! I must get away. I promised to dine”—but he got no further, for she said:—

“Go and welcome, go and be happy, I’m all right,” and he went.

The critical case was carried through by Dr. Bingham a physician, and by the Power of the Life to come.

Meanwhile in order to be perfectly definite about the fundamental cause back of Hermann's attitude as he had told his wife that she was getting old, it is necessary to state that not only had the old age of youth arrived to her; but also that the old age of his youth was coming to him, necessitating for him that he as well as she, should face the fact that five years of life like that led by her in her maiden days, would put them both in right relations to the doings of that Great Agent called Life.

For to them both there had come a change of life which change included precisely an opening up of receptive avenues on the pneumatological plane, which avenues received—not another *kind* of life, but a change in the quality, the higher potency of which rightly dealt with and utilized at that epoch is competent to triuningly flow through spirit, soul and body.

She knew that this meeting of these forces (physical, psychical and pneumatological) in Hermann would be as volcanic and concussionary in results, if miscomprehendingly dealt with, as they would be subliminally energizing if but he could understand himself, and compose himself to unity, as, divinitizingly he prepared for the next upstep.

Unfortunately Hermann had never heard of this climacteric in life; and as with some families, he considered scientific analysis of the use of this gift of God—not decent, the Lord only knows why. He had never been taught to discriminately deal with himself, and therefore now found himself incapacitated to appreciate the subliminalizing work of receiving the inflow of the *Spirit of Life*, which in Mrs. Holstein's comprehension was as much higher in potency as a mouthful of the spirit of wine is more potent than a peck of grapes.

He had no idea that the future aggrandizement of his being depended upon the scientific conservation of this battery of forces. He had himself conserved this battery, which now filling brain and being, sent him to suppose its furies must be discharged.

Mrs. Holstein felt that the withdrawal each to his own interests would be refreshing. This to him could mean nothing else than indifference.

Hermann Holstein was born under Scorpio. His wife in

Virgo. He had great advantages; so had she. They were opposites. She was fitted to do something better than to merely die for him. She was fitted later on to secure to him life, that he might have spiritualizing life 'more and more abundantly.' But of nothing of this knew or cared Elder Holstein. He would have called it sacrilegious or mawkish. And as an antidote to it he would put forth the dicta—"The wife must be subject to her husband." All this she understood, and facing the fact waited the next proceeding.

CHAPTER X.

"Every particular existential detail is all the product of All Reason."—
ZENO.

ONE day as Mrs. Holstein was walking with her husband on Lakeview Avenue, he said to her:—

"I'm going to tell you something that I'm going to do." He snapped the ground with his cane and then added:—"I don't want you to say a word against it, but I want you to know what I am doing."

If half the devotion which was in her heart looked out of her eyes as they were turned on him, considering his splendid energy and longing that it might be more tranquillizingly utilized, it should have been helpful. But her business then was to say nothing. And while she was thinking of it he reiterated again, "you are to say nothing against it."

"Then Hermann, why do you tell me about it?" she asked.

"Because I want you to know" he said, striking the ground again and looking at her as though she was the most vexing creature that he ever saw. And she, realizing it said:—

"Well, if you want me to know why don't you go on and tell me?"

Then said he:—"I'm going to put forty thousand dollars into an International Telephone Co. in which I shall be President, and John, with his electrical skill and management will be agent, and it will be established in London."

He had bidden her say nothing, so she bowed acquiescingly as having heard it, and spoke of some matter passing on the street; and then with another slash of his cane he ejaculated:—"Come wife, tell me what do you think of it?" And she had to say:—

"Hermann, you will be responsible for the forty thousand dollars. I do not understand that that money is yours. Your brother has never made nor taken care of money. If you do it will bring you untellable disaster."

With another slash of the cane he said:—"It is done, the whole transaction is completed!"

Then said she:—"Well, is there no withdrawing from it?"

"No!" he thundered.

"Well, do your best and may the best come of it" she answered, distressed to the soul at the terrible look of increased burden which had come upon him since entering on this affair, including in it as she now understood it had, investments of some of the church-members and other persons, who relied implicitly upon Holstein's marvellous business outlooks and manipulations.

Now more than ever she felt she must confine her attention to bringing *her* expenses to such a minimum as would release him of anxiety regarding them, and, keeping herself *well*, she would do her best to keep him tranquil and composed as he faced these oncoming emergencies. But, keeping herself well, included protecting herself from being made ill.

Arranging to put them and the church into a religiously serviceable position (such as that in which some of the E Street people of Washington felt they had been in, when acting under the Baptist principle) at that juncture, she sent to the "Chicago Standard" (Baptist paper) an article called "The Church of the Republic": stating at the fullest, her ideal of the principles and purpose of the simple Baptist church, and of its identity with the ideal back of the Constitution of the United States:—so that if the article were rejected she would consider its rejection was a sign of her non-expression of the principles of the church, and would prove right her honesty in releasing herself, from the Baptist denomination. But as the fact turned out, the article was not only published but, in notes which directed attention to special communications, it signified that it was a statement of ideal Baptist principles which, when the denomination was sufficiently alert to the power of them, would uplift it at large, as being the "Church of the Republic."

So not thus did she become disrelated to it. Quite the reverse was shown when at an anniversary occasion held at the Palmer House, she was greeted as the author of that good Baptist statement; though several persons who had asked to be presented, were surprised when they found that author was "only a woman."

Then follows a brief outburst taken from journal.

“Oh—it does seem that there is nothing in conditions that need hinder us from carrying out the most glorious work here that holiest ambition could desire. We are at just such an excellent crisis as we were when having entered the E street church we departed from the continuance of work there.

“Hermann’s wide-reached complications cause these upheavals. But after all, these outputs of his character have in every church, as well as in his own life been but part of the ‘up-steppings’ incident to the upclimb of life everywhere for everybody.

“Hermann has quite decided to leave Milwaukee. He has formally resigned his pulpit. Understanding that this was his fixed plan I have prepared to act on his words when relative to my withdrawal he said:—‘Do as you like when you like but do not speak to me about it.’”

Weeks later after a new pastor had been settled, calling upon Mrs. Holstein, a bright discursive conversation followed, in which a serious dissection of the conditions mid which pastors then found themselves relative to their attempts to preach truth,—followed: so that two hours had passed when rising he remarked, mentally reviewing what we had gone over:—

“Mrs. Holstein, I have spoken freely about theological and scriptural outlooks; but it would hardly do to talk it to the congregation. For I say as our old Prof. once said when we asked him what shall we do in preaching about eternal punishment:—‘If they want hell give ‘em hell.’”

No responsive laugh came from Mrs. Holstein at this; she had agonized too long over tendency to looseness in the treatment of these tremendous eternal matters by irreverent uncomprehending souls who assumed to have the matter in hand: so gravely she bowed as she said as gravely:

“Mr. Heale I will be glad to have allowed me ten minutes next Friday evening in view of these complications. I then shall withdraw from fellowship in them, the more closely to clasp hands with christian souls in the church and out. To teach, as best I may, reliance on that Divine Justice to protect us from which Calvin constructed his scheme of salvation.”

The man had fairly jumped at the climax; yet said honestly and cordially:—

“Very well Mrs. Holstein, I do not wonder:—have read your ‘Lost Name’ and its repudiation of strict Calvinistic theories led me to expect something like this. You have a right to do as you choose.”

“Always remembering,” she interpolated, “that Calvin was not a Baptist, and that I am not withdrawing from him, for I never accepted his theory. I am a simple Baptist still. And the Baptist denomination was at one time outlawed by the Calvinistic ‘Standing Order’: because it repudiated exactly this, which you claim I repudiate.” They shook hands upon this, and Mr. Heale had nothing more to offer in view of the fact that his two hours’ conversation in that public parlor had been intelligent and simply-christian, and far from flavored with the “strong doctrines” which for three Sundays he had put before the people with a free hand.

At this time in the city of Milwaukee there were two persons much admired because of their breadth of mind and spiritual outlook, by intense and instructed christians. These were Mr. and Mrs. LaGrange, the rector and his wife who presided in the Episcopal church.

Mrs. Holstein realizing how a spoken word, if not distorted at least may become subverted, had written three copies of a brief statement relative to her reason for withdrawing from the denomination. For it was from the denomination and not that special church which she released herself. She proposed to give one of these copies to two leading churches in the city, beside the one which she was to read and then to commit to her own much loved church. Doing this she felt the matter would be crisply finished up and no more of her time would be taken in discussing the case.

With one of these papers in hand she called on the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. LaGrange, persons who had expressed much admiration of the singular little output ‘The Lost Name.’ Having read this they very well understood her mental outlook at the world’s great crisis: so no time was wasted in introducing her prompt statement as to what she now had in hand.

The Rev. LaGrange expressed no surprise; but having read the paper said: “I was a Baptist boy once, but Mrs. Holstein, I slipped out. For when I became an Episcopalian, that let me out, and I had nothing more to do with the matter.” This

suggested that a less question arousing method could be followed. But it did not meet the case as she wanted to definitely state that in withdrawing from the fight concerning Calvinism, it included on her part no repudiation of the ideal fundamental principle of that church of the individual which, in its far-reaching heaven-scaling possibilities she had with all her soul joined in childhood. And in the furtherance of whose principles she never relented from that time to this, when the very holding to them included discussion and labor which she had felt was all set aside when she joined that church of the individual; which individuals she supposed knowingly had been baptized into the name (Power?) of Father, Son and Whole Spirit of Jehovah.

These things were said, and most inspiring was her visit with these beautiful people whose outlook and intuitions relative to "the work of grace" were far beyond utterance in the ears of the average unstudious, so called, christian.

Then Mr. LaGrange told her that he had two great volumes which he could lend to Dr. Holstein, and that then she could read them understandingly, having entered on such far-reaching realms of thought as there were touched upon. He said:—"It is 'Godfrey Higginson's Anacalypsis.' A book which gives outlooks at things portrayed in your 'Lost Name.' Among other things, speaking of the story of the conception, birth and education of Pythagoras as being similar to that of our blessed Jesus of Nazareth. Pythagoras was a Nazarene, his daughter claimed to be adopted."

The visit was pleasant and all was well. Then Mrs. Holstein called upon the Congregational minister and his wife. Before she had more than opened the matter said he:—"Mrs. Holstein, I was a Baptist." "And how did you go out?" Mrs. Holstein asked. "I went out by going into the Congregationalist; and then they dealt with my name."

"But," said Mrs. Holstein, "as you just read the little communication, you saw I objected not to the Baptist church nor its principles. Neither did I charge upon any of them that they were not Baptists. I simply stated that, in childhood with a child faith I had been baptized in water, expecting later to be also baptized in Fire and Spirit as was Jesus; and expecting to 'follow him in this regeneration.' And it is for

that *old* Christ faith that I stand: and not for the statements about it which Calvin put upon the world only two hundred years ago. And so, in order to make it easy for them, as they question what to do with my name, I state to our church that I withdraw the more closely to clasp the hands of christians in the church and out and to stand for that Justice to protect us from which, Calvin constructed his scheme of salvation. The point I make Mr. Effingham is, that I was born in love with Justice. No change has come to me in that. The change if *any*, has come to the Baptist church. But that is their privilege; I have nothing to do with that." And bidding Mr. and Mrs. Effingham goodbye, she went to see the second deacon of her church, with the same result.

The Friday evening came and the house was full. The little paper was read and then one after another, several men rose saying, that if this was a Calvinistic church they would withdraw too; and after the third, Mr. Heale, getting alarmed, declared that he had "heard more of Calvinism lately than ever in a long time." None of the people replied, "So have we"—but the second deacon then rose and said: he did not understand that Mrs. Holstein was objecting to the church or any of its methods; but simply wanted to be more at her ease, as she studied and followed the life and doings of Jesus Christ, and so, withdrew, with no hard feeling or anything of the sort. Then he added, "I am what used to be called a Christian, and have the same simple faith. But I see no reason for withdrawing. Mrs. Holstein does. And there it seems to rest on the right of the individual to settle the matter each for self."

Mrs. Holstein in response to his question if that was all so, thanked him acquiescingly. To say she felt thirty years younger when that was all over with, might be too much; but never was she more in love with the people and never more ready to take hold and work, than after she had withdrawn from dictatorial, human bondage. For ever since she had come to maturity, persons here and there had harassed her with their little limitations, calling her sometimes, "not a Calvinist"; as if in that statement the last lack had been attributed to her.

After that, two deacons came to see her, saying, "Mrs.

Holstein, we want you to meet us at a gathering of deacons and pastor to reason over this matter. We have no fault to find with you as a Baptist and do not want you to withdraw."

"But" said she, "I am gone, you know."

They halted, perplexed, then said "But Mrs. Holstein, your name? What shall we do with your name?"

"Oh—that, I will take with me," she said, with the air of having a friendly love for it, "and as for its appearance on your books, a pen-stroke will settle all that."

But to put that pen-stroke through it they were reluctant. And though for the time they left her, perplexed at her apparent light manner in regard to so solemn a case, they returned again, hoping she would relent about it, knowing that any way of dealing with it would leave the record on the books so unexplained as to act as a damaging testimony against her as one who had fallen from the faith. Which, the thinking persons of the church, who were simple Baptists themselves, were very sure she had not done.

When Hermann Holstein returned, he mentioned not a word of the matter to her until, as finishing up what had been agreed upon before leaving Washington, she said:—"Hermann I have now withdrawn from the church of which you have given up the pastorate. No offence was given and none taken to the written statement which I presented. I sent copies of the statement to two of your friends so that they will understand it in all its simplicity." He looked at her; and after a little conversation with the deacons about it, he said never a further word to her, having accepted it as the natural outcome of what his premature tossing up of his work there had included.

During this time some bright gentlemen and other visitors from St. Paul had been with them. There was a desire among the people there to have work go on, founded on squareness of statement and in line with the so-called "new theology." At least, many of them desired a breaking away from the indefiniteness and tendency to subterfuge, which fear of unorthodoxy, thrusts on some intelligent people. Dr. and Mrs. Holstein were invited to spend some weeks in St. Paul where Dr. Holstein was to supply the pulpit for a season. In considering the case, he said to her, "My wife: I want you to go

up there with me; but before going, I want you to promise that you will not speak one word on education, religion, temperance, woman's influence or, the enfranchisement of woman." With an understanding of the misrepresenting effect which it would have brought upon her intelligence if she promised to critically avoid all these subjects, she halted, wondering what object he could have in view. But the look in his eyes, which at that time, held her from risking too much in view of the condition of his brain, she a'halt, pictured swiftly, what themes could be touched upon; and what would become of her, if at every moment, when any of these matters were brought up, she had to lapse into silence as if under a mental paralysis. She questioned again, what would she be allowed to speak about; especially as the methods of work and the themes discussed by them in homes, society and church had proven so attractive to the intelligence of their visitors from St. Paul, on whose report of it, this invitation had been extended.

But Mr. Holstein was in a very uncomfortable state because of the additional business-load which he was carrying, added to his desire to try to go on with church work. At first, under the restriction laid upon her, Mrs. Holstein inclined to remain at home. But the invitation was quite defined, showing that friends there expected her, and expected her to open up the plans of work carried on in Holstein's church, which plans were to be under discussion when they met her.

But Holstein had returned to the manner he had had at the time of going to the northern part of New England, when there he had forbidden her to speak on church matters for a different reason. Foreseeing the complications which signing the paper that he now put before her, would bring upon them both,—and realizing that his mental condition was quite at one with that which impelled him at the Mississippi episode, she read the paper. It was to this effect:—"I promise not to speak on Temperance, Philosophy, Kindergarten, Religion, Woman," (repeating the subjects) "while I am in St. Paul and Minneapolis; and that I will then make the visit east: asked of me by my sister." That paper she was to sign. Ludicrous enough it was; but looking into his eyes (which at times bore a terrible portent), she signed it and went on her way to these delightful people. So true was she there to her promise, that, though

parties assembled and topics were opened up relative to subjects which she was well known to have quite deeply explored, she, in the midst of speaking, was forced by her promise to stop, blank and dumb, looking then at Hermann sometimes with an interrogatory little laugh, which it would seem should have brought him to say "Oh!—Drop it. Go on as usual." But not so did he.

There was method in what he did as she learned more than twenty years afterward. However, she was at that time so nearly heart-broken and so strained with having to keep up his courage and her own and at having to leave the people of Milwaukee and the work of that North-western region, that she was less distressed regarding the restrictions, and the un-naturalness with which these restrictions saddled all her words and actions while she was in St. Paul and Minneapolis, than she was at the *conditions* in her husband; which made him thus nullify her serviceableness to him. For she could see that, in accepting the invitation of the people to visit the church (then needing a pastor), he was partly seeking to meet her wish that he would continue in his church work. But also she saw that he did not trust to leaving her in that freedom which impelled her to speak truths, even though the truths which she spoke had been proven to be markedly acceptable to those truly intelligent people.

Her puzzle was, that he should care for pleasing (by succumbing to) the unintelligent.

To fairly explain Holstein and to justify many of his adverse acts, it will come in place (confusing though it is to the story) to here present letters which, in the later summer of the year 1903, were found placed by her husband, in a secluded corner of her large writing table. Two letters were contained in a wrapper on which blackly underlined, were the words: "Read this first"), written in the hand of the father of the Holstein men.

It began:

NOVEMBER 1883.

Dear Hermann:—

Before you open the enclosed letter I charge you upon your honor as a son and a gentleman not to expose or whisper to its author that you have ever seen or heard a jot or tittle respecting it. And when you have read it, return it to me and say what you have to say.

I have hesitated long and in sleepless hours what to do with it. At first I could not understand it. I have read it over more than a dozen times and although I do not pretend to understand it all, I understand enough to justify me in my judgment in sending it to you. Show that you have not lost self-control by keeping it to yourself. I express no opinion; when I do it will be to the author.

All well. Have not felt so natural for months. Let me hear from you at once.

Your affectionate father,
(Signed)

Thus the unsigned copy of that preparatory letter ends. Tied up with it are other letters from Elder Holstein as follows:

Dear Hermann:—

I suppose you have Thanksgiving today as we have here. But what a Thanksgiving to you! But perhaps I misjudge. God's promise is—'As thy day thy strength shall be.' 'All things work together for them that love God.' Is not this among the 'all things'? Yes, and nothing apprehends and derives comfort therefrom like faith, simple faith in God. May the Lord so increase yours, that rest and comfort shall abound therefrom. Poor Evie. I cannot think she is responsible. When first I read her letter I said, Evie is deranged; she never would have written such a letter to me or to anyone else if she were in her right mind. The cause of it in my judgment, is her flighty unreasonable, nonsensical notions, that she has entertained for five or six years past. By the aid of Washington friends, they have now culminated in the partial dethronement of reason. Better for her a thousand times and for you, if she had been put in a retreat two years ago. Do I judge her harshly? I judge only from her letter, but perhaps I misjudge. I hope so. You ought to show to her family the letter which she wrote to me. Respecting money I say she ought to have none. See how she uses it. See that circular she published, 'The Lost Name.' I do not think you should have her remain in Milwaukee. I doubt whether she would be there long without wasting all your books and property. What will you do with your present household effects? I would never give her money to throw away in circulating the mawkish stuff which she writes. You have my deepest sympathy. If Evie is deranged she ought to be taken care of; if she is not deranged she ought to be in subjection to her own husband.

Your affectionate father,
(Signed)

Then follows a copy of a letter which it seems Mrs. Holstein, while under distress of mind concerning the extreme use of tobacco which at times brought on Holstein all the forecasts of paralysis (once, in Washington causing him to sink down senseless) had written thus:—

Nov. 13th, 1883.*

"Dear Father:—

I have concluded to write you a letter to let you know that while I am tranquil, patient and full of faith in our future, my high grounds for quietude have their rise in my clearly defined understanding of my duty and my purpose in life. I mean by this, that when we came to Milwaukee without any cause for the change (except Hermann's incessant mania for change and for getting up out 'of this place' and on to some other place, anywhere for a change), I told him it would be my last move: and that I would help him to make the most of his church here, and a success greater than he had ever had before, if he would give up two habits which I do not care to mention or characterize. Habits which nice thinkers at this epoch, do not connect with the decencies of a rational not to say spiritual life. Hermann is chewing and smoking continually; and is always in such a state of nervousness that I advise you not to vex him in any way. He will go down to the grave under the thing he is cursed with; that is, that maddening stupefying, ruinous poison. He has fought those who have fought against this disfigurement to a Christian minister, until he has made enemies of some of the cleanest men; and those who still like him, like him in spite of the slow murder they see him perpetrating in himself. The root of all his trouble is tobacco. Tobacco-stench belongs naturally enough with the unclean passion-theology about a 'Jealous God,' whom Calvin says slays a 'guiltless Son with the sword of justice that the innocent may suffer and the guilty go free.'

That doctrine suits the case of misery-making, brain-destroying, woman-torturing, hell-creating men.

I shall probably stay here with his church after he goes and shall build up this church, as best I can and get my bread as best I can.

I have had fourteen home-upheavals little and great, since my marriage; and heretofore in none of these previous ones has he thought it necessary to pay more attention to my wishes or judgment than people of the old passion-religion average to pay to the demands of common Justice and Honor. He is vastly better than are most of the rushing, half-demented, smoke-bedazed strugglers for, the Lord knows what? But he is going through a *crisis* now; and as I have done my best to protect myself from being poisoned and dazed too by this tobacco poison, I am not nervous. Neither am I angry Father:—nor frightened nor excited. As for Hermann, if one does not tease him nor plague him with questions and all that (for it is perfectly useless) he will soon get himself out of this snarl: and will, I hope, stop driving himself mad with this poison after a while. Har-kin Knight of our church has just died in the night in his bed suddenly:—apoplexy they call it; I believe he killed himself by this way of living.

Father, this does not sound like a tender letter. For I have had to put my heart under my heel; and if it moves or cries out, I stamp on it, for my business now is to *think*. For these appetites are the devil that, devouring men today, fill graves and, ruining women, curse into life, shattered babes, born wild with nervousness: and born crazy to get off and away to some foreign place; anywhere for a stampede! I say again, do not fret nor worry Hermann. If he wants to and can get the money,

* A date some two months perhaps previous to the run to St. Paul, and near the time of the return from the inspection of the Chicago University matter.

he shall start for Europe tomorrow. He must not be worried. As for me, I can live or I can die, just as seems most serviceable to the plan of the great general good. But living or dying I am going on with my own work from this time forth so help me Heaven.

When Hermann came on to Boston last summer I could not come because I had no money. That is, he had none for me. I was content: for I lived here in my rooms soul alone night and day while I worked. Meanwhile—believe it—Hermann and I are as happy as ever we were; happier I guess. I am perfectly still in my soul; for I think Hermann with all his anxieties would be miserable if he were not tearing and hurtling about the world. He likes it. I don't. Result; he may tear round and I will love my dear old tearer faithfully but I will not be rushed about any more. . . .

Thus ends the unsigned copy of a letter of Mrs. Holstein's which came to her sight in the bundle of letters which twenty years later had been placed by her husband in the back corner of her great writing desk in the year 1901; written to Elder Holstein at a time when, among other things, the question had come up concerning her willingness to place herself in two little rooms in the Chicago University, where there were no conveniences suitable to a home for a quiet-loving woman, who having passed her youth, and into her forties, deserved the repose which home life secures. Her life ever since her marriage had been one of great tension: and for her to allow herself to be put at the disadvantages of practical homelessness, in the midst of all those roistering theological students, was a thing she declined to do. Such scenes of confusion and well-known (not to say refined) student life, including the discussions of mistakes, blunders and complications rife at that epoch in the collegiate administration (when old affairs were being brought to a close), were not conditions fitting to her age, health or taste.

In the long preserved package of letters was the following letter which, at his request, at about that same time, she had written to Hermann. It was dated from the pleasant rooms where they were homed after her husband's relations to the work of raising the endowment for Beaver Dam College was completed, and during his inspection of his possible acceptance of the Deanship of the Chicago University.

This home was in Dr. Helen Bingham's sufficiently capacious and handsome house.

This is the letter preserved:—

My dear Husband:—

You ask me to give you a written answer to the question what I will do mid the circumstances which you think impel you to a change. One thing is certain; first of all: I will try to be a good wife and true help-meet, meanwhile distinctly recognizing the injuriousness of your frequent changes of field of action. I wish Hermann you would accept now the fact that I, a woman your equal in age, intelligence and capacity for discernment, am as fitting a counsellor relative to your life affairs as is the average less acquainted man, whether younger or older than myself.

During the first two or three catastrophal upheavals of our early life, your way of making your plans and then precipitating me into the midst of I knew not what,—caused me at last to feel that I must (as you yourself told me) make interests for myself. Yet on every occasion when I had somewhat absorbed myself in literary and other work, at your summons I, with all my heart went into whatever you had to offer, as I did in Leominster: and again in Washington; where there would have been a final achievement of a permanent success if, with all your heart, you had taken hold with the upwards of three hundred members (was it not) who followed you to E Street church.

Now not once until this time have I mentioned that matter to you. But I do it now because I have a proposition to make which I have already stated to you in words; and I make it relative to the matter before I proceed under certain circumstances to withdraw (as agreed upon by you with me) from the church, and to “make interests for myself” as often proposed by you to me before. This that I propose will be my choice; and in it I see a success for you for which every upstep of your way and experience has prepared you.

It is this. Say to your beautiful church here that you realize you have given energies to educational work to a degree that has robbed the church of your time; and that now before leaving, you desire to give them a year's labor at a minimum of salary, while you undertake an institutionalized-individual-work of which I have spoken to you already. Tell them, with our furniture you wish to fit up the small rooms attached to the large vestry room in an available way, so as there to receive inquirers and seekers for employment, or needers of material and soul help (for they go together) of a sort which will include a substantializing of christianized home-life such as is set forth in the doctrines of Christ.

I cannot put on paper what I see mentally of the outpour of the spirit of grace which will come to us and our people if but you enter on this work with something of the penitential spirit (which I certainly feel because of our unjustness to this church) recognizing it as a substitution for what is due them out of the \$9000 in salary which, during three years you have taken, and for which we have never given a fair equivalent.

Your preaching has been great. A life then exemplifying it would thus be greater; but if you bolt away in the midst of your unperformed work, you leave the church in a bad state for the next pastor, and you leave the people in a bad state for themselves. Your conduct is in proof: and this influence follows you. You have got somewhere to call a halt to these unfinished things. You had shaken up their old faiths in Washington as you have here: putting in their minds doubts and questions which

you have not answered. But with the tenderness of spirit which would infill you at the outpour from above which I see would descend, there would come a consecration to such a work as you have never done, and you yourself would become, before earth and heaven, a justified man. This is a crisis at which you can make a tremendous upstep by proving your honesty of purpose, and by showing yourself not only worthy of the D.D. which you have received, but by—on the spot utilizing it in rallying about you the men of the North-west Association who, as 'New Theology Men' are being tossed up and disrelated to their churches. For you could show them how to be (as you are) inherently a man, desiring to preach Christ and Him crucified instead of to preach creed and that materialized!

Dear Hermann, my husband: you know it was because of my sense before that you had not half served E Street church, that I told you I would be *parti* to no repetition of such methods, even though I consented with you to move on into an alliance with your church at Milwaukee. I love this church and I love the work here, and here I myself will stay at least until you know on what your mind will fix itself in relation to its many disrelated projects.

I know if I stay here in these rooms it may be midst misunderstanding, hard fare, hard work and a possible failure of much bettering the case in the end. But that I do not believe.

Now one word more: the root of my uselessness, if I am useless, lies in your conviction as to what I *am*. You have expressed that to me Hermann, in saying (I hate to repeat your words but you need to realize what meaning they convey to me) that I was 'nothing but' your 'wife.' I replied, that I hoped that was a very noble thing to be; and that I would prove to you in the end that it was, if I but could live according to what I *thought* would be help-meet for your needs. Then you said (I hate to repeat it) "Who cares what you think. I call it d——d insolence for you to do any thinking. That's not your business." For the first time in my life Hermann I'm repeating these things, because such outbursts have passed unresponded to by me, and unreported to mortal. So that even you may have forgotten again and again, lately, that you have said to me "You *are* nothing and *have* nothing." This, Hermann in addition to the way that twice you have sold out our mutual possessions for a few hundred dollars and the way in which at another time they were left behind us without our receiving from them anything as far as ever I heard; in addition to a look of absolute repulsion which was in your eyes when lately (after I had so decided about myself) you said, "You are getting *old*":—all these things have tranquillizingly brought me to my present position. It is this: I rejoice to say I *am* old; for I have arrived at the old age of youth. This includes my right to secure to myself five good years of tranquil life in which I will strive to rid my blood and veins of the tobacco poison which, torturing my head, makes it more difficult for me to bear up amid the strifes, angers and conflicts mid which you were born; but all of which are foreign to my blood and brain; though as they have deluged *you* from your childhood up, you may have so assimilated them as not to understand how poisonous and antipathetic they are to me. I wish when I speak so discriminatingly you would know that it is just

as lovingly as if I raved and went into hysterics over it. You wish I would not use figurative language; yet allow me to this time: and say to you that, as you know, like the old Hebrews in the wilderness, at any crisis I wait for the moving of 'the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night.' And now I say I will stay here till the pillar moves. Possibly it will be in the form of an unrequested invitation to go to my friends and mother where some piece of healthful work may await my doing.

Dear Hermann I am more than ever your soul's wife and permanent friend.

(Signed)

Meanwhile to the influence of the then nerve-strained Elder Holstein, whose business was, money raising for denominational-Calvinistic-missionary-purposes-on-which-his-livelihood-depended, did Mrs. Holstein afterwards attribute the distrust of her and the revulsion of his faith in the work towards which they had so finely progressed, which then betided Hermann.

That a letter such as reported on page 228 frankly written to a husband's father, should by him have been committed to his son on his honor as a gentleman not to show it to the wife who wrote it, but hints at the enmeshments in which things were kept by the lack of that simplicity which then, as at *this* Epoch, seems nerve and sinew of much of the religiousness that opposes itself to the *power* of the Scientific facts of mental and moral Evolution! A manœuvring with facts which on all sides, seeks to invalidate (by those who have something to hide) much that is done by sane (if not *Saintly*) simple Womanhood.

As far as ill-health was concerned, from that Mrs. Holstein was entirely free excepting the agonizing sick-headaches which came on only when Holstein and others filled the house with tobacco smoke as they zealously assembled there relative to clerical discussions. In such times a repulsion of that destructive poison, both as it acted on herself and these men who needed clear thought, thrice evoked outbursts which might be reported by smokers as discourteous.

Some of these men could tell of a time when as they were thus assembled, she had knocked at the study door, and in answer to the word: "Please come in," opening it had drawn back, as catching her breath, half choked she exclaimed:—"No, I thank you, I will not come in, I should think it were a bar-room." For there was not only beer on the table, but in the air, which also was filled with all the fumes that could be sent forth by three hard-smokers, whose very strong cigars were there kept in constant requisition.

With the lofty outlook at life which she had, and which at times thrilled Hermann's soul to ascend there too, she turned away in a state of the upheaval of body, soul and spirit, which shocked her, through and through, at the poison and immoral influence with which this conduct on the part of those teachers of the highest life,—whelmed her.

CHAPTER XI.

“The power of religion depends upon the power of its inspiring source.”

POWERFUL indeed must have been the source whence came to Mrs. Holstein the impulses which hour by hour sped her forward. But as seen in her letter, these impulses with her allusion to the tobacco-vice and the theory of escaping justice, made her seem to Elder Holstein as Paul's obedience to his 'Heavenly vision,' of right, had made him seem to those who thought him mad. For Elder Holstein in youth and all his life had sacrificed too much for the upholding of Calvinism to endure questionings concerning it.

The queries which this volume aspires to answer, 'Mad? Which?'—are worth inspecting: if their inspection shows that the pushing, fightings and frenzies which come over souls at certain stages are only as serious as those which every upstepper knows befall mountain-climbers as each comes to the crisis when the foot in its uplifting from one level to another, induces an insecure attitude, until the upstepper gets foothold for both feet on one spot, or has strength enough to fling the other foot beyond on to the next height. The difficulty occurs and the pushing and striving ensues, when several are attempting to gain foothold on the same little spot. In that case sometimes one or both fall into the defile beneath.

So if this analysis seemed overstrained, it is because matters are analyzed and reported which would be left untouched if regard were had to the old-fashioned statement "speak only good of the dead." But—with her faith in eternal life, Mrs. Holstein knew of no Thing or Being whom she considered *dead*; because really and truly she knew that all that had ever been, still *was*. And not only *was* but, *was* still striding on to pastures new, on heights more secure, till greater and greater heights were gained.

Though some persons said, 'we cannot keep pace with such flighty notions': their inability to keep pace with her flights, did not incline her, either to clip her soul's-wings nor to set

limits to the written discussions of the rights and wrongs of steps over-past, when an analysis of the journey, instructed her relative as to what more was to follow. Her journal contained therefore some things which seemed like heartless criticisms of the tortures into which a passionate man throws himself, when he finds, in the nature of things, he cannot take possession of any other growing soul; but would better concern himself with getting possession of—not wealth, not position, not prominence in social esteem but—his own prime personal soul powers. Relative to this her journal says:—

“We are certainly opposites. I am glad Hermann is not like me. I don't ask him to be. I am glad too, hard and uncomfortable a time though I have had of it, that I have a full view of his relation to love of forms and traditions. Though at times they seem as light as air to me, yet, now I have had time to ponder over them, I find that like air they had really been so inbreathed by me in times past, that they are a subpart of my historicalized being. I am getting my bearings in relation to him: and he knows I am content. Sooner or later he will understand that my run home in response to the invitation which he suggested my accepting, will be as good for him as it will be for me. I must be on guard against getting angry at him, at times when he is so ferocious that if it were anyone but him (the only person who has ever spoken rudely to me yet) I should call it brutal. He says he does not understand me; and asks me to take him on trust. I do to a great extent; but for people who neither take the trouble to understand, and yet get angry at their lack of understanding, nothing remains but patience. I told him that we could each easily trust, in face of the fact that we know, that same Creator is making us both out of His Substance. When I told him that, he got vexed again and said:—‘Oh that is all nonsense, all you want is to have your own way.’ What could I say? I could and did tell him I didn't believe it was ‘my way’—except that it was ‘the way’ through which the Lord of Life was helping me to struggle; just as his way was that through which the Lord was helping him to struggle; and that we had each got to learn to walk in her and his path; as we would learn our lessons if we were studying different courses in geometry: with the result, in the end, that we would be

getting through mathematics as a whole as best we were able. He's a fine mathematician, and he liked the figure of speech very well."

Mrs. Holstein seemed not to realize that her scrutiny of the cause back of disguises, and her delight at getting at facts, was not half as entertaining to others who neither analyzed nor wanted others to analyze their purposes if but they could do as they chose and be highly esteemed for all the results. Here is her journal again:—

"Poor Hermann! he thinks I am 'getting away' from him. Oh! far from it. My very heart-throbs are at one with his. I suffer in his suffering as a mother does for the babe on her breast. Half the intensity which goes into our lives would make us twice as happy. The wrong seems to be (yes I think it so often I will say it on paper) that he should ever have mistakenly supposed that he desired to marry me, yes me, really *me*. At present he would rather have a pleasant flatterer than a discriminator such as I am. That being so, how easy it would become for me to submit to the idea that I *sinned* in marrying him: and that the next step, in order to put an end to this sin, would be to divorce from him that he may get away, far away, and marry some woman of his own popularity seeking sort; like for instance, that worldly ambitious, successful (?) Emma Hart Willard. For two such persons as those united, would make a pair of social magnates, as the term goes; if they did not early outwit and so hate each other.

"I feel in my soul however that (like all things which I do in compliance with that inward voice 'this is the way walk ye in it') I feel this *is* the way we two had to walk and still have to walk till travelling days are done."

Then follows this letter, preserved in the package found in the back of the desk nearly twenty years later, treasured all that time with others, by Hermann and his managers:

MILWAUKEE, November 20th, 1883.

My dear Husband:—

Facing the fact that you say you will leave this city; and that you ask me what I will do about it, I write to say, I see how my so-called 'unevangelical writings and ideas' can be made the whole ground of issue; as blame of some sort seems to have to be laid somewhere. The brunt of this up-

heaval, may thus be made to fall on *me* if so you wish it. And you will be upheld and petted as a sufferer in the case, while, believe me, only good in the end will come even to me from my departure. People can say with all truth that I am not a Calvinist; and that I've never pretended to be, and am a 'hindrance' to you as you say, occasionally. So, by going to my comfortable home with my mother and sisters, I shall for a little while be done hearing all this bothering; and meanwhile, the true spiritual work done in Washington and here, will remain to *your* credit. You are placed all right!

I was glad at receiving your last letter. I hope you are being refreshed. I am honestly glad when others have power to give you peace of mind. Don't even tax yourself to write, on the supposition that I am lonely. Then I, in simply answering your letters, shall keep within bound. I can do no more than be my best self. I frankly tell you, as that best self is so exactly what you do not want or care for, I heartily wish someone better adapted to your needs could have filled your heart and life with whatever is there now lacking.

I could not half tell you good-bye when you left me at the depot; neither shall I be able to half tell you welcome home when you return. Words are so poor, and my acts are all at a discount.

I am now clutching my heart to keep it still while I wait for you to decide whether at forty-four, you now will go on to make an old man of yourself by fifty; or whether, instead, you will so conduct, that by fifty we shall together be richly living out the ripening summer days of our now present epoch; and then be in readiness to reap a glorious harvest in autumn weather; followed as it then could be, by a white winter of mature old age; neither filled with regrets nor crude longing for those things of passion which your body will then be too old to enjoy and for which it will be Hell, too long! I state rawly and squarely, this true philosophy of life. I tell you, it is too grand to laugh at; and better yet, I tell you it is too delightful to not practicalize. I honor you for your energies and highest purposes in life, but above all for your attempted purity of heart and manner toward *me*; and in addition for your not yet half-tested-ability to be, whatever you *will!* Most truly I love you, and I am your wife,

(Signed)

Mrs. Holstein fully saw their relation to matters. As she knew, there had been and were now, many men about Holstein who were in mental torture over what they fancied was a necessity that, for the sake of bread and butter they should *lie* in the pulpit. For they said themselves, that to make a statement after one has come to disbelieve it, is nothing less to a man of tender conscience, than lying. What chagrined her was, that these ministers claimed they were doing it for their wives and children's bread-and-butter's sake. When she had heard that, she had decided on the spot that she would sooner put an end to herself than have her husband be one

of a crowd who were mewling and maudling around, feeling themselves to be pathetic liars for their family's sake. But she had no idea of putting an end to her life, which she considered, thanks to father, mother, creative conditions and the power of the Spirit of Life, was, in the first place *unendable*; and in the next place, worthy of the best cherishing and utilizing that she could give to it, in order that, as far as the act of one woman could do it, she would shame such talkers out of their pretence of having a sanctifying cause back of this result, which they called, 'lying in the pulpit.'

In view of this condition a year and a half before Mrs. Holstein had struck off this message to Hermann, which was saved up in the package before referred to:—

MILWAUKEE, August, 1882.

Hermann:—

Thousands, yes, hundreds of thousands of men have at every step crushed out heedlessly the best hopes of the ages; as in times past they have tramped their way down into animalism over the subservient (but heaven-grasping) aspirations of women, whose inherent love for man deals not with the qualities which he has in common with brutes: but with that in him which is super-animal, that is, human, that is, divinely Christ-like.

'There is nothing great in the universe' says Hamilton, 'but MAN. And nothing great in man but his mind.' The world is full enough of women, who can serve the needs which man has in common with brutes. But there are fewer, who dare risk dissatisfying those demands; and fewer who dare climb up out of and stay out of the realm of passion; then to stand on heights which are acknowledged to be noble, but too quiet: divine but too cold.

The life of the highest is the life this world now needs. Other needs are superabundantly supplied. If, in order to be serviceable it becomes necessary to be hated, one must still do the work assigned, and accept the hate, while doing the work. You can afford to have one influence in your life Hermann which cultivates and attracts the best that is in you: for the other class is legion.

(Signed)

That letter nearly a year and a half old at that time, was still kept many years afterwards with others, and it was in the recognition of the existence of this level of life that it was agreed that Mrs. Holstein should accept the invitation to her sister's home at South Park, where a few days afterwards she arrived, to remain while the family were in Europe.

A letter from Hermann and the answer to it show existent conditions: at the time when Hermann's few months' supply of the church at St. Paul had terminated.

ST. PAUL, June 11th, 1885.

My dear Wife:—

I shall not go to Toronto till the last of this month or the first of July. When I came to learn, I found it would cost me quite a sum to run to Toronto and return here. I dare not be at the expense. When I am through here I will go there, and from Toronto, wherever it seems wise, perhaps East, perhaps back to Chicago. The church here is already deserted: they are off for the summer. I have no letter from anyone since I came back. I trust you have written to Dr. Bingham.

With remembrances to friends, affectionately,
(Signed)

The reply:—

SOUTH PARK, June 16th, 1885.

My own dear Husband:—

I received yours of June 11th yesterday just as I went out driving with my sister. I had sent you a letter a week ago directed to Portland, care of proprietor of the hotel at which you had been stopping.

Your words 'I have no letter from any one since I came back,' sound sad. I am sorry for it. I sent letters to your last address. I hope you will soon see your way clear; and that all will go well with your future plans.

I know you'll be glad to hear that I am having a lovely time; the country is exquisite, and repose, peace and harmony seem to be the lords of the long summer days. I believe there is never an hour in which the birds are not vocalizing in a manner to instruct Parepa and all the prima-donnas of the ages. The old fashioned syringas and roses are in bloom, and the wide-swung open windows of dear Liberty Hall have the air of giving expansive welcome to the delights of the pulsing summer ecstasies with which exuberant nature is a'throb; and sister Estelle the woman of all women—is the lovely home-priestess who reigns in, through and with it all. She is June's own glory in the flesh. I never saw such a spirit of 'peace on earth, good will to man.' Looking at her I draw in long breaths that I may catch a little of it. As for my mother, she looks ten years younger than she did; and at eighty-six is reading, conversing, tripping about, writing anagrams and acrostics on all the names of all the bright people whom she especially likes, and gets up at seven o'clock in the morning because the birds will have it so.

New Theology reigns here. Even the Old Harry has given place to the young Harry. The Old Harry (whom you will remember as the propelling power of the family chariot of olden time) though still treated with the respect we pay to relics, is superseded by a frisky young antitype whose duty it is to obey the Sabbath-day behests of the women of the family, and to figure in the new character and guise of the true, the beautiful and the good. The new Harry is a very beautiful and frisky creature. The old Harry does not mind being dethroned from his church-going duties as long as he has good quarters in the stables and is valued for his old services.

It is very lovely over at Ethelbert's. She has all that heart can wish

except, the husband whom she loved and revered, who is now in another sphere.

Hermann, after my travel all about the country I am prepared to say, I know of nothing lovelier than this place, with its lakes and fifteen miles of park-driving.

Can you read these spider-web scrawls of my pen? I am writing with the little gold pen that you gave me, which is not only very light and frail at the nib, but seems electrified with life irrepressible as I try to reach you with it.

Don't fret about anything. Give my love to dear friends with whom you are, especially to Mr. and Mrs. James Drake and their children, whose guests we were, at St. Paul's and to Mrs. Thompson.

I have not as yet done a thing today it seems to me, but inhale big breaths and say, 'Heavenly,' beautiful, 'How glad I am I was born!'—and generally to renew my determination to live to the year 1930; then you may call me old if you choose. Every time I look at my mother I feel inclined to put the age at 1950 instead. I feel splendidly well.

As for the great garden stretches here, only fruit, berries, etc. grow: Oh yes—and hay crops and graperies. Oh yes—they too are full now of fruit blossoms and of bird blossoms; whole nests full of them: commonly called, eggs.

I stop because the end of my paper has come and I dare not begin another page; for you know what would happen to it. It would get full. Glad I will be, if you come East. A cordial welcome awaits you.

Your wife,

(Signed.)

In telling this story, so many diverging interests open up relative to persons who come upon the scene, that it is difficult to lightly touch the salient points of the history of that year and a half, in which Hermann and his wife were related to the gladsome, studious life of that home. To the large, front, sunny upper room now utilized as Mrs. Holstein's study, Hermann had sent on part of their library: with the well used books of reference, so requisite for substantiating her well founded conclusions. The long windows of this room opened on the roof of a balcony: covered with vines and flowers: out on which at the sunset-hour, Mother and daughter often seated themselves: as they sang together songs of earlier days: sweet English glees, ballads and hunting-songs: with not a few of the pretty mythological ditties, now hardly known to popular use: including as they do, classic knowledges and spirit-lessons. So that, the year and a half, spent there writing, in the company of that learned Mother, fetched in matters of such scope, as at times, illumines the 'Vision of Peace.'

In this student's-room was, also, Mrs. Holstein's little couch. The Mother's chamber was near: and between the two, was the chamber occupied by Hermann when (mid the travelling requisite to the advancement of the business entered upon before leaving Milwaukee) he had time to be with them.

Always at his coming, Mrs. Holstein met him at the depot with the pacer and the phaeton; taking him thereto when, all too soon, he had to return to his work in carrying out the purposes large and many, related to the several branches of interest which he had on hand.

Be sure you are right, then go ahead. Thus said someone somewhere, about something. Evelyn Holstein was in the position of thinking herself more sure of the fact that she was *right*; than she was clear as to the way in which to go a'head. Though even then she felt sure that it was *a'head* that she must go, and not a'heart. For all the time the conditions of this man who loved her so hatefully or hated her so lovingly, were those of a person furious (in a polite way) that she was leading so serviceable a life amid the well-earned comforts of her home with her mother, by simply utilizing whatever came next. For he had failed to impress upon her mind that "she *had* nothing and was nothing," and on one occasion in spite of some things which must have shown him to the contrary, this poor man added to that assertion the ejaculation, "Snake! I cannot get rid of you!"

This naturally surprised her; for conditions showed that as far as *burden*, went; he had pretty effectually done so now. For it was entirely at his option that he kindly came to the home where he was most cordially greeted, and received at the level at which courteous wives when they are getting old, naturally tend to receive the gentlemen who are their respectful husbands. His wife had never loved him more or sympathized with him more than now. His manners, in the depths and heights of his being, were beautiful. It was only the middle realm of development (neither brute nor yet quite human) which was in this rage and mire of conflict; in which everything is brought forth (as God brought forth all the beasts and reptiles to Adam's inspection) to see what *he* would name them. Many of these things her Adam called good, which she would not have so called. But that was his business, not hers.

When he went to see his father, he came back with the sense that she should be "subject to her husband." But of these things Evelyn Holstein only knew afterwards, as has been said. But the fact which she had learned once and for all was, that a subjection to Hermann's tobacco and passion-subjected mind, would place her so very low down in the scale of things, that another year of it (if ever it came on) would include disaster which comes to thousands of women under methods of brain-draining, incident to a certain coarse sort of marital existence; when to it is added a steady saturation of the system in the poison of tobacco and in the poison of maligning and misrepresentation, such as that included in getting the written promise relative to not speaking on—&c., &c.—to which she had succumbed on that misrepresenting visit at St. Paul.

Connected with these matters—all the unpleasant things—are now stated. Mrs. Holstein's Journal now runs on in this way:—

"In Eighteen eighty-five
When new things are alive."

"September.—The summer is passed. Everything has gone on delightfully here with mother and me, with the drives and work and the gathering and selling of the abundant fruit which was committed to me to do what I liked with: and the meeting of Hermann (as often as he could come out) down at the depot with the carriage; and taking him there in the morning. He has not been with me steadily; but it seems to me his life is taking on more of health and steadfastness: though his business toils concerning lines which he does not tell me about, are evidently severe enough. He seems amazed at what I am carrying on. For, certain business matters of the place are in my hands; and the keeping the run of the helpers over the two estates. Also I have sold much fruit from the place and other things. For the gardener that I have engaged is carrying forward matters very profitably in a little way. I have had an ideal sort of a 'palace in the sun' put up for the four large families of hens who have come and grown up with four Plymouth Rock fathers to preside over them, as the six Plymouth Rock mothers and six black Spanish ladies,

old residents, and two dozen long-white-pantaletted Brahma ladies have been added to the little township. Oh—but I must stop writing about that; for I could truly fill a charming book with all the romances and maternal anxieties and chivalric antagonisms which have arisen in that region called the ‘palace of the sun.’ And rightly it is so called. For the stable is so built that the basement part of it faces sun-wards in such a manner that, with a carpenter’s aid, I had many glass windows (which were found piled up in one of the out-houses) put in there: so that catching all the sun there was, the families in that township have dwelt there in their long runs, basking in the sun and trying to outdo each other in their business of egg-laying. So that little chickens are coming on at a tremendous rate already. Hermann regularly goes out looking over that place; and every bit of the time he can spend here, is full of enjoyment and new discoveries.

“The dogs here in themselves would build up for me a story of ‘Evelyn in Wonderland’ because of the marvellous things I learn of them and some of the marvellous things they learn from me. There is one grand St. Bernard and the two great mastiffs over at the other house, not to mention the handsome Norwegian dog Spot, who arrived here and made himself at home: and for whom we can find no owner, though again and again we have tried to discover whence he came. The funny part about him is, that little Gyp, dot of a little pug that she is, is so platonically attached to him and he to her, that frightened as she is of the lake, she has at last been allured to swim in it, rather than be parted from Spot while he goes a fishing. Sometimes his more considerate manner is to sit quietly on the shore near some place where the water is deep, and then with a delicate touch of his finger, so ripple the water that a fish springs to the surface, when he springs it into his mouth, no one can quite tell how. Then if those dogs don’t laugh in each other’s faces over the success of the trick I cannot tell what they do do. But I know it ends in Spot’s taking the fish in his mouth to a little distance where he halves it up and shares it with Gyp.

“Now the case is, Spot is a very big dog and Gyp a very little one. This has its advantages however; for they know between them that there is a woodchuck living somewhere not far

from the house, and Spot has discovered the hole. He goes daily digging into it: so does the woodchuck; for it retreats further and further into the back-ground modestly; and when Spot could get in no further one day and had come out to pantingly lie down and rest himself, I did not *hear* Gyp say, but I saw her do what practicalized the remark, 'I am smaller, I can go further'; and in she went, digging for dear life; but soon retreating speedily, as good as telling Spot that she had got there but was not equal to the battle; and then in dashed Spot. How it ended I cannot tell.

"As for the cats, the stable seems full of them. They are handsome cats: and they seem to always be blossoming forth into the most charming little kittens that ever waited patiently to get their eyes open in order, afterwards to discover with them all the mischief they could possibly do.

"Hermann can hardly believe that so many such things can happen just on a farm, as I call this lovely place. I can't have all the kittens here; but I can have two; and I find that two kittens, with one Spot, and Gyp and the kittens' mother, are enough among which to keep the peace. Once when I was feeding Spot and Gyp, Spot forgot himself and growled at Gyp when she ate his meat. Then I had a serious business on hand; for I made them both sit up on their hind legs and hold their paws in the air as I sternly explained to Spot as I passed the food '*this was for Gyp.*' He looked at me anxiously, as I authoritatively gave her three shares; then I said, 'Now you are done for the present Gyp,' and turning with enthusiasm to Spot, informing him of his excellence I said, 'This is for the gentleman, Spot.' And a noble portion came to him; which gave him to realize that there was a difference in his large necessities and her more dainty little ones; but that he must learn how to wait the dispensations of Providence; I being providence. Hermann was by, following the lesson, amazed at the calmness with which the big dog took it. The second day as this lesson was carried through, we were both surprised to see the little black and white kitten come into line and poise herself in exactly the same attitude, paws in air; when, you may be sure, *journal*, she was immediately taken in as a third *parti* to the graceful little dinner. Hermann thought it very funny."

Relative to one matter after his first settlement in the home with his wife,—Dr. Holstein said:—

“If I am coming here to be with you, the store-bills and such running expenses *I* must pay.”

With a quick realizing sense as to the fitness of this, seeing that it was the custom in marital homes, she acquiesced with a simple “Certainly, if that is your wish.” Otherwise, it would have been in the line of forsaking his “board,” and nothing of that kind was she working toward. She had in view, always and from the first, a long life of serviceable mutual development with and for each other. It was a little curious however, that simply on the basis of this outlook, she escaped what would have been included in a reverse answer of that proposition.

He therefore understood, there was no antagonism on her part; no wish to get up a quarrel, any more than there was to succumb to conditions creative of vulgar turmoil.

It was a great change of lookout for him to meet his wife daily, thus well employed,—increased in health, ease and in her own right more financially independent than she had been in years. She was truly homed, in a home which he had not given and which he could not take away, however uncomfortable his father seemed to be making him over conditions concerning which the unfortunate part was that the wisdom of the “snake” (that emblem of indwelling spirit-life) had such attractions to him that from it Hermann Holstein could not and did not, as he said, “get away.”

His letters were good and heartfelt. It would be hard to say (and he found it hard to tell himself) *what* there was objectionable in the ease with which his wife had taken up the position of agent and the care-taker of her beloved mother, assigned her by good fortune and by Hermann’s crisis in life.

Early in the winter, as part of the family were to take another run over on the other side it was hoped Mrs. Holstein would establish herself (for as long as she wished to be established) as companion and care-taker of her Mother. It was a large estate; and what with the gardens and the farmer and the many other matters needing attention in that line (beside the family associations and acquaintances who were there near about her) the outlook was altogether refreshing. She

was an enthusiastic lover of green things growing; and the great stretches of land with the super-abundance of fruits, flowers and every variety of berries and everything else to the forth-coming of which an invitation was extended, soon showed her, she would have enough to do, if she took in hand the utilization of all that was there outspread before her as next season's work.

Another journal opens more brightly, with the heading:—

“In Eighteen eighty-seven,
New things to us are given.”

For during part of '85 and '86, work had gone forward, till one evening, on coming home, as after dinner they had seated themselves in the “*Sans-souci*” Hermann said, looking with great animation at his wife, pulling out some papers as they were seated opposite each other:—

“Wife, there's a proposition before me to go into the electrical wire business!”

“There's wealth in it! Your luck is there as far as wealth goes,” said she.

“Well I declare: you surprise me,” he answered, catching his breath. “You never told me there was wealth in any business before. You know I'm not an electrician!”

“It's the thing of the age,” she said. “I like to have you lighting the world, if not by your pulpit ministrations, then in this way.”

“But I'm not an electrician,” he said. “But John has sent over an electric lamp which he has invented; and they say there may be something in it; and for the rest, a partnership may be formed with Bond, Holstein and Thatcher; I am to be the agent, if I can prove we are making the best electric wire which the world has yet been treated to. For nothing less than making the best will awaken interest in the market.”

Into this business Dr. Holstein fully entered. It included much travel and toil, and letters coming all the time after that, in his large travels, were full of hope though written under a stress of toil but of gladsome assurance, as if the fact that this to his wife from the first had seemed to be a business success, had made it so.

CHAPTER XII.

"The Wisdom of the Scribe cometh by opportunity of leisure: and he that hath little business may become Wise."

IN Hermann's press of business, there were discouragements too well known to business men to need recording here. In addition as the time for the return of the family drew near Hermann had secured the supply of a church in South Boston, where his skill in pulling together the disassociated elements, often found in church and society after the departure of a last incumbent of the pulpit, came into requisition. Engaged in his other business, as he was all day, he had agreed to give his evenings and Sabbaths to that church.

The following is a specimen of the brief, swift letters, which he (never still) threw off, on the horse-cars or in other moments while speeding about.

ON HORSECARS.

Dear Wife,—I shall be in Buffalo at Tefts' Hotel Tuesday. Pittsburg Wednesday A.M. Hotel Carrollton, Baltimore, Thursday. Shall be glad to get a letter at Balt. Write tomorrow and I shall get it.

Affectionately,
(Signed)

H.

He had at this time no more cause for certainty as to the success of his electric business than he had of three other affairs: except what came from the courage that seemed imparted by reliance on his wife's opinion of the prospect. His income was apparently very small. He needed all encouragement possible. So when he told her he had a room in a pleasant house in South Boston near to his church work, and it would be his pleasure to have his wife come to the home there awaiting her, she realized that the change would be of no advantage to her, but quite the reverse. But her health had improved: her life had become co-natural: and in all regards the two years (more or less) had been instructive and full of beneficial experiences relative to *proofs* which she had gained, concerning her self-poised ability to remuneratively achieve what she undertook.

Many of her friends were averse to having her go away. The family were going to Europe again in the Spring; and it was their wish that until there was a more fitting comprehension as to what was requisite for her comfort at that crisis in life, she should remain where she was at least for another year.

But "as long as travelling days shall last" had been the betrothal promise. Holstein was on great tension; and had so expectantly fixed himself on her assurance that 'a turn in the tide of events' had now come, that she acceded to her mother's wish, and went away with him to his home.

It was a room in a handsome house on the hill-top which overlooked the bay: and for the rest, included that not acceptable task called 'going out to their meals.'

He felt that she could day by day, greatly help him in his church work; and charmed with her returned buoyancy, he expected much from her.

At this time however the health of her dear sister, Mrs. Polien Caproni, passed into a critical state, followed by her death; which was a most disabling blow to Mrs. Holstein, who felt she should, at that crisis, have given the best of efforts where they were due. Within six months, this death and other conditions, affected her so that she was not then the vivacious, independent, inspirational person that she had become. And the fact that Holstein's business, within the next year, prospered very greatly, did not add to her life, anything comparable to what the stress and distortion of personal health took from her.

Having settled the church difficulties and given up that work Holstein now moved to a suite of rooms in a hotel then called "The Berwick";—later known as the "Grand Hotel" on Columbus Avenue where the family of one of the partners of the new business was brightly homed with their son Bert and their sister.

Bright, short racy letters all this time, in Hermann's absence came flying thick and fast, relative now to the electric wire business. For in course of time they had established an office in New York city and another in Boston, where in the vicinity existed a manufactory for the making of the "metal

insulation, braid insulation, tape insulation, braid finished wire for electric lights and telegraph trade," the getting orders for which (with the attending to the general business of putting it on the world's market) had now become Hermann's great concern. Almost every day brought from him to his wife letters full of hope, buoyant exhilaration and affection; but which also showed far more nerve-tension than the getting of "bread and butter" required.

But he was getting much more than bread and butter; he was relating himself to the world-wide industry connected with the electrical lighting of that world, as certain graceful letters from Japan, among other things, showed. He was on his way to getting what, he seemed mistakenly to feel, he must lay at the feet of the wife to whom he was now overwhelmingly devoted. But as months went on and prosperity increased and her youth did not, there to him came some renewal of the sense that she was "old":—which of course left her but the more inclined to "give her mind to the 'Most High,'" and to seek out the Wisdom of the Elders which Wisdom pressed upon her in all the hours while facing the fact that as far as she was concerned she would better have stayed where she was with her mother until she had grown young; as young she would have become and would have stayed with five years of life such as she was there leading.

But ahead she rushed, formulating the story of that "Vision of Peace," which, as she portrayed it, assured her that, time given and courage supplied, its philosophy should be yet fulfilled in Hermann's life and hers.

But now, with his hands as full of business as one would think they could hold, returning one evening, he said to her, in a manner like that, pushing on him in the Mississippi River days:—"The Hon. Archly Wickfen has gotten out a patent for a welding machine to be used in welding railroad tracks, with something like a warning signal attached, so that rails cannot break (as they now so frequently do) without giving signal of their approaching weakness. He wants me to put in \$—— into this. What do you think of it?"

"Do not do it Hermann," she said, "for the reason that you have more than enough of risks on hand, and only one matter, which I should call certain business from the proceeds

of which to supply the money, for paying up back history-tangles which are harassing you so."

Annoyed that she did not say it would be a success, he said:—"Oh, let me alone! I can attend to my own business!"—which she did.

In her journal then comes the question:—"Why did I forsake duties and service to my mother, and service to my dying sister to come here to be racked body and brain in this deluge of commotion! But he knows (and this I must have him keep in mind) that till time shall end, not for any shelter that he can give me; not for anything that he can bestow (except that which comes from making himself honorable) am I thus allied to him." And, Behold,—just at the time of taking on this added responsibility relative to managing the welding machine, and while the electrical wire-business had increased so that he was almost frightened at it, her journal says, "Hermann has just come in to tell me, that he has to go to London 'to see about John's deviltry.'"

At this time the Berwick Hotel was bought by Dr. Flower to be built over; and the occupants had to vacate, just as Hermann was leaving for London. The journal states:—

"Hermann has sent my nephew to see about getting rooms for me at the Commonwealth Hotel; but he has asked me to go to London if I wish. I told him I really was not able. For my sister has died and her passing away has almost pulled me into unseen realms as, I follow her spirit's needs. And this rush and haste which has its grip on poor Hermann, now at times affects me so that, unless I secure a self-centring of my forces, I shall be rent apart. As it is, it affects me so, that his conditions, flowing in on me, become pictured forth in some of the characters in this book upon which I am still at work. Characters some of whom are passing through like psychological conditions; but some of whom, having attained the pneumatological plane, give me the profitable and spiritualizing toil, of analyzing these conditions and afterwards, of synthesizing the outcome of their growth.

"I am now at the Commonwealth Hotel, Washington Street, quite at the top of it, in a very satisfactory suite of rooms:

the little entry of which, opening out of the larger public hall, leads the way at one side to the private bathroom, and at the other into a large square parlor-room with six front windows looking on the handsome old house and garden opposite. There is a sufficiently large chamber that also opens from the parlor and into the bathroom before mentioned.

"Hermann started away so suddenly that he left his brother and my nephew to send men to move over our books and some furniture,—big writing-desk and things. This is a very satisfactorily arranged dwelling-place. Here in the quiet, if all goes well, I can unfold that 'Vision of Peace' which haunts me so continually amid conditions the influence of which in the end reproduced will make the book seem more a vision of tumults and conflicts mid which reviewers will say some mad men dwelt,—that is this wise 'Daniel' and the spirituelle Ethel and the reincarnated, Rabinical friend who came as the son of Daniel.

"Opposite my rooms is the suite occupied by a singularly interesting woman, who is homed with her husband there. She has had many past experiences and has entered upon lines of esoteric life which puts her in relation to some of my ideals; although the theory, stated in her words 'I believe under right conditions spirits can materialize,' brings from me a response which rather puzzles her as I tell her, 'I believe under right conditions materialists may spiritualize.' For that sets before us both, a far longer-drawn-out piece of business.

"If Hermann were having some little monies a week (ten dollars or something of that kind) and was coming home every evening at six o'clock; and gave me himself and his evenings and Sundays, and two gowns a year; I'd pass up all my diamonds which of late he has enjoyed bringing me while beads of brain-sweat have been upon his brow, as the dear soul hurries on.

"I could not stand it at all, but for my faith that all the time this hurrying on is also *upward*, toward a level, whereon self harmonized, he will find repose even in this good world."

A letter hastily written just before Dr. Holstein had started for London, speaking of his eagerness concerning his business, runs thus:—

NEW YORK, 1888.

Dear Wife:

I leave here for Albany at halfpast one, and will get to you as early on Friday as I can. I had a hard time last night; not a wink of sleep until four o'clock, A.M., and actually, dear, the reason was my business excitement. My 'tester' matter approaches a crisis. I am ashamed at my nervousness. But success means probably \$25,000 to \$50,000 in two months. It will be something like this or nothing.

Let us hope . . . without expectation if we can.

I am yours,

(Signed)

Relative to that same matter, before starting for London was this additional letter among others showing the load he was carrying at that time, relative to the "welding machine and railroad-tester," matter from which he had to rush away, in order to get to London where other troubles were.

Dear Evie Wife:—

I have had no word from you in answer to my several letters. I am on the road. I am nicely. Go from here to Glens Falls where they want a lot of wire; thence to Hoosac Junction on same errand; then to Boston and home. Expect to reach home on Friday.

Yours,

(Signed)

H.

Later another, written more at ease, is as follows:

NEW YORK. . . .

My dear Wife:—

We had a most interesting time in the Sound. From Narragansett Bay to Hellgate, ice from seven to twenty-four inches thick covered the Sound. The great steamer ploughed its way through as I had never supposed a vessel could. Occasionally she would, after going through a specially severe struggle, have her engines stopped, and a man would be let down over her bow to see what might be her condition. We passed many vessels locked fast in the ice. I saw three steamers, the Bridgeport and an ocean steamer and a tug, all of which will bide where they are till a thaw releases them.

We reached New York at 12 noon. I would not have missed the experience for much.

I go to Philadelphia tomorrow, then to Washington, then Baltimore, then Washington, then Richmond, then back to Washington. Any letter reaching Washington Thursday at the Riggs House will catch me. After that until January 23rd, at the Monongahela House, Pittsburg, Pa.

I hope the days will pass pleasantly with you.

Affectionately,

(Signed)

After Dr. Holstein had sailed for London the first letter received was written aboard the steamer "Ohio," mailed "near Queenstown, April 9th, 1888," with the words, "Will mail this here. Reach Liverpool tomorrow. Am well," written in pencil at the top.

The letter begins:—

S.S. *Ohio*, (round at both ends
and high in the middle).

My dear Wife:—

The last communication I had with you was sending a copy of the ship's budget. This I got after the ship had sailed and put it in an envelope and gave to the pilot as he was leaving us below Sandy-Hook.

For some reason or other Mr. and Mrs. Ross did not appear; so there are only four first cabin passengers.

Col. Plover is a peripatetic lecturer. His wife is his factotum; has charge of his cameras &c.

Miss Dorr is a specimen, the first I ever saw of her sort. An Irish girl, a finely educated Catholic, about as well acquainted with the bible as I am, and well up in literature; plays nicely on the piano; has been to America to visit her brother and now returns home.

The Captain (Pagent) is a royal man, an Egyptologist; has been twice to Kartoum; to the upper Nile &c., thoroughly familiar in India, Burmah, Turkey, China and every country in Europe, Asia and Africa,—informing to a degree.

Think of four passengers having this great ship to ourselves! We have now been out seven days, expect to reach Liverpool Wednesday A.M., London, Wednesday P.M.

Ten days to Liverpool.

I've had no use for my cardigan. Have had on neither gloves nor overcoat since the day after leaving New York. Thursday night, a little fog. Tuesday and this morning a little rain; for the rest pleasant. Capital sea, constant West No. West and So. West winds.

My time has been spent in eating, bathing and sleeping. A little reading; occasionally the Captain, the Doctor and the passengers get together and have music: singing, recitations and talk. The Captain's wife is with him, a pretty girl of eighteen or nineteen, but she has spent most of her time settling accounts with Neptune.

I never before knew what was the meaning of absolute rest. Not for one moment have I had an inclination to think about business. But how I do wish I could know about you dear. Are you wisely making much of the time? Making pleasant friends? being happy? Have you written nice letters that I shall get at London? There will be no use in your writing, after you get this; as before it could reach me I should be on the ocean homeward bound. Be very happy and so make me happy.

I am affectionately,
(Signed)

Then came a letter after he had crossed to London:

FIRST AVENUE HOTEL, HOLBORN,
LONDON, W.C., April 14th, 1888.

Dear Evie wife:—it's now half past one o'clock of the morning of April 14th. My head is tired; indeed I am tired all over. I find it necessary to wind up the affairs of the International Telephone Co. The book-keeper has played the dickens with its accounts and has robbed it of large amounts. These I am trying to recover, which will require some time. I hope not much. I shall let no grass grow under my feet; but a week will, I am afraid, hardly suffice. I must go over the books, collect dues, pay debts and close the thing out.

Your pleasant letter of March 31st is before me. Its cheerful tone comforts me. I am anxious to be back with you. Shall I find you well? No colds, aches, pains or troubles. The Father grant it!

I have much I would say, but I am too tired. I hope a letter written on your receipt of this, would reach here to find me on the ocean; but I wish you would write, in the chance that an anxious husband may even then be wrestling with an uncomfortable problem.

Love to her I cherish,
Affectionately,
(Signed)

Here follows another, written the day after at the hotel: in response to one received by him, in which his wife made warm-hearted offers of the help she would gladly give to John's children; for he was evidently in much trouble and ill.

FIRST AVENUE HOTEL, HOLBORN,
LONDON, W.C., April 16th, 1888.

My dear Wife:—

Yours of the 31st of March and the 4th of April are received. It does me good to read your words of love for little Kenneth. I am sorely puzzled. I wish to do wisely, but I cannot now see that it would be right for us to take the boy. I doubt if John will ever support him or do anything for his support. Indeed the Doctors say he has but a little while to live. His sickness has left him physically and mentally almost a wreck. His memory of important things that happened two or three days back is entirely unreliable. I am closing out the business of the International Telephone Co., selling its property and paying its debts. Sad, sad business. What John will do I cannot imagine. I will do nothing for him! Under no consideration will I have any business dealings with him. It would be of no permanent good to him and would weaken my power to do good to others. Poor fellow! I shall, on my return, see what I can do for Kenneth. He must have a home. But not a home as expensive as life with us would be. I would not take him to the "Commonwealth" dear, for the week's visit of which you speak; just his meals there would cost ten dollars a week. We could use the money to better purpose for him.

When I have seen some building of historic interest—when I was in St.

Margaret's, Westminster, last Sunday listening to Archdeacon Farrar, I have longingly thought, "Oh—if only Evie were with me!" But I prefer to suffer alone the agonies I have in this business muddle. I would not have you here for anything. I may get through this week and get Saturday's steamer, but I fear not. The day I am through I hasten home. I shall see of London only what I see on Sundays or as I hasten on business from one place to another. Some day we may see this grand city together.

Now dear, my heart sinks as I think of you sick, and mourning that you are not here with me. You were wrong in your regrets, expressed in your letter, for staying at home, it would have been horrible to be here.

Lovingly,
(Signed)

Then followed the letter dated May 1st, and others consecutively.

FIRST AVENUE HOTEL, HOLBORN,
LONDON, W.C.

Dear Evie Wife:—

Pity me darling! I shall probably bury poor John here in a strange land!" [Then followed distressing accounts of three or four days of violent hemorrhages, climaxing with the words:] "There is scarcely a chance of his rallying. Even if my business were concluded I could not leave John now. God help me! I need not say more.

I enclose cheque. If you are needing money, take this to Haswell and he will cash it for you. I have no idea that a letter in answer to this will find me here, but if you feel like writing me, do so on the slight chance. I shall send a cablegram "MMNOSAM BOSTON." That will be delivered at my office which Haswell will open. This I will send and he will get it and advise you the day I sail.

Affectionately,
(Signed)

Two days after that, was written the following from London.

FIRST AVENUE HOTEL, HOLBORN,
LONDON, W.C., May 4th, 1888.

My poor wife:—

It is now midnight between Friday and Saturday. Since Tuesday morning I have not had my clothes off, only for fifteen minutes while I took a towel bath. Night and day I have been over John in his delirium, until tonight his pulse has ranged from 135 to 150, and he, a raging maniac since Tuesday noon. He is now a little exhausted and I have left him in charge of a man nurse. I had left him so, last night, but no one else could manage him and I was called back. Tonight I am come to my hotel to find your sad letter. Nothing but my sense that my love for you, kept you from sharing the experience to which I came when I started for London could soothe my distress. But for this I think I should die, as I groan over my absence from you in these hours of pain. Oh—Evie, can you realize my sad position? Think of my sufferings here and then your letter. My wife

sick at home, my brother dying here without a friend within three thousand miles. Oh! God help me! I will write tomorrow.

I am yours,
(Signed)

Then followed another letter written on the same letter-head as were all of those from London except one.

FIRST AVENUE HOTEL, HOLBORN,
LONDON, W.C., June 17, 1888.

My dear wife:—

Yours of the 13th is here. I am nearly bursting with vexation. Today things took such a turn that I can't go Thursday. I hope to take the Saturday or Sunday boat that will get me home just as soon, as they are faster boats. But Omniscience alone can tell what is in the future. All tomorrow and next day I shall be making affidavits.

Oh—for home and wife!

I am shocked that you should have been through that fire experience. I can't imagine what your enquiries relate to. I mean, connected with the 'something curious' that has befallen you. We'll talk it over in the sweet bye and bye. You know imagination is not my strong hold; at any rate you have told me so. I am loving, and glad to hear from you that I am loved.

Always yours,
(Signed)

In the interim between letters received, 'the something curious' referred to in his of the 17th of June, had come to her like a ball of fire between her eyes and the pillow into which then they were agonizingly pressed in her sudden necessity to escape what had befallen her: sending out then as she did, an unuttered cry to Hermann such as in earlier years had, he claimed, reached him at a perilous moment. And though the next day she was practically blind, she had in the darkened room (bandaged though her eyes were by the Doctor's orders) written to him the following letter by guiding her left hand to support her pen-hand across the paper.

MAY 11th, 1888.

My dear, dear husband:—

I can write but a word, because a blind wife would not lighten your cares. Though what will lighten them in the future will be some dependence on my inner vision; whether my outer sight now fails forever or not. Oh!—Hermann, I told you not to trust John with the management of *other people's money* for which you were accountable! All you will get out of this, cannot equal the trouble. You could have avoided it all; but you will go your way whoever cries or dies. I wish I could help poor Ella and you and

those children. Hermann I should die this minute, if it were not for my assurance that you *will* pull through all this, and have a better future.

I am your soul's wife,
(Signed)

Then was sent a letter telling of her improved sight and of the friendly help of Mrs. Wrentham, and of the fire which in the midst of the night had broken forth. It had seemed to her like the capping of the climax when, at the sound of the engine playing, and the ringing of the bells, she found herself on her feet, wondering which of her rare books she would take, and quickly deciding that her beloved manuscript, into which so much hardly gotten time had gone, and her husband's gifts of jewelry should go into a little hand-bag. Then dressed and ready she heard Mrs. Wrentham's voice and knock as she said:—

"Mrs. Holstein, do not be frightened. There is plenty of time, but you would better dress for the street."

It finally proved that the fire was in the basement and in subjection, and persons were assured that they need not leave the hotel.

In writing the letter of May 11th, doubtless she had felt a sense of despair, at being deluged with such complications; all resulting from the unnecessarily violent perturbations over money-making. She wrote another letter, short, but full of love and courage; though it somewhat sharply stated that he need not strive to make money for her: and that she feared for his reason, if he let it be so submerged in these extreme efforts, when the simplest income and time and peace, as far as she was concerned, would please her much better. She wrote so that he would understand that (on the supposition that he might find himself worse off as a result of his venture than he hoped) there was no cause as far as she was concerned for him to feel cast down. For not money but the peaceful development of his own nature was what she wanted, and so she told him, begging him to take rest and have less anxiety about money. It was to those letters (according to date) that he was supposed to have responded in the one found done up with papers and letters already mentioned. It was written on a new-looking sheet of common paper; and though dated as from First Avenue Hotel, Holborn, London, it was not written on

the letter-heading upon which had been all letters else, that had come from that hotel, according to her knowledge. This letter too was dated as being written amidst the very crisis of his complications: the other letters of which were in careless and hasty chirography, while this was in a handsome, careful hand, as if copied at leisure: and it attracted her attention years afterwards as being both new in its condition and also new as being a sort of a tie between Elder Holstein's clerical assertions and a half legal form unlike anything ever received from her husband; besides which it was signed by his full business name, altogether unlike the fragmentary, tender, but nervously written outbursts which had come always, else, to her from his full heart.

This is the letter:—

FIRST AVENUE HOTEL, HOLBORN,
LONDON, W.C., May 21st, 1888.

My dear wife:—

Yours of the 8th reaches me today. It says not a word of what I am most concerned about, viz., your health! but I have a cable-gram of a later date from Haswell in which he speaks of your improvement.

When you write me, especially after I have heard of your sickness, remember that every day, I am longing to know just how you are.

Dearie," [a term never before used by Hermann] "this letter before me, is the nicest I have had for many a day, and yet it pains me inexpressibly." [A contradictory statement never made by Dr. Holstein at any place before.] "You give birth to sorrows conceived by your imaginings, and then you nurse them as if it were your sacred duty to cherish such offspring." [Such a concoction of ideas as that, related as it was to nothing that had occurred in any letter, again arrested Mrs. Holstein's attention, when so late she came upon this epistle.] "You write of having been in an agony because you could not help me, and say you have been through every moment and every stress and strain of horror and pain with me; and then ask of what avail? You are entirely mistaken. You know nothing about it. If you did, you would not say 'would I were with you now. Oh—would I had gone.'

I *must* write what I detest having to write, viz., what will pain you.

By what you have written me since I came here, you have shown me that the thing you ask me to substitute for my judgment (that is what you call your Seer's faculty) is a delusion. It snares and misleads you and burdens you with calamities and many sorrows needlessly, and as you press it upon me, it oppresses and weakens me. The things which you think have been griefs to me have not been griefs; while I have had griefs of which you know nothing nor need to.

It is quite probable that I shall so wind up this business that neither I nor any connected with the International Telephone Co. will have lost any

part of their investment. All anxiety about that is wasted. I have worked night and day with the best medical skill I could employ, to bring John through; but I would not have him back if I could, by simply wishing it. There was no more possibility of brightness or usefulness for him in earthly life. It is better as it is.

As you urge me to send for you if I am sick I will say I was very worn by my experiences the first four weeks of my being here, but I have not been sick and now I am getting rested, although I am working hard to get through this business. It is altogether probable that by the time you are reading this, I shall be on the ocean. You will have a cable-gram the day I start whenever that is. I may be detained, it is impossible to know.

I have several cases in court where unjust claims were made vs. the A. T. Co., and I can't be sure of times and seasons.

I don't intend to be sick, but if I were, don't you see, it were absurd for you to come over here, when before you could get here, I should probably have started for home.

You tell me in this letter before me, my beloved wife, that I shall have a new rest in your heart when I get home. My dear, that is not possible unless you can bring yourself to a determination that you will no more attempt to over-ride my judgment and make it a slave of your feelings.

Every other anxiety and pain I have had in the past month is light compared to those I have had on your account. I have received your letter telling me of your dreadful sickness and revealing a sickness of mind more dreadful than that of your eyes. Your letter came to me the day John was taken delirious. For four days I endured the agonies of suspense regarding your condition, and at the same time was day and night watching my dying brother. All this time Haswell's telegram "Evie better," lay crumpled on John's bureau. He had received it an hour before his reason left him. When I got to his bedside he could not tell me of it. Only by chance did I pick it up at last. Then the reaction on my mind was something fearful. I don't know how this will sound to you, nor what effect it will have on your mind and heart. You may rebel against it. God grant you do not. May you have wisdom to see that I should be deserving of all evil if I dethroned my judgment at even your bidding and set up in its place your preconceptions.

I enclose a bunch of English violets gathered today. I do not remember their special language. But I would have them speak to you of my devotion to your good, your peace and comfort: my longing that you may have rest in the Lord and confidence in your husband.

Affectionately,

[and here the letter was signed (as letters received from him had not been) with his full business signature.]

This handsomely written letter seemed to be a part of a later transaction relative to conditions identified with a settling up of affairs near '92 or '93: at the time of turning over his business to the agent to whom affairs were largely committed before starting for Egypt and so on.

Following that 17th of June letter is a natural one written on the letter head paper thus:—

FIRST AVENUE HOTEL, HOLBORN,
LONDON, W. C., June 22nd, 1888.

My dear Wife:—

Your last letter is very sweet to me. I'm sorry that my letter of May 21st, seemed harsh to you. It was written in love. I don't care if you do spell a certain word 'Double u, O man,' if you get comfort from the spelling.

I see no reason to doubt that I shall sail on the "Catalonia" for Boston on Thursday next.

Affectionately,
(Signed)

This little pun was relative to the 'W' which is the first letter of a word, the rest of which is 'o man': a pert little reference, which Mrs. Holstein merrily had made to her evolutionary possibilities as she "sized up" (as Hermann termed it) the proportion which existed between them.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Children and the building of a city continueth a man's name. But a blameless wife is above both."—BARUCH.

AFTER the fire the hotel was shut up for repairs, in that the kitchen was closed off and the dining-room, leaving it optional with some of the boarders to remain till they arranged for their summer haunts, if they were willing to 'go outside for their meals.'

As has been shown, to Mrs. Holstein midst her work and sufferings, it had been a season of semi-translation into union with those of her friends who had passed into another world.

The stress and strain of Hermann's troubles and the accounts of the death of the mechanical genius, John (who had been with them a year in his boyhood), the death of his wife and the responsibility Mrs. Holstein felt concerning the children and concerning the complications relative to money matters which, if they were successful, should have left some where-withal for the care of the lad and his sister,—all these things burdened her.

Looking back at her life during those days, she saw much to criticise in her self-burdening methods. She had not at this time heard Thomas Wentworth Higginson's bright speech that "Women must learn to sacrifice their love of sacrifice": neither would it have taken hold on her if she had: for sub-consciously, almost in babyhood she felt to have left bright spheres through which she had ranged bliss-filled, to come to earth to finish a work her intensity in the accomplishment of which, in the next century, 'kept heart-break at bay, because it was not done.' But her surprise at life's disasters was strangely accompanied with echoes, as of songs of praising and rejoicing, concerning things which the angels, humanity and she knew, about the real facts of life's glorious case.

What made her life so unadjusted to ordinary, comfortable methods was, that always, with a keen sight of miseries and of ways for the avoiding of them, she had also an almost ecstatic recognition of the possible achievements of each person along lines of which *material* successes were but hints at their larger and lovelier indwelling spiritual graces and gifts.

This condition of hers was in line with what that wise old Hebrew 'Sirach' said: "All things are made double, one over against the other." Her sense of this, ill as she was, made her now feel scrupulous about giving herself the fitting comfort and care which she could easily and happily have procured, by having her own nephew escort her, ill as she was, to the hotel to which she and her baggage were going, where Mr. and Mrs. Bond and family were for the summer; and in which they had obtained a room for her.

She should have given her nephew this pleasant outing by the sea, through purchasing his time of him, as he was a young man in the business world. Instead of that, with her eyes fixed on distant needs and portentous complications, she mis-representingly and overtaxingly toiled down there, arriving *ill*. And of the unfitness of illness she had that inherent sense, which the earliest chapter of this book represented, as part of the Spartan teaching of her childhood's days.

I am analyzing Mrs. Holstein's characteristics so as to represent fairly and by extreme analysis, the points which made not only her, but which make many other high-nerved women, of less advantage to themselves and others than "high-nerves" *should* be. And as I am giving this analysis for the benefit of others, I proceed to say that her cross (if any) consisted in the fact that she was so interiorly happy, a full nine tenths of the time, that she under-valued, repelled and partly discontented others with the reasonable and important attainments, without which the world could *not* go on, as long as persons, living in the body needs must have all that with which the mechanical and money management of ingenious men, supply a well-equipped civilization. It puzzled Hermann, that when he brought her beautiful things (himself in the trembling stress and strain of getting them), she, whether she declined them because they were not necessary, or accepted them with her never failing praise and thanks for his extreme

efforts, in either case left him to feel that she was not contented with *gifts*, because, what she wanted was, that he should have more peace, not more money. She wanted him to *be* more and not to *get* more. For his health was frail: and of all the wealth ever placed before the Hope family's aspirations, most prominent was, that wealth which is a *health* of mind and body, foundationed on that rectitude and virtue which is substantial repose.

On the slightest provocation (that means at the mere removal of extreme annoyance) Evelyn Hope Holstein habitually *was* Happy. This perplexed Hermann. It amazed him. From the beginning of their acquaintance up to the last eight years of his life, he used to look at her in surprise, exclaiming: "What is it? What are you so happy about?" Wondering what she knew or had to do, or had gotten or "*was* anyway," to feel so happy about. It made him consider that either she lacked sympathy with the troubles of the world, or *his* troubles, or had sources of entertainment in which he was not participant. Seeming to forget that the promise which the Saviour had given his followers two thousand years before, naturally, by this time, should, during her successive incarnations, have been fulfilled: the promise "I will give you to drink of living waters, which shall be a well, springing up into everlasting Life."

For one thing he did not distinctly believe in 'different incarnations.' And did not realize that Evelyn Hope had been born with no longing for inadequate beverages: but with a real thirst for real truth: which truth constantly coming to her as water from a well, *did* spring up within her, into higher life and an increased sense of self-use, which included a simplicity, that was perfectly satisfied as she dwelt at that Fountain.

When Hermann regarded her, in the busy, bright and never idle, self-supporting life, which she had lived those two or three years when they were together with her mother dwelling with the fruits of the earth, and filled with the joy of the whole Spirit of Life, he (I say) seeing in it nothing but hard work, speaking of it one day afterwards said to her, "You acted like a fiend incarnate"!—the point being that when he had said, "she had nothing and was nothing," she, with her pleasure in self-activity, had walked into the paradise of that

'work which is worship.' And in it she found all there that her heart could desire; simply because by nature she was at-one-with-primeval-delight-in-Life, and in the benefits which nature and kind hearts bestowed.

And it was in this state of internal personal joy relative to nothing that earth can give or take away, that she had arrived at the hotel where she was kindly enough greeted by her acquaintances, and where in her little high up room (for she always chose upper rooms) inbreathing the sea air, she worked away over her effort to reveal her "Vision of Peace."

One day, word was received that Hermann had arrived, and would come to Hull on the evening boat.

A quotation from her journal here comes in, as afterwards looking back on the occurrence she reviewed it thus:—

"There he was coming up the road leading to the hotel. I had gone down on to the piazza and was sitting there awaiting him in joyous anticipation. But at the sight of his face I was so disabled, my strength left me. I could not go to meet him. I was sick, numb and dumb at the sight of his face. He walked quickly toward me. Grasping hands we met. With a look I can never forget, drawing me to a seat beside him he said whisperingly:

"You are never to ask me a word about my journey. It was horrible. For nothing in the world would I have had you with me.'

"And ask him I never have."

Again referring to it she says:—

"In that sentence he had committed to me all he wanted me to know."

Evidently, to Mrs. Holstein's sense, to question further would have been intrusion. To have peeped mentally or to have surmised misjudgingly, would to her sense of ordinary propriety, have been a betrayal of trust. For in this, as in regard to many things into which natural, curious, less-trained children peep, spy and question,—to her the matter had been sub-consciously buried, being but as roots are, until time arrives when sprouting again, growths therefrom are dealt with. Later on however this reference appears in her journal over a year afterwards:—

"During the last year, once and again Hermann, looking

at me as if wondering if he would better talk things over, has yearningly said: 'You are never to ask me about that journey,' and I will not if he feels so."

But later in life heartily Mrs. Holstein regretted that she had permitted his unnatural dominant dealing with her at that time—and at many others equally—to have influenced her. As she looked back upon it years afterwards, she felt she ought to have known that he was not trained to meet the kind of training she had had. She ought, in those early days to have mothered him as tenderly as she was necessitated to do when later his more visible troubles revealed him then as really only as needful of mothering care as he had been interiorly in his most over-active and tempestuous days. In after years she stood numb and dumb before the question, whether if she had let her heart flow forth relievingly (instead of swallowing her sorrow) its outflow would have melted the bands of ice with which he braced his nature, while holding fixed and expressionless the countenance which hid from her matters concerning which his brother more skilfully took possession.

The pity was that on their marriage she had been so overwhelmed by his boyish pulpitering rebuffs and dominances; but it was because during those first three years she was very young and childlike for her age, and his ferocious outbursts in ministerial matters but turned her back to her early instructions, which had left her unacquainted with and (perhaps too proud to indulge in) indirections, manœuvres and the so-called feminine "wheedlings" which are in vogue among slaves and those who are seeking to enslave.

Whatever disadvantages and misunderstandings may have arisen from her fealty to the law, "If it is not true do not say it, if it is not right do not do it,"—it still left her to stand true to her nature and her business, which was always to right up wrongs which were brought to her own door, within her own household.

But this simplicity was available in the time of the culmination of Holstein's troubles. For in the last decade of his life it left solid ground for him to stand on, as hand in hand they together made a new pull up the mount of Being.

The journal, relative to his return, next goes on retrospectively; as if put together at the end of the next season:—

"We stayed by the water till the hotel closed; then packing up and taking the Rowe's Wharf boat, always in this hurried, breathless, high tension way, Hermann hastened us to a family hotel, where that night and the next day we stayed preparatory to settling ourselves. He then cut from the papers a list of advertisements for board and rooms in acceptable places, asking me to look them up but to make no decision till he accompanied me to settle the matter.

"In looking them over I selected immediately a house on Boylston street opposite the Public Gardens, where there were front windows and two adequate rooms highly satisfactory. I looked no further. Hermann was satisfied. The arrangement was made and we were allowed to furnish these rooms ourselves with book-cases, and the things necessary to the enjoyment of literary work. We settled here full of thankfulness, ready now to make and take out of life its advantages. He brought me a beautiful costly seal-skin coat. Is it in memory of the fur-lined garment I chanced once to need and buy for myself: having earned it? Dear boy! He wants me to engage in social life, and keep up with choice drama, and pay my calls and become a helpful citizen and member of Boston's purposes and uses.

"About a year we were actively and happily and healthfully related to matters while my work went on.

"My strange book was published at this time; and our numerous jauntings relative to Hermann's steady increase of business prosperity, were surprising to his friends."

At this time Mrs. Holstein felt it a next duty that the boy Kenneth (who was then about twelve years old) should be secured in such substantial intellectual and moral upbuilding as would stop further disasters; which she felt could be averted from men and women, if but their childhood days were secured in that self-poise which disrelates them from depending on praise from others or depending on the use of much money in order to disguise the over-meagre possession of *mind*.

Hermann allowed the boy to be with her occasionally. She was attracted to his tender heart; the discursive imagination (none of the Holsteins lacked that) and his need for love and his glad response to a wise approval of his good work and good possibilities.

As they were situated then, nothing added was desired. For their order of life gave them *Time*, an article above price, according to her computation of values. For it included all Hermann's evenings and Sundays and a devotion to study, entertainments and the pleasantest of home-methods, which even on the ten-dollar a week basis, had seemed suppositionally so attractive to her. How then could she propose to him to over-throw all this, in order to have "a little home ever so simple" into which she could take Kenneth, to there build him up, midst conditions, entertaining enough, and serviceable enough to displace his then tendency toward the roaming sort of an existence which had become native to him. For in his London life, according to the boy's account, he and his sister and their maid were allowed to go out with a half-sovereign for the day's use; that with it they might spend the morning in the park and wherever else the maid's idea of fitting entertainment might cause her to carry them. Many of the stories unfolded by this little lad relative to those things, were as surprising as half of the things recorded here and there, although this history had been to her; unready and unwilling as all through life she remained, to that "getting used to it" to which, she was told, she ought to set herself.

She was loath to disturb Holstein by urging that the lad should be boarded there. So when he showed her what a commotion and destruction of their quiet would ensue, she accepted the plan, that this boy should be boarded in what Holstein mentioned as "a good christian home," in his father's town. Passing over many events (all of which were reported later on by the lad) one day she was glad to hear her husband say: "We will drive out this evening to Brookline" (for they were then the happy owners of a pretty little equipage). "I want to show you a little house that I am to buy."

That was indeed pleasant, always mentally providing (as her frugal mind did) that it was a right thing to do.

The little old house was bought September 20th 1889. Then followed a reconstruction of it which Holstein turned completely over to his wife's taste. It was a lovely, joyful season; nothing lacking in it of peace and pleasantness, and nothing present in it of pain but her heart's concern at the dear man's

excruciating tension of nerves. The home was charmingly arranged for a little place; and its pre-eminent charm was that it *was* little, perfect and in proportion to Holstein's means, as he then stated matters. And not the least of the charms was a prettily appointed room fitted up for the boy Kenneth. For in his coming, Hermann acquiesced. He was a gentlemanly handsome little fellow. He had all the grace and elegance of figure possessed by his mother; and was most adaptable in his feminine, helpful home-ways, which had evidently been developed, as being his mother's oldest son and the oldest brother of the three children who beside himself had been born: only one of whom still lived.

He was a boy who seemed to have an endless stock of unusual knowledge; smart, shrewd and accurate in regard to mechanical contrivances; and even more full of knowledge about the Prince of Wales and parades and demonstrations and political points covering the history of "things up" during the years of his life in London. His adoration for the Princess of Wales (now her Royal Highness and Empress of India) was pathetic. His large brown eyes glowed and sparkled, and his shaggy-haired head would spring from side to side as he set forth the glories of this and that and the cunning-management of manœuvres and outwittings of that person and the other, relative to matters so far-reaching that Mrs. Holstein rightly saw in him a boy of great promise under fair treatment. At just his age the other lad his father, had been, when he came to her first marital home. And his wish then had been for mechanical tools and instruction. Had he had them, it would have kept him from his mischief; better than that, it would have developed his best faculties.

And now Mrs. Holstein did not want just a few little plaything-tools for this boy: but, in the sunny basement of the house, she willingly would have set apart room for the placing there, of whatever arrangement of tools were requisite along whatever line of work, urgency impelled this lad.

Another thing she wanted. His knowledge was so fragmentary and yet embracive, that instead of settling him to limited book methods she wanted for him a splendid globe that she had seen, including astronomical as well as geographical matters, and with the road-waterways laid out. To be

sure, it cost fifty dollars. A geography would cost fifty cents. The first, however, would be an incessantly instructive entertainment, beneficial to every person who entered the house, and untellably so to the lad now homed there. But those were the sorts of things the desire for which, all her life through, among intruders, put her on record as an unreasonably extravagant woman. What occurred about this matter is this: Her beloved husband seemed never to know when he had bought for her enough of jewelry; so as Christmas was approaching in the attempt to forestall any further expenditure in this line she said to him:—

“Hermann, you are always buying lovely things for me. Now this Christmas, dear love, don’t buy jewelry. Do this for me”:—and then she explained about that expensive and valuable globe, and the tools and their use and their permanency, adding, “Let us together get these and we and all our friends and Kenneth will enjoy the advantages of the Globe, and he will get the benefit of the tools, the use of which will save him from waste of time, and (looking to that part of it) will also be very serviceable things to have in the family if he is skilful with them.” But in his haste and inability to go into things so far-reaching, Hermann, bothered that she should so thoroughly set her mind on the lad’s future, told her that it was “rather unusual to explain to a man what he should buy for a Christmas present etc.,” with the result that a \$200 ruby ring was given to her on Christmas day. And though she made much of its beauty, and was grateful for his thought, yet there was a shadow over the matter because not a jewel for her finger, but something added in the way of a jewel in the crown of that individual-character-building which should contribute to the glory of her nation’s self-sovereign’s citizenship was the value in line with the things which she desired to see increase about them.

The lad Kenneth was becoming a very tall boy. The chances were with so stately a mother and so tall a father that he would be a very tall man. The trouble just then was he was so much too big for the seats of the graded school to which under examination he appeared best adapted, that he was at great disadvantage and uncomfortable and unable to dispose of himself. Besides this, with his travel and desultory, enlarged

experience, added to his habit of looking something like world-wide matters over, giving full play to his imagination concerning leadership relative to large lines of political management midst governmental affairs such as had engrossed his mother's family, the little matters of school routine seemed as mentally restricted as the chairs were for his large frame. He was in fact, unrelated to the whole proceeding, and finding it necessary to do something with his very long limbs, he once practically swung them over the chair arm and nearly the little desks. His skilful and courteous teacher understood the difficulty and said gently to him one day relative to some such matter:—

“Kenneth, you'd be sorry to have me speak to you again.”

To which, with a gracious smile and bow he affably made answer:

“Oh no dear Madam, I shouldn't mind.” So that concerning his unrelated condition to the intermediate school management, a letter came to Mrs. Holstein stating that he was out of line with the higher grade work of the school, and too large for the chairs of the lower grades: and what would Mrs. Holstein like to do? What she did do was to take him home: and for one year become his teacher, settling herself to discover what he did know and what he did not. He knew a little of everything and much of many rare and useful things. But, as it befalls some school boys today, was not absolutely efficient in writing, spelling or grammatical construction: therefore certain studies, Hygiene, American History, were taken up by having him copy his lessons daily, sometimes from memory after having studied them, but more often by giving abbreviated digests of the relations of parts relative to either history or hygiene as they were called for: thus securing not only good chirography and spelling, but right grammatical construction and punctuation. To these of course was added mathematics. As they took up this work together that year, he accomplished much substantial result. His copy books remained piled together in the home ten or eleven years after he had been lost sight of, mid the changes which within two years had followed.

In these days the jauntings to the fishing and hunting regions of the eastern States took as much of Hermann's time

and attention as his love for the woods and nature had done in earlier life and continued to do: for great was his love of travel.

The following letter written from New Brunswick, in camp at Inglewood, is from Hermann Holstein to his wife:—

JULY 20th, 1890.

My dear Wife:—

I am getting good rest. Took a fine lot of spotted beauties yesterday. Today, Sunday, stay in camp—write you—take a swim in the lake, meditate upon what a vile worm I am—and what a big dragon is waiting to nab me.

I am often trying to see you—I imagine you home, or driving: somehow I can't think of you any other way.

I get this letter to you by sending a man fifteen miles to Westfield where there is a Postoffice. 'Tisn't worth sending. What can a fellow in camp write that is? The incidents are so small—except to one enjoying or enduring them. Squirrels on our tables stealing biscuits—an extra large trout caught in Turtle Lake—bear tracks on the trail between Loch Alva and Hasty Lake. They are like trout—to be good, must be had fresh,—don't bear transportation.

For a tired city chap this is an ideal region. Twenty-five lakes in the corporation limit of sixty-five thousand acres. Boats on all the lakes—camps at proper intervals; so that one need never make more than a mile or two of carry.

The scenery does not equal that of Winnebago; no such grand mountains; indeed only one mountain 'Bald' in the reservation.

I think I shall be back in the time I named,—fifteen days.

As this is not the time when trout and salmon rise well, there is not a member of the Association here. The Superintendent and his wife, cook, guides, Haswell and myself have the whole place to ourselves.

See what a rambling inconsequent letter I have written. I wish I could receive a letter today telling me that all is O. K. at home and you happy.

Affectionately,

(Signed)

Relative to Hermann's word in his letter "I'm often trying to see you; I imagine you home or driving; somehow I can't think of you any other way"—that was quite a natural case, seeing that her old fashion from childhood up of organizing intellectual (now called club) work, kept her always very busy in her own home, or speeding about with her two horses relative to matters in which she facilitated progress by taking the ladies concerned, from place to place with her, as they consulted and worked up their happifying ideas relative to what they all agreed should be established, and that was those

conditions of peace which make for prosperity. Whenever Hermann went a-way she filled in the time most industriously, and on this occasion the Queens of Home Club had been established under a constitution voted upon and unanimously accepted as follows:—

“QUEENS OF HOME CLUB.”

PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION.

Believing that home is where the heart is, and that woman's heart goes where her active *mind* carries it, we—who hope to be queens of home—purpose to study each herself to find out where her mind is concerning the far-reaching moral questions of the crisis. That having found out each, where her mind is in relation to the issues discussed, one after another at this club, each may, as a result, bring her heart (or will) into union with her mind's sight of truth, so as to act out her convictions! For the great reason that, it is only by means of this alliance of the individual will with the understanding (or of the heart with the mind) that the individual can become a self-harmonized being, capable of an hypostatic union with the moral power of the universe. A union which will make her who attains it, mighty for the upbuilding of the good, the true and the beautiful everywhere, with a might scarcely dreamed of as possible by one who has not a self-harmonized will and understanding (or heart and mind). A union which will make the women who attain it to become Real Queens of Home and priestesses of the New Power of the New Age:—MORAL POWER.

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I. This club is called the Queens of Home Club.

ARTICLE II. The object of this club is to pursue such a study and practice of the science of ethics (which is the knowledge of what is due to one's self and others in all places and in all times), as shall result in the development of freedom in self-use: and as shall rid the individual (even during club work) of all strain and painful forethought.

No member is to be asked to pay anything, do anything or plan anything burdensome in relation to club life.

The fundamental principle of the club is the right of the individual to be her best self, she being judge what is that best self. The object of the formation of the club is to learn the delight of great being, which is back of all great doing, and which results in individual self-wholeness.

The club is to grow or die, according to the vitality or lack of vitality inherent in this principle as its practicalization affects the unit and the unity, or the individual and the association of individuals.

ARTICLE III. The officers are: President, Vice-President, Secretary and an Executive Board, of which the President of the Club may be Chairman.

ARTICLE IV. Members of “The Queens of Home Club” will be received

by vote, and not by payment of membership fee; because the club look for results which the possession of moral power (not money) will alone enable it to accomplish. All will share in the pleasures, advantages and discussions of the club, while they keep to the topic of the day and participate in forms of moral and intellectual achievement which, developing from time to time, shall claim attention.

ARTICLE V. This constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of those present, notification of the proposed amendment having been given two months previous to the meeting at which the amendment will be submitted.

BY-LAWS.

SEC. 1. The place of the meeting of The Queens of Home Club shall be the residence of (mentioning name of President).

SEC. 2. These By-laws may be amended by a two-thirds vote of those present, notification of the proposed amendment having been given two months previous to the meeting at which the proposed amendment is submitted for vote.

At the meetings held, there were assembled from upwards of fifty to seventy-five members and visitors at the half past ten o'clock morning meetings, (an hour never set before for such affairs in that region) where the discussions became so full and serviceable that, as lunch time approached the necessity to depart was obviated by the fetching in by the light-stepping man and maid, of little Japanese tables, and placing them near groups who were not already beside tables then standing,—following on, came large plates on which were set the coffee-cup, salad and breads, succeeded by cream and cake; so that each guest without moving and (Mrs. Holstein fondly hoped) without taking their minds off of the subject in hand, accepted and utilized the fact that edibles for the sustaining of muscle, were as requisite as was right food for the sustaining of mind.

As seen by the Constitution and by-laws, the point made that no one should be urged to say or do anything, left all matters spontaneous and unfettered; and took off attention from that bore which weights down every enterprise: which, though the final object is the making of man, blocks its own wheels by the steady pother over the making of the money out of which to try to *manufacture* the man.

In this club, man was spelled in very big letters, in the hope

of holding attention to the fact that "The *MAN* which is to be" is a self-harmonized expression of Christ Incarnate.

Some of the persons assembled felt this too visionary, therefore it was permitted by vote that as the King's daughters wanted to raise money and as the Temperance society wanted the same, and the suffrage society also, a public meeting could be held at the large town hall under the auspices of the Queens of Home Club with a lecture and speakers for and against a question, on the subject reported further on. And that an admittance fee might be received on this occasion, on the basis that the Queens of Home Club were the hostesses, and that the proceeds gained by the fees taken, should be divided among the different societies (but not the Queens of Home Club) who participated thus in the affair. This was voted. As an outcome the large platform was fitted up with handsome furniture, pictures, and one or two suggestive art forms; so that when the curtain arose there was disclosed a home-parlor full of Queens of Home, who with the aid of some of the Kings of that same realm, presented papers for the discussion of the company assembled.

Before this meeting a paper here inserted had been presented to the club and had been up for discussion at two consecutive meetings, and also had appeared in public print. So that the thoughts there set forth had acted as momentum in gathering together the company at the Town Hall.

The paper was as follows:—

**WHAT IS THE UNIT OF SOCIETY? WHAT IS THE INDIVIDUAL,
THE I, MYSELF?**

Ladies of the Queens of Home Club and Guests:

The *name* of the subject to which I call your attention suggests the necessity for more fundamental and sustained study than the allotted time permits us to bestow. The question before us is, "What is the Unit of Society? What is the Individual, the I, myself?"

It would be a brief disposal of the matter to say that, metaphysically considered, the unit of society is the individual, and the individual, the *I*, is that which is conscious of itself as thinking, willing and acting. And this is practically what I shall proceed to re-present; and these are the points you will at your leisure discuss.

I start with the mere metaphysical assertion that the "I" is the object of self-consciousness, and is known to itself "as thinking, willing and acting." Whether other creatures less than man are *conscious* of think-

ing, willing and acting, is a question beyond my power to answer. To get rather rapidly forward with this study of the human ego, I will ask, what is it that differentiates a dog from a human being, so that the best of dogs is, in a way, less than the feeblest of men? I am not willing to despatch the question by simply answering, "a man has a soul, and a dog has none," but instead will postulate that the thing which differentiates me from my dog Chum is, that sometime, somehow, somewhere I came into the possession of moral consciousness,—moral consciousness which is realms up and away and above mere self-consciousness. To my thinking, the dog has a self-consciousness, which—as he climbs up on his unfolding way—includes conditions of moral dependence and moral inability that are many stages removed from the state of those who have the moral ability to see what is right and the moral independence to will to do that right thing.

Sometime, somehow, somewhere, I passed into the possession of moral consciousness! I repeat it with deep satisfaction; for that is more than has always been allowed concerning woman by those teachers who in the past have tried to explain woman to herself. And the fact that for ages men denied woman's right to moral independence, and denied her possession of moral ability and moral consciousness, and the fact that for ages she remained dumb under this misrepresentation of her case, makes me feel very tender of dumb Chums' reputation as to development along these lines. *He* knows what he knows! I chiefly know what *I* know, and partly forget what I used to know when I was a dog.

Now, we will ask, what is this moral consciousness? T. H. Green, in his *Prolegomena to Ethics*, tells us, "it is a development founded on the action in man (or woman) of an idea of true or absolute good; an idea which consists in a full realization of all the capabilities of the human soul." That means, does it not, that that woman, and she only, has attained to moral consciousness whose idea of what is absolutely right has become so active within her as to impel her to practicalize in herself and to secure to others the highest things of which the human soul is capable?

The "I," then, is not only the object of the self-consciousness, common to the dog, but is also the possessor of a moral consciousness,—which renders it possible for something within self, to become an object of desire; and that something is an ideal of the capabilities, and possibilities, of the "I" that is to be! As conditions have been in the past, this yearning of woman toward the "I" that is to be, has been largely a *sub-moral* consciousness within her, which has kept women in a state of moral pain, like that felt by one who has a grumbling toothache, which hurts more or less all the time, and at the least jar or change of temperature breaks forth into paroxysms of assault and battery. This condition is a sort of moral neuralgia—a state of painful sub-consciousness on the part of women who live fearing that they are not doing enough, or are not doing well that which they are doing; a consciousness of fearful responsibility for evils which seem beyond their power to avert, but which they yet feel to blame for not averting.

Now the cause of the pain and harassment which woman suffers from this sub-moral consciousness is, that her moral sense is fighting for life,

buried as it is under the rubbish, which, age-long, has been heaped on it by intrusive, preposterous teachings relative to her nature, purpose and prerogatives as woman. It is this false teaching, which has brought her that confusion of mind and harassment of energies that, bewildering her, have hindered her natural free-self development by making her distrust her own reason and sense of right, whenever her reason ran against the unreason and the wrong, commonly foisted upon her by her masters and social conditions.

It is necessary that every woman should know herself for what she is, or she will never else be able to become that "I that is to be"—the sub-consciousness of which haunts her, impelling her to attain to it, for the good of herself and others.

There is no question which woman can ask herself, which is more fully fraught with results to herself and others, than this question, "What is this I, myself? What am I, as an individual?" Much depends upon whether she knows that she possesses, by right of dower from her Creator direct, *absolute moral independence* of everything except the Creative Power who is her private tutor in the sanctuary of her own being.

Many women go for years struggling through a condition of moral neuralgia, (which betimes exhibits itself as physical neuralgia), all because they lack the courage to believe in themselves and *go ahead*. I say "go a-head," for the reason that, in times past, we women used always to go a-heart, instead,—which hurts cruelly and is a poor fashion of locomotion. Women's emotions have been cultivated out of all proportion during ages when brutal ignorance subjected her reason; so that a steady cultivation of her reason now, will only properly balance up the parts and make her a true individual.

For not every man and woman who has come to years of maturity is an individual. As we will admit, if we realize, that the word individual (coming from *individuus*,) means, "not to be divided"; and includes the idea that an individual is a subsisting entity, a whole one. Accepting this, carries us a long way toward concluding that people are abundant and individuals are rare.

And do we not see that persons whose soul-forces are "not to be divided," nor "set at war within," but who have attained to a plane on which nothing can disturb, distract, or disunite their powers, are in the minority? Fightings, fears, and irrational desires are an evidence that most of us are on a plane where we have to struggle against "contradicting our best selves," or "talking one way and thinking another," or "wishing, but not being able," or of "doing that we would not, and not doing what we know we should"; while inhabitants of jails, insane asylums, criminal courts, with the judges and jury, as well as some of our so-called "protectors of public purity," can hardly be called "individual,"—in that there is little to prove that all these men "subsist as entities or whole beings,"—but that many of them simply exist, in great dilapidation of morals, as dissipated, fragmentary emotionalists, unsustained by the power of Right Reason. It is this lack which makes a pandemonium of what should be the national home. For, as it is well known, "peace rules the state which is supported by individuals of Right Reason."

I do not say that this notion of the word "individual" is popular. But

words mean much. They have grown from language to language, carrying with them great ideas, and so should always be held to do yeoman service for the ideas which gave them birth and culture.

If you will refer to Bacon's assertion, you will see it includes a recognition that not all men and women are so well knit up in character that it could be said of them, "they are not divided," (as a house is divided against itself when it falls). On the reverse he suggests that many people are at a stage of development at which the will (or the affections) and the Reason—so far from being blended in harmonious activity, are quite in opposition to one another. So that the will or affections pull against the Reason or judgment, with the results shown among the frivolous and animalized as well as the absolutely insane.

Bacon does not state that the dissolution of soul-power always comes as a result only of abject immorality, but admits that, being unmoral (that is, not definedly and squarely moral) will fetch about the disaster. For that, the very end and aim of moral culture is to bring the affections or will to obey the Reason. For, without the individual distinctly has that aim in view, the affections will run loose, and then run counter to the Reason, and at last turn traitor altogether, and invade Reason's realm, and at last overthrow Reason. Then comes insanity! Hence the fact that we cannot build insane asylums today as fast as they are required to shelter the wrecks made by the passionate wilfulness of those who "will not listen to Reason." It is moral dissoluteness which fills the asylums. Those who are controlled by Reason, of course, never go "mad."

The opposite of moral dissoluteness is moral consciousness; and when the moral consciousness is carried out into glad, free, self-poised activities, there results a firm, self-consistent self-wholeness, which W. Wallace calls "Moralization!" He says of it:

"The perfect type of moralization (or of being thoroughly moral) consists in possessing, within one's self, such an absolute, abstract basis of Principle as makes the individual to become a spontaneous and independent fountain of justice and goodness—not a mere channel through which flows a public and common beneficence." This is along the line of Emerson's thought, that the most private virtue is a public benefit, for real, sound virtue consists in possessing *within one's self* that which makes the individual to really be a fountain of justice and goodness to others. That is virtue!

Sedgewick tells us that as the attempt "to exhibit morals as a body of scientific truth fell away into discredit, the disposition to dwell upon the emotional side of human consciousness became prevalent."

And this naturally happened, because morals viewed as a system of law proceeding from a divine law-giver, can be delightful only to one who has within self a moral-consciousness which perceives that this law is a receipt for making beautiful the "I that is to be." The divine law is the delight of those who belong to the moral element of society, as bad laws are their disgust. Men have said, woman is the moral element of society; and yet, it has come about that men,—who at least are not women,—have been set aside to teach women those morals, which men have said, not they, but women, knew most naturally and spontaneously. This one thing has been sufficient to turn the race upside down: and it is this which

has prevented the "individual" from getting him or herself together easily,—that is, the legal and moral disabilities which have been put upon woman: disabilities and subjugations that have forced women into, "not reasonable service," but emotional slavery often and again. And so it came about that the attempt to exhibit morals as a body of scientific truth (that is, the attempt to teach men how to build themselves up into self-respecting fountains of justice and goodness) fell into discredit with men, who liked better to hear of forgiveness and schemes for escaping punishment. Then, when woman was told to keep silence about all this sort of thing and ask her husband at her home as to what was right—her moral-consciousness, stupefied, outraged and bedazed, sooner or later sank, relegated to a condition of sub-moral consciousness. Next it became a very subdued sub-moral consciousness; with a result finally, of becoming spasmodically obedient to—not Reason, but to whatever the old fashioned, unreasonable emotionalists bade her to do and be, and to pretend to like. This did not build up the individual nor tend to secure individuality in the sons of women whose affections invaded their reasons.

As long as this condition of things existed, advancement was slow and devious. A few who held to the higher truths and who passed them down (and all that they led to) in their families, kept to that "individuality," which is popularly called self-wholeness or holiness,—a holiness, however, which was never popular, because it took generations to cultivate it. For, as in common cases, morally neuralgic conditions created physically neuralgic mothers and children, so in other rare cases, morally whole conditions created physically whole expressions of those conditions in rare families where nothing else was counted of worth compared with the attainment of self-wholeness, and the making one's own soul into a reservoir and fountain of justice and goodness. The building up of such families was the effort of certain occult races and societies. Their theory was, that the family was the unit of the nation. But the men's way of securing these fine families was not to leave in freedom the women, that they might find all things out for themselves, and then, out of their own great moral consciousness, do in freedom a thousand times better than they could ever do by compulsion. Their way was to try to compel women to obey a routine of unexplained commands and to subject them to humiliations and surveillance in the expectation of thus making them mechanically good,—in the hope that thus, a man with a thousand wives should make sure that he was, indeed, the head of "the family," which grew up quite rapidly around him.

Now, this was the old basis of the idea that the family is "the unit of the nation or society." The idea that the family was the man who hoped thus to manage so as to make sure he was the father of it!

When one goes at a thing in the wrong way, working against nature's laws, instead of with them, there seems to be no power in the universe to bring to bear on the bad business in order to make it successful! For, mark you, no compulsion at the hands of man is necessary in order to getting on well if he will but put himself in just relations with nature's laws and fall into line and work with them instead of against them. All the fussing and frenzy in society has come from man's way of taking hold of the affair very awkwardly. If the family is the unit, and if there is

any advantage in tracing lineage, then the easiest way in the world to do that, is to have the mother the head of the family. Somehow she is very apt to remember which children are hers. But I claim, "Of one family are all the nations of the earth," and that Jehovah (the Ocean of Creative Moral Power) is the Father-Mother of us all; and that the *individual* is the unit of society, state, nation and world. In our next study, we will consider how to secure a union of units in a happy united state.

Woman is now ages old! This is her era, and she should know herself for what she is, and act then, as she thinks she ought. She has now her chance to go a-head instead of a-heart: and to set on herself the sign and seal of a self-consistent, Jehovah-*subsistent* unit of society! a social unit of a sort the very sight of which would clear the minds of those badly bewildered men, whose emotions having invaded (if not ruined) their Reasons, have left them to doubt whether the individual or the family is the unit of society, even at this great epoch of the evolution of the solidarity of the human race!

When the morally-conscious individual stands forth, either as a womanly-man or a manly-woman,—such a subsistent, self-poised holy one will be, filled with a might, not of arms but of the Moral Power of Universal things! A might invincible.

Come then, Queens of Home, knowing yourselves for what you are, settle to those large fair works, befitting those who, by inherent power, are units of society, and Queens of this Home of the brave and the free!

BROOKLINE, MASS.
Christmastide of 1892.

(Signed)

The report of the affair as given afterward is as follows:—

At a meeting of the Queens of Home Club for the discussion of the question:—'Would such an amendment to the Constitution of the United States as shall secure the national Enfranchisement of woman result in setting free in the land a new moral and spiritual power which will make for temperance, purity, health and happiness?'

At the assembly of prominent people convened in the Town Hall of Brookline, under the auspices of the Queens of Home Club, Dr. —, after the reading of the paper presented by the President of the Club, opened the question as set forth above, stating that in his opinion woman's abstract right to the ballot was identical with man's right to it. For that men and women were essentially the same; and that if it were right for some men to vote, it was right for some women to vote. And if it were right for all men, it was right for all women, and that as a Baptist minister he could say, as women now did in the Baptist church vote on every question equally with men, it would not be much of a step for women of that denomination to vote on all national affairs.

This was quickly followed by a Reverend gentleman prominent in the Unitarian denomination, who enliveningly said to the effect that he did

not consider men and women essentially the same, and that it was exactly because of the addition of the feminine way of dealing with questions which would be brought into political affairs, that he felt it peculiarly desirable, that woman's vote should become a factor in the business. He ended his forceful statements by a direct affirmation, "I don't want to be misunderstood. I mean, I want woman to vote!"

There were recitations by an artist, which seemed in spirit to be a climaxing to Dr. Salome Merritt's admirable address. From her standpoint as a physician she showed that the repressed, unutilized volume of mental and moral vitality which woman's disfranchisement prevented her from using at its best, was an injury to the race. Because when repressed, it tended to an increase of insanity; which insanity did not even have its end in the death of the mother; but was often passed on to the sons.

Her speech was altogether logical, scientific and convincing.

This was followed by cordial assistance of the choir and pianist in leading the audience in singing the Star Spangled Banner and Hail Columbia, which added much heartiness to the occasion.

Then came the presenting of the subject which was to be discussed from the floor; which subject was, 'Crime, its cause and cure.' Relative to this the President said:—

"It is Coleridge who teaches us before entering on any discussion, the first thing to do is to come to a mutual understanding of the terms to be used.

Turning to the dictionary, then, we see the first definition of crime is, 'any violation of any law, divine or human' (which takes us all in as enactors of crime, it would seem); next, 'any omission of a duty which is commanded, or commission of an act forbidden'; and last, 'any aggravated offence against morality or public welfare.' We see, then, this word takes in its scope all the moral territory between the omission (on the part of leaders) of the duty of securing the best possible conditions for the race, and the commission of very common thefts and assaults on public welfare by people of less well developed moral sensibility than we here assembled claim to have.

Whether the 'omission of duty' by leaders of society or the 'commission of acts forbidden' by another class of society is the more criminal and disastrous we cannot now stop to consider. We will only stop to ask whence comes the disorder which has made law-abiding people to become so subject to the will of the 'criminal class,' as to content themselves unquestioningly to pay out an ever-increasing sum of money for armed policemen to parade the streets to protect law-abiders against the class who practically lock us up in our own homes at night, making us prisoners for fear of them? To make no record now of the expense for the support of the 'criminals' on whom the hand of law seems laid with such fostering results it is worth while to notice that the paupers in this land of plenty are doubling in numbers and cost to the nation, every ten years. For in 1850 it cost us \$2,954,806, and in 1860 it cost \$5,445,143, while in 1870 the expense doubled again, amounting to nearly \$11,000,000; and though the census of 1890 is not attainable yet, at the same rate it is possibly costing us now forty millions a year for pauper support. Not counting the

support which comes from charitable institutions of the various classes known to modern philanthropy as hospitals, dispensaries, asylums for the deaf, blind and idiotic; nor is reference made to the nearly 200,000 persons in states-prisons; nor to the mighty expense for the support of those 'non-producers,' the army of policemen (whom we pay largely to take care of crime), with the immense machinery of the 'secret service division' and its network of detectives which thread this land, an incessantly increasing expense which we pay out, with no surcease of crime! For 'crime is not being cured' at all. On the reverse, by some means or other, we are still educating criminals by a course of education carried on, sometimes unremittingly, generation after generation, as in the case of the family of Jukes—a family, the progeny of five sisters, traced with exactness through five generations and including, in all, '709 monsters of degradation,' the notoriety of whose existence is noticeably accorded to 'Margaret, the Mother of Criminals.' But, as has well been said by another, 'not all criminals are low Jukes; there are also the Dukes,' the princes of the blood and plutocrats of this nation, who cause more tears than happy laughter as they make their badly shortened journey across the stage of life. The difference between the Jukes and the Dukes is, the environment of the Jukes is enforced ignorance, including the transmission of a quality of life so morally and physically disabled as to insure (without special intervention) a perpetuation of the pauperism and crime into which such childhood tends to sodden; while the environment of those Dukes includes a so-called education, with wealth to obtain the means for indulgence in the 'violation of every law, divine and human,' and wealth with which to escape the legal penalty of those violations; but with no means by which to escape the transmission to their children of as disabling a mental and moral heritage as that which follows on the lives of the poor Jukes. So what with this cultivation of crime by and in criminal Jukes and criminal Dukes, mortar cannot cement bricks for hospitals, asylums and prisons as fast as such a paternity fills cradles with those who very soon need the asylums!

Now the cause of crime, as I believe, is not the Jukes nor the Dukes; they are but results. The cause is, first, false teachings as to the natural relations of man and woman; which false teachings have resulted in strange departures from natural order. For society to-day is not so true to human purpose as birds and brutes are to theirs. They are true to instinct; and health and gladsome vitality is the result. But we are not brutes, so instinct is not for us a reliable guide. Knowledge, wisdom, is the Empress of man's soul; and man is man in virtue of his loyalty to the commands of this Empress. The cause of crime is not even the self-subjection of Jukes and Dukes to the control of something less reliable than animal instinct. The cause of crime is the more utterly ruinous legal subjection of womanhood to these Jukes and Dukes!

This is the source of crime and all our woes! For it is probable that if woman were free to be her best self the cleansing torrent of woman's natural love for children would sweep away conditions injurious to children; such as are the outcome of making merchandise of the holy affections on which family life depends. In view of the fact that a strong

torrent force is competent to carry before it any movable obstruction, it is certain that artificial conditions, similar to those which caused the Potomac river to back up into the city of Washington a few years ago, are the cause of this inundation of the land with insanity, disease, pauperism and crime.

You remember years ago the interest of certain business men of the District of Columbia ordained the building of the well-known 'Long bridge.' Against this masonry the current of the river struck, and formed an eddy into which poured the sewerage of the district, which accumulated into a sea of horror pestilential. Every man knew this meant death to the people who breathed the malaria engendered; but also they knew the moneyed men of Georgetown would have it so, because that bridge destroyed the harbor at Washington and sent the commerce round to Georgetown where the Georgetown men wanted it. So the bridge stayed. But one winter great snows melted on the mountains of Maryland and Virginia, swelling the falls of the Potomac and pouring through the river, till the flats at Washington offered no barrier. Then the long neglected mass of horror there backed up into the city; up and up, beyond the district 'South of the avenue,' till Pennsylvania avenue was crossed, and the cellars filled with the noxious wave, and those beyond in palatial homes began to reckon their distance above the flood by inches, and to count on the tons of snow on the cool mountain tops as upon burdens of doom approaching anear! Till, one night, the torrent from the heart of the white-capped mountains burst, and rushing cleansingly to its work swept away bridge and barrier and with them the evil congested under their shelter!

O, men and sisters, do you read the parable? Do you translate this fair prophecy? It is that the bridge which carries Jukes and Dukes hilariously over ways into which it shuts up the class of unfortunate women, causing them to become, in spite of the cleansing torrents of their mother-nature, a menace to public welfare—is a bridge which must go! The Queens of Home have said it the land throughout, and like a torrent from their own white heights, are coming to cleanse away that entrenchment of evil; which *Entrenchment*, law-guarded, is the father of criminals.

O, thrust back the words of the moral maniacs who tell you it is for the good of national revenue and for the purity of our homes that this bridge should continue to stand for the protection of a diseased, idiot and pauper-creating traffic!

Give women legal freedom to be their best selves, and then you can properly hold them responsible for being good mothers of good and healthy children. Save woman by giving her a citizen's right to be her best self with the law to back her, instead of to entrap her, and man is saved; and the time is near when the name of 'Margaret, Mother of Criminals,' will make way for the name of 'Mary, the Mother of a Christ-like humanity.'

What the world wants is a higher endowment of the race at birth, and this, woman, when she is long enough enfranchised, will give it.

Then sons will be born who will love to live according to the law of liberty which is the opposite of license, and there will be a new evolution of moral and spiritual power which will result in temperance, purity, peace and happiness for family and nation."

The audience was largely of the thinking persons who therefore, had seen no sense in what was called "Woman's Suffrage." But they seemed touched to the heart that this whole plea was, not in the line of anything more or less than the sustaining of womanhood in doing her utmost to perfect the home, and to save her unborn children from disaster.

The work of the club became so religiously enthusing, as also at this time was the noble work of the "Woman's Alliance" (in the hands of the Unitarian ladies of the town), that the churches were aroused by it.

Dr. Holstein was quite carried away with the prophecies set forth in "The Vision of Peace," which had cost his wife so much to formulate and the purposes of which he now realized were back of this attempt to make woman to be truly queens of home.

The wonder grows, as looked back upon retrospectively, that there could have come any slip relative to all this prosperity. But Hermann was smoking furiously and was excruciatingly nervous, not because of poverty, not because of sickness on the part of either of them now, nor arrest in progress; but by what was shown when, one day he came hastening into the house with beads on his brow, trembling and panting, as taking his wife's hand with serious use of the Great Name he ejaculated, like one breathing forth a horrible secret:—

"My God!! Evie! I—I believe I'm a rich man."

She put her arms round him, saying, as a mother to her frightened child:—

"Don't feel so startled. You know you were expecting this. And it is true, money is coming in on you very fast. But dear love, *you* are much more than money; you are *mind*. You are too tired; but you can rest now. Hermann pull your business together and get out of it, and take the rest you need."

"It can't be done," he said, striding to the wall, touching the bell and calling out:—

"Tell William to bring the horses quick. Tell him quick!" And the maid alarmed, sped away.

The horses and startled driver soon appeared; and the Dr. lighting a cigar, looked at his wife, and she, asking "Do you want me to go" was answered, "No. No, I guess not. I

must get away!" and into the carriage he went while the swift animals all a'nettle and a'thrill with the alarm which his energies had sped through them and the driver, flew off.

Following this came one day his hasty and brightly purposeful return home with the words:—

"Evie—wife? I am buying that fine old estate up on Walnut and Warren Streets. Its gardens and green-house and its great house with thirty rooms and double cellar, stable,—oh, everything in the way of flowers and fruits, is for sale, and I am buying it for you. I'm going to take you to see it. No, I will go in first and have the papers made out. It is yours."

The place, with the improvements and changes which were at once proposed, must have cost upward of a hundred thousand dollars. To run such a house after all this expense, and the added cost of adequately furnishing it, with the necessary servants and the inflow of (shall we say visitors or) settled appendages in the home, with the cost of gardener and sub-gardeners thought requisite for all this, and all the other things in proportion, loomed up portentously before Mrs. Holstein's mind.

Then she said:—

"Oh Hermann! I beg. That house and all it will include, will be altogether out of proportion to the income of less than a millionaire. We are perfectly situated now. Do not burden yourself in this alarming way."

He ejaculated, "I know it, I shall have to go into business up to my neck. But I can!"

"I beg Hermann that you take your neck and your head out of business; and give that dear brain the rest it needs! You love to travel; we are always travelling. This little house is big enough to shut up! And it is large enough to keep open."

"I tell you Evie, I'm going to give you that place! It's the handsomest place in the town. I am going to deed it to you. Evie? I'll cut those first-floor-rooms through (and you may plan it all just as you did this house) so that you can have seven hundred people to your Queens of Home Club receptions; and you can work out all that you have dreamed and have set forth in your book."

"Dear Love," she said, "there are not seven hundred people

in the region, nor seventy people who have any care or hold on what 'Hierosalem'—means: much less would they go to the strain which 'Virtue' makes on men as they climb, as you have done, toward the plane of the 'vision of God!' This little house is big enough for Ideas, and they are not fettered by closed doors or windows. I hope you will give up this other: and take your self out of this stress and strain."

He felt hurt that she did not feel delight unalloyed! And what could she do, but thank him with all her heart for his overwhelming effort to achieve the ideal: and, realizing his goodness, "take the gifts the gods send," and ride away gratefully with him to the old estate,—and later to the office of the owner of it where legal helpers at hand, attended to the transference of the deed, which made her the owner of all those possibilities.

Oh—if in addition to whatever she *was* which inspired this man to lavish outputs of energy and gifts, she also had been that other kind of a managing, social-popularity-prizing woman, there might have come within a year—what? She knew only that she saw an approach of an almost irrevocable disaster; and felt that in entering that house, as proposed, the crisis of a smash-up of his brain-power and hers and a most discreditable misrepresentation of their purposes; with something of the *fracas* common enough to the *nouveau riche*, where money is to be spent, when a man is just off his balance with stress and strain—was before them.

If she had had six well matured sons and daughters who had been accustomed to valuing money as merely a means to building *mind* and the race,—then, with such a constituency she would have walked on as into her own family shrine; where with ease would have been practicalized the ideals now become so dear to Hermann as well as to herself. But nothing of that sort had she. Because her children first and foremost were her Ideals, for the formulating and substantializing of which she had always used such a portion of her little income, as she saw fit to take from personal matters, which she thus abbreviated. Secondly as to the children in whose lives she had once again and again bridged chasms: they had not been with her long enough to have received any substantial instruction, nor had they remained as parts of her home.

Her life seemed but a basket full of beginnings thus far. But all these beginnings were in some world somewhere, and it was not for her to distress herself as to what was becoming of them. For as old Baruch, or some other wise man of the Hebrews had long ago said, so had said she, after her experiences on the Mississippi:—"Therefore I was resolved and thought on all these things, and have left of them in writing that;—'the works of the Lord are all good and He will supply every needful thing in its season: and one may not say, this is worse than that. For in time they shall all be approved.'"

CHAPTER XIV.

"The theory of cognition, conviction, striking evidence (so that we know all things through the medium of direct mental impression on the mind) occupies a middle ground between Empiricism and Idealism."
Stoics.

WITH all her courage in firmly standing to her sight of the coming necessity of protecting Hermann, sad was Mrs. Holstein at having to abdicate 'the reign of the Queens of Home Club' as proposed by Hermann in that idealizingly constructed home.

Months of work had been put into it. Its interior,—finished in oil-painted-plastic art,—included symbolic pieces in *bas-relief* worked into walls over arches and door-ways, typical of the uses and spiritual teachings suggested in the uses of the various rooms; especially in Hermann's very elegant study done in silvered-gray and black, where, over the mantel was an art form with the vastly needed Latin motto, '*Festina lente*': which would well have been placed before his eyes in his nursery. Some of the symbolical objects were reproduced from the same pictures that appear in "The Vision of Peace," the evolutions of the conditions of which Hermann had expected to have formulated in life there, and discussed and taught in social gatherings.

One very large room opening with French windows onto a balcony that overlooked the reservoir lake, he had had fitted up as the special 'Queens of Home Club' business room. It had been a billiard room. In it was a very large closet with drawers and shelves and all things adapted to storing away the papers and records of the archives of the club which he looked to see grow indefinitely. Besides this, in summer weather by the throwing open of the long windows and doors, that handsomest point of the encircling balcony would be included in the club-room. Also this room was so arranged that the officers of the club, could have egress and ingress there (seriously engaged in lofty and permanent work as those women were) regardless of what other occupations might be

going on in other parts of the house. What then, hindered, that Hermann's proposed outworkings of her ideals under such propitious circumstances did not result in baptizing the book-of-their-hard-working-lives in the beauty of that home, where were also gardens abundant in fruit, flower, vegetable, vine and shrub? A place in the original making and fashioning of which, the persons who had worked it up, had emphasized the charms of nature, by utilizing natural points of beauty as artistic skill knows how to do. On this estate (known as 'the Old Bowditch place') great beauty and usefulness had been secured by the right utilization of the lay-of-the-land. And Hermann, remembering his wife's delight during her year or two of farming (?) in parts of '85, '86 and '87, now expected to carry out in the new Home, all that was pictured in Hierosalem's Heaven-fashioning methods. For he expected she would make that place a fitting casket for the jewelled ideal which he saw was blazoned forth in the 'Vision of Peace.'

What hindered that they and the place were not thus baptized? Looking back upon it at the next ten years'-end, she questioned whether, if there had been really in that house the Daniel, the Ethel and the Mrs. Manredo of the 'Vision of Peace' story and if added to them had been the cool-headed, social-barrier-constructing Althea Eloi (as a home-guardian to keep the peace between outside influences and inside inspirations)—if then those ideals might have there been carried out?

Ten years later Mrs. Holstein realized she had pictured on paper what neither in '89 nor '93 could have been fully practicalized mid the conditions of the country then nor of the individuals of the world except in their best advanced and spiritualized states. But above all she knew there needs must come to Hermann a *consolidating-time*, if he were to live (as live she felt sure he thereafter would) at a conspicuous plane of evolution.

As conditions then were, in his inundated psychical and pneumatological state, she foresaw that neither dignity nor beauty would follow on the wholesale attempt to establish that Ideal in a house, including wine cellars and stabling for twelve horses and an inflow of the average sorts of persons.

who knew nothing of the new dignity, Righteousness and mental afflatus, which now impelled Hermann in his desire to practicalize, preach and construct at-large, the glories portrayed in that 'Vision of Peace.' A story then much under discussion because of the meaning which the 'diagram of Plato's Commonwealth' (pictured on the cover) suggested to careless readers, relative to an offensive point in Plato's philosophy, which, baldly stated, had to do with the term 'community of their women.' A term and theory to the last degree opposed to ideals distinctly stated in that book and lived out, by those in allegiance to the Eloihimistic law of life. But these higher views were unseen by readers who were chiefly attracted to the furies and frenzies which animated the son who seemed rightly represented under the term, '*Robert le Diable*'! The true Eloihimistic ideals therefore were those which must be unfolded midst abstinence and retirement, by persons accustomed to simplified and learned uses of Life *per se*.

Ten years later Mrs. Holstein felt conditions were then ready for such unfoldment. But nothing can buy ten years, except the simple toil and intelligence of living *through* those ten years: including as that always must, a right utilization of all that each hour of the ten years brings, as hour by hour aye, minute by minute rolls by.

Hermann in those days walked as if in dreamland. Newspaper reporters came to him: and in a state of exultation relative to what he meant to achieve, he unconsciously spoke of his wealth in terms which left them to feel that millions, instead of a few hundreds of thousands, had come to hand.

Among other things, in picturing forth what he esteemed as his wife's faculties and possibilities for the future, he unconsciously left reporters to state that his wife had had set apart \$50,000 a year to use in her works and charities. While (to mark the conditions of the case as it then bore upon her) the fact was that never, for her personal expenses, clothes &c., was she permitted (nor did she care) to exceed one hundred dollars a month; including charities and all things outside of home life.

There was nothing intentional in this misrepresentation; it was all in line with the quality of the afflatus which included

also newspaper descriptions and pictures of the estate; exaggeratingly ranking it as one of the handsomest and most elaborately expensive in that region of extraordinary estates.

Perhaps the exaggerated expectancies too utterly disregarded the law of proportion which disregard always turns grace and order upside down.

The tiding in upon a home of adverse influences always arouses intelligent questions. She wondered whether the persons had in view, would come with that intelligent industry known to her family and to the early owners of the place?—which insures carrying on beautiful estates within the limits of even the income which Hermann then had in hand; for the reason that ‘dreamers who work’ always insure an increase of values, mental, moral and physical, wherever they are identified. She felt this could be done if those coming were interiorly empowered with love for a devout use of *themselves*. For then the outcome would be neither a mere social fracas, nor a mere money-making exploit.

Constantly her mind reverted to the fact that, what they wished to do there, ought to include benefits to the orphan children of Hermann’s brother, whose inventive genius finally had been profitable to Hermann in his management of the electric wire business and the International telephone concern. But her sense of repugnance to further advance in that venture was based on the fact that Hermann was in so critical a state that he now needed rest and mind-building utterly released from the further turmoil of the money-making-grind or of thought concerning it.

Mrs. Holstein had had experiences which had given her to know that the ideals, which within two years had so fully laid hold on Hermann would be considered far away from what was called common-sense by persons who dealt with such ideals, as Elder Holstein, in speaking of them, had dealt with them; and (as—it was afterwards disclosed, though then not known) he had advised that such ideals and such an idealist, should be dealt with; as set forth in letters which afterwards came to light. Her sense of this, foreshadowed to her that there might be precipitated on that house, conditions full of offensive reports and more offensive disasters.

These reflections tided through her mind as, one day Her-

mann, herself and the brother Haswell were up, inspecting the house, relative to future possibilities. And under the impulse, she said as they re-entered the carriage:—

“Hermann: I feel that you cannot healthily go through this brain-straining, expensive undertaking! If the house were furnished (for not yet have you more than touched upon expenses relative to furnishing, manning and peopling this establishment) you, dear soul, would then immediately be off travelling to get your health; and perhaps,—*perhaps*, you would find it.”

The usually silent and always civil brother, looking at Hermann said with good self-control:—

“In Evie’s plans nothing seems certain but their uncertainty.”

To this she made no reply. For she knew his heart was fixed on fulfilling matters consequent on the cordially-extended invitation to him and his daughter to be homed there; including, as a possibility, (with his knowledge of certain conditions of the case) his presiding over all of Hermann’s affairs:—as, in the outcome, he very nearly did do within one year; except that then, the State of Massachusetts was protectingly interposed between Haswell’s absolute arbitration of affairs, and her final securing to her husband, at least, another immediate decade of restful, soul-growth, in her little home.

The halt called that moment was followed up by Hermann’s early asking his wife to come to the Atlantic Avenue business place to sign some papers.

He was in the inner office;—and at a desk beyond, with his back turned to the door, restlessly moving his pen above a sheet of paper, was the brother Haswell.

Years afterwards Mrs. Holstein realized (as she but partly did then) that her range of ideas was so removed from this brother’s outlook at what was called ‘success,’ that, not only in this particular act; but probably for the next ten or eleven years she may have seemed to him, *ugly* and ingeniously skilful in out-manceuvring his plans. But there was on her part no manœuvre. It was but a stead-fast holding to a contract made by her, before matrimonial witnesses, that she would do Hermann *good*;—till travelling days were done. Simple in statement, difficult in achievement.

Then said Hermann in a nerve-strung way so often upon him:—

“Evie, this is our mutual will; about the same as always. My watch and some other matters go to Haswell. Sign here.”

This referred to the fact that since their marriage there had been a document in which each had willed, to the other all each had; making the survivor the administrator of the business.

She paused: for the papers as put toward her, over which Haswell was presiding, were so covered that only a place to put her pen was in evidence. She said:—

“I would like to read what I’m about to sign,” bringing from her husband a hasty outburst.

What she had in her mind was, that as things were going, if property was much increased, a simple form that would have done well enough long ago, was insufficient and probably was not a thing that would stand under present conditions. While she was not interested (in a sense) in money, she had from childhood known of many complicated elements included in will-making, inheritances and administration of estates &c. and she preferred to know now, more fully about this matter; seeing that she was (as she afterwards told her lawyer) determined to save the little roof which she meant should *always* be kept to cover her husband’s dear head, whatever became of the rest. But with no idea of what was in her mind; and with only excitement culminating in his, she said, “As you please” and signed.

The disadvantage of this was, that it gave a fine ground for the presumption that hereafter a sufficient amount of bluster and noise would bring her (supposedly) feeble nature, to sign what and where she was bidden, lest she should be chidden at any future time and place. Realizing this *too*, she signed; not knowing *what*, but only knowing (or supposing she knew) that she had not signed away either her husband’s liberty nor his chance for reinstating his greatly shattered health. How far she was mistaken in feeling sure of all that, future history may show.

Not long after this, Hermann desired her to go on a fishing and hunting trip up on Moosehead Lake. And gladly she went, hoping to secure him rest, and hoping to meet his highest needs and wishes there.

As so many complicated things have to be told in this story in the opening up and answering of the query, "Mad? Which? Neither,"—it is a pity that the limits of the subject require the shutting out of stories of delightful excursions, achievements and experiences during their long life spent among informing persons and environments in diverse regions of forest, sea and mountain-land of this country; as, relative to business and to church matters they had travelled together almost from shore to shore, and from northern British America to the coasts of the Peninsular south of our Republic. A story could be written by selection to show these two friends of mine to have been, not only happy, buoyant nature-lovers, but as ardent and courteous lovers of one another as often appear on record. The point is, their lives were trebly full; so whatever else betided, never knew they an hour of dullness.

Up in the woods one day, thinking of this, relative to the life so far spent, he suddenly turned and looked at her, whether to question, strike or weep upon her little shoulder,—was the problem. Often before he had suddenly turned, in those troubled days, once ejaculating fiercely:—"What did you say?" And to her answer, "I did not speak Hermann?"—he said trembling and challengingly, "But you were *thinking!*" And when one time she said:—

"Tell me Hermann, what troubles you so and let me help you," he, like a wild creature, flinging with his fingers the sweat from his brow and looking at her in an agony, snarled: "Get away!"—as if, to some treacherous sinner, some horror unspeakable! Was it madness, if not, what was the sufficing cause?

But sitting there now in the bosky shade, Hermann so looked at her as if at the point of pouring out his heart that but for the order given relative to the London journey: "Never ask me a word about it!"—she would have begged him to ease his mind and let her know what caused this unrest, mid all the outpour of advantages which had come to him. But against the look from her eyes into his, suggestive of this plea, he rebelled, as if she were trying (as he once said) to "wheedle" his business out of him.

One day, all this was broken in upon, for letters came, after which Hermann told her his brother was coming up and they

were going further into the wilderness; and then, in a nasal tone and using a term never heard from him before, he added:—

“We down't want wimin a'tagging raound!”—which brought from her a laugh, as if he were joking. But not joking was he. The point was, she was to go home. She saw that next, his “rest in the woods” was to include hard work, relative to complications to which this sudden inflow of money, so over-prized by him and so hungered after by others, brought no surcease. Understanding it all she said:—“Very well: Hermann I will go.” And back to the hotel they turned; where Hermann at once sent for tickets and with swift-flying pencil wrote out bit by bit on paper, the changes to be made on the way: stating who should take her baggage &c. a copy of which, lays before the writer's eyes as she records this part of this history. Then he telephoned home, summoning the house-man; telling him to have the horses at the depot and the maids at the house and to have dinner ready for a seven o'clock home-coming. In all such matters, at all times, nothing could exceed his loving attention. He was always nice, but he was often furious.

On reaching Boston Mr. and Mrs. Brookland (the Secretary of the Queens of Home club) left the cars just as did Mrs. Holstein; and together they went to her home.

After Hermann's return, a new element came into the case. He who had never talked about money except relative to his ambition to secure it (as he often said) for her,—turned on her, ejaculating.

“It's my *money* you care for!” *She?*

After a return from another visit to the house on the hill, meditating on the apparently unhealable *casus belli*, she, standing with her head resting on the cold mantel, said to a young relative:—

“Alice, Hermann has now reached the climax of what he values. In my opinion, there is brewing too much chicane. It will bring insanity upon him. I have now practically determined to apply for a divorce, stating to the Court I will take no alimony nor property, not a penny from him. Because unless he is insane, decency demands my release from these conditions and total release from his preposterous outbursts. He is looking upon himself as no longer man, but as

money: to which, like crows to carrion, he thinks I, with the rest am attracted. I have the deed of this little place in my own right; and I will keep it for him and for our ideals; so that when these unexplained manœuvres get done with him he will, at the end, have a shelter for his poor head."

"It will be a dreadful thing to do!" replied the visitor. "You cannot bring such a rebuff on him when he feels so proud and buoyed up at his successes."

"They are not solid successes! They are more like steps by the way toward culminating disasters. In making money, so called, he has nearly destroyed mind and man! Yet just at this point when all these ideals have laid hold on him so, it is a fact that his *true* success lies far before him."

Mrs. Holstein realized that he loved her furiously (if this fury was love) and she believed it was love though ugly and savage it at times appeared,—love profound, which laid hold on Eternal Verities. Besides, how about that promise relative to "till travelling days are done"? She halted: for on her mind was impressed the sight of the time when with no eye to pity and no hand to save it would be hers as a *wife* to do both; for if he were relegated to death in an insane asylum after the climaxing of conditions then being pressed on, she in virtue of her rights as a *wife* could then legally rescue him and care for him.

After this view of the case her calmness, cheer and fortitude returned. So did Hermann's. But, as frequently at other times, her substantial (not affected) gladness, hope and readiness to do the next good thing, jarred on his unhappiness and inscrutable states. With the result that his condition, at that time, became such, that it made it necessary for her to state distinctly on paper what would interpret to him clearly her attitude of mind as together (she understood) they were struggling up those moral and spiritual heights, toward which, as the hymn says, they were to 'strain every nerve and press with vigor on' to win an 'immortal crown.'

Probably there never was a man who had two such distinctly opposed natures: but this has been said again and again relative to Mr. Holstein and probably to other men.

At this particular juncture, after a further settling of future business matters with his brother: he said, relative to nothing

of which she had any knowledge: "I will treat you politely before others: but I wish you would never speak to me in private!"—which seemed to her but another chapter of the artificial embarrassments under which he had placed her at the time of the St. Paul trip; and quite related to some matter which had been afloat when Elder Holstein had been so stirred up relative to her separating herself from the misrepresenting bonds with which Calvinism (not the Baptist church) had becrippled her.

With her sight of his ill health before her, she now, instead of proceeding to release herself by law from his outrageous outbursts, decided to write to him *instructingly*, a letter which years afterwards was found carefully preserved with the package of papers referred to. A letter which being written in a style consonant with the extreme solemnity and high recognition of the facts of the case, addressed him by his title as a Doctor of Divinity:—

BROOKLINE, June, 1892.

Dear Doctor Holstein

As I live in relation to the condition and manners now foisted on us, and also in relation to my sense of what is right, good and true,—this, my sense of right, may become burdensome and annoying to you.

We are now nearly fifty-three years old. I have over thirty years to live; so have you, if you choose to act in reference to the rationally spiritual 'way of life.'

As for myself, I would not get rid of my conviction as to righteousness nor of my foresight as to what simple righteousness of life will bring to us both, if I could. And now I could not if I would. But as I consider conditions between us, I can only conclude that the unhappiness of your life (whatever back history of which I know nothing may be included) is based on your lack as yet, of the development of that constructive, unifying element, which is the opposite of the destructive, self-divorcing element, which old ideals of dominant power caused you to cultivate. Your outburst last evening, was such that I have to conclude that unless you are acting under some influence relative to some incomprehensible lie—it must be that you have an inherent antipathy to me. I am so tired of all this long struggle, that I would readily kill myself: if I thought that would be to your advantage. But if I were dead and some other 'hail-fellow-well-met-sort of a woman' could be found to become your wife, I do not think your miseries would then be ended. I fully believe you are at a stage in development in which a revival of a quotation partially from Swedenborg (not originated by him, but known to other minds than his, in ancient times) would be a benefit to you. I quote it here: and you can use it as far as you find feasible. At all events, you can keep it to meditate upon. Here is the statement.

“On this earth the natural attraction of the sexes toward enjoyment is an effect which allures, fatigues and disgusts. But in the Form Celestial, the truly conjugal pair (having become one in Spirit) find WITHIN SELF a ceaseless source of joy. *Consent*, the essence of all good marriage on earth, is the habitual state of a self-unioned being, or angel. The approach of this union carries man through a transitional state, during which his *inmost* being is woman; while his outer man-and-flesh-form, remains, malefically-rebellious and desirous of continuing gross and antagonistic.” But the consent of the outer nature to the wise dictates of the indwelling-wisdom-element is the essence of the true soul-marriage, and is warp and woof of that marriage-garment without which the mysteries of life cannot be understood!

Whatever other troubles you have, Hermann (and I can but think you have some bitter trouble of which you do not tell me) you are passing through a time of supreme trial. For one half of your dual nature rails at, crushes and sacrifices the other half. Your soul can never become ‘Beulah, married-land,’ until you have encouraged your interior self to be your greatest and most divinely, inspiring (*inbreathing*) self. In this you see I am dropping all reference to my personality or influence out the question. I am talking to you about the ‘woman’ in you; the Sleeping Beauty your Psyche,—your woman divine! I bespeak for her better treatment than your dominance and the something (the reverse of her needs) causes you to bestow. She is Wisdom! She is your indwelling life. No outer woman, no world full of women, can ever give you what this indwelling Spirit can.

I tell you Hermann, I make no plea for myself, neither have I made for many years. In a sense I am now dead. I am in soul and spirit ascended to a plane where you can no longer be arbiter of my fate. I will be of service to you, but only as the friend of your Indwelling Wisdom.

Hear Swedenborg again:—“The first transformation of the natural man is into love”; but it is a love which seeks not its own and does not behave itself unseemly. Hermann, dear soul, much of your love at times as exhibited toward me, is of that kind. Often and often it behaves itself ‘seemly.’ Now see if you can follow this great secret known to the ancients. First: read and remember this quotation for it bears upon it. “Faith must have *grown* to some extent, before desire can turn inward.” Then this is what Swedenborg teaches; though it can hardly be told to the ordinary mind, without including ideas which are not existent in the statement; nor were they, in the statements made by Jesus the Christ to the Pharisees who reviled Him for His utterances. “This Eternal Womanly draws the outer man to herself: and in his worship of this indwelling power, the outer man is transformed as incarnations go on, ‘being renewed in the heavenly image’ of the divine Eternal Feminine.” This is the secret of man’s fury to possess, own and have dominion over womanhood. But never is man satisfied or content with any or all feminine beings; because the woman, his soul starves for (his own inner Psyche) is not the outward form of any ‘creature,’—not even the divinized Mary, because all these but *symbolize* the Eternal Feminine of which that within him is a spiritizing and spirit part.

I write this all out, and have taken my morning to do it. You may

not really read it. If your father did, he would speak probably of it as repellantly as the old Jews spoke of Jesus' teaching relative to these spiritual facts.

Dr. Holstein, I find I often have wished to speak on this theme, trying to bring you to substitute for the inordinate affection which you so cruelly bestow upon me,—an appreciation instead, of your relation to this Indwelling Power which the outer man of you (who is an exceedingly ill-conditioned fellow when separated from his inner light-giver) buffets and abuses, all for lack of having yet learned to comprehend even 'the woman visible' who is your wife before the law.

I will speak to you, Hermann, of the Sleeping Beauty within your soul's palaces, calling her 'Lady Holstein,' telling you that unless you turn attention to cherishing and esteeming the feminine qualities of your *own* nature, they will sleep themselves to death, and leave you to die as the wild creatures die: instead of living as a divinitized human can live. Give my dear sister, Lady Holstein (your feminine interior counterpart) my sympathy and tell her I understand her difficulties and will be her friend and helper till you acknowledge her as the Indwelling Wisdom, the Christ-power, vice-regent of your soul.

I am sincerely,

(Signed)

This letter was sent to Hermann in 1892, about a year before matters had reached the stage emphasized here in this chapter.

On Hermann's return from the Maine woods, he was in a very great state of excitement. Just before coming down, he had sent a postal card which seemed strange to her at the time, ordering that his large bedstead should be removed from his chamber; and the mattress which was nearly new and in proper condition, should be sent away to renovators, and that a little cot bed which was once used in the stable, should be put up in his chamber. With a passing thought that it was a singular request, but as it was his wish, it should be done, she had conditions, as he ordered them when he came home. His state was a very great strain upon Mrs. Holstein then; and one day when she was confined to her room with a violent headache, he, lying on his cot in that Tower room had had summoned to him there, his business agent, the brother (who had also taken a course in criminal law) and a lawyer beside, who there then pressed through matters relative to signing papers; several of which required Mrs. Holstein's signature.

There was something so strange about conditions and about

his having had his ample, large bedstead removed, and that poor little camp-cot put up, that, in a state of perplexity she held herself to the business of signing whatever he ordered her to sign, though determined to send back *without* her signature the deed to her little house, if it were sent to her. It came. She sent the maid back with it, bidding her say: "Mrs. Holstein refuses to deed away this home, for her husband will need it as a shelter for his poor head in a time to come."

The hundred thousand dollar place, the long strip of land opposite her little home and all other papers whatever their importance, she signed; transferring property as bidden, but refusing to transfer the deed of that little home.

The next thing a'foot, was a suddenly presented announcement that they were now to go on an extended trip in Europe, Africa, and perhaps Asia, and probably a run up the Nile. Very short time was left to get ready. And informing her friends and begging them to come to her, her sister and others left their commodious home, ensconcing themselves for the winter in that little house while assisting her to make this hasty preparation for the journey.

For every reason it was a desirable thing to do. Their love of study and research, and the remarkable opportunity for all this, which had been that year increased by the presence with them of a friend of Dr. Holstein, caused the trip to seem opportune and inviting. This friend was a scholarly man: a Russian-Hebrew-Egyptologist: whose illustrated three hundred dollar work, being placed before them, prepared them admirably for a year or two of research in Egypt, as had much of their previously-studious life.

Dr. Binion's inherited back-history and labors as a Russian-Hebrew-Egyptologist, included a conjunction of characteristics and of critical knowledges of occult hints in these languages, which made him in himself almost a summing-up-representative of the unfoldment of the wisdom embraced by these nations, at their highest.

Hermann was now a very ill man. For in addition to the pressure on his nerves which often caused him to catch at the wall as he walked, he had come down from the Maine woods suffering from an abscess in the cords of his groin: and instead now of remaining at home, as good Dr. Wesselhoeft begged him

to do, and having the congestion drawn off by orderly natural processes, he would hear of nothing but the cutting away of the forming abscess. An act which is known to be a most disease creating thing, and which left him (it was thought) with a little cord severed in the groin, and unfit to take on himself the toils and vicissitudes of travel as proposed.

To travel alone with him in this condition appeared to physicians a serious undertaking for his wife; but he wanted no other attendant or helper. Though subject as he was to alarms and sudden changes of plans and given as he was to the peremptory ordering of his wife to do this or that at unexpected moments, it was declared an almost impossible undertaking on her part. But she trusted more to his sound sense (whatever his interior mental perplexities and urgencies) than she *could* have done had she not already gone through about thirty years of life with him, many of which had been interspersed with the precipitate travellings which were apparently foreshadowed in the terms on which their union was based to last "till travelling days are done." So with loving send-offs from the friends, they went their way.

When aboard the *Normania*, crossing through the salon to their stateroom, Hermann turned on her and seizing her hand exclaimed with his thrilling use of the Great Name,—“My God! Evie! I’ve given Haswell full power of attorney!”

And she, knowing that that, at least had been done, answered:—

“Well! You know Hermann, you could not have left your business a year, without giving that to some-one? And now all you have to do, is to enjoy your voyage and trip, and get well and then go home and take up all your affairs again.”

This quieted him partly; and a terrible storm coming up then, engrossed his attention. For it carried away a part of the vessel and the passengers generally were ill and greatly frightened, though to Hermann the external excitement seemed absolutely a healthy antidote to his internal state.

In this condition they sped on toward the Mediterranean, the first days being, under the descent of floods and hurtling hurricane, lightning and ice; such a December storm as rarely occurs. Due east through the Straits of Gibraltar they passed

entering thus the Mediterranean,—that region of mystery, charm and history—not yet unravelled.

To hasten along, it is happiness to say that Hermann was now in a very good condition of health, and early wrote thus from the Hotel Royal, Naples.

DECEMBER 31st, 1893.

Dear Friends at Home:—

We are shivering. All the mountains over the Bay are covered with snow. All the wood we can burn in the fire-place fails to bring the thermometer up to 60 Far. The hotel, except in the ladies' parlor registers from 55 to 60. The ladies around me here are sitting in their fur coats. I am in my over-coat. Well! well! you know all about it; please shiver a little in sympathy.

If I dared to take Evie on one of the small steamers, I should start for Egypt on Tuesday, but she has been sick from straining on the voyage over. Indeed, until yesterday has been unable to eat anything without pain. So we will wait for the "Columbia." We are doing very little sight seeing. Vesuvius is impossible at present; so are the buried cities. It is startling to look from our verandah over the masses of snow. Your valuable suggestions are a blessing to us every day. You should see us at eleven or twelve o'clock at night, with that little stove which you suggested our bringing,—brewing tea. Then the woollen sheets; we said a blessing to you last night when we realized how cold the linen things would have been without them.

Oh—I wonder if you were told about the letter-box on the post by the driveway? and the key left on the top of the book-case in the hall-room in one of the little jars there? We were obliged to use this box because the carrier was afraid of Chum and dared not come to the door. Now Chum is away, the carrier might be told to leave the letters in the house.

May you have a happy new year all of you and many more to follow.

Cordially,
(Signed)

Here is another letter written from the same place by Mrs. Holstein the week after, to her niece and nephew:

My dear Ethelbert and Livingstone:

Your letters greeting us on our arrival at Naples when the steamer (having gone on to Algiers) returned again here, were most welcome.

Ethelbert, we are having the most astonishing weather! We had it on the sea: snow, hail, thunder and lightning and winds which make this house shake, as the Mediterranean heaves up against the road-wall just across not far from our doors. We dare not go (beside would see nothing advantageously) to Vesuvius yet.

I am ashamed and vexed to be so miserable a sailor; but I am sure I shall feel much better when I get over it; and I am in luck that I took, not only my long sealskin ulster, but that little tight-fitting, fur-cape coat in which I bide.

Livingstone was right in advising us to go at once to Egypt. Yet I've no complaint to make. I have had worlds of things come in upon me since we have been here. But we ought to have gone right up to Alexandria, as Livingstone said;—with a stop-over for Algiers.

I'll tell you Ethelbert, it is worth crossing the Atlantic to have gotten Hermann such a lot of fine sleep. He is sleeping splendidly.

I am writing this letter very crookedly; you know the real case was, instead of stopping at Naples as we passed it, we went straight on to Algiers; and spent a day there in sight-seeing and journeying about. We had very bright people on board; and the last two days I was up on deck. A family by the euphonious name of "Henn" were there; and also Miss Hale, the sister of Edward Everett Hale, came over with us. She left the Normania, disembarking at Algiers where she spends the winter. She is with Mrs. Church; Livingstone will remember Mr. Church the artist who lives in that fine place on the Hudson? Mrs. Church cannot enjoy it because of the condition of her health.

Livingstone, you know, after the absolute (*worse than*) '*fast*' which a sea voyage enforces on some miserable mortals, the first meal eaten, is an '*occasion*,' nothing less. Would you believe it? I ate mine at a hotel called '*L'Oasis*'; and quite an oasis in the desert it seemed to me; so that the wee lamb chops; the potato soufflé and the perfect peas remain in mind as *effects*, both poetical, hygienic and gustatory!

A lovable Mrs. Allen from somewhere in the valley of the Mohawk came over with us. I do hope I shall see her again. We took her with us on our day in Algiers; and got great satisfaction out of it: though she was afraid of the Arabs a little, and thought them (to say)—not well *dressed*—It goes without saying I thought well of them; and considered that we were but poor, degraded children of folly, fashion, flesh and sense: compared with these, abstemious swift, light and high-principled beings of mystery. We liked each other; and experiences all the time kept coming. The men were thin, erect, swift (and I declare) spirituelle looking; though the women were heart-breaking-revealers of the why of the subjection of this race. I got a clue to the condition there a study of which, I shall follow up in Egypt.

A French dragoman, who had bunches of recommendations as valet and courier, wanted to come right along with Hermann in that capacity.

We went to the Jardin Marengo, which you remember; and then, always winding round those sudden turns up the city-mountain-roads we went to the Mosque, Side Abder Haman,—a burial ground; where endless sore-eyed beggars, graves and gruesome things, altogether-sickening were connected with it. Not at all as pleasing as was a smaller and more public Mosque, into which by force of attraction, I ran. That Mosque delighted me: and I wiped my feet reverently on an outer mat: and then stood and put out my foot with a kind and friendly bow; signifying to a very old priest that I was ready to have him put on me some of those red shoes; which he did: and I went in. Though at first Hermann and the guide hardly wished to; and when Mrs. Allen put out her foot to have those big slippers tied on, she got to laughing. But I had no such sentiment. I was enveloped in wonder at their reversal of what our scripture says:—"Put *off* your shoes; for the ground you stand on is holy," etc.

We drove up to the Casba, once an old fort, but now a prison; and sent the horses round to meet us at the other side; so that we could walk through the narrow Arab streets of the old town.

Livingstone, in that region, I really felt as though I had come to my own. And now I realized that I must have looked at all the Arab women and men with cheerful gladness and love. But my head was beginning to snap with the heat, and the children to whom I had been giving *bak-sheesh*, were following us (if it is following when they run round some other way and then come bobbing up amiably from an advanced point). Just then I saw a most noble looking old Arab sitting in his box of a stall, with things to sell. Among other things, little red peppers were hanging up outside, and thinking their heat would rid me of pain, stepping up, bowing and touching the peppers I said "Bon jour! Combien?"

"Deux centimes, Madame," said the handsome old Arab. So I broke off two peppers and gave the old man one of those disreputable old coppers which are really dix centimes—forgetting that anything could possibly cost less than that dreadful looking copper coin; and, thanking him, he wished me good day: and I went on, picking out the pepper seeds and eating them. And they cured my headache. Then, behold, my Arab was out of his Spider-web, hastening after us with his big basket-full-of-treasures, offering me his 'all'—for, probably, however as good a profit in each case as would equal as many times the value he ordinarily asked, as ten centimes are times two centimes! Our guide is a Frenchman, and the French in Algiers do not like Arab or Moor; and he adjured me, "No. No Madame! Do nothing! I beg do nothing! They lazy, they work not at all! No more money for them! They deserve it not! English like them! French no like Arabs! No more, do no more!" So the basket was sent back and we went on; I wondering that so dirty a looking copper could have had so animating an effect on Arab and Frenchman!

We had an exhilarating time. We drove out to the Rue la Marine; and saw the Grand Mosque; and through the Jardin Essaie: and above all, to the Ostrich farm which was altogether new to me, much as I had read of them. But you know all about this, Livingstone! But are not ostriches alarming big beasts for birds? And how their hoofs do come down with a blow like those of a trotting horse! I found my French steadily serviceable; and talked finely at times on the spur of the moment, which quite surprised me.

Some of the Vanderbilts came over with us. They are going to Shepheard's as are we. They were with me more on the steamer than any of the other passengers. They were saying to us that, as they went up the Nile and had no gentlemen in their party (mother and daughter, about sixty and forty years old) they would like to be in our company. They are both quite of the Commodore-type: and were so competent and altogether full of the knowledge of the sorts of things (business) which I lack, that I would have gone to the Grand Hotel with them as they asked me to; but somehow, we stopped at the Royal and were given a very pleasant south-east corner room, with a balcony on the third story, whence we have full view of Vesuvius and the Rock Island which Pliny loved; and the old castle D'Ovo.

I like where we are very well. There are barracks off within view; where the funny-looking little Italian soldiers with the superabundance of cocks' feathers in their hats, are flying about and coming up for drill.

Livingstone, what do you suppose I saw when I first entered this room? In the ceiling was a 'winged world'! You know, the World-Spirit, or Hermes Trismegistus,—with all the stars of heaven swirling around it in their course. I was delighted and cried out, at the opening of the door. And the spatter-dasher back of the double-washing commode, had painted on it, cat-o'-nine tails growing in a lily pond, with butterflies and little water birds, flying or swinging vitally on the cat-o'-nine tails! They were simply perfect in art effect; and so were all devices through the house. In this room all things are double; and it has four large windows. We have had everything since we came here, even an eruption of Mt. Vesuvius. I can tell you an ice-covered burning mountain has an anomalous effect on my sensibilities.

This is distinctly the hotel of strangers. And they come and go so steadily that we are getting to be among 'the oldest inhabitants' at the long table. There are Russians, English, Italians, French and Americans; and one Polish gentleman (and his valet) is the ex-King of Poland; the *last King* of Poland. For he was on the throne when Austria, Prussia and Russia gobbled down Poland. And then this man headed a rebellion which, of course, was unsuccessful; and he was banished and his estates confiscated; and all these years until just lately he has remained in exile. But three years ago Russia saw fit to restore his immense estates to him and gave him the freedom of the Russian Empire; which now includes Poland; and made him 'Prince Czartorysky. But now that he can go back to his old estates he cannot; because he has consumption and the climate is too hard. I could weep when I look at this old patriot. I love Poland! You remember Thaddeus of Warsaw? A Russian lady told me to-day that it was miserable, that such a civilization as theirs should have swallowed up so much better a one as is Poland. As for that I can't say. A big, terrible looking Cossack sits opposite to me. He (so another Russian at the head of the table says) can speak no English, French or Italian. This other *young* Russian went to America when he was seventeen and speaks all those languages besides his own and others. He is the agent for the Hamburg-American line. He says Russia had no civilization till the time of Peter the Great in seventeen hundred and something.

One day when we were all shivering I said to him "Mr. Eblintz,—there is a little task I should like you to do for me?" "If possible Madame," he said with devotion. "I thank you," I responded. "Will you then, bring the fires of Vesuvius and the waters of the Mediterranean into such conjunction as to make steam? and then pipe up the houses and hotels, and thus heat Naples for me?"

"Oh—Madame," said he with a wild, weird gaze: "I tink dat es on-possible!"

"Oh— Well, I won't hurry you. You can take your time and think out ways and means," I said encouragingly.

"Madame!" he ejaculated, "I tink de Italians not would like it. Dey would be aff-raid!" he responded.

"We were once afraid of electricity. But we are using it now instead of fearing it," said I and Hermann, added merrily, that he would only wait some ten years, to see it done.

There are two New England girls down here from Rome with their courier; and as they came in shivering, we gave them our seats by the little make-believe stove, and we began talking; and behold one is Miss Hill of Brookline. She knew about our new estate and we have been out driving together and have had much enjoyment, &c. . . .

(Signed)

And to quote from another letter dated Hotel Bristol:—

Beloved sister:—as you see, we are up quite near Posilippo; and thence yesterday we made one of our best excursions. The weather was glorious. We went to Pozzuoli to take a look at the Government stables (for that's one way of estimating a nation): where the horses and over four thousand *fiacres* are lodged. As is the case in so much of this mountain-region-building, these stables are cut right into the mountain-substance called *tufa* (*toofa* they pronounce it); which hardens quite quickly on exposure to the air; so that this sort of building is a very speedy affair; including as it does excavating the mountain, in any shape you please and then leaving the rest standing. You know about this! But you will recall your astonishment when you first found it out for yourself. For not till one has come to a realization of what this whole region's soil is made does this astonishment and awe reach a just level.

I have been three or four times through the *Strada di Piedi grotto*, on through the *grotto Nuova di Posilippo*; which is a tunnel bored through the *Posilippo* hill. This is not the old *grotto*: that has been closed up. On the road to that, are those stables, which are built into the very self and substance of the mountain. It seems wonderful to be on the very spot and region where *Virgil* composed his *Georgics* and *Æneid* and had a villa and has now a tomb! Oh—I was so happy looking at the place, thinking how he sat under his grape-vines and wrote!

On our yesterday trip we passed through all this region. I dislike *Bædeker's* slighting way of talking of it and of all *Naples* and its suburbs. To-day instead of taking the *Strada Nuova di Posilippo* and running out past all those great vineyard-estates, and then winding off by the sea and ascending the roads which go zigzagging back and forth round the hill, and then out back to the carriage road near the Bay of *Naples*—we left the promontory of *Nicida* with its quarantine and *Lazzaroni* buildings far to the left, and went out through the *Phlegræan Plain*, west of *Naples*; traveling all the way through a district whose fascination for me is, that it has been a scene of tremendous volcanic activity. So that one and another civilization has been reared and buried hereabout, as trees of a forest, or babes of a family, are reared and buried; till the earth or soil or *tufa* is piled mountains high (think of it), and is itself (as I understand) a conglomerate, made up of the homes, palaces, churches and humanity of the thousands of years that are past. All of which is the material that this substance is.

Our one day of leisurely carriage-riding through Pozzuoli, Baiæ, Misenum and Cumæ, was, to me, like a re-opening of my enchantment over Julius Cæsar's days and doings before Christ;—doings which Homer and Virgil invest with more charms and wonders than the surface reading of their poems indicate.

I would spend much time here, if only my companion more cared for this research.

At the little village of Fuori Grotto, our driver, saying 'by permission,' took up his little son on the driver's seat and gave him a day of it. And somehow, the quaint figures of the father and son, seemed like a last chapter of that finished (?) past, as we went rolling through that volcanic country where the past in a way lies buried.

We went first to the Lago d' Agnano, which was once an old crater and now is 'sec,' as the driver said (dry). Here while the horses and driver waited we went with a guide down steps far away to the baths of the ancient Romans which are in the solid rock. The baths consisted of sulphuric and other vapors which came up warmly and exhilaratingly, more and more hot and abundant as we went in from one chamber to another down the rock steps. In the hottest one, a rock was curved out like a bed, with pillows cut, to suit the forms of the steam-bath takers.

A beautiful, clean, white, plump little dog came running after us when we came out; so clean and plump that I wondered at his great prosperity; but when we went over to the 'Dog Grotto' we were told to cautiously inhale a little of the champagne-like gas). It made us fairly reel, and yet exhilarated me beyond all I ever had experienced; then we understood why the dog was so well-favored. The master of the Grotto took a lighted piece of paper; and holding it, thus showed us where the line of this peculiar gas ran. For at one level, above which we had to keep ourselves, the blazing flame was extinguished in a weird and gruesome manner. And at another level it could burn, giving us but a pleasant consciousness that, at this level it was safe to breathe the peculiar gaseous quality in the air.

When the little dog was taken into the cave he was not at all loath; but he was held steady by the man's hand, while he breathed himself first pleasantly and then reelingly drunk. So that when let loose, he came staggering and tumbling outside, acting like an inebriate, till he got his lungs full of better air, and then he returned to his firmer footing.

The condition of that dog would make one think that that air taken in moderation had its uses; and we wonder if the sibyls of old when they used to stand over fissures in rocks (whence issued such vapors) were exhilarated by such as this; and so sometimes got to know too much, too soon?

The volcanic Pozzuoli-earth found all through this district is that from which the almost indestructible cement is manufactured.

We went to the Solfatara, which is the crater of a volcano extinct in a way. For it has not had a regular eruption for over seven hundred years. Yet the ground is hollow-sounding as you walk; and small spurts of steam spring up all over, under your feet; while from numerous good sized fissures there ascend more and larger spurts than one likes to contemplate or pass over.

Further over at the left, as we entered, there is a sulphur-bath: which looks as though at any moment it might burst out in death-dealing horror. The most alarming of all, was a truly infernal looking place which when the man who stood there, lighted a paper holding the blaze to the steaming cavity and cave mouth, it then transpired that the vapor turned to smoke; and rushed forth as if from the entrance of the inferno, sending forth detonations and reverberations, never to be forgotten. No wonder Dante knew how to paint his big word pictures in his poems! Never till I came here did I understand why he was so much occupied with the exact states and conditions of the Infernal region.

Before starting to inspect Lake Avernus (of which you know it is said "Descensus Averno facilis est") we had to obtain an official escort, for reasons sufficient as you will see, when I describe later on. He mounted the seat with the driver and we proceeded to the Lake which, occupying the crater of an extinct volcano is about a mile and a half in circumference. A most gloomy and mephitic region! Here the driver halted before what seemed to me to be a spot where a solid mountain uprose. There stood two men ready to offer their services. There was no sign of an aperture there; but walking up a little partly-trodden path, on approaching, parting back the high bushes, we entered what proved to be a broad, high-vaulted, enclosed roadway: through which in old times three ancient chariots could be driven abreast; as at this tearing rate they plunged through here as of old they also did through Celtic subterranean roadways of ancient Albion, now called British Isles.

It was a stretch said to be three miles long. Especially full of mystical civil-engineering-history is this region of Lake Avernus. This roadway is called the 'tunnel from Cumæ opening into Lake Lucrine,' which region was supposed by Homer to be inhabited by the Cimmerians. A region where Nero at one time, intended to construct a ship canal that should lead from the Tiber through Avernus to the Gulf of Baiæ; but that was not consummated. It is said however, that as late as 1858 a plan was laid for connecting Lake Avernus with Lake Baiæ; but only to be abandoned, for untellable reasons.

There is something marvellous about this place. As we entered the great roadway, all the men carried lighted torches; and the flames and shadows dancing there, would have caused me (had all the rest been so minded) to have agreed to grope our way the full three miles, to the exit at the other end, so anxious was I to see the sheet of water there. But all this was said to be absolutely impossible, so we stopped, after walking as far as where, at the right hand side, an alley led off, carrying those who chose to go, down to the river Styx.

The part that interested me was the *moral* connection which this place has with like conditions in ancient Albion; for it showed me that some great general object was had in view among very powerful people, who were determined to hold onto the mysteries of a *religion*, which mysteries must have been well worth preserving or these tremendous traces of them (found in Europe, Asia, Africa and ancient America) could not still remain while verbal records of the truth they desired to preserve, are apparently generally unuttered; and (as far as I know) to the common mind unutilized:

It would seem as if there had been an almost endless subterranean road, in prehistoric times, made and preserved by the truly 'Mighty Ones of the earth': through which these chariots and their warriors, passing invisibly, then emerged mightily, at distant points; leaving uninitiated people to know nothing concerning, from *whence* they had appeared or into what they had disappeared; as coming and vanishing, they tore forth working weal or woe.

When I was asked if I would like to enter the Sibyl's cave and heard that the passengers had to be carried in pick-a'back I decided to remain where I was. But Hermann was so taken up; and as he disappeared down that black defile, I—hating to have him leave me, lest he should come to harm, then called "Do you want me to come to?" to which he shouted back:—"No—no don't you come in"; sending his voice back echoing and rumbling so hollow and so strangely that my heart stood still. The official guide had remained in the big tunnel, and being well informed he answered my questions quite well.

It was a hard thing for Hermann to be carried in so. Though many ladies even submit to it. But he and the boy and the carrier soon came out. Hermann's face bathed in perspiration; and he as pale as he could be. As for the guide, he was rather small: and in that stooping posture under Hermann's weight, almost lost his balance, which would have thrown Hermann into that rocky flow of water called the 'Sibyl's Bath.' It was too dangerous. But I can't afford to write more. Yet the years of study concerning the ideals and methods of the illuminati and the way in which in all times and countries they kept in touch with one another, and the symbols we see here in the Catholic churches and their religious pictures showing the agonies of soul which accompany man's transitional states, reveal to me most powerfully the stress and strain through which my husband is going. It gives me to believe that whatever outward experiences may be troubling him, his outward acts are only symbolic of some inward states which had got to be cleansed out of his soul's system (just as fever must be cleansed from the blood) before the man attains to that wonderful state, named by great christians,—'*Sanctity*,'—with-out which man *cannot* see God.

I am reading aloud to Hermann, at times, Froude's history of Julius Cæsar. For before Jesus of Nazareth was born (that is before the Christian Era), Cæsar was Pontifex Maximus of Rome. He was at-one-with all that the Hierophants of Pozzuoli, Baiæ and other parts of Orient and Egypt knew, concerning the Gracious Life which *must be* preserved in families in order to sustain the level of existence which, when it becomes debased, afterwards causes national collapse.

I learn somewhere, that low life (such as deluges Europe and much of America to-day) had set in on Cumæ at the beginning of the fifth century A.D.

I write you very long letters, but I write you seldom. Hermann wants much sleep and so I write and study much more than I naturally should if he were in condition to run about with me more.

We have a charming room; my few reference books which I brought are on the *escritoire* at hand. I have also my Italian grammar, and am picking up some things very well.

This is rather an English hotel: but is kept by Swiss people, and with various nationalities at the tables. Many friends of ours are here: and upon the street, near at hand, Vittoria Emanuele. Mr. and Mrs. Phinney, bright people of limitless wealth, acquaintances of ours from Milwaukee, are at the Grand, and others have just gotten back from Egypt.

I hope you are all well, and do not find New England as cold as we find Italy. We are longing to go to Pompeii: but Vesuvius as it stands forth all white, gives us no encouragement for a start just yet.

With love, as always,

(Signed)

Another letter to her eldest sister followed from the same hotel, under the charge of Swiss people, one of whom felt great joy in saying: "Madame knows that ours was the first republic in the world," as he greeted this American lady.

Dear sister Elizabeth:—

We are still at Hotel Bristol, a good picture of which heads this paper, so that I need not tell you how far we can see from the next-to-the-top corner room: facing as that does both, toward Vesuvius and toward the city which lies below the upper city; on which we are placed; and how it also looks out upon the Mediterranean and its many enclosing mountain tops.

What we have been doing, and where we have been going is all in letters sent to others; and I will try not to repeat, but to send you boxed up in a little pasteboard frame, two pieces of ivy which I know you can make grow: the most slender piece came from Nero's amphitheatre; which some persons think to be the most perfect and interesting of all the ruins of Pozzuoli. Nero did not build it: it was built by the Greeks when they were in possession of this part of the Italian Peninsula long before the Romans conquered it. But here Nero gave great gladiatorial exhibitions. We could see it was a wonder of engineering skill. By means of a water-conduit they could lay the whole arena under water and have mimic naval combats represented here. And this slender piece of ivy was taken from the wall by permission; and may grow and may be of interest because of from whence it came. The other piece in the same box came from the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter-Serapis; so called because Pozzuoli was at this time the largest commercial city in Italy; its principal business being with Egypt; hence the temple was built to the god of Rome and the goddess of Egypt, Serapis, and has for me singular attractions. This ivy was taken thence by permission; and if it does not freeze in transition you may like it as a memento of this spot and of my yesterday's jaunts through a region profoundly attractive to me because of my esteem for Julius Caesar; and for the thought and purpose back of the best of those men who did their best before the Christian era taught them something better.

To-morrow if it is fair we expect to go up Vesuvius with friends from Milwaukee. We meet friends at every point, and Hermann is excellent at remembering persons both name and countenance, and rightly relating

them to their own affairs; so our much journeying round the States and the islands of the West Indies, serves us many pleasant turns.

I would love to write a better and a longer letter, but we make an early start for Vesuvius tomorrow, and I *have* to sleep! which is requisite though not so good as writing to you and yours.

With much love from Hermann and myself to you and yours I am,
(Signed)

Preceding was a letter to her niece and nephew, children of the beloved sister, Mrs. Polien Caproni. After asking them to take the trouble to read other letters, so that there would be no necessity of telling of back moments when things of the present pressed in so fast, she told of the rainy weather mid which they had done much sight-seeing, chiefly relative to indoor inspections: and then, thus:—

JANUARY 7TH, 1894.

... We have just returned from seeing, among other things, the palace of the Prince of Naples, son of the King of Italy, Humberto, who as you know is son of Victor Emanuel, passed up and on. It seems so strange that these palaces 'Real' and 'Capo di Monte' (and I don't know what other lot besides) belong to a little lad whom I saw 'done in marble' and quite incompetent I should say to be bothered over the affairs of a State so morally and politically tumultuous as is Italy.

I won't undertake to go over matters which even to touch upon in a letter, demand so much space.

Eight o'clock in the evening: Pardon, I'll now go on. I've just come up from dinner, and hear that the miserable snow-storms are by no means lessened, but that Rome, imagine, *Rome* last night is said to have been snowed up to second story windows so that people are blocked in; forty persons are said to have died of cold that day and night. For the moment I would not be sorry to be at home, we are so cold here. You know all the heating apparatus here is a farce.

Last night I felt I would like to go to the Baptist church when Sunday came, it sounds so 'Yankee.' And this morning Hermann quite agreed upon it, and off we went to a rather remote old part of the city and entering a court, we found ourselves before open grating-gates, which let us look into most beautiful gardens of oranges and southern shrubs, statuary and a strange blue grotto &c., altogether such an alluring, charming place that I said to Hermann, "This must be something worldly and wicked. It is not possible that it can be a Baptist Mission church." He looked none too sure; and I confess I walked forward with no pleasant anticipations; when we saw inside the garden a man good-looking and well-dressed, beckoning us up a graceful flight of iron-railed stairs. Then said Hermann in tragic tones:—"I hear a voice of singing. We're all right!" And in a moment or two above the stairs we were ushered into a beautiful little church-room looking so modern, clean and business-like amid the general church conditions in Naples, that we were well prepared to see the thirty young Italian men and women sitting together,

singing a worshipful hymn set to one of our fine old English chorals; all singing the air however, accompanied by a well-played organ. The effect was overwhelming, their voices were so melodious, and their devotion was so full of intelligent fealty to the words they were singing. The service was in Italian, and the minister was Rev. R. Walker, an English gentleman.

After the service he came to us and brought his wife, introducing her and asking us to go into the house (which house and church and all the rest of what I shall tell about was part of an old Italian villa or palace)—‘that he might have a visit with us, as soon as the meeting was over.’

Mrs. Walker of London was a very agreeable little English lady and you can't think how pleasant it was to hear English. And as she opened the side doors of the church, there we were in another part of that great stretch, where there were twenty rooms on the floor devoted to the Baptist missionary's family. And positively I was so captivated with the work and the place and everything, that I wanted to sell out my patrimony and cast my lot in here.

But meanwhile in all the range of the building, as far as we could see, there was no possibility of making any fire outside of some remote region which served for the kitchen. The deathly chill of that old small-windowed stone slabbed and staired palace was something disastrous. The fine crockery (?) tiles, which we think artistic to set round a blazing hot fireplace, were used as flooring. Ice-cold they were. In all the region I saw no pipe-hole nor even a kerosene stove; yet the possibilities of the place and the work with all its suffering, swept in on me most enthusiastically. Tomorrow Mr. and Mrs. Walker are coming to the Hotel Royal and will take me to the kindergarten, that I may see how that is done in Italy. But I think I shall find it is not for the ‘poverine’ but for people who have everything nice already, and can afford to pay for something more. This church is on the Strada Foria.

The picture of Hotel Royal is at head of page, and I have marked there the corner room at the very top, which we always try to get, so as to have an outlook on both sides of the case.

This view was taken in 1880, thirteen years ago. Since then houses have been built in, shutting off our view of Vesuvius somewhat.

We are having wretched weather and have not yet gone and cannot go to Herculaneum, Paestum, or Capri with any expectation of comfort. Livingstone warned us not to stop at Naples; but I was so sick of the sea that we could do nothing but disembark when the steamer came back, though here the storms at times come up against the sea-frontage so that it shakes the hotel, and besides backs up sewerage from the sea, destroying the purity of the air.

On the 15th we sail for Alexandria. I cannot tell you how unlike home, Naples is; but I am charmed with it. The public gardens are close at hand, filled with the wonderful original statues with which we have become acquainted in seeing their reproductions in photographs and copies.

In these gardens are the national aquariums in which are the most terrible plants, actual living creatures which at a touch will come up and throw out tentacles with which they will catch and put into their mouths, if you can call it a mouth, raw meat that is thrown to them. They look

fiendish, but of course they are not; they are only plants in a transitional state in which they use a tendril (tentacles) part of themselves, to snatch for food with which to feed themselves, instead of breathing air and sucking up water at their roots as the other less developed but far more pleasing creatures do, etc.

(Signed)

Then followed this letter to her sister:—

HOTEL BRISTOL, CORSO VITTORIA
EMANUELE, ITALY, NAPLES, Jan. 15.

My dear sister:—

Friday we returned from Pompeii, and as that is all so familiar to you I pass over it and speak of our trip to Vesuvius. You know our piazza windows look out upon that.

We took a comfortable carriage and pair in driving out, and Mr. Charles Scribner (of Scribner's magazine general reputation), a very bright cheerful and instructive gentleman was with us on our drive and our ascent.

This was really a Sun-day, in that it had a sun of the clearest sort, bringing us the most delightful atmosphere which we have had in weeks. There was a nice breeze, and the smoke blew off from the opposite side of the mountain away from the track and the road, so that our four hours' drive was enchanting, and the after ascent on the cog-railroad was all that could be desired.

Mr. Scribner was a delightful companion for Hermann. We know many mutual friends, Colbys, Colgates, etc., and he had much to tell us about the powerful business men and literary and political magnates of this and earlier times. He seems to be about our age, though his hair is perfectly white and perhaps he is ten years older. He has more of the idealizing faculty relative to the possibilities of the race than usually falls to the lot of mankind outside of the poets' corner.

I think stepping on to the over-warm and over-rugged lava footing was far from agreeable to him. You know here they tend to put a sash around the waists of the doubtful so as to hold them steady in climbing. And of course it was expected that I should need leading-strings; but I am now in splendid health and never get tired in this mountain air, and did not have to keep on my fur coat on this jaunt as mentioned in other letters.

My dear sister I should be perfectly happy if Hermann were only well. I can't say in what he is sick; no disease, but surely no ease, he becomes so constantly nerve-strained. I would do anything in reason to impart health and steadiness to his nerves. The best that I can do is to tell him how grateful I am for these pleasures and opportunities, and for the wonderful chance to see what I have studied about; and to re-certify what had come to me to be almost a personal acquaintance with these realms before I came to them.

People are all very kindly disposed to me and are pleasant and helpful.

Dear Sister, I am anxious to know whether Kenneth comes to the house. I do not know where he is; but I love him and if he comes, I

want you to tell him that I do; and am desirous that everything shall now be done for him which under our circumstances I may be able to get his uncle to do. He is a big boy now nearly sixteen years old and should be in readiness to do much for his sister and grandmother. I just send this message on a chance, for I have intense desire for his success and true rightness.

I should write you more about Vesuvius, but you know I could fill volumes on that and you have seen it all. However I will tell you when we were up near the crater I desperately wanted to step lightly on the verge of the crust so as to look down and know what the old fellow was bellowing and blazing and bubbling about. I went so near that the guides called out, and would not have it.

This is no letter at all about that matter, and perhaps I shall not write to you again until I write from Alexandria.

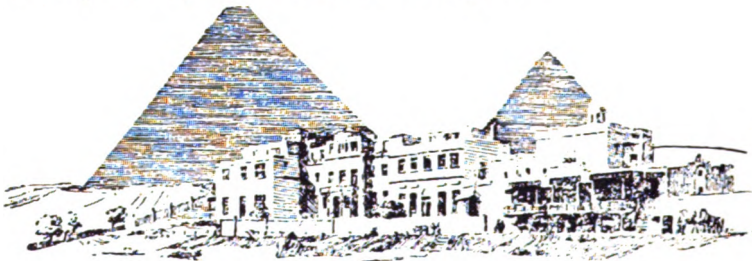
Good bye.

(Signed)

CHAPTER XV.

“When I was young, before I went abroad, I sought Wisdom openly in prayer. I prayed for Her as before the Temple: and will seek Her out even to the end. In Her bloom my heart delighted as in the ripening grape. Through Her my foot went in the right way. From my youth I sought after Her. I bowed down my ear a little while, and I *received Her* and found much instruction. I had prosperity by Her. For I purposed to act according to Her.”—BARUCH.

THE next letter to be given was not sent from Alexandria, but dated from Mena House Hotel, Cairo with bits patched in from different points including matters later concerning the stop at Alexandria. It begins:—



MENA HOUSE HOTEL, CAIRO.

JANUARY 23RD, 1894.

My dear Sister Estelle:—

After we had been at Shephard's Hotel four days, we started out early in the morning to drive to the Pyramids. Hermann felt we would not need take a guide. Some persons thought that rather risky; and indeed it proved to be unwise; for after having left the Sheik of the Desert, Ibrahim at Cairo, when we got to the Pyramids and found plenty of more or less reliable Arabs ready to take our case in hand, nothing then remained but to drive back to the Mena House: and there we met the Sheik's son. To him we gave your letter of introduction which you had sent to the Sheik, and the son remembered your family and all matters with pleasure: and did the honors of the occasion thoroughly, with his own set of responsible men.

I am sitting now upon the Mena Hotel piazza, trembling so I can hardly write. For I have just come down from the Pyramid-top: and the excitement and exhilaration of my exertions, also the tremendous afflatus which comes to me here, quickens my pulse unmanageably. For this, *this is Egypt!*

We have been travelling so much ever since reaching Cairo-region, that Hermann with that abscess, felt unfit or unwilling to climb the Pyramid; so he sat in the carriage watching me and waiting while I went up and down those heights. It, of course, made me hasten quite too much; and made a very different matter of it from what it could have been if he, too, had ascended. For then we could have passed to the other side; and as you know, *hours* spent there with an intelligent guide as Hamed, and with our field glasses would have been 'education.' For as I say, this is indeed Egypt. While Cairo, full as it is of wonders, is also as full

of other nations and about as full of the English as is Canada. For everywhere are red-coats with their ill-conditioned little caps set on the back corner of their heads; caps not as pleasing as are the Egyptian fezes worn by some of the military; though possibly only by the Arabs and native subjects (?).

The contending magnetisms at the hotel and everywhere in the streets, are not of the kind which result in the *blending* of opposites; but in *collisions* almost too powerful for my endurance; so different is the English phlegmatic quality as Militant-lords-of-the-earth, from the afflatus which comes from the ancient Arabian spiritualized thought-presence.

Hermann felt the dining room full of noisy people and tremendous music to be almost more than he could bear; although all are as polite and serviceable to us as heart could desire. But as I say, the mixture of European races got between me and Egypt.

I shall send you with this, a copy of the "Egyptian Star":—giving an account of the palace which had belonged to the Pasha, but which, though there was an attempt made to make it become *the hotel par excellence* in Cairo, yet owing to its being about two miles from the city, it lapsed from service. So that now it has practically gone under the hammer, as they say. The deluge of people and their magnetisms at Shepherd's came over me so in the midst of all my interests, that, at times I have felt as I did when a child I used to cry out "Mother, mother, all nations are coming": only that the things that then seemed *foreshadowed* are now arrived in all their force and far-reaching complications!

As I look back upon my going to the top of the pyramid, leaving my sick husband in his uncertain state of mind in the carriage, I almost wonder at it. But at the time it seemed but the matter of a few minutes; and I gave no thought to the case but simply did it: keeping in his sight all the time, refusing to cross to the other side whence to see the lay of the land in that direction.

It was a long-sustained effort to get to the top so quickly, and really take in the marvels of the prospect and rush down; but I am very light now. For I have grown very thin; and I have good breath, so (as, upon starting) one of the Arabs, who knew his business, had skilfully caught up and tied in a knot at the back of my waist, my semi-train, light-weight, princess gown, I then only had my silk short-under-skirt to contend with as I climbed. Of course they put the regulation sash with the long ends around my waist; and to this strong 'hold-fast' the Arabs held: so that, if I had slipped, they could have kept me from rolling all the way down: which would be a *little* in my favor.

My dear Estelle, pages could not tell you about the wonders of it all, our visit to the sphinx and my almost irresistible desire to go down where surely, steps led into the secret sanctuary of her stony being. Recorder of the past, and welcomer of the future as she is.

You see I have made a little cross at the top of the picture of the pyramid, that you may fancy me standing there, as big as a speck of dust in proportion to that structure.

This is a disconnected, inadequate letter, written here on this piazza where everything mentally tides in on me, at every moment. I ought to have written to you from Alexandria; so much occurred there.

Things were pleasantly arranged for us there, because, before leaving Brookline Mr. Andres on the hill in the house above ours, gave us letters of introduction to his brother in Alexandria who has tremendous cotton interests here; having discovered that the fibre of the Egyptian cotton is longer and finer than America can boast.

When we were there, Dr. sent to young Mr. Andres the uncle's letter of introduction: and under his escort, we rode behind his two antic stallions (both handsome Arabians) out to Pompey's Pillar and other points: which we reached and enjoyed as one does new scenes when instructed by an escort who has enlarged acquaintanceship with the matters in hand.

Oh—I must tell you! As we came up, at one point out of the desert-like stretches into the town, at the same time came up the steam-cars at the left hand side of the road; while at the same moment two big camels with their ancient Bedouin riders, came and halted at the water-fountain, close to where we were. The incident was peculiar. For steam-power seemed not very fully identified with that country; and the puffing engine and the supercilious looking camels seemed to eye each other in a way suggestive of the stalwart contempt felt by the Mighty Past for the flowing in upon it of present things:—hinting at the immutable Power which, still invigorating old mysteries, now betides us, reconstructing our apprehension and comprehension of historic events and of our future achievements.

A little further on we came upon modern Alexandrian houses, walled in by high stone enclosures which leave to be seen above them, but chimney tops and the highest roof decorations.

“We are getting home,” said Mr. Andres, as our guide, Mahmoud, dismounting, waited as we drove down a narrow road between these high stone structures. At our approach, a gate opened from within; and Mr. Andres, Senior, very like his brother in Brookline but much taller, came to greet us. We had a charming visit. The Mother and the two young daughters and a younger son, with the Arab servants who had been with them upwards of twenty years, made a picturesque family. When we felt to depart, young Mr. Andres was determined to escort us back to Alexandria; taking the steam cars which ran through the middle of the street, and not leaving us till he had entered our hotel, The Khedivial, in Alexandria.

This is indeed a patchy letter. Please accept it for what it is and know that it is full of love-untellable from both Hermann and myself to you all.

Your friend Mrs. Denison was pleased at receiving Ethelbert's letters of introduction and friendship. She remembered you all with much affection. She called upon us promptly and I find her as full of information and agreeable qualities as did you. Young Mr. Grant, American Vice-Consul to Egypt was also very glad to hear from you and his conversation with the Doctor was very animated. They had so many large matters of interest in common; talking of the principles at stake in America and of the administration in Egypt under the 'army of occupation.' The Consul-General from America is also here, and the Egyptologist of whom Livingstone spoke so cordially, is pressing on our attention his certainty that the city of Python (the buried treasure city of ancient people), is above all, the most requisite to be next exhumed, certain that

if he could direct the party and the methods and have a good backing, he would secure the greatest results.

I take up this straggling letter again dear sister to add that we are now, so many days afterward, about to start for the Nile.

Bidding you good bye, with warmest love and thanks for all your letters and care for affairs,

I am your own sister,
(Signed)

Time so fails that not in this book shall the wonders of the Nile journey be enlarged upon; with its donkey ridings and explorations of temples, buried cities and mystic wonders. For too redolent are they are all, of cherished hopes for the coming race, to be swiftly passed over here.

The Nile journey daily brought evident benefit to Dr. Holstein's health, though it did not remove whatever in his mental condition perplexed his wife. But these matters she tried to efface as far as possible, while carrying herself brightly, quietly identifying him as far as possible with bits of interest, relative to the boat's company, absorbed though he was much of the time, as he sat with his big coat on and felt hat-rim straightened down over his eyes, playing solitaire hour by hour, while the boat moved on.

Ah! But there is an incident or two here that may come in; showing how distinctly the persons at the table were made up of various nationalities so that this Nile boat was in a condition much like our Ship of State. At the head of the table however, sat the Baron, and (by his side) the Baroness Von Bonin, Austrians of fine presence and historic development. Next on each side sat persons of title whose names I have forgotten; and near at hand Dr. and Mrs. Holstein and opposite, some delightful ladies from Lenox, Massachusetts. And next us was a French young count and his lady. Then too there were German Americans; and Americans, some six or eight of mingled bloods who emphasized themselves emphatically as *Americans*, in that they had that vigorous hold on the dignity of self-sovereign citizenship, which many Americans (who generation after generation have been born in that land) often forget to keep. The other persons were admirable, but it is those at this end of the table who are related to a matter that came up.

It must be known that every afternoon at about five o'clock, tea was poured and served often by the gentlemen of the party to the ladies sitting on deck; and that the ship's physician, a blithe and elegant young Englishman in the early twenties, did good service at such time, as did many of the younger men not specified.

The man from Manchester (who was evidently getting all that could be had, out of refreshing journeys over the world) was a striking specimen of a so-called free-born British subject, and was in head, eyes and carriage, an enlarged and handsomer specimen of Daniel Webster. His friend with whom he was travelling was an older man, more *comme il faut*: and being ill was less boisterous. Among other methods of enjoying himself lavishly, this Mr. (let's say Chester) frequently seated himself on the ladies' deck, well placed back in his chair with his feet crossed on the table which later in the day bore the little repast. His attitude was decidedly objectionable. Many ladies with myself had distinctly turned the back of their chairs to that table and its occupant.

One day, suddenly, something more than silent opposition must have accrued, unnoticed by Mrs. Holstein; for a flurry in the atmosphere caused her to look up from her reading:—becoming then conscious of the fact that the Baron, with something, not pacific in his hand, was striding through the deck; while the man from Manchester, looking quite competent for the occasion, his handsome black eyes blazing, was drawn back in an attitude decidedly suggestive; as the Baron had flung at him in low deep tones a significant word or two, pointing toward the land. Evidently he had been giving him something of an invitation. The boat had just run in at a 'point of interest.' Whatever had occurred, the next thing was the boat was swiftly emptied of its travellers: who, with the flurry of romantic interest, were hieing away to the shore; while the little Count who sat at Mrs. Holstein's left at the table, having rolled up in his sleeve a vicious looking leather strap, with great animation was also speeding shoreward. It was something to sense the concussions of those moral (?) elements at that moment. Mrs. Holstein, sufficiently annoyed at that impossible attitude of this man from Manchester, and the use to which he had seen fit to put the table

upon which he knew their little five o'clock tea was daily spread, was not amiably inclined toward him. So when before going out, leaning one hand on the ship's side, halting near her, he said to her (though they had never spoken before), "Mrs. Holstein, in America, men would think nothing of what I did, would they?" She, fired up for dear America's reputation, said coolly, "Oh! They *have* a ruffian or two there!"—never looking at him; as with a collapse of astonishment he passed out. It was not only that the man needed the lesson. It was that also Mrs. Holstein needed to briefly give it to him. For never in all her travels, north, south, east and west in her country, had she seen such rudeness of attitude.

When the passengers returned (for all persons had gone off except Dr. and Mrs. Holstein), it was said that the crisis so quickly ran high, that the necessity for a wise arbitrament of the matter followed; with, it was said, a cooling of rage on the part of the Manchester man: who began to realize that the Baron had good cause for giving the first quiet hint at common civility; and that, if it had been taken in the spirit it was first given (instead of flinging back at it the word sent in reply), the aggressor would have shown himself to have been a better but not a wiser man than through Mrs. Holstein's swift rebuke he had afterwards become.

It was just after this, that an excursion was taken at a point in the desert, where an old Copt-Christian Mission and Monastery was established. And off to inspect it, they all set on a glorious day; speeding away donkey-back, till they came upon a high stone-walled, distinctly un-mosque-like (shall we say) monastery? The old copt christians are declared to be descendants of the most ancient inhabitants of Egypt, being thought, by some to be pure Egyptians; not Arabs nor Bedouins. And though christians, they are said to differ from the christians who embraced Roman Catholicism, being more like the Greeks or followers of the Jacobi Sect. The patriarch of Alexandria is, by some, said to be of that order; though holding many elements of the harsher Jewish *Jahveh* philosophy.

The heavy high gates of this enclosure were open to receive the party; and as the donkeys and their riders went in,

it occasioned quite a little gayety. Nothing of gayety however was there in descending the step or two, which led down into the candle lighted sanctuary, where was a little statue of the Crucified; but where it was so dark unbreathable and repellent, that not many minutes stayed any one there.

The Patriarch of the place may have realized the gravity with which Mrs. Holstein was mentally searching into their distinctive views; for she, in other times, had wondered why missionary contributions were specialized for those persons? While she was inquiring, standing outside at a distance from her donkey and donkey-boy, this old patriarch and his attendant were puzzling themselves over the quality and kind of skin of which her close, little seal-skin jacket was made; taking hold of it and smoothing it with their fingers, apparently puzzled as to whether it were bird or beast when forth on the air came the friendly clear voice of Baroness Von Bonin calling "Quick Madame, Quick!" and looking up she saw every rider and donkey but she and hers had passed out: and that the keeper of the gate had nearly closed it, when the Baroness had dashed in, on her discovery that Mrs. Holstein was not outside, with the other riders. As looked back upon afterwards Mrs. Holstein wondered that she had not been terrified and filled with distrust concerning the gate closers; but with that curious calm (which was neither inanity nor idiocy, but something like that assurance of grace which fears no evil and apparently thus often escapes it) she got on her little donkey and hied away: never doubting the goodness of the Jacobite-Copt Christian men.

Extracts from the journal here come in, relative to that trip:—

"*February.*—This was one of Hermann's strange days. He kept disappearing and leaving me, sometimes for a long while, in a way quite deserted: except that all the Nile party were very good to me: and looked after me, in useful ways more constantly than I then realized. It was known that Hermann was a very sick man; overstrained in nerve as his unreasonable outbursts at servants and others, occasionally exhibited. Such things had occurred at Shepheard's hotel that it was freely talked there that his condition was as bad as was that of (mentioning the name of) a minister who, trav-

elling for his health, had lost memory; and was in a condition that made life distressing to those who were taking care of him. So, before starting up the Nile, with advice of friends of the hotel I had gotten from the American Consul General, papers, stating conditions wisely enough: to make it serviceable for me to present, in case trouble came to Hermann from a more excessive giving away of his mind. This paper was to be presented when requisite to the English Governmental powers, at the points along the way; securing not only care to me, but assistance in making all things right for Hermann as an American citizen, and besides as a free-mason of high degree.

"Mr. Carnegie who had been on the steamer with us and was afterwards at Shepheard's hotel; and also, but for circumstances included in Hermann's condition, might have made us a part of the company that went up the Nile in the splendidly illuminated Dahabeah, which glorified the scene, even on the moonlight night in which we others saw it from Karnak (I believe).

"A fair-faced, calm, clear-eyed, good-tempered-healthy man he seemed; and not to be forgotten was his courtesy on several occasions. It must be said of the whole matter that, with everything at our service, nothing less than a deep-seated cause, could have so constantly spoiled things: as spoiled they frequently were by Hermann's self-torturing states.

"A Mrs. Mariner (?) and her daughter and maid, from Lenox, Massachusetts as well as the bright Mr. and Mrs. Jonadine, English people from Jamaica, were much with us. The Jonadines were in the early part of middle life; and having recently had an additional inheritance left them, they had seized the opportunity of utilizing it, by giving themselves a world-wide exploring expedition while they were young and well enough to enjoy it. As they thus, instead of saving it up in *banks* for old age, put it into their brain and being; thus having it where it could be found; when memory brings out her stores blessedly at the call of the reflective mind."

The question before us is, Mad? Which?:—questions which apparently at our present rate of progressing will not soon be answered if at all: as disputants may feel, even at the end of the story that all the testimony on either side is not yet in.

After leaving Cairo, the return to Rome was by the way of the Isthmus of Suez; including a little stop at that not-pleasantly-renowned city, 'Said': and not even must we tarry to consider the Suez Canal, Lesseps' construction of which wrought such changes in conditions there.

Further quotations from Mrs. Holstein's journal now follow:

"*March.*—Here we are back at Rome again, at the Hotel Eden on Mount Pincio on the west bank of the Tiber. We are waiting here now for our trunks to come up from Naples.

"Always after getting letters, Hermann becomes greatly excited and full of incomprehensible conditions. He told me the other day that he never would go back to Brookline nor enter the Brookline house. Then he told me awhile afterwards that he should take a longer voyage than I could possibly stand. That he intended to sail south down around the extreme Southern Atlantic, past Cape Horn, up through the Pacific to California, and so across the United States to the East-coast; and that it would be too long a voyage for me. He was in great excitement and I answered 'It certainly was a long voyage.' Then he asked me what I was going to do about it?—and for the want of something better to say, while I was trying to get at what he was after, I said quietly:—'Well! When I don't know what to do for a change, sometimes I just wait where I am.' But he hurried me up to give a more definite answer; and seeing his condition I just added that it might be well enough for me to wait where I was while he took his great voyage; and then, when he was coming across the continent by rail, he could cable me in time, for me to run up the Atlantic to meet him in Boston.

"He kept returning to the matter: as if wanting me to express a wish and to have *me* fix a plan instead of his co-operatively arranging and explaining what he wanted to do and have done. Then I threw in a word saying 'if he wanted me to stay I would rather not be at an expensive public hotel; but at some *pension*; where other American lady-students were modestly boarded, with an eye to the work they were doing!—so that I could study Italian; and be better fitted for helping, down at Parmenter-street Mission in Boston'; a place to which we had sent much fruit and many big baskets of flowers from our glorious garden on Walnut street.

“This resulted in his suddenly saying to me one day: ‘if you stay, you must sign this paper.’ Then he put before me these words:—‘I stay in Rome against my husband’s wishes’:—much in the same state of mind as he was when he had me sign that abominably misrepresenting paper, before going to St. Paul. I said, ‘This is not wise Hermann. It would be a lie. I have no intention of staying against your will. If I should stay, it would be to *meet* your plans and needs.’ He urged me violently to sign it. I answered, emphasizing the word, ‘If I stay at your wish I will then only sign this:—

“‘As my dear husband wishes to take a very long trip’ (laying out the trip mentioned by him) “to meet his convenience I agree to stay at Rome; studying street-Italian for the good of the work at the Parmenter Mission; and when he is ready to cross home from the West I will meet him in Brookline, coming up the Atlantic.”’ He denounced it with a boyish term, and started up and out, exclaiming, ‘I don’t know what you’re going to do: but I know what I’m going to do!’ He came back with letters a few hours after; and began an urgency about deeding over the only piece of property that I now hold, that is my little home.” Mrs. Holstein afterwards informed me that she saw something almost maniacal was upon him; with terrible conditions possible; and that her business was to prevent what, in the course of the next eight or nine months she did not *entirely* prevent; but in the aftermath, partly rectified, as he seemed proceeding “to fill up the days of his sorrows.” Her journal goes on:

“Then he began to see about arranging for my staying; though I gave him no paper: simply feeling that things could take their course, until whatever was sent by heaven should arrive.

“It is evident, Hermann wants to be doing something and arranging something; and that is a good sign: as he seems more natural in activities than, in the steady, solitaire-playing, that occupies him so injuriously.

“He wished me next to go out and look up some suitable place. At first, on the supposition that it was all to be done, he took me to the American Consul General of Italy, stating the long trip he had before him and the advantage of the stay to me; and of our meeting at home later on; and committing

me to the care and supervision of this man of many matters, who immediately spoke of a house quite near there, where only ladies of vouched-for creditability were received. This place Hermann said he would at once inspect with me. Then, just before leaving the Consul's office he said, lightly turning back:—

“Oh—by the way, my wife has a little piece of property which she wishes to deed over. How can I manage that?”

“And was answered:—‘Quite easily; it only needs that the deed should be sent over to Mrs. Holstein and she can sign it before me and witnesses, and then return it to America.’”

“With never a move, of eye or muscle, I heard it all. Not that I restrained myself; but that ‘the stillness’ came and stayed even while with Hermann I went out to look at the places proposed; as, in walking, he suggested the availability of more firmly establishing close acquaintance with the Consul at Naples and his wife whom we had met pleasantly, and with Dr. Cacaci, who had been Hermann's physician in Naples, and was here now as physician, with the ex-King of Poland.

“Afterwards he explained to me what amount of money each month for spending and how much for board should be set aside; and that a Letter of Credit should be deposited, bearing in that case the amount requisite for my voyage home, which was not to be encroached upon.

“The amount for spending and for board, being so much smaller in proportion to our methods even in quite economical days, that I could but notice it in relation to the fact that just the amount economically sufficient to get home with, was also to be placed drawable on that Letter of Credit. Leaving of course the possible chance that accidents or sickness might include drawing on that amount, and leaving it impossible then for me to get home.

“To all this I made no allusion; and so he felt that nothing remained but to get the rooms: and took on the air of having practically finished the case.

“On getting back to the hotel and returning to his solitaire game, evidently some realization of what he was doing and of the conditions being brought to bear on him, caused him to look up in what can but be called an agony of tenderness

and despair; touching my heart so that the pity for him, which must have come into my eyes, aroused a virulent suspicion, as then in a most un-natural manner he bent toward me, breathing in my face the words 'You do not *want* me to live! You want my money!'

"Oh my dear Lord!' This I must have ejaculated, as for a moment I fell back shocked, as if before some visible fiend which then seemed filling his being. For whatever better Creature was existent there: still alert and out-springing came again and again something which exhibited him either as brute or maniac; unless he is under some intangible and inexplicable mistake about me. I could not bring myself to call him mad.

"Seated I looked at him. He sat there playing those cards at a rate which incessantly kept up, is enough to lame the base of his brain. A poor pitiful maniac he looked.

"Then came over me, of course, my return to my unmovable basis, which is the hope of his redemption. To its securing, I will hold myself till 'travelling days are done.'

"*March 23rd, 1894.*—This is Good Friday. This afternoon we went to see the Rector of the American Pontifical College, to present the letter of introduction which the Archbishop of Massachusetts gave us, procuring us the advantages of this season in Rome. As the Rector, Rev. O'Connell was away, the Vice-Rector, Rev. Frederick Z. Rooker gave us tickets for seats, that we might participate in the service, the Tenebræ. Also he gave us letters of introduction to the Maestro di Camera di S. S. at Vatican.

"The music was sublime. Our tickets included for me a front seat in the little gallery, railed in high up, where a few ladies were seated, rather near the altar. The door to the railed-entrance was locked to keep intruders out. An equally choice seat for Hermann on the floor was within the railing almost within the domain of the musicians, clericals and officials who were near to the altar.

"In this locked-in, partitioned-off little gallery where I found myself obliged to look through little apertures in the cross-bar work,—there came over me an unendurable repugnance to the caged-feeling, choice and gracious though the honor extended had been. So I let the key-holder under-

stand that I wished to go and see my husband:—and he saw to it that I was brought through the crowd, that stood outside the railings, telling me, that there I could remain, if I did not care to go back to the gallery.

“Hermann by this time was in a condition of great pallor. His look caused me to step up, far enough within the railing to aid him when, I, being a woman,—found myself politely re-strained by a raised finger as the person in charge, motioned me back, and then came to see what I wished. Mr. Carnegie, one of the honorable and honored guests of the occasion, seeing me, courteously left his seat and understanding my wish, spoke to Dr. Holstein; and then being nearer to me than was Hermann, he came out and gave me his arm, and escorted me to the place where Hermann stood awaiting me; glad to go home. For entrhralling though the music was, the strain on him had gotten to a climax.”

“Late at night.

“I am writing now quietly. Hermann had a very ill spell, after taking his massage treatment. I will not write more. I wonder what to-morrow will bring forth. I wish it were time for our home-return.”

Then continues at a later date the journal.

“A day or two since, according to the plan, we went out to look up rooms and board; feeling that though it might be of no use then, it would be informing and of value as *knowledge* in reserve for future use. After we had looked at one place which had been commended to us, in the court I was met by a ‘Sister Veronica’ of whom I inquired where I could be best placed for a while,—so as to be in a studious atmosphere with other women students who with myself might be taking Italian lessons, serviceable, in work in which I wished to assist in the Italian quarters of Boston. And so I learned the address of Madame Zanbost, 34 via Porta Princiana, Palazzo, Con le Colonne.

“After that I heard that I could have rooms there in a few days, but that an International medical affair being held in Rome, had overloaded her house: though later the parlor on the first floor with attention to my comfort, could be mine.

“Then as we were out walking, enjoying the air very much that day, we went on to Basilica di S. Giovanni di Laterano:

and wonderful experiences we had there. But the next day, depression had come upon the Doctor again; and as we were walking he bade me go in front of him and not to turn round nor look at him nor trouble about where he went or was going.

“Frankly I could but think to myself of that story in Tennyson’s ‘Idyls of the King’ where the suddenly-angry Knight, distrusting his wife’s love of obedience, made her go in advance upon her little palfrey, mile after mile; while he, in sulks-unimaginable, followed authoritatively in the rear. And feeling that this was very much such a little episode in Hermann’s life, on I walked; but I could not tell *what*, in the range of imagination, disturbed as his mind was, he might take a fancy to do; perhaps next: escape from me down some side street; leaving me alone there in the city, helpless to find and care for him except as I made such public appeal to public help, as would anger him; especially if he were doing it all just to fetch on an unpleasant climax.

“Thanks to Divine Power to whom with all my soul, I prayed as I walked, I had the strength to go on striving to think bright and trustful thoughts concerning his highest inner man; till presently as we approached the stairs leading to the upper city, he came up beside me, and then leading the way walked up before me.

“It seemed to me incomprehensible that in the nature of man there *could* be conditions so imbittering to the beauty and ample opportunities for delight which that hour held: as we walked through that radiant, historic region. But pulling up the stairway wearily, suddenly turning, he looked back at me, with anguish unspeakable on his face.

“The moment had come as I knew it would, notwithstanding all our preparations; and stepping quickly to his side I said:

“‘And now Hermann: I will go home with you!’

“‘Home? where?’ he ejaculated.

“‘To Brookline!’ I said.

“‘You will?’ he cried with a joy as if all this time I had been urging something different; adding with large eyes looking out on the world as though he was awakened from some horrible dream: ‘Well then! We may as well get our tickets.’ And drawing my hand up into his arm he walked off triumphantly at a swinging gait to get them. And get them we did.

And returning to our hotel blithely and brightly, we settled ourselves, he to see about the ordering up of the trunks from Naples, and I to write letters to my sister telling her of the crisis and conditions, and that Hermann had now decided to take a run up through stopping-places by the way, arriving thence in London, and sailing from Liverpool on a Cunarder which would reach Boston near the sixth of May, and begging her to open my house and to have the Lawyer and others with two carriages, at the steamer to take us and baggage. That letter was sent. Then Hermann wanted me to write to the Vice-Rector of the American College who had made occasions so satisfactory; and also a letter of thanks to the Archbishop of Massachusetts who had done so much for us.

"When we had visited the American College as already sketched here and privilege had been asked for future entrance to the Vatican library that there I might have a chance to get its benefits, with quite a charming, but significant grace, this permission was very definitely conferred upon Dr. Holstein; leaving me—not rudely at all (but nevertheless leaving me) to understand that, as for a woman in the case, that was different."

I would here rather tell Mrs. Holstein's story for her, seeing that she does not like to tell it for herself. For in this, as in other cases, she at times overwhelmingly blamed herself for acts that were not over graceful: and which made her enemies: as in the case of her short answer to the man from Manchester on the Nile boat,—to whom, years later (when not under the terrific strain which Dr. Holstein's condition put upon her) she would, all-motherly have answered his question: "Mrs. Holstein, men in America would think nothing of what I did, would they?"—by simply saying "I will tell you frankly, I never saw a man's feet on a table before. And we all regretted that you saw fit to do it" instead of rebuffing him and his conduct with the retort: "Oh—they *may* have a ruffian or two in America," etc.

She knew herself for a repellent person; and not until she was much older, did she realize that her instinctive repulsion, with her "*ne me touchez pas*" instinct, was at times like that of the opposite pole of an electric light current; serviceable because repellent.

Now in this case she did not fully like it, that she had not had given to her (in case she had stayed in Rome to study) the same privilege of reading all those books which her husband would have had. It was the one *particular privilege* which she asked in all the world. So, thankful for all other good things, yet preparing for the coming of this particular privilege in the future, she wrote, on a pretty sheet of Eden Hotel paper on which there is a picture of Castel S. Angelo, the following letter:—

MARCH 27TH, 1894.

TO THE REV. FREDERICK Z. ROOKER,
VICE RECTOR OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE, ROME, ITALY.

Dear Sir:—Permit me to extend to you Dr. Holstein's and my thanks for your goodness in securing to us participation in the services at the Sistine Chapel on Easter morning: and also would say that though Dr. Holstein's condition of health loses us the opportunity of a longer stay and of study here in Rome, I yet thank you for that delight among the volumes of the Vatican Library which, I believe your *after* interposition, would have procured for me: and to say that though now like Catiline 'I go,' like him 'I shall return.' And if by that time I shall have so mastered Italian and ancient Latin as to be able to rapidly read the volumes I desire to obtain, concerning occult matters of Italian history; I then shall return, assured that the wisdom of the Vatican recognized 'Tools are for those who can use them.'

With your permission I will send you a copy of a book "Hieronusalem, a Vision of Peace"; which contemplates some high truths known to the Church; setting forth the *effect* which would be wrought in the American nation if these supernal truths were not only understood by all womanhood; but also if all womanhood were free to act *up* to their inherent knowledge of these things, concerning themselves and the children to whom they and their husbands would choose to give life.

With a hearty desire that the church of Rome in America will be there, only a blessing, I do myself the honor to say farewell to you in Dr. Holstein's behalf as well as my own.

I am sincerely,
(Signed)

Also with Dr. Holstein's participant knowledge the following letter was sent to the Archbishop of Massachusetts:—

ROME, April 1st, 1894

Dear Sir:—

Permit me to thank you simply and heartily for the pleasant and profitable experiences which came to me as a result of the letter of introduction to the Rector of the American Pontifical College here. The Rector, as I understand, was on a journey to the Holy Land; but the Vice-Rector acting instead, received us and procured reserved seats for the services

'Tenebra,' and also for the services of the Sistine Chapel where the Pope said mass before High Heaven and the comparatively small company in that small chapel.

The music at the services was heart-melting above everything Dr. Holstein or myself had ever heard. And for this benefit we thank you, dear Sir, primarily.

I ought not to intrude on your time to tell you other things perhaps; and yet I will say I am so much absorbed in the revelations of the world's spiritual struggle upwards, through this last six thousand years' conflict (vivid traces of which Rome presents to the observant soul) that I came near agreeing to stay here for perhaps a year's contemplative study of conditions. For Italy, yes Rome, seems to contain all that could be garnered up of the things possessed by 'Greater Rome' when in Cæsar's time 'Greater Rome' included Egypt and much more than Egypt; in that it was (because of its outstretch and interweaving of Druidical and other hierarchic and hermetic teachings of supreme spiritual truths) indeed the mistress of the world. And I see that though Egypt, from which we have recently returned, is in the hands which have pre-empted a claim on its externalities (because of the presence of the English army of occupation) yet in fact, the unutterable and (now being exhumed) mysteries of the holy worship of ancient Egypt, are things in the possession of the Spiritual Army invisible: which Wonder-truths, if but women were more fully educated and able to live them out and breathe them out through their very beings, would be transplanted not only to America but would be springing up as from the heart of the earth, skyward, wherever the freedom to worship God according to the dictates of one's conscience, was granted. That this universal condition, seen and unseen will be put forth in this oncoming era is my expectation. For with it, then will follow new forms of life, new forms of knowledge and new forms of beauty with which the conditions of the past will illy compare. For I see, in the past women may have had to retreat into nunneries in order to be their angel-like and natural selves. But I hold that *that* was an age far removed from the condition of reasonable-purity which will have dawned in America, when woman is recognized as Self-Sovereign, politically and spiritually; with the Christ alone above her. That such women, not a few, are in America (not all in the nunneries either) is to me more than possible. I believe such souls though they act in absolute freedom, yet are able to act, live, move and have their being, in absolute obedience to the Will of The Voice heard in the Silence; where purity supreme is sought.

We are to come home, Dr. Holstein and I, after taking a little run through Florence, Paris, Milan and a part of Switzerland. If Dr.'s plans carry, we will be at home early in May.

With renewed expression of my thanks to you in which Dr. Holstein joins, I am sincerely,

(Signed)

A word or so sketched from Mrs. Holstein's diary dated April 7th, 1894 states:—

"I heartily hope to get two or three days or a week in Lu-

cerne, Switzerland. I wish to go up the Rigi; for sure I am that if Hermann would stay up in those sleepy altitudes and slumber there, to his full, it would do him more good than do all his doctors. His headaches are decidedly better. I do not cross him in anything. Seldom speak to him except as he speaks to me; leave my letters where he can read them that he may keep the run of everything that is bright, which I have recorded in them.

“Our stay in Milan was full of interest. We walked about in a sort of a lounging, easy-going way,—looking at the very thrifty sort of shops there, which are filled with everything that a prosperous community of middle-class frugal, industrious people, not only want, but are able to have in abundance.

“*April 8th, Sunday.*—We are at Lucerne. We have had and are taking the divinest rides amid the region of the Swiss Alps. Carriage-rides which give us ample time to see everything, stop where we like, and stay as we choose. We have been to Lake Como, that charming place. At Lake Geneva in a cemetery there is an epitaph: I must write it down: ‘I have lived as you live. You must die as I am dead. It is the train of life. Good bye. Pass on. Go to your affairs.’

“We are at the Hotel Balances in Lucerne. While riding through the Alps, the views were so perfect that I felt I should never forget them.

“Hermann was benefited by the run on Lake Lucerne; and by the invigorating ride on the cog-wheel train; but though I had hoped much gain to him from spending a day or two up in that air, the poor fellow had hardly stepped from the cars before his watch was out; and with all the haste of a hard-driven-business man, with a succession of engagements to keep he said breathlessly, ‘How soon does this train go back?’ and hearing he then hastened to speedily swallow a slight repast served on one of the balconies; unable to stop as he thought, to take in the scenery there; much less to explore the region; much less still to stay and see the glories of the sunset; and yet much less, the glories of the sunrise; though a week there would have done for him what all the doctor’s medicine cannot do. Instead of that, after hastily swallowing a lunch, he waited and though he was so sleepy he could hardly

hold his head up rushed into the crowded car mid that terrible heat and reaching the depot down below, then, half fed as he felt himself to be, took the sail on the Lucerne, too tired to see anything and too uncomfortable as to the seats there to go to sleep. Reaching the hotel after all this excessive stress and strain and waste of opportunity he declared that he should now pack up and go on to Bâle.

"I told him that this time, it would be impossible for me to do it. And throwing myself on the lounge I went to sleep, regardless of what happened."

CHAPTER XVI.

"We are *poor* in that calmness of spirit which alone is the fit habitation of God."

"Faith must have grown to some extent before Desire can turn inward."

THE following quotations from the journal continue:

"*April.*—One of our last trips in Rome was given to exploring Palatine Hill, from whence we could look off to the site of the ruins of the palaces of the Cæsars and other historically-comprehensive and significant territories, as pointed out by the guide whom we that day took with us. He was an 'old Roman,' as he emphatically told us, separating himself, with all the pride which probably filled Paul when he said of himself 'But I was *born* free!' His knowledge of what he had to explain to us, filled his soul as he searchingly looked into our eyes to see if we really understood *who* it was that was doing for us the honors of the city. Moreover, he apparently wanted us to understand that his knowledge of whom he was, was only equalled by his bitterness against certain conditions.

"As we stood on the heights of Bellevue, at the left we looked out at the coliseum and pagan ruins: on the right, to the place of temples and games: on the third side, to the Via Appia and Catacombs: and on the fourth, to the Vatican and buildings. And the guide turning and dramatically sweeping the circumference with his arm, and then, blazing his soul's fire into Hermann's eyes and then, into mine, said comprehensively:

"There are four towns within Rome!' Then first pointing to the left he said:—

"One city is the pagan city whose ruins are there. One is the subterranean city of the catacombs: and one the city of the Vatican; and the fourth' (in a low tense tone) 'is the new Rome: the young Rome which dwells over there; and from it we will see what will come!'

"Then drawing his breath and beginning again he said:—

“Over there is pagan Rome; they enslaved men’s bodies and built coliseums and had games. And over there,’ pointing to the Vatican, ‘they enslave men’s minds; and out of Peter’s pence build Vaticans and all that; over *there*, where a thousand rooms have a front view of the city!’ This last explosion was so dramatic and so funnily concocted that, but for a sense of bitterness in the old man’s heart, it would have been amusing. Yet his longing statement of the climax, that the ‘Vatican’s front rooms had a full view of the city, affected us both as a little hint of how much he himself loved to look upon that wonder-filled place.”

Passing over the story of their journey on the way, as they crossed the channel, I will just say, they arrived all in good time, and settled themselves down in a substantial English hotel: which was so comfortably American, that it gave travellers a better idea of how close together are certain English and American common-place methods of life. For travellers, in jaunting about in warm climates, are cold so much of the time, that well-carpeted halls and diningrooms, with their glowing grate fires and with their respectable beef-steak, *instantly* arrived from the broiler and the other regular dishes had in our homes in America,—really do lay hold upon the most food-regardless-kind-of-mortals, as they cosey down in England, after their peripatetic life in the Orient and countries of the Mediterranean.

The first bit in the journal however, showed little tendency on the part of Hermann to settle down comfortably or to take what London had to give. It begins:—

“*April 18th.*—I took breakfast alone, being dressed to go out with Hermann who, for some reason, told me he would take his breakfast outside. He is frightfully nervous at hotel tables.

“He came in, and met me in the reading room; then we went to the Bank, and Gaze’s Ticket Office wher we got tickets through to America by steamer Pavonia; with an agreement, that a man, at Liverpool should meet us and attend to our baggage and see us to our hotel there, and afterwards thence to the steamer.

“We go to the Adelphi Hotel in Liverpool.

“Got back by two o’clock. Read aloud to Hermann from

Froude's Cæsar until half past seven. Then at his desire, I put on my jacket and went out to an English pastry-cook's to get supper at dinner time. On a bare marble table with no napkins I had a cup of (herb?) tea and two very thin slices of bread and butter. Hermann took the same, with two glasses of milk added and said he 'enjoyed it very much'!!! We then came home and I resumed the reading aloud of Cæsar, until eleven o'clock when Hermann went to sleep."

"The English morning papers we enjoy reading in the reading room. It plunges one into the midst of England as it is at the particular moment. Here's an article copied, showing the style &c.:

"Is it due to the reticence of etiquette, or the indifference of dignity that Sir Charles Russel has not thought it worth his while to notify his quondam constituency that, as far as he is concerned, South Hackney may now proceed to an election of a member in his stead?—The personal merit of Mr. Robertson and his wife, who have been doing a great deal of good in South Hackney during the last few years, has been much talked about. They were staunch supporters of Sir Charles, but have come to South Hackney to stay as local candidates. Mrs. Robertson who says, "strange as it may seem" she likes the place and people is a manager of the Board School; has classes of boys and girls and women, in her own house and says, "I do not ask, whatever happens to leave my work." All classes in the community agree in high praise of Mrs. Robertson for the real educational and philanthropic work in which she has been engaged, especially this winter.' Also the paper says: 'Sir James Fitz James Stephens was a great lawyer, but he made a very little will. The exact text of it is this: "This is my last will. I leave all of my property to my wife whom I appoint my sole executrix."'

"And at Queen's Hall, London, April 18th it was stated 'Wagner, the Bayreuth colossus, was served to a large audience under the leadership of Mr. Felix Mottl, who quickly showed the compelling character of his beat; convincing the spectator at his first bar, of his acquaintance with the score, and his determination to enforce *his* reading of it upon the players under his bâton.

"Of the works of Wagner,—the overtures to "Rienzi," "The

Flying Dutchman," "Tannhäuser," were followed by preludes to "Lohengrin," "Die Meistersinger"—while the second part included such well known excerpts as the prelude and "Liebestodt" from "Tristan und Isolde," and the concluding scene from "Die Walküre" (Valkyrie?) and the "Trauermarsch" from "Die Götterdämmerung," and finally the prelude to "Parsifal." I declare my heart beats like a kettle-drum as I look over that delectable set-forth of what they had at Queen's Hall London April 18th; and what we could have shared in, with only half an effort, and half the cost that our condition of-making-much-of-miseries puts upon us because of Hermann's unfortunate pre-natal conditions and life-long tendency to rack himself to pieces in trying to accomplish—only heaven knows what?"

"April.—Hermann slept all Saturday night until Sunday at ten o'clock in the morning. He has been in the reading-room this morning since, and is much improved. Hope I shall remember to hold to my study-business; and by the use of the English papers learn what English women are doing: as we all push toward the practicalizing of the highest ideal of *our National Constitution*. My one business while taking care of my husband is in this line. I must have it fixed in my mind that I will *depend* on nothing but what I can do and be."

"A paper says that the 'Coxeyites' (apparently men who can get no work) are on their march to Washington to demand that public works for the benefit of the nation shall be started everywhere to give them employment. It is coming to pass as I predicted in my novel in 1889 that the decade following on the nineties will be one of steadily increasing turmoil the world throughout. What we need above all things now in countries everywhere is internal peace, and intelligent woman's help.

"It is her business to give close attention to the terrible social problems. No, no! I say the *simple* and beautiful social problem which as one man has declared, is always and everywhere incident to one matter; and that is a comprehension of the so-called sex problem. I state it 'the dual *soul's human* problem.' We must set up (if statues we are needing) the statue of 'Demeter' the serene goddess of social order.

"Monday morning 4 o'clock.—I read aloud to Hermann almost all of yesterday while he was in the room. I finished Froude's sketch of Cæsar, and when he went out and wished to go alone I re-copied my paper on 'spiritual philosophy.' I did not go out at all, and did not eat enough. Meanwhile the strain continues almost unendurable."

It would be too heart-rending to record the agonies of mind which filled Mrs. Holstein while Hermann rushed from one prominent physician to another, telling each he could get no sleep: largely because the sleep potions which were given, secured to him, not refreshing slumber, but that maddening semi-unconsciousness which does *not* refresh; and in fact, which in times to come, will be pronounced disadvantageous to a patient. While getting these increasingly heavy sleep potions, he nevertheless much of the time went speeding on from place to place, though at times reeling under the deadening of the brain which these things seemed to include.

As a good nurse, his wife kept record of the hours which he did sleep, if 'sleep' that shall be called. While at the Adelphi hotel, Liverpool, he had from twelve to eighteen and nineteen hours some days, once coming to his senses exclaiming in horror at himself:—

"Evie, they are giving me chloral," and when she begged him to take no sleep potions at all but to exercise more and take the mental refreshment which they had come to the continent to enjoy, he yet preferred to go on in his way.

In these days once and again he turned on her as he had done since the parting with the house on the hill, with the outcry, "You do not want me to live! All you want is my money!"

But before leaving home she had thought to a conclusion the source and the consequences of these states of mind, and had simply settled herself whatever came, to do her best and get him safely home where all relatives and friends would be gathered about him, and her responsibility a little lightened.

The journal takes up again, reviewing the physicians' work.

"April 21.—When we were at Florence Dr. Baldwin (I believe is the name) directed Hermann to go to the physician Dr. James Taylor, 34 Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, London, as being a doctor for the nerves. Hermann has

been over there once or twice; and is taking that medicine and improving; though still he returns to the points which he presses renewedly on getting letters from his business place. One is, that he will never go into the Brookline house again; but that when he goes home, he will go direct to the Old Bellevue Hotel on Beacon street, and the next point is, relative to my deeding over to the business management, my little home.

"We are now at the Grosvenor Hotel, London. Hermann is in such a state that I don't know what he has on his mind; and so I have called to my aid the lady manager of the hotel to whom lady-guests apply in matters of serious concern. I have told her that Dr. Holstein is ill, and that our passage is gotten for the return on the Pavonia; and that I want patient and not nervous waiters to attend him at the table, and that good care will be well remembered. This had to be done; for at first entering the dining-room, when poor Hermann had been seated but a minute or two, he jumped up seizing his head and ejaculating the Great Name, said: '—! Am I *never* to have anything to eat?' in a tone that frightened the people, and needed such an explanation as was partly given to the head waiter, and afterwards to the lady manager as I have said. And then a day or so after that he came in from the Bank to which our letters are directed, trembling from head to foot, with a strange look of mingled love, devotion, horror, and then a *fury* to do what should be done—as pulling me to a seat, he panted forth in that whispering voice he sometimes has:—

"'Now you are to go away with me! The carriage will soon be up. I am going over to the Doctor's! Whatever he says to you, you are to speak not a word except "yes," in response to his propositions.'

"These methods are getting to be not new to me! I saw the bundle of letters in his hands; and comprehended the *possibilities* of the case; and before getting on my street clothes I again saw the Matron and again explained to her that we would soon be going home where all Hermann's friends would be about him: and that he would be helped out relative to all these matters. And I told her what he demanded of me, and that if I were not back within a time that I mentioned, a hotel equipage with a driver and footman should come out to Dr.

James Taylor's 34 Cavendish Square, with the understanding that it was not to return without us. It was agreed, being well understood that the hotel would be reimbursed for its care of the case."

A hansom drove up later and the Dr. and Mrs. Holstein got into it. Here follows from the journal:—

"The plan was as Hermann told me, he is to go into a hospital and I was to go out there and be near him. It is called a nervine hospital. That is one name for an insane asylum. I was sure that *not* with my acquiescence should he be left there. We were received by a pleasant doctor, I, all the time under the restriction of not being allowed to speak at all until it was supposed I should answer 'yes' to some proposition. When the physician began talking with me about it, I let him go on laying out his plan, listening. My poor husband sat huddled together, with his head bent as in dread and his face almost covered by his hands; though on greeting the Doctor in coming in, he had had all the conditions of a debonair, courteous, kindly and pitiful husband, as he introduced me. No sign of sickness was then upon him. Then said the physician, evidently seeing my look of non-acquiescence:—'Why? Are you opposed to having your husband placed here?' Getting for answer, 'I am opposed! It shall not be done!' Then up came Hermann's head. He looked at me radiantly as he had done at that crisis on the Roman Scala when I had told him, '*Now* we will go home.' The physician, surprised at it all, questioning me keenly, heard, while I explained that we had a large, four windowed room in the Grosvenor, with an open grate coal fireplace with a large double-bed and all dressing arrangements for the Doctor, and a little single couch and dressing case at the other corner for me. And that the Doctor was sleeping *too* much, seeing it was under chloral; and had perfect quiet, and that I read to him all the time he wanted, and stopped when he had enough, though it included hours: and further, that this illness was no new thing. For that he had a history of strained nerves back from boyhood up; and that we had now taken our passage on the Pavonia, and that a sea-voyage always did great things for him. But said the physician, 'You could go in to the hospital too and nurse him if you wished to.' 'I wish for nothing' I said 'but to have

your good medicine and the comforts Dr. is enjoying in *Freedom* at the hotel, while the time draws near for taking our voyage. He has a good constitution in his favor, and there is nothing in the known condition of things to hinder his having a long life. Then said the physician:—‘Well, if there’s any good reason for his not going in there? If he’s *sleeping* well? But I had not in the least known you were *opposed* to this.’ ‘I am,’ I said. And Dr. Holstein, standing on his feet, chest thrown out, strong and gracious, began speaking like a man from whom all trouble had passed as he pleasantly bade the Doctor good-bye and took me to the hansom.

“*April 29th, aboard the Pavonia.*—The passenger list shows a small company of very companionable people. There is young Dr. Howard A. Lothrop for one, an acquaintance of sister Polien Caproni’s family. He tells us that he would like to take up Hermann’s case, and if he is travelling much, travel with him. Then the other passengers are pretty well known in Boston region. One party consists of Dr. J. B. Brewster, his wife, son and daughter, of Plymouth, Massachusetts.

“On the vessel Hermann’s repugnance and strange treatment returned to him again, giving him the air as if I had thwarted him. As I became better acquainted with Dr. Brewster, who was our *vis-à-vis* at the table I told him about the matter; and asked him to talk with Hermann, and see if he could discover what his condition was; and whether I did very right in preventing him from taking such a step as that, under such strange conditions in a foreign land, when the ocean trip so good for him, was already arranged for.

“One day after that, when I entered the salon I found Dr. Brewster and Hermann had been for a long while talking, seated at the empty dining table, and I there seated myself, and told, in the presence of Hermann and the physician, the facts already related, adding ‘Do you think I did wrong to prevent that?’ Then said Dr. Brewster, ‘Wrong? I think Mrs. Holstein you deserve the Doctor’s eternal gratitude for preventing it! I have talked to him on various subjects: he has been talking with me two hours here, and I see nothing to prove that anything is the matter with his mind. How long has he had these headaches?’

“Then I told him as well as I could, and that he was a great

smoker and that he had had in travelling the most prominent and renowned physicians mentioning them.

"Then said Dr. Brewster 'He tells me the trouble is that all the time he is trying not to think, and he wants to get away where he will stop thinking. But I tell him, thinking will not hurt him.' Then turning to Hermann he said:—'Just think; but take it naturally and quietly. You use more strength running about trying *not* to think than it would take to think all matters to a conclusion.' And never were wiser words said. For if at that time Hermann could have told me, his wife, all that bothered him as we sat in the cool sea air day after day it all could have been thought to a conclusion, and would have left him a long life of honor and service.

"As the Rev. Elliot and others spoke with me about the case and as I mentioned the matter of the requisition made for the deeding away of a small and simple bit of property they, with a good comprehension of his illness, said 'In that you did perfectly right.'"

Then come pages of the journal with reports of occurrences with bright people; but with a steady return of Mrs. Holstein's mind to his enterrorized complications; for nothing else could they be called.

Then comes in the journal written on the evening of the 27th, Friday, this:—"When today I found Hermann had either left a trunk of mine at Paris or that the trunk which we found among the baggage with the lock broken and half empty—had been dispossessed of all my good gowns; my black silk grenadine and pearl-colored crêpe and my new Egyptian silk dress and white Egyptian gown and some other things,—and when I wanted him to give me the keys that I might look my trunks over he said:—'You are talking about unpleasant things.' And at once burst into a rage; though I said, 'Hermann, these are practically all the gowns I have and you know what that means now' and he, understanding very well that he *knew* what an empty trunk would have meant at a time when under certain circumstances I should have been left with practically no dresses looked at me, with a suppressed snarl, and dashed away; leaving me to ponder on the fact that it was to a man in *this* condition utterly incompetent to take care of his health, himself or his conduct that I was ex-

pected to deed over the last fragment of property which I have; and stripped of everything (again at this fifteenth crisis in my life) stand homeless, penniless and the mere receptacle of all the horrors, which such madness has precipitated on my name; and would have precipitated on my *being*, if God and my good sense had not protected me against it."

In her journal on Ascension day, is recorded this quotation from the Bhagavad Gita: I suppose entered in her attempt to stanchion herself through and through, for her work, live or die. It begins:—

"If slain thou shalt obtain heaven. If victorious thou shalt enjoy earth. Therefore arise Kunti's son with resolve on battle. Having made pleasure and pain equal, as also gain and loss, victory and defeat, then engage in fight. Thus thou shalt not incur sin. Thy right is only to action. Let thy right be never to result. Nor mayst thou be the cause of the result of action in others. Firmly seated in Yoga, perform action, abandoning attachment. Oh—Darnanyaga, conqueror of wealth, be equal minded toward success or ill success."

The steamer came into Boston Harbor on May 6th, and there stood her friends and a business friend, ready to look after the baggage and custom house matters so that in short order the carriages were rolling out to Brookline midst the new spring-forth-burstings, which pictured so much of hope and gladness on this home-coming.

With one of his sudden awakenings to true facts of life Hermann was delighted to be in his home. Greeted and taken up into the cheer and faith and love and health which at once seemed to surround him.

A great lift had come to him on getting into his home, as portrayed in an incident that was repeated to Mrs. Holstein ten years afterwards, by a friend who on their return had early greeted him. Said this lady, "How strange all that was, Mrs. Holstein! You know he said to me 'Just think of it Mrs. Grand! When I was in London, they would have locked me up in an insane asylum, if my wife had not stopped them!'" showing Mrs. Holstein conclusively *what* complications had existed, and how utterly misrepresenting and disastrous the case would have been, had she permitted what Hermann then had desired and ordered.

No novel, however wild fancy might run in the telling of it, could equal the complications of this history, as chiefly reported from letters and journals they are.

Hermann's improvement was evident; and in great brightness he again began trips, taken with Mrs. Holstein and, at times, with the brother, as seen in long letters which later came down from fishing places where they were together. But near the date of June 12th matters were becoming very perturbed again. And one day after having left Hermann who claimed to have special business on hand, on returning home she wrote:

JUNE 12TH, 1894.

My dear Husband:—

I am satisfied! I am glad I came in to see you yesterday at that time. I understand all, after my sleep, and *during* my sleep, in the stillness here. I hope you will have a good journey if it is your intention to start away at once; and quiet in the home-coming if that is instead your purpose. I am content in the excellent progress in *soul*-development which is being carried forward in both of us, by each other, God and ourselves.

I am your soul's wife.

(Signed)

It was clear to her mind that a step was being taken which would remain, as a more or less substantial point of departure in the advance of matters related to the next decade. For her life, since marriage had been as if in chapters paged off decade by decade.

About a month later, letters were coming down from Roach River Maine, the first one dated July 5th, 1894.

ROACH RIVER, July 5th, 1894.

Dear Wife:—

Yours of the 1st and 2nd reached me here tonight. You may be interested to know that my room is at the left of the cottages pictured above: a ground floor front room occupying one half of the whole ground floor. For twelve years this room has every summer been occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Hayden. Mrs. Hayden is something of an artist and has painted on the walls which are of wood, life-sized representations of various fish and birds that they have taken here.

The room has a large fireplace in which a fire of logs is now burning. The temperature is singularly variable. Yesterday the thermometer reached eighty-five in the shade; today we need fires. I think I have slept at least seven consecutive hours every night here, and an average of six

or seven hours additional every day. Besides this, much of my time is spent on my back on the sofa.

Have been fishing only once, and then started back to the hotel before I reached the fishing ground. I can't understand it, but I am so wearied just sitting in the canoe, that I thought it imprudent to go any further, and ordered the canoe back; trolling by the way I caught one trout. I am having absolute rest; except that one attempt I have not been a hundred feet from the house since I came.

Your letters give me great pleasure. I should be disturbed if I did not hear from you very often, but I wish not to be expected to do much writing. This is the first letter I have written since I left home, and only one card besides those I send to you. Can one hibernate in the summer? That's what I am trying to do, and tonight it is cold enough to justify it. There are three enemies to comfort here: black flies, mosquitoes and midges and the least of these in size and the greatest in cussedness is the midge. So small as the head of a pin, they noiselessly alight on one, bite and are gone. The first warning is an itch and then for twenty-four hours steadily a lump grows to the size of the end of your finger, and the itch grows in proportion to the size of the lump. I have eight on the back of my neck, and one on the left temple, and three on the top of my head. Pray for me if you think your prayers would mitigate the itch and tendency to say bad words. I hope you will continue comfortable. I have less sense of the wickedness of my being off here alone because I know you would not enjoy it. There is not a private house nearer than Greenville, nineteen miles away.

(Signed)

Then came other letters of much the same sort written in a straggling hand, and jocose entertaining character, exactly like his old self. One, so long and pleasant that Mrs. Holstein felt that the trip had done him great good. Meanwhile the tremendous amount of business that seemed pressing on him, left her unreleased from the alarms mid which she had struggled on. In all that he touched now in his study, of papers and work, instead of the sign of absolute order and accuracy which always had marked him, there was too different a quality. She writes concerning this, wishing he would come home where there were none of the distresses of which he spoke, nor the lack of proper food of which he complained; but comfortable and capacious beds and care, and a rubber for his bathing and all that man could need. Once in writing, she says—"The sight of your desk with the papers all tossed up so, and such a stripping away of ordinary signs of composure and at-homedness fills me with dismay. It looks alarming; as if you had an unuttered, perhaps an unrecognized thought

of being long away. Is this not now near the end of your absence? I love you with a love which adds a fear, when you tell me that you are too sick even to go fishing, but lie so much of the time motionless on your sofa. Come home and be taken care of. Why stay there in that dreadful isolation? Come and be with the friends, who love you so well, and always bring you joy and gladness."

In replying to the letters sent, expressing alarm at the looks of his desk he wrote:—

I am sorry you allow your causeless imaginations to give you shocks. That I left things in disorder should remind you I was too weak to put them in order or pack my trunk. However if I can *push through* I shall be home soon. I am very weak, but when you see me you will see no evidence that I am a sick man. I never looked better.

Yours,

(Signed)

This letter of course was a complicated affair, for it was the very exhibit of the weakness of mind rather than body which had made him to leave things in a state that had given rise to what he called "causeless imagination." For they showed his condition. Yet he had been right in saying he 'looked well.' As far as surface conditions were concerned, there was nothing to show on his return, his nerve-strained state. And why should there be? He had everything as he liked it, apparently; liberty to come and go when and where he chose. He also had been longing for money; and now he had that. But perhaps he was finding out that it was a very common-place affair; which in no way singled him out especially as an object of worship, except to those, whose new enthusiasms he tended (with or without reason) to suspect.

She could only see that he had not gotten rid of his restless misery-making-methods. She herself was so inherently happy that she wished he could be content with what he had or even much less: as he *could* be, were but 'the little or the much,' embellished with that 'contented mind which is a continual feast.'

One day midst her happiness and occupation, he burst out at her in an uncomfortable manner: and she, looking at him as a mother might, ejaculated:

"Oh—Hermann! Do tell me once and for all what you

feel so nettled about? Am I not good?" To which he replied fiercely:—

"You're *good* enough!" as if any idiot could be that: adding with sudden fury:—"I would rather you would be a liar and everything else, than *as* you are." And that use of the word "*as*," gave her to see how much he needed to gain a refined, easily-happy feminine sort of a being such as hers in its quietude and its lack of *cravings*, had long, long before, become. His condition made her very miserable. She told herself he was probably born uncomfortable; and now must be really 'born again'! And that possibly that, was a piece of future business left for his consideration. But fortunately about this time they received notice and invitation to a pleasant affair that was to take place at Greenacre, Eliot, Maine. An affair which partly included something in the way of a summer school: and something in the way of a summer resort. For persons were assembling there to take up the study of the science of man-building, as opened up by Buddhism, including as it did an attempt to get a defined hold on the soul's possibilities.

Mrs. Holstein was attracted toward this; for she had long felt with Hermann, that attention given to the *spiritual* mechanism of man, would come well into play as an offset to the amount of attention given to the *mechanism* of things now made by man, for service in facilitating our outward daily life.

There was to be quite a remarkable company gathered at Greenacre during August of that year. They were to there hear and give lectures and discuss them. It was a long drive; but Hermann felt very ready to go, as one of the opening papers was to be given by his wife, on request.

His mind however was too weary for identification with the work. So he escaped from the discussions, and instead, sat in quiet nooks, sometimes by the lake, not to be disturbed by the merriment and clatter of the voices of the very animated company, while he thought over his business.

He was used to rather more abundant and easy hotel life; and though Mrs. Ole Bull, one of the inspiriting geniuses of the occasion, had cordially offered them her fine tent near the lake, the stress and distress of mind, which the poor man was undergoing,—made it impossible for them to remain there more than a day or two, very much to Mrs. Holstein's regret.

But adapting herself to circumstances, she presented her lecture as well as she could; feeling that all was well lost if but the best conditions could be secured to Hermann.

The topic which had been given her was: 'Rest, through higher development';—and with all her soul, she wished some words which she could give in the unfoldment of the matter, would be of service to Hermann.

A report of the matter is as follows.

The meetings at Greenacre Inn, Eliot, Maine were successful beyond anticipation.

As has been truly said, this harmonious summer resort adds to its rural attractions and comforts, lectures and classes on topics, energizing the mental and moral nature.

The motto of the place is, "Rest through higher Development": and Mrs. —'s paper read upon August 7th on that theme, was fundamental to the problem, how to utilize the forces of the truned being; which forces misused, caused unrest, physical disaster and madness. She said as follows:

Friends all; I have been asked to speak to you on "Rest through higher development." Until lately this motto would have seemed to be synonymous with the statement 'There is rest on the heights and there is room there':—and the fact would have been illustrated by a picturing of alpine heights where, billowing about on every side, yet higher mounts appearing, would have been used to figure the heights successively to be attained by him who climbs while others sleep.

But today the Alps do not picture such isolation. So to find a figure, of certain orders of mental and moral isolation on supernal planes of development, we may have to look elsewhere!

For today not alone possessors of unshunnable persistence, but persons with no vigor or skill in mountaineering, are carried in easy indolence to mountain heights by the electric current of the age. A current not utilized until certain students of it dared to tamper with it at the risk of self-destruction: with the result that they learned how to so mechanically attract, capture and imprison a moiety of electricity as to make it mechanically secure to them rapid transit and the establishment of intercommunication with all parts of the world, thus rendering the whole world, neighbors. Results and methods which figure forth, our now rather commonly-advancing-study concerning the right use of a current more rare than is this current electrical, which, introduced into mechanical contrivances, is but its spiritized prototype.

"When does this train go down the Rhigi?"—a traveller impatiently asked, stepping from an over-loaded mountain-climbing car, and shielding his eyes from the blaze of light so suddenly precipitated on them.

"In an hour and a half," said the motor-man.

"I'll take it," was the hurrying answer of him who had come up the Rhigi to find rest; and who had, instead, found merry enthusiasm, gay

lunches and a hastening to and fro among people who were seeking to gather material for future bright letters home, or material for newspaper communications, piquant enough, perhaps to be of money value, in an over-crowded literary market.

On that height there was not rest; but chiefly haste, lest there should be waste of time, and so waste of money, where hotel expenses wait for no man.

This haste was accordant with the spirit of this age, and pictured well the composite results attained by speed in travel and speed in an attempt at photographing on mind not only snap-kodak-scenes-in-nature, but attempts to photograph on memories *words* about philosophies whether or not the philosophies themselves had laid hold on the Beings of the repeaters of the words. This haste is a composite outward-sign of the inward state of some spiritual climbers in this age: where people are being swept along by internal forces, as merciless and mighty, as once electricity seemed to be, when we knew nothing of it except as it flamed and thundered in the clouds above us or rent the earth beneath our feet. It is an age when people who are but half alert to this inner power, are by it carried, they know not whither, hurried to heights of spiritual ecstasy and then plunged into depths of gloom: catching but bedazing glimpses of this and that, as they whirl through transition states;—till where they have been or what they have done or what has been done around them, is unreported to them by their frenzied faculties. For these sufferers see more than they can utilize! But courage my comrades! Let's be patient with ourselves; assured that not only we individually, but the race at large, are on the way to (will you believe it?) on the way to have rest through higher development. For only thus, can rest be obtained.

So now having faced the fact that the air is burdened with a mental chaos thrown off by the mass of misdirected force mid this general hastening up and down the world to get away from this deluge of 'thinking,' we will next see that still there is no cause for discouragement. For it is but requisite that bewildered souls shall be patient with themselves; remembering that in old times Spiritual sufferers (who afterwards attained to that hypostatic union with Creative Action) at first had to endure toils and terrors, fearing lest they should show themselves to be but 'fools of their own ideals,' rather than ministers of that peace which evolves deific force and utilizes it for the good of others.

Even though at first perplexed and bewildered by the greatness of the way, the bewildered ones will become victors if but each will hold to the utilization of the scientific facts of the case with which his own chosen pursuit or object of attainment has distinctly to do. This fact is illustrated by an incident recorded in Mrs. Agassiz's "Life and Correspondence of Louis Agassiz."

Briefly stated this young naturalist had been working long and hard, trying to decipher an obscure impression of a fossil fish on a slab in the Jardin des Plantes, that he might classify it. Tired with his unsuccessful attempts, he dismissed the matter and went to sleep. But suddenly he awoke in the night; sure he had seen in his dreams that fish, with all its parts restored, and in its natural state as when alive ages ago. On wak-

ing he tried to grasp the dream image, but in vain. Nevertheless he went in the morning to the garden hoping the sight of the impression of the fossil on the slab would help him. In vain. All was as blurred as ever. The next night in his dreams he again saw the fish; but on awaking, the particulars of its zoölogical character had disappeared. The following night he took a pencil and paper to his bed; and before morning the fish appeared at first confusedly as in his dream, and then with such distinctness that he was sure of its class and character. Half-dreaming in the half darkness he copied out as well as he could what he saw: and in the morning, was surprised to find the picture of his fish had features which he did not believe the fossil had. Still he took his drawing to the Jardin, and under its guidance cut away part of the surface of the slab, and found that the hidden fish corresponded with the sketch he had made of the dream fish, between sleeping and waking.

Now I claim that such help as this may legitimately be looked for by those who are in that state of *wistful expectancy* which is incident to that higher development which makes us at one mind with universal Wisdom! And mark you:—that oneness-with-Universal-Wisdom comes but at that blanking and quieting of mind, which renders the mind a reflector or mirror of the facts of the case as known to Higher Intelligence. A self-harmonized, receptive power is this; the attainment of which comes but through patient, discriminating attention to the leadings of inward light and the outward providence, of 'Providence.'

Near the end of the first volume in which Mrs. Agassiz records her husband's toils in the realm of natural science, there appear letters from Humboldt, in which he expostulates with Agassiz concerning his unparalleled labor and research, dear to them both. It seemed, he was endangering his life. Especially Humboldt was perplexed at the activity of his brain sleeping and waking; and said:—"You seem to be trying to resolve nebulae into stars!" adding, in an outburst of admiration at the new order of thought and results achieved, "I'm inclined to praise the Hyperboreans who have helped you."

Now the Hyperboreans (as those who understand the esoteric sense of the classics know) were the Imaginary (?) people 'over, beyond or above the winds,' or as some interpret it, dwellers in that *rest* above storm-currents where peace is established, and whence *Wisdom* is disclosed to those who seek it. Some one tells us 'Hyperboreans are a parabola of unseen helpers' in the body or out by whatever name we call them, of whom a quaint writer has said—"They are our brethren, and pieces with the same imagery as ourselves." And they are helpers of those who by persistent unsubduable patience and composed, candid openness and restfulness of mind, overcome at last *all* dragons in life's path. For 'dragons' are in every path (whether that trod by Agassiz or that trodden by students of the force-of-the-electrical-current, or by students of the force of the current *more evasive* because unmanageable by mechanism such as Edison gave us, when he presented to the age the electric dynamo. A dynamo, which is nothing less than a prototype of that invisible, spiritual dynamo within every God-in-breathed-human-mechanism, which utilizes that other current, known as the Eternal Power of the God-head. A Power which, I tell you my friends, did we

but know it and the law of it even as well as electricians now think they know the law of the electric current would bring the kingdom of heaven to earth, lightening us and relieving us of all want or woe, darkness, unrest or any such thing. For as the electric current of the universe (even before we tried to attract, cage and utilize it) always existed in perfect abundance above and around us, so has this other power always existed above, in and around us. Then how did it come to pass that keen-minded, sublime old-fashioned christians used to talk about 'developing spiritual power'? It came about, the same as did the electricians' talk concerning the developers and the developing of the electric power: and in both cases, it was in a sub-conscious recognition that power was not created by human agency, but could be concentrated or realized (that is made real for practical purposes) by right methods of dealing with it.

Let us refer to the Dictionary relative to the meaning of development, or develop. It shows us, that last word coming from 'de' and 'volupe' (which is 'delightful,' 'agreeable') means 'to free from an envelope, to unfold gradually as a flower from a bud'; 'to bring to a succession of stages, each of which is preparatory to the next.'

This, with what seems to be incredible swiftness, the electric dynamo does, as it attracts and captures for utilization, just a moiety of that current, needed for the mechanical and other purposes of this great age.

Exactly thus also does the spiritual dynamo attract to brain and being of humanity the universal, spiritualizingly-electric-creative action of the Universe:—yes: the Universe!

None but he who feels it, knows the delight which comes to artist, inventor, philosopher and idealist as each and all work away to 'free from envelope' and 'bring through successive stages, each preparatory to the next,' the *ideal*; the touch of whose pungent-potency so bewitchingly haunts the whole being.

But you may ask, if there is such rest in development, how comes it, that mechanical inventors and seekers after the God-power within themselves, so often go mad? I venture to answer, not development but arrest of development, general and particular, public and private through the *arrest* of the *use* of capacity is what sends people into unmanageable conditions. For this arrest and unuse, produces congestion; which congestion is often induced by that 'conspiracy of silence' which the dominance of dictators, tends to cultivate relative to the mighty forces of all pervasive Life, on whatever plane those forces are played forth.

It seems almost forgotten, that the Life within us (though it includes a dynamitization of nerve-force) does not include any more than can be and should be utilized, in achieving some health-perfecting exercise of mind and body. Though we must face the fact that this dynamitization does sometimes include the output of a kind of Superordinary *Sanity* whose works and ways are better known to 'Hyperboreans' than to certain law-makers, physicians and clericals, whose lack of such conserved force, renders them inadequate to the task of making laws relative to the management of a wealth-of-force of which some of them, having ignorantly robbed themselves, know not its characteristics or utilities.

Do you ask me to tell you distinctly what is this wealth? It is a wealth of dynamitized nerve-energy; which will be the property of humanity,

yes, the *commonwealth of this nation*, when a knowledge of how to conserve and use the potency of this spiritually electrified epoch shall have arrived.

If you care for what I say, please remember that last fact. For it is that *wealth* which is to be developed: that is, simply is to be freed from immature infoldment, and brought through 'successive stages, each of which is preparatory to the next.'

This dynamitized force has been worshipped in one age, and heaped over with abuse in another, as some stand crying out concerning it 'God'!—and some, 'Devil'!—while others use for it a name as inadequate as was a name that a motor man used when he dubbed as 'motor-juice' that moiety of the universal electric current, his only acquaintance with which was that derived from its serviceableness as a car-propelling force. 'Motor-juice?' you say, 'not a bad name for that portion of the current used to propel cars.' Well then, the other name is as good for the portion of that creative-power which yet is known to some persons chiefly under the term 'sex-instinct'! A name which fetters the mind of those who use it, giving them a very false estimation of themselves, and of the highest use of that brain-substance which is 'committed to them for safe keeping.'

Millions of people know not what they are, therefore know not what they *do* when they misuse a power which will cease to (devil-like) rend and tear them, when its potency is at rest on the cool heights within brain and being, because of its successful, pacific natural forth-flowering into mental and moral uses, first on the physical, then on the psychical and then on a pneumatological plane of that self-invigorating unification with 'a self that is not the self, but is greater than the self.' A self to whom Jesus introduced us under the christianly stated presentment as 'the Comforter' who is sent to lead us into all truth. This Creative Power which is a self greater than the self, is that of which the profound parable speaks as it tells us The Father 'divided his substance out to his sons'—which shows us we are not worms of the dust, but, in our inmost and utmost, are part with *God's substance*, and therefore are *Spirit*. Therefore it is this *Spirit* which does the body make, and of God its substance take.

This recognition of our identity with Deity of course brings us a Rest imperturbable. Of this Rest even the Bhagavad Gita says "Rest in *knowledge* is firmly established in him whose senses and organs are in every respect regulated according to their objects. For then, as the waters enter a sea fixed and changeless, though ever filled, whom thus all desires enter, attains peace. Who ever has his senses and organs under control, is established in *Rest*: not he, who cravings, crave."

Thus ended that attempt to show the power and peace of that rest which, coming through involuntary higher development, is rest on the wing in the upper air! A rest which does not disrelate one from the conditions of Him who said, with a joy-burst unparalleled to the ear of Mrs. Holstein—"My Father *worketh* hitherto, and I *work!*" For work those do who

are at one with the will of that *Wisdom* which "working in and through them to will and to do its good pleasure" 'cries aloud in the street' and 'lifts up her voice,' in helpful praise of the distinguishing grace which 'discriminates differences' and 'setteth the solitary in families.'

Thus matters stood, that month of Ulul in the year '94 when relative to that paper a grand spirit (a prime energizer of educational entertainments given years afterwards at her own home on Brattle Street, Cambridge) wrote to Mrs. Holstein as follows:—

I am much impressed by your paper: and to the extent of my capacity feel the essential importance and sacredness of the central idea you gave. I should be glad to know you; and if my personal experiences can be of help to you in any way it will give me satisfaction. My own life has been very practical in the use of what has been given to me; for which I am grateful in that I have been compelled to make it do.

With the kindest regard to the Doctor and yourself, and renewed thanks,

Sincerely yours,
(Signed)

It was while matters were progressing apparently blithely to all concerned, and while Hermann and his brother were away together, fashioning their affairs, that Mrs. Holstein, coming home one day, found Hermann paralyzed, had been brought down from the Maine woods by a young forester and the brother, and that a physician, young Dr. Chase, a neighbor and churchman, had been called in to attend the case.

As she entered her house the brother met her, ready to offer condolences; saying in extenuation, that Hermann had done 'ten men's work'; and she, righteously indignant at this horrible pressure of business on him in his critical state, exclaimed:—

"I do not ask your condolences! I *do* ask, what you do with my husband when, after I move heaven and earth to get him well, such conditions as these come on him when he goes with you to the woods?"—and turning from him, she hastened to the chamber where poor Hermann was pillowed with his chin pressing into his gullet as he lay panting for breath, like enough to a dying man. But not so did she believe him to be; and with a quiet word:—"What's this Hermann? Let me fix your pillow,"—she raised him with a power

supplied; saying with no affectation of faith:—"It is *really* nothing dear! You'll be on your feet in the morning!"—meeting the keen look which showed her, there was in his eyes no unusual, mental derangement, but rather a look of glad surprise and assurance at her coming and at her words. But her certainty as to this particular stage in events, made her appear very unlike a wife anticipating the immediate disaster, which the physician had decided was pending. And with the necessity to repel the mental loading down of the atmosphere with this expectancy of death, she probably astonished them by her keen way of taking the physician's directions, and her probable exhibition of the fact, that there was no necessity for much further aid, just then. So Haswell, the forester, and soon the physician went away, feeling that she held this to be—truly a marked stage in events,—but not a case of at all the-fatal-and-melancholy-despair-filled-kind, which it seemed was by them supposed to be.

Next morning after Hermann's good night's rest, as Mrs. Holstein returned to the room, she found him on his feet, dressing himself, with this peculiarity. Every garment was put on 'hind-side before'; even to the adjustment of his suspenders. At his recognition of it all, a grieved child's cry of perplexity sounded forth: but seeing the plight, his wife comprehended it, as being caused by the confusion of his brain, and said: "I'll fix it. This is better,"—quietly getting things 'right-side foremost': while he looked on in big-eyed piteousness, wondering what the difference was: but, meanwhile, in great haste to get into his study; where, opening his baggage and not finding what he wanted in that bag, he cried out, in a strange, inarticulate way for other bags; and when he was told no others had come as yet, he, with a sigh full of heart-breaking complexity, halted,—looking into the air as if gathering up matters forgotten. And then sinking into his study chair, he nodding his head, affirmatively with a "Well! Well! Well!"—fell into a low-voiced monologue, as if continuing a private conversation argumentatively with someone, sitting thus for minutes, murmuring on in a low persuasive conciliatory tone of voice.

The wife, stilling her heart and inclining her brain most studiously,—listened;—till presently, taking his hand she said

as if it were to her he had been talking,—“This will be all fixed just right Hermann! And now, we will have breakfast”:—for she had ordered it brought to the study: and there with him, she seated herself at the big desk, while he, with a pathetic acquiescence as of a man half in a dream, automatically went on, till presently the taste of good home food, and his usual methods, seemed to rest and comfort him; and he ate more like a man who knew what he was doing.

After breakfast he moved about, looking the house over from room to room. It was at a time when the window screens were being removed, preparatory to putting on the double windows for the winter. And he showed his orderly recognition and interest in things as, looking into one room where the work was not finished he said, in a friendly, pleasant voice: “There are two railroads on this card,”—meaning that there still remained two screens in that room: thus giving her to see, with other things, that the trouble was in some way connected with the wrong action of the brain relative to command of thought as sent forth in speech. But the weird thing about it was, that he repeatedly relapsed into a ventriloquized-sounding-utterance, and into a language which seemed to be really language and musical,—but not English. She was glad when Dr. Conrad Wesselhoeft came, in response to a telephone call. He had been Dr. Holstein’s regular physician, and she told him of these peculiarities, and he, to test Hermann’s condition, tried to get him to speak certain words. Then occurred a most pathetic disclosure; for looking steadfastly at the physician, he would appear as if the word asked for, was uttered; and then distinctly out of the silence, would ejaculate:—“Well?” The case being, that he supposed he had uttered the word he was told to; and having waited long enough after the utterance (as he supposed) he wanted to know what the Doctor would like next. But with his best endeavor, the physician could by no possibility get from him any word in answer to any voluntary effort that he could get him to make.

So turning to Mrs. Holstein he said: “This is ataxic aphasia, or a form of palsy, of the organs of the brain which affects speech. So that, as a little blood-vessel has burst there, the circulation is so arrested that he cannot make mental connec-

tion between the word demanded and the thought he wishes to express."

Mrs. Holstein, instead of trying to screen this fact from Hermann, told him about it; so that he might understand that he was not crazy, but that just now, he did not speak the words he meant to, but that she could understand him sometimes: and that all would soon go well. She had to do this so he would not frighten himself: and also, that he would not incline to blame people for talking in what seemed to him to be an idiotic manner. Especially, as he often after that went to the business office, and was in danger of getting very vexed and so impatient as to disastrously misrepresent himself. But even when she told him, he could hardly believe it was the case. So the only English word that came to his aid was, the not pretty ejaculation: "Fool, Fool!" He felt that *others* were the bad talkers. But one day he got a better idea of it. For they had driven down to Dr. Wesselhoeft's, and as Hermann had rung the bell, when the pretty pink-cheeked German-maid had appeared, he said, with his most debonaire grace:—

"Is the devil at home?"—under which the little maid sprang back in an alarm, only equalled by Hermann's perplexity as, catching some echo of a word in that sentence, which seemed not quite the thing, he with a challenging rebuke looked into Mrs. Holstein's eyes; as she, in an instant, substituting a better word said, "Is the *Doctor* at home?"—which interpretation even then seemed to the poor gentleman, like an uncalled for intrusion on her part.

The physician was at home: and the matter was talked over. But he, as well as others, could not comprehend Mrs. Holstein's cool, unalarmed way of dealing with this disaster;—not at all understanding that she saw all this as but a step toward a crisis-long-pending; but which even now had not fully arrived, and from which, when it had, she would deliver him. Not that she thought that she knew everything and the Lord only knew the rest (as was sometimes ascribed to her); but, she thought that as the Lord knew everything, she—if she but held her mind recipient of what He could pour thence from His mind into hers—at least, obediently could learn enough to do what was to be done. And on this basis of action she proceeded to the end.

So one day after Hermann had been too much at the business place and was making himself alarming to old friends, in that, while he could not properly converse with them, he yet often felt that it was they, not he who was to blame about it, the brother came to talk it over, and to tell Mrs. Holstein distinctly that Hermann must be put into a retreat; and that, as his wife, it was for her to sign the papers. She then told him (and they were talking in a very low voice at a remote side of the parlor) that she never would do it; and that it never should be done as long as she could prevent it. Then, as if carrying out what he had decided must be done, he arose and walking to the open stair-case which wound up through the centre of the hall-room, with one foot on the stair he, holding onto the balustrade, well under the opening, tossing back his head said in a loud and pleading tone,

“Evie, no one but *you* can or will put him into an insane asylum.” And having accomplished that much, he took his departure. A pitiful whispering cry came down over the balustrade. She went up stairs to her husband. He drew her into his room, and putting his arm about her, seated her on the bed by him, making her understand that he wanted to sail to Jamaica, and wanted her to go with him.

During this time the stress had been so extreme that in constantly running over the stairs, Mrs. Holstein had sprained her ankle; so that every motion was distress and the condition was getting critical. She lifted her foot, showing the swollen ankle, explaining thus, the impossibility of travelling; and then said to him—knowing by years of experience what opposition meant—that if he wanted to go, a suitable attendant or a servant, faithful and true should go with him.

Here comes in this letter, relative to that crisis dated November 9th, 1894, from Dr. Conrad Wesselhoeft, in which he proceeds to say, relative to the sufferer’s condition:

I give it as my opinion that the Doctor is suffering from ataxic aphasia—but that there is a history of mental disturbance,—being seized by sudden impulses to journey far away, and to roam without apparent reason, which may make it necessary to have him guarded very closely by a person hired for that purpose. You cannot do it dear Mrs. Holstein, nor endure it yourself. I agree with you that the Doctor has improved in bodily vigor, and that herein lies a certain element of danger

for him. He may race off somewhere and be perfectly helpless owing to his loss of speech. I advise the greatest watchfulness and restraint if necessary.

C. WESSELHOEFT, M.D.

Here follows a copy of a decisive letter sent to Dr. Wesselhoeft by the wife:

DR. CONRAD WESSELHOEFT:—

Dear Sir:—In regard to the subject of your letter, I will tell the brother to come and see you, as he has all his brother's and my money matters in hand, and feels Doctor's inability to attend to business makes confusion there. But for myself I shall hold to the thought that the Doctor's *mind* is as right as it has been, with the exception of his disability just now to make connection between the thought in his mind and the words needed to express it. As to the risks run concerning money matters on account of his loss of language I long since determined to give no care-burdened thought concerning what he does with money the accumulating of which has so over-taxed him. Nor will I, even by *thought* doubt his privilege of doing what he chooses with himself and affairs. Since the first year of my marriage I have accustomed myself to the recognition that the only piece of property I had, was Myself! Thirty years ago when I was newly married (?) I was told that I was nothing and had nothing and that nobody wanted my advice and that I had no right to think! That I was nothing but his wife (which I told him, I thought was *Some*). Though, when I caught my breath after all this news, I settled myself to the business of living with two objects in view: one to do my husband good and not evil all the days of his life; and the other, to make it my business to *be* good and a good worker, if I wanted to *do* good. This has simplified everything. It has been a benefit to me to remember night and day that I *am* nothing except what I make myself to *be*, by doing good for self and others.

Repeated assurances of this has assisted in effacing the property question from my problem of life. I own myself, that is all. But at this epoch that includes quite unusual health of body, mind and heart (considering the mental torture in which I have been kept) and well-cultivated habits of economy without niggardliness and the skill to make 'most everything I wear (two articles excepted) added to the custom of living amid abundance on about thirty cents worth of food a day, and a habit of so loving all women and the rest of humanity as to give me great enjoyment of existence! So while I heartily thank you for wishing to protect my husband from doing, while he is sick, what he might regret when he is well, I repeat again, I fear nothing he can do. I believe his mind is as right as ever. The thing that gives me concern is, that my husband, in making a change in his physician, wants to give himself his medicine and to take his own orders, as to everything; though as you know, he cannot understand what is being said to him.

I think my husband, like many other men in relation to their wives, has a cankering suspicion, that the need for financial support and a love

of having a home, and a timid desire for protection are back of the excessive patience, exercised toward him! And to free him from that idea or from any sense of the burden of *me*, I propose to find a way to let him take all righteous pleasure &c., he being judge of what is right for him.

I frankly tell you that while he is sick and cannot express his wishes in words, I will not have him hampered, domineered over or controlled in any compulsory way. I iterate it and reiterate it. His mind is as always. He has always liked to travel and if now he wants to start for Jamaica he is to do so, and I shall not permit anyone to hinder him from doing so.

Meanwhile I am not the best sea-voyage companion for him. But that does not include that his mind is not right.

If my lines of thought are different from his, and if my mental atmosphere, even when I am silent, sometimes bores or irritates him, that proves nothing against his sanity of mind nor my kindness and rightness of thought, does it? You say (as you so courteously accept the Doctor's change of physician) after giving a diagnosis of this ataxic aphasia and general conditions, that his danger lies in improved bodily vigor, including as that does the probability of his running off somewhere alone, where he will be helpless owing to his loss of speech. Dr. Wesselhoef, you have beautifully carried my husband through three illnesses before this; and I appreciate your tenderness and concern for me, 'a childless woman whom you think may be a penniless old woman if precautions are not taken.' But I say again, as I said when you met me at the time the Doctor was at the Turkish bath, that if My husband *wastes* his property it is his privilege and his affair; and that no person shall (and I most certainly will not) put my husband under constraint out of *their* concern for what comes of *his* property.

As for his possibly going away and not coming back again he has altogether too much concern for his *comfort* to do that; or with money in his pockets to run too close to the amount in hand, for I know that he can count money.

My love is *not* of that enslaving, selfish sort which would make me want to domineer over him because he is sick, poor thing. I will stay here in this home this winter. He will go to Jamaica if he wishes and will come home when he gets ready. He should go with William, his faithful well tried servant. He should go with him as his valet, not his keeper, if he will agree to it. I do not want either a travelling physician nor a nurse, who might keep him sick for the employment and travelling enjoyment there would be in it. William would not want that. His wife and child are at home near, and he would have nothing to gain by the practice of anything but the most helpful conduct.

The point is I have never faltered in my aspirations to do my husband good. But when thirty years ago I discovered that my sight of what he needed differed from his idea of what he needed (in the way of rushing, hurrying strife) I saw then, there was nothing for me to do but stand aside and save myself up to help him when he was older. He is older now. The time has come. As for me, neither hard work, poverty nor sudden death for myself daunts me. But—the thought of my husband's going out of life without achieving self-poise and peace, is a thought I

will *not* countenance. He can live to be eighty-three years old and have a beautiful age.

I thank you with my soul for your attempted care of my future; but have to say again, I will not let any consideration of what becomes of *me* in old age, weigh as against my husband's right to act in perfect freedom,—attended by a servant (not a master) whenever he chooses to go travelling and wherever. A dictatorial person would drive him frantic.

November 10th. I have so many interruptions that this is no letter; but I take the chance to tell you that the Doctor slept finely after his Turkish bath: and caught no cold coming home, and was so invigorated that, by a steady, persistent effort he remembered the name 'Jewett' as the name of a physician he wanted to see in Fitchburg; and now he has gone to Fitchburg with his brother.

He was much touched with your kindness, and said in plain English as we were riding home: "Dr. Wesselhoeft is a dear sweet-tempered fellow to come to see me, after all."

You know a year ago or so you doctored him and let him go to Jamaica when he had pneumonia? When he came back so much better, it made a great impression on his mind, because he likes to use his own judgment.

And now I want you not to thwart him if he sets his heart on this Jamaica trip. I want him to go with no more supervision than any gentleman has, who takes his valet with him. You have skill sufficient to prevent this transient loss of memory from becoming a case of mental disease of a permanent sort: and you must do it! Remember I have known him over thirty years and am certain his memory of facts and his mind is as right as it has been except for loss of power to make connection between his thought and the word which would utter it. I depend upon you to look out for him as well as you have hitherto.

I am his wife,
(Signed)

Jamaica had been visited and was his favorite resort. He managed finally, to give his wife to understand that he wanted, not a servant or hired attendant, but his old uncle to go with him. But as this uncle was an old man and had an impediment of the speech (as his oldest daughter had had, so that in talking, words would be left out of a sentence, and other words taken up later on from which condition however a good life and good care largely recovered him), there were objections to him, as an attendant on a man who had entirely lost control of language. But still, the necessity was that Hermann should have a companion of his own *choice*; so at least thought his wife. Therefore, driving over to Haswell's house on the Sabbath morning, the matter was thus decided. But Hermann wanted his wife also to go with him, yet the condi-

tion of her sprained ankle was such that to take this trip with the additional care of the old gentleman, instead of having an active young accustomed servant to depend on, was not to be considered. Yet, notwithstanding all that, she packed her trunk ready to go, if at the last moment circumstances compelled it:—also sending down by the steamer a quick letter to Mrs. Oughton of Bellaire, begging her, her husband and sons, to be on the lookout for Dr. Holstein: explaining that he was as sane as usual except for the alarms and disadvantages of having lost control of speech.

By the next steamer word came up from them, giving Mrs. Holstein to feel that she thus kept well in touch with Hermann, and impelling her to keep so, by sending the following letter in answer to the cordial one received:

DECEMBER 11, 1894.

My dear Mrs. Oughton:—

Your tenderness of tone came through the letter, so kind you are. Dr. Holstein *did* start that day, too ill to go, but to have restrained him would have made him worse. I find by the last communication received from his uncle, that they were at Port Antonio at the mailing of that communication.

The Captain of the Fruit steamer told me over a week ago that Dr. seemed improving on the voyage; and the scrap of paper (so irregularly written) which came from Port Antonio, leaves me with so much of gladness as comes from the fact that he made a very good attempt at signing his name: though the letter and the signature (one written I think by the uncle, while the signature is by Hermann) are equally full of pathos.

Oh—dear Mrs. Oughton, it is most heart-rending that our men by their intense, unnecessary excess of nerve-tension, draw so hard on the future, robbing themselves of their life's best beauty: which comes as that youth of age approaches, which should leave them the afterglow of those golden days of age's maturity!

I thank you for your invitation for January; but Dear Heaven knows what may have occurred by that time. The Doctor may be at home by that time; otherwise I should be delighted to come, if he is so far recovered as to write a full letter expressing the wish that I then shall join him in Jamaica. For then I shall be glad to renew the acquaintance had with you at your visit here, to which you refer so amiably.

Give my hearty love to your flower-like daughter Edith. Hers is a vivid picture in my memory. And your daughter, Mrs. Oughton, with her intellectual accomplishments is before my mind as one of whom it is good to hear that she is the mother of sons and daughters for each of whom she has helped prepare so good an heredity of intellectual vigor. Remember me to your sons and family all.

I am sincerely,
(Signed)

Mrs. Holstein also had made sure that Mr. Holstein's cards with his home address were in pockets where they could be presented at any time when lack of speech demanded their showing. Also his wife's name and his home, and the boat to be taken and the names of officers on the boat were attached to some clothing most in use; so that if by any means he got away from his elderly travelling companion, and made an effort to get home by himself, he would, have what little service could be gotten out of these marks of personality.

It was "talked" as if Hermann might remain there through the winter; but this Mrs. Holstein did not anticipate. For all his ocean trips were apparently chiefly induced by a desire for the ocean wave and not for the tarrying in harbor.

The luxury Mrs. Holstein permitted herself was, she told her dear maid Margaret that she intended to sleep for three days if she chose; until she got herself together; actually with the result that in less than that time she was wonderfully renovated.

Then arrived the following announcement and invitation relative to the practical study of MAN-building, to which study she was practically giving her existence:—with Hermann as a model specimen *in statu quo*.

MRS. OLE BULL
 INVITES YOU TO ATTEND A COURSE OF
 MORNING TALKS
 AT 181 BRATTLE STREET
 CAMBRIDGE,
 DEC. 6, 8, 10, 12, AND 17,
 AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK,
 AND ON
 SUNDAY AFTERNOON, DEC. 16,
 AT THREE O'CLOCK.

The dates for the lectures are given as follows:—

- Dec. 6.—LADY HENRY SOMERSET Woman's Suffrage.
 Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson will conduct an informal discussion.
 Dec. 8.—MRS. MILWARD ADAMS Orderly Thought and Personal Culture.
 Dec. 10.—THE SWAMI VIVEKANANDA The Vedanta philosophy.
 Dec. 12.—MRS. MILWARD ADAMS,
 The Conversational Voice and its Possibilities.

- Dec. 14.—LADY HENRY SOMERSET,
(and it is hoped) FRANCES E. WILLARD Child life.
- Dec. 16.—Mr. ERNEST FENOLLOSA Art as Related to Religion.
At three o'clock.
- Dec. 17.—THE SWAMI VIVEKANANDA,
The Rajpoot Women and Ideals of Motherhood in India.

Each lecture will open and close with a group of songs sung by EMMA THURSBY.

Violoncello Mr. WULF FRIES.

NOTE.—Doors closed from 11 to 11.15 for music.

It was impossible to make a date within the period named for a talk on trades-unions by Mr Henry Lloyd of Carpenters' Union, No. 33, Boston. It is hoped when Mr. Lloyd's Western trip ends, that this topic may be treated by him with a discussion on the part of friends of Denison and Andover Houses.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me: and to him that disposeth his way aright will I show the salvation of God."—CLEMENT.

IN Mrs. Holstein's journal appears this record:—

"*Sunday night, December, '94.*—I am here in Cambridge responsive to the invitation, attending the lectures, and, with a lady from Brookline, am boarding for a week at a house where are Radcliffe girl-students. Saturday night I awoke from a sound sleep, assured that Hermann's boat from Jamaica had got in and I must be at home Sunday morning. Then I slept, and in the morning hesitated, and instead, stayed and went to the lectures today, where I have been no benefit to anyone, but the reverse. Have now sent telegram, telling coachman to come Tuesday for me and my trunk, and to immediately send word to cook to open the house."

Then the words in the journal were taken up on the letter dated 17th of December, 1894, written to Miss Farmer, the owner of the Greenacre estate where that new summer-educational work had been started. Emphasizing the seriousness of her mistake in not getting home Sunday, Mrs. Holstein says:—

I heard the Monday morning's lecture with profit but perturbation, and could not stay to the afternoon class, so certain was I that I must be at home, though as you know, the Doctor had gone away to stay till May. Therefore I doubted. I write to say as I cannot further be at the classes—would like to present the daughter of Hon. — to you and Lady Henry Somerset, as she is a country-woman of distinguished ability and is quite homesick amid the not homelike conditions which Boston presents to her. It is not probable that I shall be over again though I may exert myself for Lady Henry's talk on Methods of Public Work.

Tuesday morning William came with letters, telling me Doctor came on the steamer which got into Boston, Saturday night. I had had in my sleep a serviceably swift assurance of the fact! I ought to have gone home on Sunday. But heaven knows why I faltered.

Sincerely,
(Signed)

With the letters that had come up on the boat came one from Mr. E. N. Haskins a man at Port Antonio, of the Jamaica division of the Boston Fruit Co., who with his wife are rare people in their devotion to the advocacy of intelligent reverence for that vital force, by the right use of which good life and health are stanchioned. They had previously met Dr. Holstein and had written to Mrs. Holstein concerning her books and philosophies. When the Doctor went down to Jamaica she had sent a letter to be gotten to Mr. Haskins as soon or before Hermann should have arrived there. A letter in reply from Mr. Haskins is here:—

PORT ANTONIO, JAMAICA, December 6, 1894.

Dear Mrs. —

Your husband arrived safely in Jamaica. At the time of his arrival I was in Kingston. The weather was much more pleasant there than in Port Antonio, and I telegraphed stating that he had better come over; so he and Mr. Robinson took the coastwise steamer and met me there. My wife also accompanied them. Your husband was very glad to see me, and he seemed to be much pleased to have me near him. At his request, I sent for the best physician that I could find, and was present in his private room when the Doctor had his first interview. The physician, whose name is Frank Saunders, is a very skilful man, and I hope that he will be able to help your husband permanently. He lodges at Park Lodge Hotel, which is a nice, quiet place, and he will have every care.

I will be pleased to do anything that you desire in the way of giving him messages or anything else. I am, at the present time, in Port Antonio, where our business office is, which is about sixty miles from Kingston. The weather in Port Antonio is very wet at the present time, and it would not be right for Mr. Mason to stay here.

I am still continuing my work on social purity lines, and God has helped me very much. It gives me great pleasure to work for the Master.

Trusting to hear from you when I can be of service.

I remain, with kind wishes,

Respectfully yours,

E. N. HASKINS.

Then comes a quotation from journal:—

“Tuesday afternoon, Dr. Rufus K. Noyes drove out to Brookline telling me that Hermann had come to his office on Monday, having him promise not to let me know that he was at the Grand Hotel: saying he wanted to get well and able to talk first.

“I had given a letter to the Captain, to give to Hermann when he got half way out to sea: instead it was passed to the

uncle and was returned to me unopened. So my poor husband went away from home, having on his mind what his brother so clearly announced on the stairway, and that was that only *I* could or would put him into the asylum. I wrote to Dr. Noyes explaining that that was the cause of his fear. It all seems a part of the same enterrorizing attempt relative to the London Sanitarium exploit during those days when poor Hermann, on getting letters, would cry out that *I* did not want him to live, but only wanted his money." Then follows another letter from Dr. Noyes:—

Dear Madam:—

The Doctor came again to consult me this afternoon. He reports that he slept well last night; has good appetite, takes his quieting medicine, looks about the same, though his pulse is weak. He walks slowly and unsteadily. His fingers do not tremble so markedly as they did two days ago. He appears to know what I say, but cannot make appropriate replies; yet he remarked that he bought the papers but could not read any of them.

When I asked him if he had seen you, he seemed sensitive and would not speak upon the point. I shall advise him to be with you, for you know his temperament and traits and condition so well.

Respectfully,
(Signed)

It was winter; and that her enterrorized husband, feeble and practically speechless, should be helplessly hiding away from her in the condition portrayed by Dr. Noyes, was too horrible. She went directly to his hotel: and on entering the office saw in the dining room the brother sitting with Hermann at table. But before she had a chance to speak to him, a physician, connected with the 'Commission of Lunacy,' came and at once urged on her the duty of taking steps to put Husband in an asylum: intercepting her purpose of taking her poor sufferer home with her; and also—thus strengthening Hermann's idea that she had come to the hotel to accomplish the very object against which she was striving. So, while the physician was speaking, Hermann had seen it; and, distrusting her object, had gotten off with the brother.

A very sick man he was; needing the comfort, nursing and care, which again and again, in their *then* thirty years of life, she had given him in bringing him up out of illness into ordinary activity again. And now, as he was afraid to come to

her, she engaged rooms for herself and maid at the hotel; and then drove home, and packing up fresh clothes for him and invalid's conveniences and a gas stove and a large travelling-basket full of the home-dainties which he liked, she and her maid and the Doctor's man, William, drove back to the hotel.

It was toward evening when she reached there; and was then told Hermann had gone to the business office. On getting there, that kindly gentleman Mr. Charles Morss giving her a chair in a secluded part of the inner office, told her the Doctor would probably soon come in with his brother. And she, seeing matters were at this stage, evidently far advanced in the hands of officials, sank back as under the stillness of death relative to further immediate effort. Then she heard Hermann's half ventriloquized tone, murmuring on, in the pathetic rising inflection of one who, having given up further debate on a matter, does not *agree*—but *submits*, to the case against which increasing feebleness makes resistance impossible.

There he stood a few feet back of her: emaciated, ill dressed: but with his steamer-rug neatly folded and hanging, carefully adjusted over his arm, as if he had gotten ready for an ocean voyage.

Presently the physician, Hermann and the brother, went out. Then she went back to the hotel to be there to meet him with the maid and man and carriage. She awaiting him in the rooms she had engaged with her maid and the basket and things. He did not come. But in course of time, Haswell did come: telling her Hermann had been taken to an emergency hospital where he would have every care and medical attendance for the night.

Then, with her faithful helpers back she went to the house, which *still* she was assured, should *be* Hermann's home!

After this every attempt was made to secure her signature to a petition for his assignment to an insane asylum. One man explaining to her (as if this were of any value to *her*) that everything would be hers: and she would "have a little peace, at last," if she would just fix this as he told her to. And when she squarely asked—"And how is *that?*"—he, instead of directly answering, proceeded to sketch on a piece of paper, the arteries and other conditions of the brain: espe-

cially that organ of the brain-functionings, which presides over speech: showing her where, a little clot of blood obstructed circulation, and deadened activity. The paper on which he was sketching was laid over another one. And in the midst of her interest in this matter, he said—while the drawing chiefly covered the other paper—“Just sign your name *here*, and I will fix everything as” — But she snatching away the covering revealed the words, “I, wife of — insane”—and exclaimed: “This is treachery! You know I *will not* have him put in asylum!”—fetching the man to his feet, striking a match and (not knowing what he was doing) lighting a cigar in her presence, striding up and down. While she said—“It is treachery! You are not helping *me*: and you know it!”

After that, every effort was made to secure her signature. For the fixed determination long since had been that she *should* consign her husband to an insane asylum. But so sure she was that there was some adequate cause back of Hermann's conduct, that midst them all, she stood steadfastly to the point that, not by her, should that statement be made or signature be given. For she believed then and to the end of her life, that Hermann was as sane as he had averaged to be in all his nervous life: which, though some would declare was not saying much, left still sound grounds, for her opinion that other causes than insanity were back of his condition and back of this continued attempt to get *her* to consign him to an insane asylum.

The next step taken by his manager or managers was to remove him from the Emergency Hospital to an asylum in Roslindale in Boston vicinage.

Then Haswell came to see her, and with no disguise said,

“I shall be made guardian of his estate. If you oppose me I shall fight it to the bitter end.” Which language rather surprised her; for it seemed to her a fitting enough plan if also Dr.'s partner, Mr. Pond should have equal power as co-guardian of the property. And to Haswell's demand she but replied: “It does not place you in the best light, however, to have gotten full control of your brother's property and then have brought him down from the woods in the plight you did: and next, to have put him into an asylum with your assertion—as stated to my relatives as well as myself—that it would be better for me never to see him again.”

And no other reply than this did she make at this time. And he took his departure. Her horses and vehicles were early taken away, by this manager, but there were still others: and hiring some, she went to Roslindale and saw the proprietor, and expressed her wish to be taken to the house in which her husband was incarcerated.

The physician began making a statement: all the form and wording of which she seemed to recognize. And waiting until he had concluded she answered "Now Dr. — you have said exactly what you were probably told to say. Now I say to you that that man is not yet his guardian: and it is doubtful whether I make him so. Therefore the next thing is, to take me to my husband." And he, getting new light on the subject said:—

"Oh? Very well"—and she was taken over to a house, where in two sun-bathed rooms, in the care of a bright, youngish nurse and younger physician, was poor Hermann. He was in a miserable plight. But was not then paralyzed as to motion or countenance. He walked about very well and was wonderfully glad to see her. But began at once with a point of the finger, "You, you!"—meaning that she put him there. Also later, walking to a chiffonier and taking a paper from there which had the name of some cheap place of confinement, where some few dollars a week were to be paid, he showed it to her:—and pointing his finger at her; and then he exhibited the dishevelled clothing, which seemed to be all that was left after that jaunt and stay in Jamaica with the poor old uncle who had had a terribly hard time, no doubt, in his care of the invalid.

His wife explained to him that she had not put him there: but had done everything to prevent it and would now move heaven and earth to get him out. And as for his unseemly-looking clothes (however they could have come so, and whatever necessity there was for such a reduction of the abundant and handsome outfit which he had) she said, she would drive into town to his tailor's and fetch out the cutter and the pattern book and he should immediately order all the clothes he wished, and that they should be made and fetched to him. Telling him to keep up his courage, and "as there was a good Lord in heaven, he should come home."

She then sped to town and brought back the tailor, who took his measure, giving him the patterns to select from, and then the tailor went back and she went home.

She there again told him over the telephone that she would see him, or inquire about him every day, more than once. For the word had been given so definitely that she was never to see him again, in answer to her friend's plea that the Doctor should be at home where his wife could attend to him,—that she lost no time in doing the utmost immediately on getting home, calling up over her telephone that gentleman, Mr. James Bowditch, Sr.,—telling him her husband was put into an asylum because he had aphasia and was frightened. And he sympathetically asked what he could do, and whether she was consulting him as a lawyer or a friend? To which she replied: "I ask you as our friend" with the result that then very quickly he and another gentleman drove out and gave her to understand if she needed a lawyer, Mr. Charles Williams might do all that mortal could. And to this gentleman she appealed, receiving help, for which money never *could* pay, and which, resulted finally in securing a sufficient appropriation to enable her to keep her home, and to carry on the further legal proceedings which (as doctors would not aid her in releasing the man whom they had declared was 'mad') finally resulted in the transfer of Hermann from that remote place to the Home for minds diseased which was in Brookline.

But before all this was achieved, the complications and the back-action methods, the letters written and the influence won, would well fill a hundred pages. All the time Hermann was at Roslindale, the carriage was there or the telephone messages were sent not only daily, but sometimes twice a day.

On arriving there one day, she found her husband standing in great terror with a paper in his hand, which practically stated that he desired to remain there for healing:—that he did not *wish* to go home. Meanwhile he had been receiving writing lessons every day and could sign his name very legibly; though he could not write at length.

When she went in he showed her the paper. She said to him calmly, "Do you *wish* to stay here?" Most emphatically he repudiated the idea. She said to the gentlemanly attendant, Mr Weeks, "Can I take this paper away with me for a little while?" He said she could.

Just then the Proprietor of the asylum stepped into the door, saying:—

“Oh—if you wish to take away that paper you can,”—and responding, “I thank you, I will,” she went away, telling her husband she would be back again soon. And driving for dear life, reached her lawyer’s peaceful home, showing it to him and explaining the evident conditions of the case, which he very well understood.

At that time, both the nurse and the attendant physician had said that they saw no insanity in the Doctor, and that home was the best place for him, if he could be kept from interrupting business matters.

Often on visiting at Roslindale, when Hermann’s pleas would be uttered that he should get into the carriage and ride home with her, Mrs. Holstein, in those early days would forget the fact that neither what he said to her nor what she answered to him were things certainly and mutually understood. It took two years of after discipline to *constantly* remember that. So one day after she had been visiting with him he desired to walk out to the carriage with the nurse: and then when he struggled to get in, she, suddenly understanding his desire to go home with her and startled at his strength as he pulled away from the nurse in his determination to enter the coupé, had straightly to say:—“It can’t be done now Hermann.” Then he stood back sullenly, silent and powerfully bitter, undated with distrust of her;—uttering words which she could not understand. They sounded like:—“A pretty cantering horse,” and puzzled she ejaculated:—“What did he say?” To which the attendant answered hesitatingly:—“He said it was a pretty horse: he likes horses.” And she, with a glimpse of memory at an episode at the time of the signing of those papers, puzzled still more at the singular surliness of his expression as he looked at her, bade him good bye, getting into the carriage, and immediately on getting home, wrote to him and mailed the following letter:—

BROOKLINE, April 7th, 1895.

My beloved Husband:—

I am glad you showed how wise and reasonable you are, by staying contentedly a little longer, where you are getting cured. Don’t lose your courage and patience, and then all will soon come right. And when

your brother and the Dr. see that you are trying to do what is for your health, and that you have *self-control* and use good judgment and *do not try to go where you ought not go*, then they will know that you would use good judgment even if you were at home!

It was very wise, darling for you to go back quietly and let me go back home alone! For that shows everybody that if you keep on that way a little longer, you can by and by be relied on not to go near the business office; or into Boston or anywhere which I or your attendant would think was wrong, if you by and by should come home.

I did not know that you were thinking of riding home with me, at the time when you thought your words were telling me about it. But they will be plain soon!

Keep up your courage, and by and by we will have a lovelier time getting old together than we have ever yet had.

I will send you some "Watchmans," Dr. Horr's paper: and I will bring you another pot of lilies in a day or two.

Hermann, I promised a year ago to take charge of a meeting of the Moral Education Society of Massachusetts:—and to read a paper there. Next Friday is the day I read it. If the paper is printed I will send it to you.

I love you with all my heart! I have a picture of you on my desk and I think of you every day.

Everybody sends love to you: and they all think you very brave and wise and patient to do all you can to get well, with the good doctors and good Mr. Weeks and the sunny room and nice walks and rides.

I am patient too, and full of pride in you: and I am your loving wife,
(Signed)

After that, one day when he was out walking, he had taken off his big diamond ring and some other values, telling the nurse that if he would get him over to his home, those should be his. Mrs. Holstein had arrived at the hospital a very little while after he had been gotten back into his rooms, while he stood at the point of raving because of the rebuke which had been administered and, the fact that his bureau drawers were locked up, and steps were in progress for serious consequences relative to him. He was also refusing to take the medicine, which he showed to her with great horror, intimating it to be—unmentionable.

Then the proprietor told her to the effect that he wasn't "Keeping a boarding house," and that that man had got to "take his medicine or he'd know the reason why," and such like suggestions,—implying compulsion. In response to which Mrs. Holstein said:—"Such methods would as you know *make him a maniac*. And you want to understand *that* is not

your business as a physician and healer of mind troubles," speaking fiercely to this very gentlemanly and helpful but perplexed physician; who felt it to be his business to regard the demands of the guardian of Dr. Holstein's estate. Meanwhile the State of Massachusetts was the guardian of Hermann Holstein: and Haswell was accountable to the Judge of Probate; and he, to the State's popular opinion.

Near this time Hermann begged and prayed, calling for "the safe! The safe!" and Mrs. Holstein, with that strange dulness which at times benighted her (though often this dulness seemed far-reachingly opportune), had no idea of what he was thinking about; and when he signified "papers,"—she supposed then it was something stowed away in bank-safes; though he had had Mr. Weeks put on his overcoat and sat dressed when she got there, waiting to go: and telling her, he would come back again if only he could get home and get the safe. Yet, no sense had she of what it was, till he cried out in plain English:—"I've ruined my wife! I've ruined my wife!"

Then with heart filled with love and pity for his disasters, with that peculiar impersonal state of mind which attended her thought of money, she embraced his poor head, holding it against her heart while she told him, all *that* would do no harm: and that he would get well and come home; for *that* she *could* and would have him at home.

The definite methods at once entered upon to secure Hermann's re-establishment in his own home, health and future justification, included the sending of reiterated statements in letters to persons who had the intelligence to take a far-seeing view of the case. Letters which puzzled persons who thought well of the thing called "the conspiracy of silence." But at least, one half of Mrs. Holstein's family held heroically to the faith that, the facts of any case being known, this, *knowledge*, is adequate to the bettering of conditions for all concerned. A statement which was one of six on which her life was stanchioned.

The following letters were written to Dr. Wesselhoeft and later to Mr. Charles Williams and Dr. Walter Channing to secure influence which first of all would recognize and state the propriety of moving Hermann from an asylum so far

from home, to Dr. Channing's in Brookline, where Mrs. Holstein could see her husband every day and drive out with him.

The letter to Conrad Wesselhoeft, M.D. is as follows:—

MAY 10th, 1895.

Dear Dr. Wesselhoeft:—

My shock at the recent announcement that my husband can 'come home when he gets worse' was a very natural alarm at its significance. I like to make sick people well: but I like to begin in time to have some chance of success. I married my husband to do him good all the days of my life; so, if by the man who is managing his *money*, I can only be allowed to take care of Hermann when he is declared 'too sick to live,' I shall gladly do it even then. But of course, it will be working under the same atrocious disadvantages mid which I have averaged to do things, flung into my hands when cases were called hopeless.

Dr. Wesselhoeft, there is no pleasure earth can give me like the chance of restoring my husband's faculties and giving him a fine old age. *He is to get well.* I beg of you to realize that, and uphold me in my work to that end. Last fall you diagnosed the Doctor's condition, taking broadly into consideration the factor of temperament. Since then no new development appears. Temperament is still temperament. The homœopathic School to which you belong, reposes on nature's restorative powers, and draws from nature's laboratory, curatives, whose high potencies, I believe, are particularly fitted to help men as in the old age of youth, they come to a climacteric of life. A climacteric which in man, I claim is similar to that through which his sister passes as she too attains to a necessity for reconstructional methods of life on a plane accordant with the conditions of the oncoming old age of youth.

We of the *human* family should frankly and mutually consider these things. For with many men *Reason* and an added thirty years of increased delight in life, depend on the intelligent consideration which husbands and wives, men and women together give to this matter.

Dr. Holstein should have baths which he enjoys so much; and a massage of the spinal column; and exercises in deep breathing, light gymnastics, electrical applications and nutritive food *very* frequently administered; and should be steadily taught to regain his memory of words: while kept in a mental atmosphere full of the *assurance* that he can of course regain his health by personal reliance on and utilization of the Fountain of Health, God, the Creative Power. He should have light exercise, walking preferably, with an object to be attained at the end of the walk; and with mental occupation full of spiritizing cheer, yet full of the facts of the case.

It requires a scientific-mothering to bring some men through this climacteric, as it had required in childhood and youth to *bring* them into the *conscious* possession and use of their *highest* faculties if they thus *were* brought.

If women were free to do their best (if homes were homes, and *unpalatable* intruders were kept out) they could tide men divinely over childhood, youth and the old age of youth, and would, by right means, enable

them at this epoch to take a lease on a new order of life which, for an additional forty or fifty years would then be filled with *superior uses*, beauty and ability!

The result would be, that such well-cared for men would be conditioned in a *pure perception* of the *goodness* of these transitional states; and would feel it to be a burning disgrace, that any humans, should fail to englobe life-substance for its prime purpose of constructing and filling new brain cells.

We need such men: and I want my husband to be one of them. Men who are delightfully happy in *themselves* and valuable to society as competent instructors of the less well-informed brothers, who now, by thousands come into the old age of youth to die in insane asylums after having by their lives, averaged to have driven a sufficient number of women unsane if not *insane* by their lawless, destructive passions.

We may give what reason we please for the prevalence of insanity. There is one reason which stands its ground: that is, lack of knowledge of what to do with Life Force.

All disasters and all ignorance in society is as nothing compared with that 'lack of knowledge' and the *disaster* which comes from the lack of knowledge of the right use of creative power within the individual. Neither science nor popular religion meet the necessities of this epoch. But Dr. Wesselhoef I tell you, as for *my* husband, success in passing from the old age of youth to the youth of old age (unless some great hindrance occurs) will be a natural sequence to our long-sustained, mutual effort at living on a rational and spiritual plane of life. His tastes are refined; his pursuits have been intellectual; his *highest* aspirations are spiritual, and when he is released from bondage (the root-cause of which I *must* understand) and can act for himself, things will go better.

Men need divine mothering from the cradle to the grave more than they need money. They would average to *get* that mothering in childhood if—if the so-called fathers did not so often, in their marital demands destroy the *ability* of the mothers to be health-filled, self-poised-brain-directed beings. That is the curse! When to this, there is added more zeal for taking care of the money than of the sufferers from the general misfortunes which too much money brings on them—then the next step is to *again* rob the mother-nature of her right to give her men mothering care. So at every side men are robbed of what they need, more than they need money. And that need includes a mothering divine.

I don't care if this is a long letter! I am not *proposing* to be tortured by my sight of truth and then, like 'a sheep before its shearers is dumb,' to open not my mouth. For though I do not speak, I will write, and for the very good and sufficient reason that our men must not so generally be dying before they are sixty years old! It is disadvantageous to the race. This life is glorious. And I for one, prohibit men from cutting themselves and each other off, through bad management and lack of religious knowledge concerning the *sanctity of life's movement within their own beings*. Of all this matter, our Protestant churches utter not a word; and vulgarians in the churches and out, rebel against 'moral educators' who explain to men and women the right use of that God-power which is their life.

Perhaps up to this time (considering the prevailing ignorance which exists relative to 'the Spirit's power' to create mental and spiritual health, and considering the psychical crisis midst which we now live and above all considering the frenzied fear which men sometimes express that 'women if they have freedom will get away from them,' perhaps, I say, considering all these conditions, men may have done about as well as they could. But I do not propose to *halt* before such considerations, nor to countenance such ignorance.

The Real Church of God—if we could find it—could teach us that the secret of life is, *repose on Nature's* (and the God of Nature's) *restorative power!* And could teach man to draw curatives from nature's (and the God of nature's) own laboratory.

Dr. Wesselhoeft, within the *individual* is nature's laboratory. And the Spirit within him is the pharmacopœa of vitalizing agencies, a religiously scientific knowledge and use of which would displace even discomfort, with the 'comfort of the Holy (whole) Spirit of Life.'

This is a great epoch. This age is going through conditions which are not understood, and which, at first are condemned as evil, and then condoned as necessary, then *cultivated* by social mismanagement, until insane asylums, hospitals and graves are filled, and homes are left empty. But I am happy to say my husband and myself (in preaching and in practice) have rejected this system of headlong condemnation, condonement and cultivation of injurious methods of existence. We hold, they are but stages in the upclimb from the animal on to *man-level*; and are to be set right by paying calm but critical attention to the 'signals of distress' that are hung out. We believe that the health-lack throughout society, should be wisely inspected, not by personal interference, but by intelligent thought. For that, then and thus, right conditions will be secured by those who then will be alertly interested in following Wisdom's better way of life. All the more so if only they can see a hundred or two respectable illustrations of the results of this better way of Life.

Dear Doctor, you have given me a diagnosis of the disease. Now I submit as a diagnosis of a *cure* for what I will call brain-drain and strain, the following propositions:—

Proposition 1st: The vital element of brain and nerve can be conserved for brain recuperation in a way which will aid in the reconstruction of brain tissue, and will infill brain-cells with life-substance.

Proposition 2nd: Proof of this is, men and women who, through early life (and their parents before them) have lived abstemiously according to the teachings of great religion, find such conservation *natural*: partly through having been *born* with a knowledge that it 'can be done.' Men and women who know the law, attain an englobement of vitality the upward attractive power of which transmits through them Spiritual Energy.

Proposition 3rd. Spiritual energy is health! As these attractions go forth, they are not controlling, but electrifying. They win adherence not to the person but to the Principle: the power of which Principle often repels from the personality which is filled with it. For those persons who through youth and the old age of youth and the youth of old age have increasingly garnered this energy, become rich in a constructive-power which is at one with the Universal-Force generated by Universal Life.

(a) As the brain is, so is the body. And the brain under God, is a dynamic-body-builder.

(b) This englobed life is crudely called sex-life! (This word 'sex' is known to have had its source in a condition called 'the fall of Adam,' when as the ancient Indians tell it, Veradi lost his self-harmonized condition as an all-sufficient-receiver-of-the-life-of-God.) But it is better known as Life *per se*: and *devoutly* known as Immanuel, God in us. When this vitality is not disbursed in riotous living, but is cherished in lymphatic glands and is spiritized by intellectual inspirations and aspirations, it is drawn up brainward: and then:—

Proposition 4th: This creative substance (God in us) is competent to purge out diseased particles from brain-cells, by flooding those cells with intellectualized vital force.

This is my diagnoses of Cure:—and to such Cure I wish to take my husband home. This letter is in no sense private. I feel so sure of the eternal truth of its statements that, as it is now written, I would like any physician friend of yours who may have too readily believed in incurable evils without knowing the power of the vitalizing *Real Cures*, the vitalizing Indwelling Power of God, to read it.

Crude people, the false-minded and others who have no time to think the matter to a conclusion (people I mean who are thinking the things which have been put out on the community for them to think about this case) should *know* that my husband is an increasingly cultivated gentleman; who in health has with me practised to *his* utmost (as well as preached) a refined order of *life*: which extraneous interference on the part of the less well instructed shall *not* now be permitted to disarrange or destroy.

Sincerely,
(Signed)

Responsive to the incomparable aid given to her husband in this hard place by that gentleman, Mr. Charles Williams, on the 11th of May, 1895 the following letter was sent to him:

BROOKLINE, MASSACHUSETTS.

MR. C. A. WILLIAMS, 18 Postoffice Square, Boston, Massachusetts.

My dear Mr. Williams:—

I thank you for your suggestions relative to seeing Dr. Channing. On Tuesday I went to see Dr. Jelly to get him to look into Dr. Holstein's case and to testify to his sanity. He listened but did not wish to enter upon the task. Dr. Channing agreed to go with me on the next Saturday to Roslindale. For Doctor was expecting Dr. Jelly, and the strain of expectation is awful upon him. He was greatly disappointed at not seeing Dr. Jelly, but was delighted at seeing Dr. Channing, for he is very anxious to get home. Then I explained to him that I would bring someone who had already helped him finely: and when I mentioned Dr. Wesselhoeft, he was pleased. On Thursday I took him over. It gave Hermann great pleasure to have Dr. Craig (the admirable young physician who has the care of his case) tell me, in Dr. Wesselhoeft's presence that

his mind was right except aphasia; and that if I could get along with him at home there is nothing to prevent his coming home.

I had been to see Dr. Putnam, whose report was practically as defined concerning his sanity, minus the misrepresentations which come from aphasic conditions and alarms. So when Haswell writes what he does, laying this restraint wholly upon the physicians, I feel called on none the less, to follow this matter to the end.

I do not like conditions under which such confinement can be imposed: not because a man is insane, but because he is troublesome to those who are taking care of his money affairs kindly for him, or—if for any other reason, then it should be plainly stated and publicly dealt with, and not privately manipulated. I am tremendously aroused by conditions in which I have twice been told (as a sop thrown to Cerberus) that when Dr. Holstein gets worse (a thing to which they look most calmly), that then I may take him home and wait on him. This was twice told me. I think it will not meet the will of the brother that my husband shall come home while he is intelligent and can read and can understand and has control of his faculties except speech; and has a chance for full recovery under right conditions.

Then followed other matters about business, then, continued:—

I shall in time write two novels, one of which will be called, *Mad? Which? Neither!* and glad I shall be to think of the affluent conduct of those whom in my trouble I have discovered are able to practicalize *the better ideals of this new age*. Ideals taught by the Christ whose consecrated minister, my husband *sought* to be.

Mr. Williams, there is a terrific crisis at hand, and we are already amid times that try men's souls, whether they are animal souls, rational souls, or souls alight with that *intuitive Wisdom* which leads to paths of pleasantness.

Pardon me again for seeming personalities. But I must tell you, it would be disastrous to Hermann's karma for the next incarnation if he should fail to live up-into-absolute-clearness of mind and into the rectitude of his highest order of self-control. If he should be kept where he is, and should stagnate till he falls into the mental wreckage which some persons anticipate—he will be less-well-born the next time; and I then, will all the same have to pull him through his troubles because I promised to do him good and not evil all the days of *my* life. And my life is eternal, you see! But those, who through ignorance of what is really best, keep him in injurious conditions, will yet taste and see and feel what it is like. But you, Mr. Williams have already fulfilled what is due. And whatever you add is of grace—not reward: and will yet, in the nature of things, all bring beauty to the souls of you and yours when, after you shall have passed through Lethe's waters, then, when you shall choose to 'descend again into generation' that next incarnation will be adorned with growths of character that you are now constantly planting and reaping for the mere love of good *planting* and good *reaping!*

Now when you shall have read this copy of the letter which I sent

to Dr. Wesselhoeft his physician: you, as a lawyer will tell me what steps the wife of a ward of the state shall take to bring her husband home in order to take care of him *before* he is the wreck which, in anticipation, even the guardian of his property would not begrudge me. I want you to keep the copy of the letter to Dr. Wesselhoeft. He knows it is no private letter. I can work better if persons whom I esteem, understand the case and realize how in harmony all my husband's and my best endeavors have been; though at successive stages he and his father have considered them more ideal than christians ordinarily feel called upon to practise: yet, no more ideal than Hermann has, step by step, felt called upon to *preach*; and has desired to practise while increasing years and intellectuality have lifted him and others out of untutored youth.

I write all this in full, Mr. Williams, for crudities and misrepresentations relative to the refined order of life toward which my husband and myself early aspired, have been thrust forward at every point since, for about ten years, an ignorant element intruded ignorant methods on our well-fashioned family life near the time of leaving Milwaukee in '84-'85. But we have now come to the old age of youth: and I prohibit the younger brother from interfering with my way of securing to my husband the maturing grace and serene pleasures of age.

Look out for me occasionally. For *law* in the hands of Gentlemen is as competent to protect fine spiritual Growth as, manipulated by other hands, it is competent to destroy the life of such growths in the individual and in society at large.

(Signed)

Never truer word was spoken than that last. For Mrs. Holstein's money affairs, thanks to Mr. Williams, in the hands of the then Judge of Probate, Hiram Harriman, Esq., were so justly ordered that the apparently impossible became possible.

Right steps were taken, one after another, relative to ordering allowances and adjusting such matters. But the horrible agony on Mrs. Holstein, was to see Hermann dropping down into a condition near enough to those spoken of as that in which he would be allowed to return to his wife, after his removal to Walnut Street Sanitarium.

In the midst of these agonies Mrs. Holstein had gone to the Town Hall where among women who were entering their names to cast their votes for school committee &c., was a lady of great intelligence, and well placed as to family and personal achievement, who was seen to be in distress and tears: on inquiring about it Mrs. Holstein learned that an over-beneficed town dictator had by words and manner so hurt this lady, in his repulsing of her legitimate right to assist the creditable

town of Brookline in school affairs that she could not restrain weeping. To Mrs. Holstein those tears came as a baptism in fire and spirit: as almost staggering under her own load though she was, she silently cried up to heaven for help in making His paths straight 'for the coming of the reign of righteousness' on earth.

After speaking a word to that woman's wounded heart she stood still on the street. Then with a sudden assurance of the next thing to be done, took a car to the simple home of the good man whose letters at the time of their jaunt to Europe and the Nile had so benefited them. On being kindly received she told him that her husband, a ward of the State, was locked up in an insane asylum:—that she desired his removal to his own home, and then appropriations made from the State which would be sufficient to meet all his demands when he should be returned into his home, including his travelling to and fro as far as he pleased, attended by her and a servant. Stating her desire that he should spend all the money he had if he chose, seeing that the complications included in getting it had cost him so much:—stating to the Reverend gentleman, their moralizing level of life, and adding:—

"I want as helpers: instructed men who understand the spiritual processes of regeneration. Men of a sort who sustain their equilibrium, and know how to enable other men so to do."

The call was short. The only answer remembered was,—

"All things are possible with God,"—and responsive came the question:—"If among the men who may apply such an instructed one should come would I recognize him?" To which the answer remembered is:—

"All things are possible with God."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"What would the sons of Mars and Ilia be if invidious silence had stifled the merits of Romulus?"—HORACE.

"The muse forbids a praiseworthy man to die."—HORACE.

"You cannot with propriety call him happy who possesses much. He more justly claims the title of happy who understands how to make a wise use of the gifts of the gods, and how to bear severe poverty: and who dreads a reproachful deed worse than death! Such a man as this, is not afraid to perish in the defence of his dear friends or of his country."—HORACE.

THIS peculiarly complicated work called for not only much lawyer's time, but a stress on lawyer's nerves; as the hidden element in the case added a quality difficult to deal with. So after money matters were settled, as related to appropriations arranged by the Judge of Probate, Hiram Harriman Esq., Mr. Williams presented the name of his friend, Mr. Aaron H. Latham as counsel, who became indefatigable in his work of removing Dr. Holstein to a hospital in Brookline where his wife could more effectually attend upon him preparatory to his home-coming.

When the State had ordered the removal and set the time for Hermann's arrival at Dr. Channing's institution, some nearly fatal hindrance had been created, as Mrs. Holstein felt sure, causing her to call up by telephone the head of the Roslindale Sanitarium, asking squarely:

"Have you kept your promise and sent my husband over?" to which he answered:—"I forgot." Getting for reply:—"Forgot? I should think that would bring fatal consequences on your patients." And then calling up her lawyer she informed him that the orders of the State Commissioner had not yet been obeyed: and he, going to the State house, set things in motion; while she, calling the carriage, drove over and entered her husband's room just as that now badly paralyzed, idiotic-looking patient, with half-blind eyes and fallen jaw, emerged from a little door, so fitted into the wall that.

before, she had never noticed it! At the sight of her, he cried out in a tone unreportable, in its weakness, terror and longing.

During the time it had taken her to arrange the drive over to Roslindale the State's order for his transfer had been received. She told him so, and gave her request that the nurse should accompany him in an asylum carriage to Dr. Channing's home. And when the physician said:—

"Why! you could take him right over in your carriage," she answered, "You know your duty better! The State has ordered *you* what you are to do." And then explaining to Hermann that she would come right along with him in the other carriage, she reiterated to the physician:—

"I but drive over in attendance, and meet Dr. Holstein when *you* have committed him where by the State you were bidden to commit him."

And he, seeing that his methods were rightly valued, gave the nurse, Mr. Weeks, permission to go over and stay that first night, if Mrs. Holstein desired it and Dr. Channing permitted it.

And Oh—that drive! As her carriage followed the other, Hermann with weak shouts of joy, could not rest from his constant need to look back and see his wife!—making sure she was coming and that the change was to be accomplished.

Even at this time, before his blindness, Hermann could read writing; so she had explained to him explicitly that he was now going only from one hospital to another; but that the next place was in Brookline, and that it was with Dr. Channing; and that it was up near their Warren street house and that as soon as it could be fixed, when he was well enough, he would then be allowed to come really home. And so filled he was with joy at the prospect that as they drove up into the hospital grounds on Walnut Hill, Dr. Channing was amazed enough, when, at the door he found Dr. Holstein laughing with gladness; though thoroughly understanding as he did that it was there he would have to stay till another change could be made. The man's condition and Mrs. Holstein's brightness and glad assurance as she upheld his courage relative to it all, seemed so unlike what could attend so miserable a case, that the dear gentleman asked in amazement:

“Madam, does he know *where* he is, and that he is to *stay* here?” bringing her reply:—“I tell him everything frankly. He knows all I know: and trusts fully that he will be at home in a few months.”

Hermann had brought with him the letters which had been written to him while he was at Roslindale and they went far to inform the new physician as to Mrs. Holstein’s mental relations to her husband’s case. Here follows one of the many written at the time of his attempted escape from Roslindale Hospital:

BROOKLINE, April 16th, 1895.

My beloved Husband:—

I write you a letter in scarlet ink on white paper:—for these are the colors of my love and my life as your wife!

I love your soul. Your soul is you! Your soul is your Will and your Intelligence combined. Now your *Intelligence* tells you to be patient while you are sick and unable to think hard or to talk in words which people can understand. Your *will*, your *strong will* ought to act in *accordance* with your intelligence: your best judgment, not *against* it. Now darling, your intelligence *does* forbid your trying to get away by yourself: with no one to attend and care for you as a *gentleman* of your dignity and lack of health should be attended.

The proof that you are a sane man fit to soon come home, will be, that you show *perfect self-control*; and that you know too much to go walking off, while your inability to talk would make people on the cars and at hotels and everywhere, think you were insane.

Now darling, your good judgment—your intelligence, must control your *will*. That is sanity. But if your will over-rides your intelligence, *that* would be insanity.

My husband, the passionate love of my mind is for your mind: and it is like this scarlet ink; and my pure intelligence is like this white paper on which I write these love-words.

Read over your poem: “Rest Tired Mind.” For rest and *refreshment is in your own soul*. If you were in heaven, God and the angels *there* could not give you any more rest or peace than the *Spirit of God in your soul* can give you where you are, just this minute.

I send you a copy of Easter “Munsey.” I want you to save it for me. For I want you to bring it home when you are done with it. And I want Lillian Whiting’s book saved for me too.

Hermann, I have a picture of you when you were a boy of twelve years old; and another when you were twenty; and another when you were twenty-two: and many others besides. But they all look unhappy. But now, at fifty-five you will be beginning to look happy; and you will grow more so, if you let me take care of you, and trust to it that the doctors and Haswell and I will do the very best possible for you. You have worked and planned things all your life. Now let us plan things for you: and you trust to it for a little while!

I have just told Haswell through my telephone, "Hermann says, 'Tell Haswell I shall go to the devil if he does not let me come out of here.'" I told him all about it Hermann: and he told me he would see Mr. Pond right away: and we will all of us now—as soon as possible—see what can be done!

You shall not come to harm: but all shall be made right for you. Don't you fear! I talked to the doctor about it after I left you, and everybody wants the best thing done for you. The doctor is your friend.

I am your wife,
(Signed)

Then follows a letter written to the brother, who under all the complications was possibly doing the best that he, with his plans and purposes could do.

BROOKLINE, May 27th, 1895.

Dear Haswell:—

I am in an agony of mind over my husband: and am near breaking down with grief for him.

He is sure he could get well if he could come home. I have told him I would again ask you to let him come home and try its effect on his health. Probably Dr. Wesselhoef would undertake his cure if you would agree to have him come home: and would participate heartily in the work of getting him well. As you know, Hermann has had another attack from which he is slowly, very imperfectly, recovering: and I am sure he needs home life and the care which I would be so happy to give him. He can also have a man nurse at home too. At times I fear he is a very sick man: and no words can tell of my distress as, in this fettered state, I am able to do so little for him.

I am keeping up the house here, in the hope of his coming home; because living here includes paying the fire insurance policy, taken out you know to cover (in case of fire) the mortgage on this house: and paying the interest on the mortgage, and the taxes, and the telephone here which I must keep so as to hear constantly from Hermann: and my occasional physician's bill (for the strain on my health is terrible), and then there is the carriage here several times a week to go to see my husband in, while he is waiting to come home.

Haswell, 'distrust is very expensive.' If you want your brother to get well, you should come and see me at once; and take hold to bring him home here: and you will find he will be made well.

I know all my dear husband's toils and sorrows: and I know he has been a brave and gallant soldier in the battle of life. And I demand of you as you love him, and hope for happiness yourself, that you will combine with me while I secure him to health and happiness here in this home, and give him twenty-five years of happy life.

I have had at last to tell Hermann plainly that I would gladly bring him home, but that *you* his 'guardian' "[she meant the guardian of his property]" would not let him come. But for a long time I protected you from all the blame of it; though I often felt inclined to blame you whole-

sale. Because you have complicated matters by your mistaken methods of trying to get at your ends. I am so reasonable that you might better have dealt in a simple, straightforward way. For I can see your point of view and realize how right and just it is that you should have a sound anxiety for your daughter's future. I sympathize with you in that. And as I have told you from first till last, you certainly can have money enough. 'Luck' will be with you: and my good wishes and good faith shall be with you: and it goes a long way as you know it has, whenever I have been (by the facts of the case) *able* to back Hermann, in his business plans, with that *faith*.

Now Haswell, all I want is this. Dr. Wesselhoeft wants you to meet me in his office; that he may have from both of us 'the for and the against' of the advisability of Hermann's coming home. And then, as I understand, if you will undertake it,—that is if you will not hinder my doing it,—he will advise his home-coming and will bring him back to health if it is a possible thing.

Haswell, I am Hermann's wife: and you must cease this opposition to my trying this plan for his recovery. As Hermann told my sister and my niece: it is a cruel thing to have him shut up there! and I say Haswell dear, it is a cruel thing; and may God protect you from ever having to suffer it! It is a cruel thing unless it is proven to be the best thing for his health, and it can't be proven to be the best thing until we have tried the other by bringing him home as he desires.

Let us give this a fair trial, and let us find out together what it is that burdens Hermann's mind. For any burden is a hindrance to his recovery.

I have thought at times from things that he says, that *you*, with purpose or by accident, have filled his mind with a distrust of *my* hearty faithfulness toward him; and I have at times felt that you tried to make me distrust him; which I do not and never shall.

Haswell I beg of you put an end to all such sorts of thoughts: and settle to the simple business of getting Hermann well. For your health and happiness and your daughter's health and happiness and good honor and success in life are all dependent on the turn of this matter of Hermann's swift and full recovery.

I have no part nor lot in the whole realm of fears, fightings and inordinate desires. I pass over all that has occurred; and care only for one thing and that is to have the chance, through good nursing and doctoring to restore my husband to perfect health.

He wants to come home and I want him to come home. For I know that the amount of strength and self-control which he has used *every day*, to steady himself against his alarms and disappointments takes more out of him than otherwise, would be enough to get him well!

For a long time Hermann begged you would come to see him with *me*. He wants to ask you something in my presence or wants to ask me something in your presence:—I don't know which. You have not been willing to do it. But he has got something on his mind which keeps him unhappy and distrustful; and at times he feels confused and bewildered at something about *me* in connection with something which he thinks you have said. I think you somehow are making him confuse truth and untruth; and he cannot get well in that atmosphere.

And now as you desire to live long and happily, and to die mentally sane and with loving and honoring friends about your bed *when* you die,—so will you just do your best to make things clear and simple for Hermann and fetch him home for me to make him well: that all may go well.

I wish you would and could understand Haswell that I have a devoted wife's *conscience* in making my husband live through that part of life which I think is valuable to each man concerned, and to humanity at large. My devotion to Hermann is all-absorbing, which you cannot understand until you are an older man and know life better! Because *I am I*, I seem to be *head-strong* in my certainty of what is right! I am head-strong, but I am heart-strong too; and I assure you, you should trust to my foreseeing mind; which, if you do not hinder me from using it, will be a great blessing to us all.

Now Haswell come and see me immediately you get this letter. You can call me up through the telephone that I may know that you are in Boston; and tell me at what hour you will come. And then we will put an end to all this expensive distrust; and you can talk to me as frankly as I have written to you: and we will squarely understand each other, and then do our best for Hermann's recovery to health.

Happiness and credit, peace and plenty for you and yours, and a happy death with a sane mind at the end of your life shall be yours if you do your best to aid me in the restoration of Hermann's health.

Sincerely,
(Signed)

Here is a letter written to Hermann while amidst the general disbelief concerning his fitness to come home, she was working almost night and day to accomplish this object:—

BROOKLINE, June 30th, 1895.

My beloved Husband:—

I hear from you twice a day at least; for Dr. Craig tells me through the telephone all he can about your health, and your wants and general condition. I am glad you had a nice sleep after I saw you, and that you had a good sleep again last night. It is stormy and I am having to keep quiet today—this last day of June. Tomorrow will be the beginning of July—Julius Caesar's month—when victory in all good endeavors and undertakings ought to come to everybody: and I am sure it will to us.

Mr. Elms (the President of the Shoe and Leather bank) tells me how nice and successful many of our business affairs are going; and your brother, I am sure, with Mr. Pond's good, *good* help, is taking care of things so that you and I have nothing to do but 'Thank God and take courage!'—as St. Paul did when he got to a certain place down there on the Appian Way on *his* journey, you know—when Paul was having as hard a pull to get through wisely and well, as we are having: but *no* harder!

Now if you don't keep your courage—steady and inflexible—you won't be quite the man I take you for. I am doing everything under heavens, that I can do for you: and you have nothing to fret about: just keep well! You will get well and perfectly well and you will have a

sweeter, serener frame of mind in years to come, than you knew how to have, before you had this strange piece of discipline, which has come to you, from *having* to be patient, and *having* to *wait*, and to keep still I am awfully, awfully sorry for you; and believe me, this whole thing is a great deal harder for me than it is for you. I suffer in all your afflictions and a great deal more and other sufferings beside. But yet, I know this will not last! You are certainly going to get quite well and you and I and Haswell and little Mae and anyone else we choose will have some wonderful years.

I am reading a fine book today: and if I were not almost sure this letter is as long as you will want to read at one time, I would write a little more. The book is called 'The Prince of India' and on page 88 it says:—

'Everything is as God wills. Let us rejoice that he is our keeper! I congratulate you upon the resignation with which you accept his judgment. I congratulate you upon the age' (epoch) 'in which he has cast your life. He who in a moment of uncertainty would inform himself of his *future* should not heed his intentions and hopes. He should address his best mind to the question 'I am on the road, if I keep it, where will I arrive?' 'And God's Wisdom will answer: 'What are thy desires? For *what* art thou fitted? what are the opportunities of this age?' (this epoch). 'Most fortunate . . . if there be correspondence between thy desire, thy fitness and the coming opportunity.'

This is rather a long letter, but I want you to know that *I* know, that all the best of your life is before you: and that everything that has ever happened to you—even the sickness and this enforced silence and rest,—all these things have been opportunities of growth and improvement and for gaining knowledge which you will use for the good of the world, when—in years to come—you will perhaps be preaching again in the pulpit, better than you ever yet have done.

I am your loving faith full Oh! Very full of faith,—your faith *full* wife,
(Signed)

The first Sabbath after Hermann's being homed at Dr. Channing's, Mrs. Holstein went up in the carriage to ride out with him. They passed by the handsome old estate, monument as it was of her husband's heart and brain offering, not only to his wife, but also to their *still* not practicalized-ideals! And, he, looking at it, sent up a cry of appreciation and recognition of all that *that* had meant to them both;—raising one hand, palm upward to heaven, with a singular gesture as he grasped his wife with the other: meeting her encouraged and expectant look, in response to which he uttered: "Well! Well!" receiving her reply: "All shall go even better than that, Hermann." Then pointing to the pleasing church nestled there in the wooded ways she said: "Shall we go in?"—and with delight he acceded:—the attendant

taking his arm, and, Mrs. Holstein taking his other,—as she asked the usher, who met them at the door, to give them a near pew.

When they had seated themselves, Dr. Holstein, bowing in prayer, participated in the services with a naturalness and gratitude of devotion that assured Mrs. Holstein that ‘by this way wound his path into life.’”

Relative to the steps still to be taken, Mrs. Holstein probably gave Dr. Channing very little rest of mind: so constantly was she there. For as time went on, it seemed impossible to keep Hermann assured that she was doing her best to get him home, for he saw no reason that when they could take long drives together, even a twenty mile drive out to her sister’s as they soon did, and could go down to Nanskashemet House and other watering places, and take mountain trips, I say, he saw no reason for then being returned to the hospital instead of to his own wife’s home.

It was anticipated by some that he would make an outbreak on the street, disbelieving in her good faith in the matter; or that she would (as the term goes) ‘woman-like,’ forget law and break it, by ‘stealing her husband,’ as then he was a ward of the State in Dr. Channing’s care. But not that did she. But instead she was doubtless very exigent in her demands: and none but as spiritual-minded a gentleman as Dr. Channing could have stood her urgency relative to the home-coming of her husband. She knew that she became nothing less than a torturing-inquisitor in her incessant urgencies and pleas. And she knew (and had constant information on the matter) that even those who wished her some luck in her exploits, were calling her “more insane than the Doctor, though *he* was shut up.”

When the story of the sufferings of the saints of today are told, there must be a good chapter given to what other wives have endured of degrading imputations (when their husbands have been prematurely consigned to death) because of the lioness-like zeal with which they stick to their business of doing right, as they understand it. But may such wives always, in their times of agony, stand to the fact that ‘the servant is not greater than that Master’ who suffered all ignominy except that *greater* ignominy which the mother who

bore the Christ, suffered for *him!* For on *her*, in her mothering of him, were cast loathly imputations such as did not befall the man Jesus, nor *could*—until he should thereafter have attained to the faculty which bears the *abuses*, so often incident to wife-hood and motherhood.

So persistent was Mrs. Holstein in her urgencies that one day Dr. Channing had to say, in all courtesy:—

“You *said* you would co-operate with *me*, Mrs. Holstein”:— a very just suggestion that she was pushing her purposes over-strenuously every day, and sometimes repeatedly in the same day. And she knew it:—and had nothing more that she then could respond than:—“I appreciate what you mean”; as thanking him she departed for home where, certainly she did not give him *rest* in that, quite promptly she sent him a letter, in which however in the interim of writing the first and last half of it, word came that Hermann might have a three-days'-visit-home: under very critical circumstances.

Here follows the letter written in part September 25th, 1895:

BROOKLINE, MASSACHUSETTS.

“Dear Dr. Channing:—

I have thought of the words spoken on the stairway of the asylum, relative to co-operation in the case of my husband. But I am really trying to co-operate with you, while awaiting his home-coming, and understanding that co-operation means, working together.

I know you have the responsibility, received from the State:—I have the responsibility, received from Jehovah through the sacrament of marriage. And this (my) responsibility includes (I am proud to say) the ability to respond to my husband's soul-torturing call for aid in the re-attainment of true home-life and restoration of mind and body. You can perfectly fulfil your responsibility by sending him home to me to make him well. I can fulfill mine by making him well. It may take months, it may take years. But true restorative methods are Nature's own. And we must try to comprehend the transitional states which nature superinduces in all things, *Man* included.

I know how to work with nature instead of against her. And *that* Hermann is also learning: and this will cause him to realize that his conditions are good as far as they go, and that *he* is the same, *i.e.*, he too, is good as far as he goes! Methods today hinder men from coming to that youth, maturity and old age of old age, the conditions of which are a thousand times more valuable than immature souls have ever dreamed.

Dr. Channing, you will come to this crisis yourself. And as you deal fully in helping me to manage my husband's present need, so will great Life deal with you, when another decade shall have made you ten years older.

In that later time, we (all the brothers and sisters of the race) will be full of tenderness to one another; while (in this evolution of higher Race Power) those who are oldest and wisest will assist others in taking each next upstep. My Husband is taking that upstep now. It seems like dis-ease. It will seem different, when in his home he understands the peaceful way of assisting at the reconstruction of brain-cells. His old conditions are being sloughed off Dr. Channing! For that which is going on in the part of the brain which is in the cranium, also is going on in soul and being; and in the part of the brain-system which is most remote from the cranium:—and you ought to know what that means, when you stop to look over the statement.

So Dr. Channing, there is coming to my husband that sublimation of his being which is Religion; in that it does (not *dispense* with but) *include* the perfection, refinement and sublimation of Morals! A sublimation which will result in a new mental-illumination, and a clarifying of the very substance of his mortal frame. So the help which he needs, is not the help which you, as the head of Channing Institution can give him: nor could twenty-half-sick men-nurses give the aid which I, his wife, the head of this home can give him. I can save him to a Wholeness of Life, by having him (with your co-operation) here in this home.

OCTOBER. . .

Dear Dr. Channing, I find this letter on my desk unsent and unfinished. It was being written when Friday afternoon you informed me over the telephone that I might take Dr. Holstein home for 'three days'; promising that I must sign a paper which amounted to a promise that, regardless of conditions I would send my husband out of his home, back into the asylum at the end of that time, by whatever means. Dr. Channing, I promised in the letter written Sept. 25th to co-operate; and you will see how steadfastly I meant it: when, in accordance with it, I next signed the paper which you were advised to give me, and so got from my husband the little visit for which we both longed. I did it, dear Doctor, knowing that from beginning to end of it he would be in *alarm* lest someone should come and take him back to the asylum.

My beloved sister was with me!

He was afraid to take his dinner out of my rooms that first day, lest he should be carried off; so I just had his dinner and mine served up stairs; and did that as often as his alarm, lest someone was coming, caused him to desire it. So Heaven and good friends aided me to give him a lovely visit and uphold him in the assurance that the best possible *should be done for him*: and that if, when the hour came for returning, he would prove how *good* his mind is, by helping me to keep my promise to take him back to the Channing home after three days; then, Dr. Channing would probably have him come home and stay altogether very soon. I showed him my *written promise*; and I depend on the force of his sense of the sacredness of this *promise*, as the *only* force, I was willing to use to counteract the *horror* which (as it was well known would be the case) came over him at *me—me*—for not keeping him in the home and locking out whoever should come to take him away.

Now Dr. Channing, you know yourself, you have never seen in him

anything which, in the ordinary sense, can be called insanity. And dear Doctor you know he is not receiving; (and you have not the facilities for giving) that kind of special nursing and treatment where he is, that he could have at home under certain conditions. Not only is that new ulcer on his leg (and he never had anything like it before) not getting well, but there has been for over four weeks a development under the skin of the other leg of a like disease. It was noticeable before he went to Sax-
onville with me early in September. It was badly puffed up and very painful when he came here from the asylum. He needs to be nursed up at home into comfortable health; and then, taken this winter, where he can have sulphur baths and continued wife-care in a warm climate; and by next summer he may be a well man; and your method of co-operative treatment will make the Channing Home a word of hope to other stricken men; and to the hearts of the wives who love them.

My husband is not only in the pitiful condition of a little babe who cannot talk, and of a sick man who cannot help himself, but also, of a high-spirited *intelligent* man who, as he will not cry out hopelessly like one who *raves* has no means of compelling attention, but by *dying* some day suddenly, on your hands (as he is commonly expected to die) for want of home-care, freedom and wife-nursing.

Dear Dr. Channing you never said a better thing than when Monday, at the hospital, in my dear sister's presence, you said, you would write to his brother and have him brought home to me. You can never do a better thing than yourself (acting in freedom as the guardian to whom the State has committed this patient) to *order* it done as a curative method which you declare shall be tried in this case which is popularly looked upon as a hopeless one. Order it done, Dr. Channing on your own authority as a physician, selecting curative methods; and save my husband's life and mine by ordering this home-coming as a permanent thing. That righteous Judge of the Probate Court, Hiram Harriman, and Mr. Charles Williams and other disinterested parties, understand so much of this matter that you will be ably supported:—if you were a man who cared for *that* as all more or less do care. Why not then try this home cure in a case which, from the first, a whole *posse* of people have determinedly called 'hopeless.'

I have co-operated with you and have gotten my husband out of his comfortable home into the carriage, which took him back to the asylum. Now you co-operate with me, who am his wife, as only thirty years of a spiritual and entirely intelligent union can make a woman the wife of one whom she loves with all a sister's, a mother's and a lover's soul!

Dr. Channing do this, and such honor will come to your profession by this humane and natural treatment, as will make Walter Channing's method of mind cure as epochical as was William Ellery Channing's method of meeting religious problems at the close of the last century. A hundred friends are in sympathy with giving my husband by this method twenty-five years filled with the beauty of the Joys which belong to the youth and maturity of old age.

I am,

(Signed)

In a state of untellable agony suddenly, Mrs. Holstein wrote to a near neighbor who was also a brother mason (Mr. Saxe), "I, the wife of a brother mason send you a signal of distress! Come to No. 4 as soon as you can."

Almost immediately he arrived, and Mrs. Holstein was on her piazza and there explained that her husband was dying: was becoming like a drivelling idiot, full of the agony of losing faith in her good intentions to get him home. And Mr. Saxe infilled as all persons had now become, with the "stuff" put out regarding Hermann's condition at first reiterated, that she would only have trouble and untellable horrors if she undertook it. And passionately she exclaimed: "What I endure is no one's business but mine. What I will cure, if you and brother masons will add your help, is *my husband!* I will have him in my home, getting well!" And this good-hearted man ejaculated:—"Well! A man has a right to a chance for life! And I will do my best." And off he went and did his best, and that 'best' added to other influences as far-reaching, brought about that result.

Near this time the following letter was sent to Hermann and was often read by him and brought home by him when he returned.

BROOKLINE, July 28th, 1895.

My dear Husband:—

I am sure all your trouble with speech comes from a *psychic* disturbance of the nerve-centre. There are many such cases in these days! Because most all men and women worry too much and fly about in noisy places too constantly: and by getting excited and disturbed they throw away the brain-vitality which we all ought to accumulate and utilize through the nerves so as to revitalize the whole being and all our activities with it.

Hermann, if you will keep peace full (or full of peace) for a few months, I will give up every thought and every hour to making you well, and you shall be well by the end of autumn.

Don't disturb yourself about anything. For you see yourself, if your soul is full of peace there can be no *Psychic*-disturbance of the nerve-centres. Because the soul is *Psyche*: and a peace-filled *Psyche* quiets the nerves instead of disturbing them.

You have often accepted in your sermons the fact 'The spirit does the body make.' That is true, and so, of course, harmonious spirits (such as yours and mine are becoming) evolve enough of new nerve-force, day by day, to create nerve-substance enough to fill up new brain-cells: and that is what you have been doing beautifully much of your life: and must now continue to do, in order to heal that spot on your brain. Hermann, if you will always practise this peaceful inbreathing of pure air and God's

Spirit, you will send peace-filled life up into your brains and we will create so much brain substance that the older we grow the wiser, healthier and more joyous we will become. I think Dr. Channing understands about the soul's way of growing greater! I almost know that he does not think there is anything *sick* about this psychic-disturbance of the nerve-centres. Because when people get to be about fifty years old they get fuller and fuller of psychic life: and so by rights, *have* to learn a new way of using this by breathing it up into the brain, for brain refreshment and recreation.

You remember the lovely bronze statue of Psyche and Cupid which you presented to me? You remember Psyche holds in her hands way up to her head, that fluttering butterfly (the Spirit-power) which Cupid tries to snatch from her and crush and destroy!

That group makes me think of the beautiful things which you have practised as well as preached! The spiritual life which you have lived, has done you so much good that, at fifty-six years of age you have a *souder mind in a souder body* than you had at twenty-six years of age. You are a wiser, sweeter, dearer man today than you were thirty years ago. You should live thirty-five years more; and thirty-five years from today, you will be a healthier, wiser, more joyous man than you are today.

And so will I, your wife,

(Signed)

That quotation from Lew Wallace which she had written in a letter to Hermann went far to hold her steady during these days, as in a state of crucifixion she endured the knowledge that her husband seemed hourly sinking down into death, under successive light paralytic attacks; while the possibility of getting him home still seemed remote, so strong was the opposition.

Midst these conditions, on the 26th of September 1895, she recorded again in her journal, a quotation from one of Lew Wallace's wonderful books; a man whose mother she had met years before, on that elevating and instructive jaunt to the West; when this mother, with herself and others, was interested in inserting that plank in the Republican platform.

This is the quotation in full:—

"Everything is as Allah wills! Let us rejoice that He is our keeper. The determination of our fate in the sense of what shall happen to us, and what shall *be*, and when and where the end shall overtake us, is no more to Him, than deciding the tint of the rose before the bud is formed.

"O Emir, I congratulate you on the resignation with which you accept his judgment. I congratulate you upon the age in which He has cast your life.

“He who in a moment of uncertainty would inform himself of his future, should not heed *his intentions* and hopes. By studying his present conditions, he will find himself an oracle to himself. He should address his best mind to the question, —‘I am on a road: if I keep it where shall I arrive?’ And Wisdom will answer: ‘What are thy desires? For what art thou fitted? What are the opportunities of the times? Most fortunate Oh—Emir if there be correspondence between thy desires, the fitness and the opportunity.’” With never a doubt, her soul responded: and she had recorded in her journal “I am on the straight road to consummate my desires. I *will* arrive at their *perfect* fulfilment. For I desire to be ‘queen of home.’ I desire to exemplify the grace and glory of the ‘Virgin Mother,’ who evolves the God-man in her husband (as per Joseph), children and the nation. I desire to heal my husband utterly; and to make him an exponent and upholder of the worship of The Virgin power within himself. I desire to enormously glorify Ecclesia’s method of redeeming men’s mind, from decadence to effulgence. My ‘fitness’ consists in what my life and work have announced and shall yet announce, and in my soul’s-union-and-allegiance-to the eternal ‘Virgin of God.’ My opportunity is, that my husband yearns for, and needs my care, and that Ecclesia supernal will back me. I have the home, the means, the law and the medical profession to fetch it about. The correspondence between my desires and the fitness of the case and the *opportunity*, is as perfect as perfection itself. I will doubt no more. It shall be done. High noon-time, September 26th, 1895.”

In journal appears the following:—

“Mem. Mary, daughter of Hermann’s father’s ministerial brother, had paralysis and fits and lost her speech when she was a little child, and lived in an incapacitated condition to be nearly thirty years of age. And Harriet Springson, daughter of the uncle—the mother’s brother, had paralysis in early maidenhood and lived for years without *right* power of speech and locomotion and others there were in the family on both sides. The chances for Hermann’s paralysis seem inherited; yet over and above all inheritance is the possibility of becoming allied to the Fountain of Life which removes all inherited

obstructions by the inflowing of waters of Life from that Fountain."

"On Thursday, just after I had written this, my niece from the South (who, with her sister and her brother were being much sought and influenced by the person who wished Hermann to remain in the asylum) came up and assured me, Hermann was an insane man; and only trouble &c. would come of my interfering with present conditions. I read her this vow, just recorded. She came up next day and on Friday afternoon the word came from Dr. Channing over the telephone that Hermann could come home, if I still wished it. Then she went with me to the asylum in preparation for Hermann's home-coming; where Dr. Channing said to the effect that he should write to the State authorities, that this patient was an incurable paralytic; and that his Sanatorium was not a place for paralytics; or words to that effect."

The joy with which this dreary sounding announcement was received, left out of reckoning any acceptance of the idea of her husband's *incurability*. The point was, he was coming home. She was to take care of him; and heaven or earth seemed to have little more for which she could ask.

Quotation from journal again:—

"He is now at home. I have secured for his aid a Mr. Palmer, a Southerner, a skilled nurse: one who waited upon a southern General whose lower limbs were in the plight which has befallen Hermann's, incident largely to the sorts of medicines which he has taken and also possibly to that unfortunate cutting out of the abscess and the dispersal through his frame of the virus which would otherwise have accumulated and been thrown off; conditions which when we went to Egypt were not taken into consideration in all the doctoring which centred attention on *quieting* his nerves instead of cleansing his blood.

"This man Palmer understands it perfectly. He comes, sent down by Dr. Channing, and has every advantage for the place.

"Dear Hermann! He calls me 'Mother,' and if I can but unflinchingly hold to my heights there, I know I can take care of him any and everywhere over the world when he is well enough to travel as he will be sure to wish to do.

"This Sunday afternoon I sit in my sun-flooded upper rooms

with Hermann in his extension chair, bathed in the comfort of sunlight and The Presence here. Everybody forebodes disasters; but I know the same Lord who has brought him home will make all right. And fortunate I am in having this nurse Mr. Palmer, who is satisfactory to Hermann also.

“Let me remember ‘A christian has not power of himself, but must always be at leisure for God’s service.’ ‘Now this work is both God’s and yours when you shall have perfected it.’ So says Hermes.”

All those days Mrs. Holstein’s mind was filled with wonder-stories and prescience concerning teachings which came to her as if thrown up like jetsam from the buried experiences of ages. They seemed always revealing Hermann’s condition; and that his sickness now was not sick, nor his paralysis so much a paralysis of ordinary vital force as it was a lulling to sleep of tumultuous conditions from which at a gradual awakening, his true, and superior vitality would emerge as if resurrected at the voice the sounding of which brings the dead in their graves to arise.

She came upon the words which will be interesting to some of my readers, of Sir Isaac Newton, where he says: “What the Latins have done to the text of the three witnesses, the Greeks have done to the text—Timothy iii. 16, for by changing *o* into the abbreviation of *Θεος* they now read ‘Great is the mystery of godliness, God manifested in the flesh,’ whereas all the churches for the first four or five hundred years read: ‘Great is the mystery of godliness which was manifested in the flesh’: relative to which was the further statement on which her mind dwelt;—that Sir Isaac had written a dissertation on that subject, giving an exact and comprehensive view of that whole question; though Bishop Horsley’s edition of Sir Isaac’s works, did *not* include several of his manuscripts on theological subjects; for reasons which induced the nobleman to withhold them under the influence of the prelate whose notions did not agree with Sir Isaac’s opinion of the text; though his unfoldment of it ready for the press, exists in his own hand-writing:—as *he* regretted, and as others regretted, that the production of his luminous mind should be suppressed by any censorship however respectable.” The book which was so serviceable to Mrs. Holstein in those days

of increasing enlightenment, is one of which it is said "The lover of old literature will here find the *obscure* but unquestionable *origin* of several remarkable relations in 'the Golden Legends,' 'The lives of the saints'—and similar productions concerning the 'birth of the Virgin, her marriage with Joseph *on the budding of his rod,*' the nativity of Jesus, the miracles of his infancy, the laboring with Joseph at the carpentry trade and the action of his followers."

The book too speaks of the fact that several of the papal pageants for the populace, and the monkish mysteries performed as dramas at Chester, Coventry, Newcastle, and other parts of England, are almost verbatim representations of these stories. Many valuable pictures of the best masters, prints by early engravers (particularly by the Italian schools) and early black-letter books and illuminations of missals, and monastic manuscript, receive immediate elucidation on referring to the Apocryphal New Testament; and are without explanation from any other source.

In the spring after Hermann's home-coming, his condition was such that Mrs. Holstein had had a twenty-five feet square balcony built out on firm foundations sufficient to sustain the extension of the house, taking into it the trunks of two trees which shaded him, as in his hammock and rolling chair, he could rest at his ease, unobserved in his disfigured state, by the presence or espionage of persons whose unbelief in his recovery seemed to his wife a retarding influence. Yet his condition at that time was such that advantage came to him by *seeing* and quietly participating in entertainments brought to him; as in the reception of the members of that Queens of Home club, for whose advance he had so well prepared, about a year before.

No effort was made to excite his mind: though in his library and elsewhere throughout the house, letters and all matters concerned with social and business interests were where he could look at and read them or leave them, undiscussed.

On his first return to his home, his eyes were in a terrible condition, and he was taken to one oculist after another. But his inability to respond to or comprehend questions as they attempted to find what glasses were suitable, made the effort to adapt glasses seem futile, as the oculists distinctly

said. His wife felt as she looked at his clear eyes that it was not a defect of the external organ, but that it was incident to the agonized confusion of his brain; and that it was his unsteady *mental* vision which intercepted (instead of reflected) what struck upon his outer eyes' retina.

As they were leaving an oculist's one day, Hermann had heard the words:—"It is of no use! Nothing can be done." To which she had replied audibly, for her husband to hear,— "You will see your mistake within a year." But he, hopeless and trembling, when he had gotten into the carriage, wept, heartbrokenly; but his wife, with her arm about him as they rode said:—"Hermann, they are mistaken. You shall see: you shall walk and talk: you shall be a well man." And he looked at her with a faith that was to her like a propelling battery, invigorating her to go home and to continue that work *till her life should end*.

Probably the best thing that could be done in addition to pleasant, social and mental entertainment in line with those aspirations which had been his before their run to Egypt, was, the frequent driving to the seashore, where the carriage and coachman being all the time retained in readiness made it easy to get from resort to resort, as news of the proximity of his old friends here and there, attracted him.

She had no fear of keeping this variety of old pleasant interests before him, for now he had gotten to a state where in quietness and peace he was far removed from his old attempt to try to 'stop thinking': but on the reverse, it was evident enough that Hope was holding him, if not upon her wings, at least by her uplifting presence.

The Mr. Palmer who was at first with him had utilized for his limbs a drying powder called Aristol; the aim of which was the opposite in its object to that which had been sought by the medicaments used during his first incarceration. With the result that the conditions of his lower limbs were becoming righted. For consonant with that method was the philosophy and practice of the physician, now had, who was a disciple of Hahnemann, and who therefore served Hermann with such life-building potencies as it would seem those tiny doses could never contain.

If his wife's outlook even then, at the nearly miraculous

possibilities of the case had been recorded, they would, even today seem too intangible for ordinary contemplation. Yet with a firm grip on these outlooks, she went on identifying Hermann with her work relative to the Queens of Home Club ideals, with absolute faith in the 'exactness of God and the uniformity of nature in all its ways of fulfilling His perfectness.' Day by day, Hermann increased in the calmness and the hold which his faith had on an ideal which he knew stanchioned his wife's courage through and through, while years, full of national, epochial-and individual-evolution thundered by.

CHAPTER XIX.

"It is God, Supreme, infinite Wisdom, who is capable of perfecting this purpose and steadying this design.

"Remove from thee all doubtings and question nothing at all when thou asketh anything of the Lord. Put on a firm and powerful faith: for faith promises all things and performs all things; but doubting will not believe that it will obtain anything by all that it can do."

TO a great extent this rule as to the removing of doubts, powerfully impelled Mrs. Holstein to the working out of results so far reaching, that they tended to rally to her aid helpers, who felt they were *invoked*: because they, too, had in hand *selected* methods which, if she participated in them, would, they thought, promptly fetch about the utmost toward which she worked. But again and again, with a seemingly uncalled for halt, she withdrew into her shell with something like a mental-outcry that misrepresented her as 'unreliable' in carrying out methods for which (in fact) she was undeviatingly working.

For it was to the defined establishing of Results in her home, her husband and the world's constitutionally-self-governed-republics, that she was working with ardent expectation. Results which were based on the carrying out of the simple Autonomic Principle:—a Principle, however, so all embracing that a mere reference to each division of the task which was summed-up before her mind, would suggest a grip on things which would seem impossible for one mortal to much influence, much less, live to achieve. In fact, at an ordinary glance her work would seem antagonistic in its parts; as was intimated by a physician who, at her proposed bringing home of Hermann had said:—"Madam, if you bring that insane man into your home, you will not only destroy your home, but, make endless troubles for yourself,"—receiving the answer:—"My husband *is* home; and home and its enlargement is country and universe." For she empoweringly felt that the perfectly constituted MAN included a rightly constituted home;

and that rightly constituted homes, included, rightly constituted Republics on earth and in the eternal heavens. And, with her sight of this, she virily used her pen against those who held to the purpose of re-consigning her husband to the asylum—and her country to imperialism—a refuge, as that too, is for enfeebled sufferers. But while Dr. Channing was righteously carrying on his State-empowered protection of Hermann in this Home's sanctuary, the following letter in part was written in reply to one sent to another asylum by some one who was well and wisely interested in Hermann's affairs: a reply which showed that the effort which had been made to get the poor invalid out of his home into a distant place in Vermont had been honorably rejected by the head of that Nervine Hospital,—who was a member of that Willard family, referred to, earlier in this volume:—

THE WILLARD NERVINE HOME AND "REST CURE."

BURLINGTON, Vt., May 31, 1897.

Mr. _____

Dear Sir:—

I regret exceedingly to be obliged to say that the patient's condition of aphasia does not hold out any very good hope of relief at my hands, and I should be exceedingly loath to undertake the case—indeed quite unwilling to do so. He is in most excellent hands now for Dr. Channing's reputation and ability are such as to warrant everything's being done that can be,—that science affords.

With best wishes I remain

Very sincerely yours

A. J. WILLARD.

But if space were taken to show from journals, letters and documents, the various undertakings advanced by opposers of Hermann's liberty there would be too little room left to record the doings of that Power-of-Spiritual-Grace which presided in the hearts and heads of Hermann's wiser friends.

Also, while *such* efforts were moving forward for placing her husband beyond the health-giving care to which the law of Massachusetts and the intelligence of the skilled physicians (as well as the aid of both the Judges of Court of Probate successively presiding during that time in Norfolk County) had assisted in giving, there came to light a *copy* of a letter which had been written as the diagnosis of the mental conditions of

a woman, who twenty odd years before, had been put into an asylum by her husband. It was a copy, found without name or date, apparently preserved, as were those other attempts in the line of—shall we say?—removing impedimenta from obstructed paths.

And so, the years went thundering by!

Meanwhile, none of these things are recorded in the effort to *find fault* with any body! On the reverse, they but enlighteningly state and illustrate the fact, that a person, living on the plane of Grace and amid the sustained assurance of the abundance and all-sufficiency of *Eternal Grace* for every need,—may, in her ventures and assumptions and daring, appear quite insane to some other persons who think themselves dependent on manœuvres and underhanded schemes for carrying out *aims* which, squarely stated, would secure cordial co-operation from the best intelligence of all concerned including Heaven's Artillery! But who of those with whom Mrs. Holstein could or *did* talk at any time during those years, would have *cared* for such limitless (yet interiorly practical) 'jargon'? The old saying is, *Results* reveal the value of an outworked theory. So, to the *principle at stake* (and not to her own personal sufferings over carrying it out) did she confine herself; which but the more puzzled even her best friends. For they said it would seem she had enough to do to pull through her great task of healing her husband without bothering about political and world-wide matters. Not understanding, that, her *faith* in her husband's subsequent participation in the full carrying out of *all* toward which they had ever aspired (being well known to him), was a tremendous strength to him. Beside that he now could read all that was placed before his eyes. So when, after some hindrance (owing to a little legerdemain interference in the printing department), the Editor of the *Transcript* recovered his hold upon and published the following little article suited to the times, Hermann read that, with a grip on the outlook, which showed how thoroughly his mind was entertaining itself with the *principle at stake* in his country and outworked in his home.

It was as follows; and was headed:—

NET WITHIN NET.

To the Editor of the Transcript:—

There are assertions which the British put forward with a hardihood which might deceive the very elect. They are put forward in various forms, from the baldest flattery to utterances full of dominant and onstriding authority, coming from pulpit and press, and from Canada across all through Egypt and known Africa. The pith of them is that America is England's daughter, and that Americans and the English are one people; and lately the thing has taken form in the assertion that war between Great Britain and America would be most unnatural and impossible to contemplate; and also, some sort of alliance has been more or less nebulously proposed, on the principle of "We two *against* the rest of the world."

To take up the last point first. It is difficult to see in what sense war between Great Britain and America would be any more unnatural to contemplate than are Great Britain's wars with all the countries which she has always attacked in the hope of plunder, as during the first hundred years of our national life, fired by the same hope, she constantly attacked us; and as she would attack us to-morrow if plunder seemed more attainable through methods of attack than through avowals of attachment.

The London papers speak with surprise at the way Americans have flamed up with animosity against Great Britain. It would seem this surprise must be assumed; for Britain well knows that America has no such inveterate and incessantly insidious enemy as Great Britain. In fact, it is within proof that America has no other enemy. And distant may the day be when we cease to teach our school-children the fact that the method of domineering treachery that was exercised by the British toward us in our early history and in our late struggle for the preservation of the Union, were the methods of an enemy, who to-day stands equally ready, at the first opportunity, to drain the exchequer or the life blood of this nation. Let us exhibit the character of the British lion for exactly what it is, and for what, by nature, the lion will continue to be, until it and its ravening instincts are swept from the earth—leaving only the individual human beings of that nation to be absorbed into citizenship with this and on-coming republics; republics all of whose banners, insignia and moral purposes of peace and good-will to men will demand as a symbol something better than a beast—always treacherous, whether rampant or couchant.

The genius and quality of a nation are set forth by the symbol which it chooses as a self-representative symbol. When we come to the true inwardness of a nation's history all the way through, we find the nation has *evolved* its chosen symbol, guided by the genius or quality of its inherent character and aspirations.

As conditions of savagery are overcome in countries the beast makes way for man; and later on, emblems and symbols befitting a true civilization arise for public acceptance. Naturally, then, at this epoch, lovers

of the goddess of liberty (in whatever land they are found) regard with deep interest the quality and genius of those nations who have found self-representation by the use of such symbols as the Angel of the Harp, and The Eagles significant of the Triumphs of the Chosen of Valkyria, the Ideals wrought out by poet and artist in the lands of the Mediterranean, and the scholastic genius of the Alhambra and the Egyptian sphinx.

What we now claim as self-evident is, that the riddle put to Samson is near its solution. The eater shall be eaten. Out of the carcass of the dead lion shall come forth sweets. But the lion will never become a honey-hive until it is dead. John Bull and lion is a partnership which must dissolve, in order that the people of England, as well as the peoples of the rest of the world, may yield themselves up to ideals on the level of the mental and spiritual aspirations of this epoch! The Cause of Humanity depends on the survival of the fittest; and the beauty-of-self-wholeness the world throughout (not bullying methods of brutality) is now to carry the day. Beauty and beast cannot flourish together. The beast must go.

Now having taken up the last part of this matter first, the first must now come last. So repeating the fact that the beast is by nature and practice the enemy of the goddess, and can never be otherwise as long as beast is beast and goddess is goddess, we face the further fact that this republic—which stretches from ocean to ocean, and includes in the sea to the northwest of it a whole new world called Alaska, and on the Gulf a country of magnificent proportions and powers called Texas, with other Spanish-Mexican realms of wealth almost unexplored and undeveloped—is a republic no more distinctly English than it is anything else in the way of inherited nationality. And nothing can be more un-American and unconstitutional than for us to discriminate by word or privilege in favor of one nationality here under this flag as against any or all other nationalities here under the flag. We are a conglomerate nation, and our citizens are German, French, Prussians, Italians, Swiss, Danes, Irish, Africans, Jews, Russians, Arabs, English and Armentians, &c., &c.

Only the citizens of a nation should own the land of a nation, or own its bonded debt, if debt the nation may have. Then citizens would value the privileges which, only in virtue of citizenship, they could share, and they would then do honor to the principles which they would then study to comprehend and defend.

But what value can citizens place upon citizenship, if certain persons who are *not* citizens are permitted not only to form syndicates to buy up the national land and syndicates to buy up the national credit, but in addition are permitted to become the chosen allies of the country as against other nations in Europe, Asia and Africa; which nations are the blood relatives of citizens of this country? And all this favoritism for no apparent reason except that the nation to which these favored non-citizens belong, is the prime ravager of all other countries, as it is the arch enemy of this?

If matters were to move forward on this sometimes proposed principle of "We two against the rest of the world," the German, French, Russian, Irish, Swiss, African, Swedish, Norwegian, Italian, Spanish and other

citizens of this country would be called upon to take up arms or cast in votes (as long as their voting might be permitted) to protect alien-English interests in every quarter of the globe as against the interests of the world-wide kinsmanship of the citizens, as often as the fighting instincts of John Bull and lion demanded.

But, thank heaven, our national constitution (as long as we guard it) is a net, in which the lion is here entangled. For this constitution will not permit an alien class to foist on citizens of world-wide nationalities, conditions such as those which are formulating themselves in certain minds today. Neither will our citizens of various inherited nationalities permit it, seeing that each vote (according to the theory of our Government) counts equally with every other, the country throughout. But because of this self-protecting, self-perpetuating character of our national constitution, some "Anglonomaniacs," even in universities seem to be doing their best to undermine respect for those principles, by treating with a half-derisive dilettanteism the fundamental purpose and principle which is set forth by the national constitution of our Government.

Æsop has a fable of a mouse who thought to earn the gratitude of a lion by gnawing to pieces the net which had caught and constrained him. When the net was gnawed to pieces and the lion was free, he seemed to exhibit gratitude by promising the mouse a reward. The mouse demanded a family alliance. The lion acquiesced. "But the young lioness, giddy thing that she was," says Æsop, "not minding how she walked, set her paw on the mouse who was coming to meet her, and crushed her little dear in pieces."

In view of the broad facts of the case, it is believed that the common sense of this conglomerate nation will be neither bedazzled nor alarmed, either when the bull, in playful adulation of this nation's charms, kicks up a dust for its eyes, or when the lion presently roars forth in defiance from the fortifications with which its keeper has long been preparing to net us up within the boundary set up by the seas (Atlantic, Caribbean and Pacific) that encompass on three sides the land of this republic.

But do these fortifications net up the republic? Oh, no. For the republic is more than the land! The republic is citizenship. And the liberties of the nations of the earth (which American citizens represent) furnish a great network of fortified and fortifying power, against which the everywhere abhorred guns of the British Government cannot prevail and will never be returned.

(Signed)

BROOKLINE, Jan. 25, 1896.

[From the Boston *Evening Transcript*.]

Driven as by volts electrical she was because of her comprehension of the epoch's national and world-wide-urgencies which she would fain have turned from lines of conflict into realms of co-operation. Placing all that she was doing before her husband's eyes (harassing him not with questions but entertaining him along the old lines of achievement toward

which they had been working)—she advanced the doings of the Queens of Home Club: (truly in a far less stately manner than Holstein had pictured yet) carrying on in her home preparations for a public occasion to be held on the 17th of June, in the Town Hall. An occasion in commemoration of the results of the Battle at Bunker Hill. Hermann, her invalid, was to be present at the affair; for though he could not speak, he was otherwise interested and identified with it all. And she had so far reminded him of a lecture that had been given before their Nile trip, at a Browning Club and afterwards, before the Radcliffe Students,—that his interest was greatly increased at learning, she hoped to have the aid of the prominent Professor at Harvard who had given that lecture on Paracelsus:—whose distress in dying, because of the fact that he “had not attained”—was well understood by her now; because of her soul-straining-desire that Hermann should *not* die until he had “attained” to all (or more) than Paracelsus yearned for!

And on this public occasion, she wanted this professor’s aid. Therefore, in order to make sure, he knew that she knew how valuable was the TIME of the man of whom the club asked it—she wrote to him, and showed her husband the letter, which was as follows:

To that Professor [inserting the name] of Harvard University who is the author of “The Spirit of Modern Philosophy”—(which *spirit* is explained by him as the significant possession of a few modern thinkers and as “a doctrine concerning a world which, amid all our vast ignorance of Nature and destiny, we yet have a right to call, in its main outline, a sure possession of Human-Thought)—to that Professor thus mentally known to me will you allow me, dear sir to call *your* attention? For it is from him who *has* this ‘spiritual possession’ that I ask for a piece of work for the good of the Universe: as The Queens of Home and their guests shall gather at the Town Hall of Brookline, there to commemorate the ‘principle of that Liberty to all,’ as opposed to license for any over which principle that battle was fought at Bunker Hill. This help is asked in the hope that we may make this occasion a way-mark in the upstepping methods of this age.

As Chairman of the Brookline Floral Emblem Society, whose State President is to be with us, I have asked the President of the Brookline Education Society, Dr. Walter Channing, and the Supt. of the Brookline schools, Mr. Samuel T. Dutton,—to speak to the propositions set forth in program: enabling us all to strike for our altars and our fires, in a way legitimately sequent on arguments that were administered by sword and

shot at Bunker Hill. For now, in 1896 we use spiritual weapons which are correlated to the wisdom of the 'spirit of modern philosophy.' And our ability to intelligently use those spiritual weapons renders us surely no less earnest or serviceable as patriots, than were the early fighters.

For we, as lovers and upholders of home, are bonded together to secure that Intellectual triumph which comes from adherence to the same principle on which the *constitution of man* (as so finely shown by the spirit of the philosophy) and the Constitution of our Country both are founded: as well as is the constitution or makeup or Principle of the Life, which fills heaven and earth.

Then was sketched in the letter the platform of the Queens of Home, and the program of the meeting. And the letter went on:—

I Write to you thus in full as I have to the other gentlemen whom I have asked to participate defining the principle for which we are working as Queens of Home. For in it daughters of the Republic and woman clubs generally are interiorly concerned,—not in fighting old battles nor getting up new ones, but in holding to the ideal of that liberty, which is the support of art, religion and of the conditions of a spiritually heroic age.

The proposition to which I ask the aid of the Professor (my sight of whom I have introduced to you, dear Sir) to speak, is,—“Proposition second: What citizens in 1776 died for, citizens in 1896 must now live for and train for or *lose*.”

Then this sketched letter ends with this reference:—

I have stated as well as I can the matters for which we are at work, so that if *you* participate in it, we can forefend the *thirty years war* which privately the British Government (not the English people) are trying to force us to take up as against the rest of the world. For well you know that not by that path is secured the life of peace and purity whence alone comes prosperity.

Dear Sir, when in Europe, I did not see Paracelsus Bombast's grave and inscription, but I did see the Pyramid of that Celsus above whom the *para-Celsus* (who died without having 'attained') assumed to have *named* and set himself and his teachings, you know. I do not forget your great lecture on Paracelsus, nor the *determination* which I expressed to you, after hearing it at Radcliffe, that 'man *shall* attain.'

I am sincerely,
(Signed)

In reference to this, there came from that Professor a most courteous answer containing every grace except the grace of acceding to the really very extreme request for the gift of so

busy and great a man's *time* and influence. To this answer in her headlong way (which *would* see nothing but the necessities and impulsions of a great spiritual crisis) Mrs. Holstein replied in a manner fitted to awaken opposition, as she forth-shadowed the destructive quality which comes on the wave-impulsions of certain Universities, when so-called 'pleasure seeking' is allowed to set the pace for a dissoluteness which, if a newspaper boy and a so-called street ruffian shall venture to pattern after it, will lodge them in jails and houses of correction. Houses of correction and boy-correctors, which, she prophesied, would soon be inadequate to cope with the torrents of vice and profligacy which would inundate our country (if not arrested at this point) consequent on the rule and reign of riot, war, gambling and the goat-like trampling over the spiritual potencies of the mothers of the race.

This letter was followed by an answer, courteous but adequate: against the sharpness of which Mrs. Holstein did not in the least repine, as she had ready a paper to send to the *Boston Herald*, so that if Harvard's help failed, information might be increased through other means:—to which on the return of that article there came to her a polite reference to the *value* of the communication, accompanied by the statement that it was not adapted to the columns.

Such efforts to help circulate truth vexed some persons; but to all that, she submitted with the courage of one on record, who practically said to friend and enemy: 'Hear me first and then kill me,' caring for nothing but to secure public recognition of the fact that our social complications were all the outcome of a *cultivated* (rather than an innate) ignorance of the "Spirit of that Modern Philosophy"; and of that doctrine concerning the World and Nature and Destiny, which *Spirit* (as the author of the text-book had justly declared) is a "sure possession of human thought," that is to say, *Humanity-at-large*. Of which fact, if the Professor could at that meeting have given every thinker present an re-assuring hint, even that re-assurance to them, would have made his share in the occasion of great value to *him*; on the basis that 'it is more blessed to give than receive,' because while 'there is a withholding more than is mete which tendeth to poverty,' 'also, there is a giving which maketh rich.'

Her sight of the fine results which might follow on opportune words, probably sent through her request, an energy shockingly (yes, shockingly) disagreeable: as seemed proven by the reply which came from the Professor who had courteously declined her invitation, and then probably almost at the same moment had received a program which included his name as possibly gracing the occasion: evoking from him a reply as follows:

CAMBRIDGE, June 13th, 1896.

Dear Madam:—

The use of my name in the circulars sent out for June 15th is I must remind you, a wholly unauthorized use. I have assured you very explicitly that it is quite impossible for me to undertake this task. You have absolutely no right to make this public use of my name; nor to lead anyone to expect my presence at the meeting.

The courtesy of your kind invitation was one thing. *That* I acknowledged promptly and warmly. This unauthorized public use of my name is quite another thing. It is an infringement, doubtless an unreflective and inadvertent infringement, of one of the most fundamental of the 'liberties' of the civilized man.

I do not judge in the least your intentions in this matter: but I regret your forgetfulness of so simple a principle of 'liberty' and must quite firmly, although with every good wish for your prosperity, forbid absolutely any further use of my name in connection with any enterprise of yours.

Respectfully,
(Signed)

In response to this she immediately spoke over the telephone and then in obedience to her impelling vision of future aggrandized service, she wrote, knowing of nothing but to do next duty even if duty included crucifixion as a result. For this dying daily had too long been her portion, to awaken in her mind any other sentiment than astonishment that she still lived. Here follows her letter:

BROOKLINE, June 18, 1896.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Dear Sir:—

On receipt of your letter I risked the use of the telephone to immediately say 'Your words are just and courteous. I immediately send letter.' I repeat the message, lest the telephone should not have simplified matters and I now as fully thank you for the straightforward rebuke of (what

you see to be) 'an infringement of one of the most fundamental of the "liberties" of civilized man,'—as I ever thank anyone for anything.

You are just and wise in not misjudging my intentions: and you cannot more regret than I do the seeming 'forgetfulness of so simple a principle of liberty.'

Still you will discriminate and recall that the program said only 'Professor — has been asked.' But my saying that after you had explained quite at length that you could not do it for reasons assigned, arose not from negligence or from any ulterior motive, but from a mental envelopment in *Enthusia*; which had enkindled at sight of America's status at this great epoch when the practicalization of the most elusive ideals ever formulated in Seals, Symbols, Flags, Art and esoteric-word-windings—is at hand!

At your very word 'Academic,'—memories of Athenian glories and of days and of doings recorded in stone by those Egyptians who also 'united' indeed 'for the promotion of arts and sciences in general' through the exercise of that art of arts known to Egypt as well as in Greece,—filled the circumambient air with the glories which may now arrive to us at this consummation of old hopes, if, at this age, men will learn to cease *hindering* themselves, by distrusting woman's willingness and power to do them intellectual good (and not evil) all the days of their lives.

I am honestly sure that you have every good wish for my prosperity; the buoyancy of the approach of which comes enthusiastically to me, at starting moments. I am happy to say it was my wish for your prosperity that caused me to use your name, dear sir, in connection with this work.

The notices have gone out. They are generally beyond my reach. The fact remains before the public eye that you have been *asked* to speak to a proposition formulated by the Queens of Home Club.

Many petitions are daily offered to many beings, by many others.

The Lord himself could show a long list of such things. He escapes unscathed any disaster therefrom. And I am *sure* you will. But the blessing to you lies along the line of 'giving a turn to the wheel' which so swiftly fetches forward oncoming events.

With sincerity I am,
(Signed)

Here is inserted an announcement of this meeting at the large Town Hall, the platform of which was fitted out handsomely enough with rugs, furniture, pictures and sufficiently large art-forms, significant of matters in hand, much as before had been done; so, that when the home-like portières were drawn, it introduced to the view of the audience a home-like gathering of men and women who had the topic in hand. Among the addresses, stood conspicuous, the admirable address of Prof. Samuel T. Dutton, whose idealizing work in the Brookline schools was in line with that cultivation of the

scientifically instructed, imaginal powers which were incident also to the soul-building methods of Mr. McAllister of Milwaukee,—both of whom are now educators in New York, along the higher planes incident to the evolution of the new moral and mental faculties, now patently surging in the caldron of this bubbling new age.

PUBLIC MEETING

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE QUEENS-OF-HOME CLUB.

Commemorative of the Use which the Victory at Bunker Hill should be Made to Serve.

The Queens-of-Home Club will hold a meeting in the Brookline Town Hall, on Monday evening, June 15th, at 7.30 o'clock, to commemorate:

First, The peace which will be ours through simple adherence to the principle for which the battle of Bunker Hill was fought; and

Second, To present the basis of an education which will co-relate the American citizen with the American principle of Liberty;

Third, To bring before the country a Floral Candidate for the office of National Representative of the Genius of America. The American Water-lily is its name!

For this meeting the following program has been arranged:

PROGRAM.

Meeting called to order.

1. Salutation to the Flag, to the music of the "Star-Spangled Banner," all singing two stanzas of that national song.

2. Mrs. Ellen A. Richardson, state president of the Massachusetts Floral Emblem Society, will present an out-look at future methods of commemorating the anniversary of our National Independence; and will speak to the resolution adopted by Queens of Home:

Resolved, That which is commemorated today is—not the Battle but—the Principle of National and Individual Liberty, which was bequeathed to men, women and children, by the Victory won at Bunker Hill.

3. Professor Josiah Royce, of Harvard, is asked to speak to the proposition: "That which citizens of 1776 died for, citizens of 1896 must live for and train for, or lose."

4. Mr. Samuel T. Dutton, Superintendent of Brookline Schools, will speak to the joint resolutions:

Resolved, "Only that Republic can continue to exist whose individuals are educated in the duties and responsibilities of Citizenship."

For:

Resolved, "The strength of a Republic consists in the self-poised self-sovereignty of its individuals."

5. Mrs. Helen H. Gardner, the gifted author of "An Unofficial Patriot," "Men, Women and Gods," "Sex in Brain," and "Is This Your Son, My

Lord?" etc., will speak to the question, "What means this love of martial glory and of the pomp and circumstance of war?"

6. Mrs. Marie N. Buckman, local Hon. Secretary Egypt Exploration Fund, will speak to the toast: "The Egyptians—Those greatest of Academics, who 'united for the promotion of the arts and sciences in general,' by means of cultivating that Art-of-Arts, which is symbolized by the 'Compass, Rule and Square,' the Bird and the Lotus."

7. The president of the Queens-of-Home Club, will speak to the toast: "America—The daughter of Egypt and the symbol of the Phoenix, which, emerging from the ashes of its altar at this great world-period, lives again! Its Bird of Victory, the American Eagle. Its Floral Representative, the American Water-lily."

All will join in the music and song:

"In the beauty of the lilies
Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom
That transfigures you and me,
As he died to make men holy
Let us" live "to make man free.
His truth is marching on,
Glory Hallelujah!"

MOTTO, PLATFORM AND DECLARATION OF THE QUEENS-OF-HOME CLUB

Motto. The Price of Liberty is a steadfast adherence to its simple purpose.

Platform. Ours is a Nation of Individuals! And only as each individual shall attain to a personal comprehension and daily practice of that Liberty which is the opposite of license, can there be developed the National Ideal of Liberty which is the support of art, religion and a spiritually heroic age.

Declaration. We are Academics: "United for the promotion of arts and sciences in general," through the exercise of that Art-of-Arts known to Egypt and her children, scattered world-wide at this day:—children who gather to the Flag, the Symbol and the Floral emblem known as the American Stars-and-Stripes, the American Eagle and the American Water-lily."

This work was received with acclaim by those who had not already begun to submit to the daze and the craze relative to being part of that imperialistic lot, artificially called Anglo-Saxons whom, some dreamed, were to subjugate the rest of the earth, and thereafter live in some ecstasized realm of Oriental rapture.

Mrs. Holstein was not in a craze to make enemies; she was only in a "Berserker rage" to avert death and destruction by doing her best to help fetch to her Husband, and her nation, to Higher Life and constitutional construction. She felt (and never ceased to feel) that she could, would, and should resurrect to newness of life Hermann, Home, Country and the World! A sort of enthusia, which made St. Paul, from his standpoint also seem like an overwrought (let's say) Madman!

Meanwhile Mrs. Holstein's tendency to express herself in words and writings as she antagonized persons and principles which sought to consign Hermann to the hospital, and her country to the disease and demoralization incident to battle-fields,—prevented her from long holding herself subject to the command, '*especially* see that thou speak evil of none, nor willingly hear any one speak evil of any. Detraction is a pernicious thing. An inconstant spirit that never is in peace but always is in discord,'—a command in the breaking of which she took the discordant consequences as she struggled on in her love of the constitution of her country and of mortal man, which love caused her to publish writings distinctly anti-imperialistic:—for the reason that she so thoroughly understood the difference between the refinedly English people and the '*British Government*' that she wanted the first to realize that (descendants from that Angle-land in the south of Denmark as they were, and called by the old scholars of the south, 'Angels,' as they had been, because of their highly spiritualized perceptions of ethereal possibilities) they therefore also *were* followers of The Eagles throughout the world and by nature were opposers to the ravengings of the rapacious lovers of war and carnage. Relative to this, in the January previous to the Bunker Hill day of '96, the *Transcript* published among its 'facts and fancies' the following little poem written to affirm that—

"The spirit of 1776 is still the Spirit of 1896": and entitled—

PEACE ON EARTH AMONG MEN OF GOOD WILL.

There was a fair goddess in Zion,
 Who thought to befriend an old lion.
 He was a hungering beast
 To say only the least,
 And it seemed a poor thing to try on.

For, unlike the 'lady in Niger
 Who went out to ride with a tiger,
 And came back from the ride
 With the lady inside
 And a smile on the face of the tiger,'

Our goddess is simply a mother
 To whom every land is a brother,
 And children from each
 She's adopted, to teach
 How to honor and love each other.

Her protection she gives to them all
 In whatever good *language* they call.
 But when, loudly, galore
 She hears but a beast roar,
 She remembers well what may befall.

All love for the beast has departed,
 For the goddess is mother-hearted,
 And loves the children of men
 As the Virgin did when
 Diviner humanity started.

(Signed)

But all this work to some persons seemed in line with what they had called, her disregard of her own future, or what she was to live upon if she "so lavishly threw away money;" especially as midst her peculiar complications, she also set about utilizing the one bit of property which she had held to, so as to render it not only a home, but an entertainment; and, additionally, a source of possible income if all else failed! Thus securing her husband's joyous support, in case he for many years remained an invalid. But her "impractical nature" was considered largely in evidence when she moved up the carriage house and nice new stable; though this not only gave Hermann more entertainment than he could have gotten out of

anything else just then, but also made a very pretty result as far as (let us say) 'architectural design' was concerned. Yet, when she had to face her good lawyer's thrifty question: 'Is there any *money* in it?'—blithely and firmly, but not satisfactorily to him, she had responded:—'Oh yes indeed, I *know* there is! For I have *put* it in.' Evoking his rather mournful word:—'But will you ever get it *out*?'—to which she had to respond (with truly frivolous recklessness) 'perhaps not in ten cent pieces, but in joy and instruction and general benefit to all concerned, you will see it is at last fetched out, with the added interest of profitably idealized and realized results for the race.'" For it was on the achievement of permanent Results that her heart was set, and for them, head and hand, she worked.

When the Court at this time wanted her to cease encroaching too fast on the 'principal,' her then really very sensible (but not business-like) remark to the *new* guardian of the property, was this:—

"As something over a hundred thousand dollars are in hand, if I but had some safe little corner where I could pile up that coin, I could then take out of it for Hermann and myself, five thousand dollars each year, for twenty years without cracking anybody's brain over the toil of its management." And while she knew that that was *fact*, she knew also that it would 'not be business,'—for reasons too numerous to mention. Meanwhile business or not, she determined that Hermann should not at all be restricted in the use of what he had so injured himself in getting together. And when her lawyer, Mr. Latham, a year before had desired her to rent the two new houses, and wrote to her about how to make the 'plant' available, the idea of calling this Home (the solid possession of which had saved Hermann's life) 'a plant' so touched her sensibilities that she astonished that pleasant gentleman by beseeching him, never to use that word again nor to think that thought relative to that Home, unless he meant (as she now felt almost sure he did mean) that it was 'a vine of the Lord's own right hand's planting,' &c., &c.:— in response to which she received the following truly fine letter:—

BROOKLINE.

My dear Mrs. —:—

I will never use the word again! I wish I might say that I had used it in the beautiful, ideal sense in which you are so good as to think I may have used it: but I fear I cannot claim that such was the case, unless the idea lay hidden in my subconsciousness.

It might rightly be applied, however, as a spot where had been placed or 'planted,' the most unselfish self-sacrificing and successful efforts to save and make happy and contented an over-wrought life: where the seeds of kindness and unremitting attention, watered by the dews of gentleness and warmed by the sunlight of cheerfulness have brought forth their perfect fruit. But all this and much more are comprised in the word 'home' as exemplified in your case.

In my own defence however, I must ask you to recall that in using the odious word I was endeavoring to lay the situation before an entire outsider, and asking such an one to look at the matter in a cold-blooded business light only.

Very sincerely yours,
(Signed)

All of which Hermann enjoyed very much. For he knew of plenty of things which had included his wife's misrepresenting of herself as, in her idealizing but furiously hard-working way, she moved ahead, following her "vision" (like St. Paul), obedient to it.

During these three times three years—mid the travel by sea and land, the meeting of old friends and the making of new in the home, the clubs, the churches, the work of the Women's Unitarian Alliance, the meetings of 'the A. A. W.,' The Castilian Club study, and the society for the University Education of Women—in all these matters, Hermann, I say, was associated and most kindly greeted and identified. While never for an hour, was the mother-wife's mind taken off of the divinitizing possibilities of this man, who so often called her "Mother."

Upon the possibilities which they had faced in the beginning of their marital life, they had never lost their hold; and as these later and *greater* years of life had rolled by, they had given Hermann such an increased hold on Eternal Verities, that again and again she was caught back a'halt, lest as his mind became spiritually invigorated, his mortal part should not be as correspondingly rejuvenated as, at the youth of old age she had hoped to see it become.

He was now well into his sixties; and had long since given up that attempt to 'not think.' On the reverse was following alertly all that books, papers and other media put before his eyes: as well as letters; and all that which thought-transference and sign-language could bring: while, with increased "patience" on the part of all concerned (Hermann included) he was enabled to *do* (at any expense of time and effort) whatever he had in mind as being desirable to get done: though his aim could not be comprehended until, at last (and sometimes a very long time afterward), they had accomplished what he had steadily worked toward.

The enthusiasm of the country in 1897, '98 and '99 in trying to get its bearings mid the contentions, on the one hand, of those who wanted to mind their own business within their national limits; and of those, on the other hand, who desired to procure world-wide conquest by force of *arms* instead of by force of intelligence—left a very narrow line, for those women to walk, who believed that the national principle was mighty enough to unify the nations of the world on supernal-planes, could but those planes be held to, in that purity which is invincible.

In her determination not to be drawn into matters which made for alliance with warfare and attempted domination by-force-of-arms,—she (isolated, little home-maker that she had now become) withdrew from many clubs and associations to which she had belonged,—stating distinctly that she did it in fealty to the individual's right to self-government and self-expression; including as *that* did, free speech, free press and free schools and utter freedom in religious thought and self-expression. She "had the look of one who threatened many and excellent things, when once" her "villa had received" her, "free from employment, under its roof." She had taken "refuge there at the very celebration of the National saturnalia, out of sobriety" in her antagonism against identifying herself with the tendency to go a'killing people up and down the earth in order to christianize them, or, the tendency to go a'*dominating* them, in order to teach them America's ideal of Liberty.

This had included her withdrawal from organizations, which then had—in secret conclaves, to receive instruction as to

what they were permitted to do; instead of publicly hearing and discussing all that any one (or they themselves) were doing: so that, hearing of all the good general purposes, they could freely take hold in the old fashioned American way, here and there, as occasion offered.

The result was, in her 'undrilled' condition, whenever she *did* attend any public meeting of the sort 'open for discussion to the members'—her tendency to 'testify'—usually included the utterance of what came like a thunderclap out of a clear sky: as she spoke of what America could do for her world-wide-related citizenship: as its example enabled and upheld other Nations in building up their own Republics, full of peace and purity, all over the World.

This being her anticipation as to her Nation's business, when The Floral Emblem Society designed to hold meetings, she was glad to extend to them an invitation to meet in her home, under the auspices of the Queens of Home Club: to there discuss the fitness of the American Water Lily as a Candidate for the office of National and State Floral Representative.

At the assembling of the guests as they entered her home, on this occasion, they at once faced an heroic statue of Minerva-Athene, holding in her fingers the Masonic compasses and square: while a golden American Eagle, pendent over her head, held in his beak an American Water Lily; and, as a background the folds of the American flag, with its stars and stripes, fell pendent.

To emphasize exactly what all this meant to her mind, Mrs. Holstein had had placed on the pedestal at Minerva's feet a gilded basket filled with tiny envelopes, in which were enclosed an apt little poem, from the Boston *Transcript*, running thus, on

THE SPIRIT OF 1896.

The goddess of Wisdom
 Is the goddess of Liberty:
 Minerva Mary is her name,
 But throughout the ages
 In history's pages,
 Whatever her name, she's the same.

Mad? Which? Neither.

Liberty is wisdom
 And Wisdom is liberty!
 Each with the other must abide.
 For to be truly free
 As God would have you be
 Wisdom and Will must coincide.

The lily and the eagle
 (Bird and flower emblematic)
 To Minerva's grace appertain:
 And well tell the story
 That unfolds the glory
 Of Wisdom and Liberty's fame.

'Una and her lion'
 (If we rightly read the story)
 Show forth fair Wisdom guiding Will.
 The sphinx repeats again
 And tries to tell to men
 That 'lion-hearted souls fulfil

This moralization
 Of the dual soul's fair region,
 Which makes self-sovereigns of all men;
 And gives to each a crown
 'Bove temporal renown!
 Thus gods shall walk the earth again.

Among the speakers present were Mr. Charles Malloy, a personal friend of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Dr. Lewis G. Janes, —President of the Ethical Society and Director of the Cambridge conferences. These gentlemen opened up for discussion after it was presented, an address which, at the hands of a reporter, immediately in part appeared in the Boston *Transcript*, and afterwards was printed in full and circulated for study, in the following form:

“SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER, FAMILY AND PERSONAL ABILITY OF THE CANDIDATE FOR THE OFFICE OF NATIONAL FLORAL REPRESENTATIVE.”

THE AMERICAN WATER LILY IS ITS NAME.

AND HERE IS ITS PHOTOGRAPH.



The glory of the Lily is as symbolically limitless as is the glory of that Christos who (it is prophetically affirmed) said of self, “I am the lily of the valley.” And as the ideal of this not-yet-born government of people by and for people (for women are people and are not in the government) is as incomprehensible to preoccupied minds as is the lily-like Christ or the Christ-like lily, an attempt on my part to unveil this triuned mystery in half an hour, is futile.

Therefore, I will but affirm for discussion, that no flower is a befitting representative of that conglomerate-citizenship and of the principle-of-Liberty which is the all-in-all of this Republic—unless it is competent to

represent the SPIRIT of the preamble to that constitution which affirms as a creed, that "We hold it to be self-evident that men are born free, and have a right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

These things being so, it is plain that a flower, emblematic of faith in the potency of a self-sovereign citizenship must have gathered up within itself a residuum, representative of those past forms of life which evolved the National-Standards, dear to the Father-lands whence our conglomerate-citizenship came: in order to here have the opportunity of developing in a free land, devotion to principle.

There is a flower whose *habitat* is an accretional gathering together of past forms of Life; and whose root and stem have safe treasured up that value which is presented to view in blossoms, whose circumference of purity encloses a heart of gold! Blossoms, which live free afloat mid sun and water while rooted in union with that mud-world below; which mud-world is made up of those transitional forms of life whose material, decaying, furnishes substance for the forth-put of the lily-blossom.

Up out of this accretional decay, the lily *grows*,
It does not stay
Down in decay.

It was known to mediæval history as a possessor of self-harmonizing, self-creating power. For after its blossom has performed other parts of its work, it holly turns on its stem and goes down through the mud to bury its being in the world below, that from this burial new lilies may grow.

As you all know, the liliaceous family embraces about 500 species. These aquatic plants have a perennial root-stock and do not need to be planted, tended and managed by hand of man. For it is their nature to look out for themselves and their own orderly reproduction: as Sovereign of habitat, root, scarp or stem, leaves and blossoms—all these (in the evolution of the lily) work together for each other.

This water-nymph has orb-like leaves that float on the stream, uphold thereon the large, individual blossom which rises on an individual stem, that syphon-like, while tethering it in firm identity with buried forms of life from which it has come up, yet gives it free rope to ride far afloat in perfect purity: because it rides in perfect freedom: perfuming the sun-realm above it, while drinking in from thence, air and warmth. And all of this upper-world beauty it carries to the slug-world below, when it turns on its stem and plants its life there!

The blossom of this plant when fully expanded is perfectly hemi-spherical; and its numerous petals are delicate in texture though robust in vitality. Its roots bear numerous self-detaching tubers; so that the tendency of even the *root* is to break off from the old stock, and start up in a radical individuality, quite at one with the self-poised, self-management of this never idle worker; whose peace and purity result strangely from its union with the mud-world below *and* its liberty in the sun realm above.

One American species is the *Nymphæa Odorata*: whose sweet-scented blossoms are often five and one-half inches wide, and whose leaves are from five to nine inches broad, varying their greenness toward a pinkish hue or even (in Barnstable and Massachusetts regions) becoming of a bright pink or red; while in the interior part of the United States, there is found the *Castala Runiformis* which has large leaves and flowers that are always white, and therefore bear in that hue those six other color elements which make it white. This perfected type has self-detaching tubers, and is able in western wise and parlance "to set up a plant for itself." But not only has the Eastern and Interior parts of the country each its own species of lily; but also in the South, there is a golden water lily, locally abundant in Florida, Texas, and elsewhere. This species long escaped the notice of botanists, though the golden yellow blossoms of this *Nymphæa Flava* are abundant and of great dimensions; while the water-lily of Australia (that continent which, ten years ago, was said to yearn to be under the ægis of our flag) is the *Nymphæa Gigantea*, the largest specimen of which has leaves 18 inches broad, and blossoms a foot broad, with two hundred stamens. And as this has three varieties of color, the red, the white and the blue—it suggests that Australia has in readiness a magnificent representative of a self-governing republic like that of the United States of America, the colors of whose flag Australia's lilies bear.

Now I am not proving too much in revealing that the water-lily is not essentially representative of this continent. I am going further along that same road, and when I shall have reached the end of it I shall but have stated facts that give an outlook toward the beautiful destiny which must characterize a Floral-emblem that attempts to symbolize this nation; and to be its representative and messenger of peace-arbitrament to lotus-lands whether in India, China, Japan or elsewhere.

So mentally leaving Australia far to the South, and mentally sailing almost directly east from here through the straits of Gibraltar we come into the southern extremity of the Mediterranean where the *Castella-Nymphæa* (or *Mystic-Water nymph*) clothing themselves in red, white and blue,—tell us of a prediluvian reign of that liberty which was known to the Egyptian gods. For carved on many walls, stand images of those great rulers, with lily-filled hands, arresting the attention of those who study the sculptured walls of those temples, and bringing each one who enters those ruins, to steady himself before the mystery of the silent mandate to "consider how the Lily grows," that the beholder too, may learn to grow, as grow the lilies,—that is, in silence: and from within that valley where the "I AM" reigns. Thus in wisdom grew that Solomon who, in his Arabian palace in Shusan, "considered the lily" which was the lotus, as it grew in that "valley" which was the valley of the Nile!

After this study of this candidate's character, and of the character of its great family, we now turn to consider the ability of this candidate to be a messenger and talisman of peace to all nations, if our national choice of it honestly holds us up to an order of national conduct which accords with our primal-conception of our national DESTINY, as sustainers of "Peace on Earth." The fact that Egypt (before the floods engulfed that now partly exhumed civilization) held the sultry Lotus as symbolic of its

scientific mysteries, does not militate against our right to use as our National-Emblem the intellectualized, crisp, curt and industrious American water-lily. For as in its whiteness ALL colors are gathered up; so in our conglomerate-citizenship, there is gathered up all the shades and colorings of those old rages and yearnings to be released from degradations which hinder souls from developing within themselves that "White-world which have the pure in heart."

These things being so, I now present the American Water-lily as representative of those conglomerate conditions and that love of liberty, whence sprang the citizenship which, here in this country, is trying to learn a self-sovereignty, devoid of license. If however, in our love of liberty, we all sometimes over-shoot the mark, though it is to be regretted, it is not much to be wondered at, for rooting time necessarily precedes the season of blossoming. Therefore, if our personal and national conduct seems to savor more of the conditions of the mud-world from which the lily springs, than of the conditions of that upper air in which, at blossoming time, the lily rides free afloat in most perfect purity when in most perfect FREEDOM, that but shows us that no newly released slave or enslaver can immediately live up to our National-Conception of that Liberty which is full of Peace when (and only when) it is full of purity. And we have but to reverently and helpfully face the fact that a lily-like fashion of living, is so beauty-filled, that even the most harmonious souls can as yet do little more than IMAGINE it.

So we may as well, courageously acknowledge that this first century and a quarter of our National life, has necessarily been more significant of the throes that accompany an emergence from old forms of half or wholly enslaved existences, than it has been the fair output of that Liberty the ideal of which Washington, Jefferson and other of our country's founders conceived.

And how could all this be otherwise: when the soul of every man here, still bears that "bar-sinister" which now (as of old) disfigures the shield of every man whose mother was or is a slave? On the reverse of all this, how fully, Vishnu—the Mother of Siva, like Mary the Mother of Jesus—had attained to the Liberty of self-unity, all students know, who understand the meaning of that very ancient picture, which shows Vishnu with her child at her bosom, partaking of Peace Divine: which Peace was there, and knew no measurer. In view of these facts, it seems evident that if the election of the Christos-like lily as our National Floral Representative enables us to come nearer to the Lily-like Christ,—this candidate's influence will bring us into that co-operative world-wide activity which befits a nation, whose birth-cry was an announcement of a form of government, officially representative of peace relations with all the rest of the world.

(Signed)

BROOKLINE, 1899.

One poetical mind present, Mr. Charles Malloy, stated that, a peace-arbitrator, approaching ever so fierce an enemy, if he bore in his hand a bunch of these lilies—sent truly from a

National heart filled with the peace and perfectness of that flower,—would certainly at once secure union, not transient—but permanent.

The *Transcript's* reports of the meeting included digests of the peace paper and its discussion, and descriptions of the emblems on those National standards and banners which were representative of attempts in line with the betterment of things. And well arrived all peace efforts then were. For the Twentieth Century was at hand, as also should have been the dawn of that new epoch referred to on the back of our National shield under the words '*The new order of the New Age.*' But even over this birthday of the new age, conflicting minds had to have healthy argument. For while with the lovers of the Roman eagles and the eagles of St. John it was felt the new century began when the first minute of the oncoming hour of the first day had arrived, others (who perhaps expected to adjust more satisfactory-conditions by the end of the next twelve months) preferred to declare that, not for next months more, would the new century fully have dawned.

That winter, as had often before been the case, Hermann with his wife and the maid and man, went to their old home in Washington, where he was most royally received by his beloved church people, and where it seemed generally believed, he was secure to be reinstated in health and achievement.

But that year went on, and another; and with his improvement in health came the constant eager reverting of his mind to business matters, relative to which, restlessly and in alarm and distress he constantly urged a matter, which he always introduced by the words, "The safe, the safe!"—harassing himself over conditions which he felt should be changed. Again and again drawing his wife to his side and beginning with his pitiful method of pointing in the direction to be followed, as he added the word:—"My br-o-o-ther"; as often before he had done; to which always, when she could no longer put off a direct reply his wife but said: "Are you talking again about wills?" getting his eager response so funnily ejaculated:—"Certingly!" and receiving her answer as always:—"Dear love! You will get well; and then you can *do* your will. You need *make* none." For she only knew that she could see be-

fore him a life full of youthful energy,—as, with a purified refulgence of spirit he would walk the earth, as they together would glorify and substantiate before the eyes of unbelievers, an exalted idealization of the Spirit's Power to re-create every disabled, imperfect form.

CHAPTER XX.

“Sole happiness can be obtained but from the Inner Reason and strength of spirit which supplies a counterpoise to the contingencies and obstructions of life. The wise man thinks of all in a rational connection: on this account nothing surprises him, nothing terrifies him. He falls not into weakness nor passion. He alone is a true fellow-citizen and true kinsman and friend. Because alone he perfectly knows and fulfils all the duties which these relations involve.”—ZENO.

“If empiricism is animated by a desire to subordinate mind to matter, and to materialize mind, Idealism on the contrary so spiritualizes matter, so construes the idea of spirit, that matter shall be subsumed under it.” “Leibnitz calls matter only ‘crassified spirit’ or ‘confused ideation.’ There are only spirits and ‘thoughts of spirits’ or ideas.”

“Generation is the mystery by which *Spirit* unites Itself with matter.”

HERMANN'S increasing urgency to have some misrepresenting document attended to, brought Mrs. Holstein face to face with two possibilities: one of which included her preparation for giving a mother's care to her invalid for twenty years to come, in the possibility that he should continue in conditions such as were reported as being held by his uncle Haswell on the Foreign mission field, from sixty to eighty years of age: during which the skilful Missionary, Miss Susan Haswell, cared for this father amidst her other achievements, as a mother cares for her crippled child. And in preparation for this possibility (as has been said), Mrs. Holstein had so built up her little Home-spot as to have made it prospectively remunerative, monetarily and mentally; expecting to enhance there, the evidence of the *Presence* of that Indwelling-Spirit which, in previous years, they, in writings, churches, clubs and discussions, so vigorously (and perhaps prematurely) had unfolded and sought to practicalize. She hoped by this means, if Hermann's incapacity continued, to bring to him matters which would enthuse him mentally, even if his body, in the next twenty years, did not regain its youthful energy.

Pending this, there was over the moral-world those surges of intellectual-expectancy relative to the establishment of the 'New Order of the New Age,'—including as that does the coming of the Man-that-is-to-be!

Relative to this matter an earnest young physician had written to Mrs. Holstein, sending her a synopsis of his lectures and asking aid of the Moral Education society in furthering his plan of giving boys instruction in what he called 'sex-science,' as part of the regular curriculum of the public schools. The request came when she was deluged in her sense of her Nation's need of a Supremely wise Court of Jurisprudence, made up of Idealized-Zeno-like men 'who think of all in its *rational* relations' and who 'fall not into weakness, passion or fear':—men, each of whom is 'a true fellow-citizen, kinsman and friend' to each individual of the race: each of whom knows 'perfectly ALL which these relations involve' and who deals with Human-questions Spirit-side-foremost; instead of in that embrutalizing-disorder incident to the embrutalizing-ignorance of the fact that the complicated-Force with which The SPIRITIZING-PRINCIPLE at times unheaves man, works through him for no other purpose than to fashion each, according to each soul's personal readiness and ability to ascend to ever-more-exalting and satisfying-planes of personal development! A Force which at a later phase becomes that Equilibrist's force, that 'contains in itself the two very different properties of the first Form.'

Her pitiful soul was wrung in torture over the wastefulness of the fact that older men so often died before reaching the heights whereon the world immensely needed that they should-be-found-standing: that being there, they thus from thence would be fitted to give the HELP which, perhaps, in their early youth, few hands were found ready or able to give them: possibly, quite the reverse.

It was with the internal mechanism of her brain and being almost torn asunder with her longing to preserve Hermann for fitness to preside in such helpful relations to her adored Nation,—and with longing to make sure that she Knew that he comprehended all that might be included in opening up his affairs before the legal-scrutiny of the public-mind,—that then she proceeded with the other lobe of her brain to write

the following reply to a physician's request that Public Schools should open their doors to physiological instruction in so-called sex-science:—

Dear Sir:—

I have read the synopsis of your lectures to boys, and the two letters expressing your desire to give instruction in physiology, as an instituted part of the curriculum of the highest grade of our common schools.

I reluctantly in answering; for many professionals today, seem less to desire a discussion of their postulates than acquiescence in their plans. But I needs must ask, if the woman teachers of the girls—in the case your letter proposes—are expected to adapt their teachings concerning creative action, to meet the *character* that the social conscience fashions (unless I am misinformed) are setting, as the level for the lads? In which case I then say that, an attempt to teach the girls to meet *those* demands will soon distort the representatives of 'the Eternal womanly' into mere simulacrum of that Individual Integrity which is co-natural to maids and matrons.

Shall I write on a little further? If so, to make clear my idea as to what relations *should* be mutually sustained between men and women in order to insure the swiftest development of 'the coming race,' I will use the terms the 'elder' and the 'younger' brother: in stating what I hold is true concerning woman's (the elder brother's) relation to men.

Now, to the intuitions of the Elder brothers, teachings which are founded on the supposition that the *body* makes soul power, are as much out of order as, to a trained electrician, is the assertion that the dynamo makes electricity.

In my opinion the Perfected Human Form is that one which at last has become builded by the Ego's reception of the Seed-Thought, which Eternal-Spirit scatters abroad; and this form is as precisely adapted to capture and utilize this Spirit-power, as the dynamo is, to capture that electric current whose manifestations well symbolize that work of The Spirit which gives spiritual light and heat to All-that-is.

You notice I am urging the point that the perfected form of the Elder Brother is but resultant on the creationally expansive-thought-power of that Ego who having lived wisely and well through many previous incarnations has at last accumulatively thought into being its higher outward-bodily-expression of its inward state. Therefore this Elder-brother's (woman's) insight and receptivity of ideals from supernal-realms have so differentiated her from the functional construction and capacity of the younger brother as to suggest that a more continuously intelligent pondering of these possibilities and uses, will include such an involuntary utilization of this foison of spirit as will cause under right conditions, this foison to fruit forth triunedly, after THAT kind.

I claim, it is high time that the Elders faced these possibilities of their natures. Then, this lively expectancy of glorious things (such as were 'spoken' of other Elders in pre-historic times) will act upon the younger brothers as an Inspiring Presence: tending to lift them, from all animal furies and fights, to a level at which they will be able to choose companion-

ship which will *mentally*-generate in them an expectancy of a like future personal development!

At present, the supreme tragedy of existence is, that false teachings authorize the less-perfected brother to ruthlessly mutilate the divine-self-wholeness of the Elder by roystering intrusions which cut off the connection between the spiritual-dynamo of the perfected form, and its legitimate Supernal source of motor supply. Thus arresting the full evolution of an order of functioning the *character* of which will be better understood if we consider the full sense of the old adage, 'The Greater contains the Less.'

In fact, I am writing this letter, because, in your synopsis of lecture for boys you make the misleading remark that 'seed is characteristic of man.' Though on second thought you must know that this is no more true of man than it is of everything else on the earth or in the realms above. Turnips, roses, trees, tadpoles, beasts, birds, animalculæ, Spirit, Thought, Vision and all-that-is, 'each after its kind' has its 'seed remaining in it,' to bring forth 'each after its kind,' as stated in The Book concerning the genesis or beginnings of things.

But—of course, the more imperfect 'the kind' the more imperfect and fragmentary (functionally considered) is that which is brought forth. For though each Kind may be pronounced 'good' 'after its kind' yet, in the sight of Omnipotent-Omniscience, as long as any etheric-atom there remaining is of a decayable or transitional quality, it continues that there are always new forms to evolutionizingly follow.

For instance: some flowers which are perfect enough for their use, yet have 'no power over themselves' as perpetuators of their kind: while there is another kind—those of the liliaceous family, each individual of which has 'power over itself' to produce its equally empowered kind. Each one of that family is the continent of the impregnating and fructifying function: and each, in its androgynous glory is therefore competent to bring forth after this self-sovereign kind.

Likewise the difference between the Elder and Younger is that the Elder is interiorly *self-possessed* as long as allegiant to that 'Fount of every blessing,' whose supplies the heaven of heavens cannot contain: so over-flowing are those Heavenly-supplies for the use of whoever desires, above their chiefest joys, to *utilize* them.

Here is the point:—

If no imperfect mental or other seed were intruded on the Elders, then the *self-recognized Elders*,—from the blending of the equilibrist's two spiritized forces, might generate, not only perfected thoughts, insights, foresights and ideals, but—under right conditions, might, lily-like, blossom-forth forms, equally potentialized. Therefore we should indeed honor those who have taught the world the necessity that parents, who wish to win great souls to their homes must secure to their children that immaculate conception which Anna and Joachim secured to the Mary who thus was afterward the divinized mother of Jesus: and we should honor those, who have taught, that *that* story was not a *myth* but a scientific, anatomical fact concerning methods and conditions which will propitiate the descent into generation of those Great Souls who at this epoch, are looking for embodiment befitting their astounding necessities.

This being my long sustained view concerning the mystery of general tion (commonly belittled by the name 'sex-relation') you will easily see how urgent I must be that physiological lectures should be given *spirit side foremost*. Then maidenly men and manly maids will be ambitious to put themselves in right relations to The-Spirit-Motor-Power whose methods need little more illustration than the study of an electric dynamo and *The Word of Jehovah Christ* will provide. For with the *natural* reverence that lads and men have for women, they will not find it hard to comprehend that it is the *heroic* business of the Elders to be *homo-pathic* in their ministrations: because they (women) are possessed of the 'high potencies' of that which in the Younger brother has seemed to be but like the pounds and pecks of drugs and herbs, whose untritured bulk is (and always will continue to be) burdensome, until by spiritual succussions and dilutions, the high potencies of this grosser 'bulk' are evolved.

Holy churches and righteous law-makers have realized that the *sine qua non* in the evolution of the race, lies in the protection of the virginity of the Elder brother. But their inadequacy to the business is shown by the tendency of the churches and law-makers to repress (instead of to inspire) woman's tendency to self-knowledge and self-reverence. Which shows that such men either lack a realizing sense of the meaning of John the Baptist's cry 'Make straight paths for the coming of the son of MAN,'—or that they hate to take on themselves the restrictive purity of life, which a real fulfilling of this protector's office would include. The so-called 'myth' concerning the necessity for the immaculate conception of Elder Brothers (who it is hoped will become divinitized mothers of divinitizing Man) is no more *mythical* than is the quality and potency of the Lily; whose *growth* such a son of such an immaculately-conceived mother, asked those who were trying to follow him in 'His regeneration,' to 'consider.'

Let us then, for an instant consider the methods of this lily-like-life. For its *imparting* of itself, is so devoid of any *disrupting insurgence*, that it is entirely unlike that to which J. J. G. Wilkinson once referred when he said of those sorts of results, "Most of us are fragments and divorces cast off in some former act of violence." Therefore let us (who are attempting to set a better level of life) consider how far such 'acts of violence' are, from those men, who with Christ, have drank the wine-of-the New-Kingdom'; and how unfit for them would be, the 'casting off of such fragments and divorces'? For in many cases the violating (by such ignorant intrusions) of the sanctuary of the truly-Virginal-natured-being, is that "sin against the Whole-Spirit-of LIFE, which I do 'not say shall be forgiven.' Though, in fact, many such become cases of Vicarious-atonement; from which, if the sufferers emerge at all, it thereafter may be to generate (not bodies on the usual-plane but) beatifying visions of supra-nal-LIFE which they, perhaps, finally THINK into Being.

So far so good.

Therefore now, if the work which you contemplate having done in the schools, is in line with that *philosophy*-of Physiology which treats the subject soul-side-foremost, it will be interesting to me. For on *this* philosophy of creative-action we have tended to found Life-work, both as set forth in books and as thought-out in a Home which is delivered from

bondage because of its allegiance to the *Divinity*: whose *blasto Coele* (germ of heaven) 'remains in Children of God' who have 'attained' that self-conquest to which crucifixial-experiences have brought the Elders.

Now that I have taken time to write so fully of my inmost sight of this high-case, I shall send copies of this letter where they may be of service, in wider circulation.

And I am sincerely,
(Signed)

But other questions and upheavals had now come into the field consequent on the passing of her money-affairs into new hands. And the time became filled with the arranging of Hermann's trips by sea and land, and included appeals to the Court of Probate for added money needed for these jaunts and for the continued House-extensions. So that her mental urgencies, as they were precipitated on the new Judge of the Court of Probate were so disturbing to him, that Mr. Williams (her first lawyer) was necessitated to write, assuring her that she must prepare herself to curtail her expectations and get ready for restricted expenditures and activities.

Which was all very just and reasonable: except for the point that, at this time Hermann was bound to go to Bermuda, and, as the money was not forthcoming for the trip, he was getting more excited than he had ever been in all his Home-life: and, at least, three lots of persons, were quite prepared to see him prove himself 'unmanageable by his wife,' and therefore fitted to be placed in that asylum.

But to pass by those things of intrigue, the point just then was, Mrs. Holstein knew she must have that money for Hermann, or he would be disappointed; and 'disappointment' was no light matter for him in his state.

She decided he was not to *be* restricted in the use of that stuff, the anxiety and infernal-frenzy to get which had made such a mess of their lives. Fortunately she had a crescent-shaped jewel of great beauty: which she had been told had cost 1,000 dollars. This she took to the Guardian of the estate, asking him to give her five hundred dollars of estate money on it, keeping it as collateral: so that the Dr. could have the money for his journey and yet, when he got well (if he felt hurt at her parting with his gift), he would find it safely turned over to him with his own property.

He was assured (and she wanted every one else to understand the fact) that Hermann wanted to go to Bermuda: and that to Bermuda he was to go: as it was good for his health as the physician and Dr. Channing had said it would be. To all this, the Guardian of the estate agreed cheerfully: only quite properly, wishing her to know the side of the case which he as Guardian of the pennies had to make it his business to take care of—he sent this admirable letter in answer to her further urgencies:

Your letter of March 1st is received. I do not see how I could do what you wish without authority from the judge of probate. It would not be considered proper for me to buy your pin from you for the estate and it would be impossible for me to lend the money to you except through the intervention of some third party. I am sorry to disappoint you in this matter but I do not see how I have any discretion.

It occurred to me that you would like to have a synopsis of the figures I gave you the other day concerning the estate. The amount of productive property in the estate is, or will be [&c., &c.]. The ordinary expenses on the basis indicated above are at the rate of \$7500. per year. If there are any expenses like the journey, or extraordinary sickness, they might easily reach the sum of \$8000. per year. Indeed as far as I have gone in the guardianship, the rate of expenditure has been considerably over that sum. If the expenditure is \$8000. per year, in ten years \$80,000 will have been spent. This means a depletion of the principal of \$4500. the first year, and as of course income decreases as the principal grows smaller it means a still greater depletion of the principal in subsequent years, growing constantly greater. A simple computation will show you that if the income of the property earns net free from taxes 4% and if you and the Doctor spend \$8000. per year, in ten years your principal will be depleted \$56,000. and there will be less than \$20,000 of principal remaining. This would last perhaps three years more, when you would be penniless. From such information as I have I should say that you both would live much longer than ten years and therefore that the financial questions are very important and that there is some need for prudence. But, as I have always told you, in this matter I am quite under the control of the Court and since Judge Flint has expressed himself, as far as we have gone, as opposed to further special allowance, it would not be right for me to make one on my own responsibility.

Yours truly,

CLIFT. ROGERS CLAPP.

While Mrs. Holstein felt these possibilities were precisely stated, this view of the far-future seemed to her light as air compared with the point that Hermann's Health, at any cost, was to be established and for the rest, she had arranged that

all she had of personal property (whether of wit, wisdom, strength or that other thing called 'Real Estate') should be willed, as a reserve, held in hands of trustee-legatees, mentioned by name in a *will* which she had made for Hermann's future protection in that home, in case she died in the midst of the business.

But true it was, she had been drawing heavily that summer and autumn on funds for building and fitting up that Sun-House, where she had supposed (from Hermann's keen interest in it) he intended to stay for the winter. But sea-travel was his delight: and besides he had a sense (as had his wife) that the one use of money now was to buy him Health. Then with Health, he would not only make more money, but would right up all things at the best possible level. And he knew that *that* was what she was living to see him accomplish. But too, he was as anxious for the sustaining of her health as for the gaining of his *own*.

Yet when in objecting to going with him to Bermuda she told him that she was a very poor sailor, he knew that it was best to let her take him to the depot, and then, at home await his return with the understanding that, in case he desired to stay longer than he had planned, extra money should be cabled to him by her.

That she assured him.

Miss Haswell was with them that Winter, full of plans for carrying on valuable industries in India (on land long ago owned by her father there) for the benefit and by the help of her three schools-full-of-pupils: the division between which schools was requisite, owing to deep seated Indian conditions. Into this work Mrs. Holstein had partly entered when on his return from The Bermuda-Frascati Hotel Hermann, under some adverse influence went down paralyzed: and then, under his increased distress relative to the document (in reassuring him that all should go well and that he should have whatever he wished), she practically promised to do her best relative to the 'safe.' His distress being, as he then plainly revealed, that he felt the will in question reflected discredit on her as his wife: his *more than wife*: his mortal-savior, as he now knew her to have been. And under

this her faith that he should not, could not, must not die: he, through the Power of the Eternal and good medical care, in a few days was gotten into a rolling chair and interested in swirling himself through the long rooms of the Annex—the Winter-house—all alert to have done what his wife, in the shock of her need to satisfy him, had said she would try to do:—realizing that while to undertake it might cost Hermann very dearly, yet to leave it undone, might imperil his life.

During the season when the Water-heater was being put into the centre House, distresses came in from many sides: till it seemed as if disaster would be incurred whether, by inaction she permitted Hermann to die of hope deferred or, by action, stirred up contingencies which, since before she knew him, had piled up in his path apparently, chiefly because, he seemed to have been *born*, expecting to dash through and over all obstructions. Was it because there had been cultivated in that family the lack of the discrimination concerning any possibility of any further '*consequences*' of acts—which were supposedly forgiven and "washed away," wholesale, in behalf of the elect? Whatever the Cause it seemed to Mrs. Holstein to be part of the family characteristic, to make of 'experiences'—not '*mounting stones*' on which, standing, one critically examines the way overpast, in order to note and shun each point-of-divergence from the 'strait and narrow road,' but, instead—made of 'experiences' but 'mill-stones' which, all-too-early, tended to sink even the most gigantic swimmer.

She knew his paralysis was, first and last, from fright: and that if he died he would die from fright: and from his enslavement to *fright* she was bound to free him. But as for making an attempt to bother over, merely the little '*WILL*' matter, that she would not do. For in case there were a more serious point at stake, the pottering over the money-matter would still leave the real trouble (if any there were) untouched. To find and deal with the cause of the '*scare*,' by which he seemed held in leash, was the point on which it seemed, his health and prosperity depended.

So desperately putting in the scalpel as might a surgeon in hunting for a possible bullet, she wrote and passed to her husband to read, a letter, and also this written question;—

“Shall I send out this letter: and so commit your affairs to the Supreme Court of the Nation?” and he, after reading the letter, exclaimed with glad tears swimming in his eyes, “Yes, Yes, Do it! Do it!”

Then he felt they understood each other! And with a love warmth and cheer of gratitude enhanced an hundred-fold: feeling all lack of comprehension on her part was removed, his being seemed to spring into new action.

This took place about a week or so after the paralysis had come on. And afterwards, he had been gotten into the use of the rolling chair.

One day when he was in it, he asked for the keys to her large writing-table: and being assisted to roll his chair well up to it, he was left there, keys in hand, able to go over everything in the drawers, to his heart's content, while Mrs. Holstein was occupied at a distance with her work.

Then it was, as she thereafter had reason to know, that the package of letters, often referred to, was placed in the back of that deep drawer.

After that, once and again, as days went by, looking up at her expectantly he ejaculated, “Well? Well?” surprised that she was not faster rushing on the matter-in-hand.

But—the daring? The risks? The ample opportunity—in case of the worst results, of,—not only the Court's but of Hermann's return (under the manipulation of his mind that would be brought to bear by a management adverse to this open-court-style-of-dealing) to the *thought* that had betided him before his faith-in-her had been re-established on her getting him out of the asylum: the *thought* expressed in Europe, that she did not want him to live. Perhaps he but hoped that this extreme consideration might come—not of grace or judgment but—of the import of his wealth (though of wealth he had none as that word goes in these days)—and because of his position as a Free-Mason and from other yet greater, adventitious circumstances. For great seemed the tendency of that family, to depend on outside influences, and the recommendations which come from Churches, Organizations, and Society-verdicts as to one's personal performances and abilities, rather than on the inside-facts-of-being.

Was it that, at the mere arousing of the question, enough had

been done until Hermann more fully knew that the purgatorial out-cleansing of *Anima Bruta*—though well begun—next required his own rigorous inspection of the disordered ‘issues of the life’ which had come from his not-yet-thoroughly-‘swept Temple’ before he, himself beneficially realized what the questions (to which he had been willing to call public-attention) had cost him and others?—and before he, himself was prepared to beneficially realize that they had come from the *unintelligent* stress and strain under which he had, all his life (until the last eight or nine years) torn on impelled by the ‘unsatisfied desires’ which rule in the *Anima Bruta*? Desires which, however, since his Home-coming had been so dealt with as to have brought him to see that the objects which, in past-life he had most fiercely fought to attain did, on possession, but intensify his sense of the LACK which the Spirit feels, in all mere bodily (socalled) ‘satisfactions.’

Had he needed to have a little chance ‘to lord it,’ in order to see how little he knew WHAT in real fact, he wanted? Had he not now got the chance to ‘taste and see’ how good were ‘the Waters’ which ‘springing up within’ called him to seek those draughts and search for that ‘Wisdom’s way’; which makes for Peace and an all-sufficing plenteousness?

But what words are sufficient for these things?

It must suffice to say that the wife, when she faced Hermann’s urgencies relative to the proposed appeal to the Supreme Court, wondered whether his *then* mild faith in her perfect intentions would later, rebut the misconstructions which the adversary would cast on them, if an adverse verdict should accrue! And wondered whether the idea—uttered by him when (before he was adjudged insane) he was under the adversary’s influence,—would again burst forth in the viper-like-hiss, “You do not want me to live!” etc.

Impelled she was as by trumpets of a thousand resurrectionary-angels, to hold on to her divine-mission, as priestesses of life do hold on all unpretentiously while they minister in that vestal-sanctuary between which and the Sensualities there surges that Hellespont—the crossing of which must—at any cost—be achieved by each Leander, before he knows and enters the supernal-glories of the Temple of Hero.



LEANDER CROSSING THE HELLESPOINT ON THE WAY TO THE TEMPLE
OF HERO.

Though an *appreciation* of the difficulty (to the average un-instructed man) of crossing that Hellespont, Evelyn Hope Holstein had not early possessed.

But to *Hermann*, that attempted swimming of the Hellespont had cost no *death*-agonies, even at the time when the Elder Holstein had left little undone to make the brave young swimmer distrust the possibility and the Wisdom of such a feat.

Perhaps the fact that (as has been said) Evelyn Hope had from childhood supposed that all Jesus-like-men lived and reigned in the 'Spiritualities,'—had mentally and spiritually assisted the young preacher, at the age of twenty-four, to face the question whether it primarily were not precisely in *virtue* of THIS-Order-of-Life, that students-of-*Divinity* could but be Christmen, *per se*?

For asked him she had, what else could or should so differentiate them and so especially mark them as Lovers of the Lily-of-the-Valley or as WEARERS of the Laurel? And full well—at the crisis of his incarceration—had she known that, if anything less than this lily, Hermann had loved, or if anything less than that *Laurel* he had been seeking to wear, there would not have been in-or-of him the wherewithal to have enabled his transference by her from the Asylum to that home! Nor would there—during these fast-rolling years have been THAT *in* him which, assimilable, would have enabled that union-of-Spirits (his with hers) which, at that crisis, had made between them in very deed, an at-one-ment.

Under the spiritual afflatus of this sight of the Soul's great case, she wrote to her lawyer, Mr. Latham.

BROOKLINE, January 21st, 1901.

Dear Sir:—

Doubt not the wisdom and necessity of moving onward this morning. The Doctor was never so well adapted to high service as (if unhindered)

he now will be, when this crisis is exaltedly passed. I will save my husband's life and vindicate his honor. For even when he seemed mad, he has always in his best way honored me; and notwithstanding seasons of *seeming* insanity, has been reverent to me personally and to my nature.

Then in what may have seemed the frenzies of a woman whose exaggerated sufferings had at last overstrained her powers of endurance she continued to the effect:—

I am going to reinstate my husband, by not sustaining conditions under which persons have, in some cases, landed in an insane asylum a citizen, who more needed the protection which comes from the enjoyment of a *citizen's right* to a trial of a case by that Court, from which there is no appeal.

Therefore, at my Husband's request (as I understand him) I ask the Supreme Court of this Nation, to take up the case: so that if he is alarmed at the *suspicion* that it is *thought* that occasion arose (I do not say it did rise: or that any occurrence transpired) to thrust a lie down a throat, it may be discovered to have been a justifiable-act of Self-defence; in that the person who may have been defended, *may* have been a self dearer than the *very* self.

I understand he wants his summed-up acts investigated and adjudged, instead of allowing further complicating growths to ensue; from which this Nation *must* desire to free Itself and Its citizens, rather than to leave increasing numbers to ever reap benefits from anything like a conspiracy of silence, over doings of even the guiltless or The Easily Alarmed.

On reading the letter of which this is a partial sketch, Hermann (as has been told) eagerly urged its immediate sending.

But near that time (as has been shown) there were requisite, appeals to 'probate' relative to Estate matter: her statement of which she wrote out, that Hermann might follow it as he attended her and the lawyer. And not until later, did she realize that he supposed this was introductory to the other matter which, securing him acquittance from blame, would, he felt, clear his path in readiness for twenty years of work, more truly divinitized than heretofore, he, as a Doctor of that Degree had been morally and spiritually prepared to achieve.

Mrs. Holstein perhaps exaggeratedly believed that Hermann as intensely as this, regarded the exalted significance of his case.

However that all may have been, as her soul went out seeking his 'on the heights,' a halting hand seemed confronting her with that 'suspension,' known to some soul-students

which comes like the utterance—‘Thus far: and here let the waves be stayed.’ Bringing her again to ask:—was it that the mere directing of attention to the question of turning Judicial-publicity on these matters, sufficed?—until there should more fully have come to Hermann those purgatorial *self-scrutinies* which (in the other case) certainly would be brought to bear on the issues of the life of the Anima-Bruta-element of his Seven-fold being?—if his whole-life should be dealt with by the Supreme Court of his Nation?

Mrs. Holstein believed that often the premature, unprepared, boyish assumption of clerical-services and sanctities (not only in Hermann’s case but in others) were but part and parcel of the stress and strain of the ‘unsatisfied desire’ for prominence, leadership and praise-of-men, which ‘desire’ impels the roistering-pulses of the animal-soul to strive for foothold on vantage grounds wherefrom one claims the right to dominate over and dictate to Superiors in age and real-Human attainment.

She knew, during recent years of invalidism Hermann himself had come *thus* to regard the doings of those unsound, boyish days, in which, before reaching the age of twenty-seven, he *seemed unnecessarily* to have burdened himself with a questionable-reputation: *not* however the outgrowth of a brutality but—the outgrowth of—a fiery, *mental* ambition of ‘have and to hold’ and to reign pre-eminent on heights of un-moralized-energy;—as, from time immemorial, the fighters for (rather than the possessors of) *The faith*, have sought to reign!

But not for the inordinate use of it, had Hermann desired money. He was *not* that kind of a man.

As I look back on what I know of the rather abstemious diligent, economical, orderly-personality of Hermann Holstein and his brothers, I ask did the cause of the *fracas* which now and again in early life up heaved him come from the *uneducated-push-of-will-stress* which best found vent in moving heaven-and-earth to get what—(were the Holsteins allowed to suppose?)—would, if possessed, bring every thing else that could be asked for? And that *sine qua non?*—Did they think it was *money*, and *the approbation of their fellow-men?*

If the history of the pretences, manœuvres, lies and lapses

from the square-statements of most simple and evident facts into which professors of Religion 'slide' at times, out of their love of popularity and self-emolument—I say, if all the history of these things were written on Tombstones and countenances,—they would be so complicated and cross-lined, that no reader of Tombstone or countenance would be any the wiser for the writing.

For if we all remember the story Dr. Holmes tells in "The Breakfast Table" concerning the John who, in helping himself to peaches took three; saying as he proceeded to load his plate, 'This is for the John I think myself to be: and this is for the John whom others think me to be: and this is for the John whom I really and truly am,'—we will agree he undertook but about half the task which does the analyzing student of the character and the being of The *seven-fold-Constitution-of-MAN*. For such a student regards this Cosmos as being the continent of the latencies of all those immeasurable faculties and possibilities known to the Divine Maker of them: in that the Real MAN is the manifestation of God. But who believes all this *fully*?

Mrs. Holstein at least believed in Humanity's eternized possibilities; and with this thought in her mind, looked (rather inspectingly) upon mankind and upon every individual man. Therefore at the early part of this story, as it may be remembered, when Mrs. Holstein went into these spiritual matters in this 'deep-sea sounding' fashion, the very uninstructed, *young* Hermann had *had* to say, "Oh! Evie wife! I do not know *what* you are talking about. Write it out and sometime in the future I will see what I can make of it. But the point now is"—and then he had to dash into some fight that was going on among opposition-parties as they tried to prove how right "we" and "us" were; and how wrong were all the rest of the earth in their stupidity in not knowing 'who was master,' etc.

But now during these long recent years in which he had sat in the comparative-silence-which-is-included-in-paralysis-of-the-brain-functionings-as-connected-with-*speech*, as they worked together in his study,—she writing and he reading what he cared to go into relative to such moral investigations,—he had gotten a realization of what this 'gathering up of

the divine fragments' had included.

But not at-one-with this recognition had he been in the Early nineties when, giving her the then useless house on the hill,—the Impenetrating Mind in him had sent through his half dazed vision (to his wife's recognition of It) more than a hint at the ecstasized zeal kindled within him, for the consummation of the 'angelic work' as,—a'halt, he looked at her, aggrieved at her lack of enthusiasm over *the gift* which, for this great purpose, he then had laid at her feet.



But since that picture of 1893 and that epoch were finished, the following eight years of growth-in faith and goodness, had so cleared his countenance, heart and head that in his gaze in these later days there was only an assured expectancy and faith that she would bring to pass this matter, as she had done others.

Was it her sense of his social-superiority, relative to a certain plane of life, which held her aghast at the thought that this Court-inspection might besmirch his reputation without improving his real character?—and but end in an outbreak of conditions which might so overthrow his present hope as to make him break forth (under adverse influence) with the insane idea uttered by him in London “You do not want me to live” etc.? With his temperament and need of approbation she could not be sure he would bear up against any degree of public reprehension.

Who knows whether some recognition of this possibility had come to Hermann’s man, when at this stage he said with an emphasis, that showed what kind of talk was rife concerning Mrs. Holstein’s urgencies: ‘I don’t see why you should have told the World’: with an accent on the last word that separated the ‘world’ from the advantages which it was perhaps, rightly felt might accrue if the matter, and Hermann, were committed to the Church?

But right or wrong: not from one private management to another, was she impelled to fly. It was on God and the Vox Populi of Thought Universal (which she called ‘Public Opinion’) that she was impelled to rely. Though she knew, popularly considered, her reliance and courage in this case

would be called the outcome of insanity: as by some, had been called, her determination to get Hermann out of the asylum where else, he long since would have died the death of an outraged, furious, jealous, wife-doubting-and-damning SOUL. A soul who would have been so full of the madness-of-the-longing-for-vengeance-on-one-who-had-never-harmed-him-in-thought-or-act, that, at its next incarnation, it would have had a resurrection—not to newness of life, but—to the ‘Damnation’ of frenzied-impulse to do—what it would have but died longing to do. A resurrectionary-re-incarnation, in which she believed, such a fiercely-maddened-soul would have come forth ready for a repetition of disasters *worse* than were those at which, he had, in this incarnation, ignorantly and morally-insanely, officiated! Such was her outlook at the horrors of such a death as his would have been, if it had taken place while his faith in his wife was shaken, and his knowledge of his higher nature had remained undeveloped.

But at this crisis, as has been told, a halt seemed called; as the guardianship of the little property was transferred to the hands of a strong, well-poised man, whom, when first he was seen by Hermann, had elicited the outburst to his wife of the words: “Good man! Great Head!” A man who, in taking up affairs at that crisis, must have felt to have been plunging either into ‘a tempest in a teapot’ or into matters of fact stranger than fiction. And none the less may he have felt so.—when, in addition to the copy of the other letter, he received one, of which the following is a sketch.

THE ANNEX, January, 1901.

Dear Sir:—

My reason for publicly referring to my Husband’s troubles, is, that FEAR of something is back of his ‘insanity’ and paralysis: and this arrests his recovery. So, now that he is well enough to think over complications, he wishes that I, his wife, should have the *Cause* of this fear unveiled and dealt with by the Supreme Court of his Nation. If he went, for a moment, insanely (or justifiably) angry at his brother’s doings, we both agree that it were better the case were dealt with publicly by the Court of his Nation: rather, than privately manipulated any further: however advantageous hitherto, the management of his affairs may have been, etc.

(Signed)

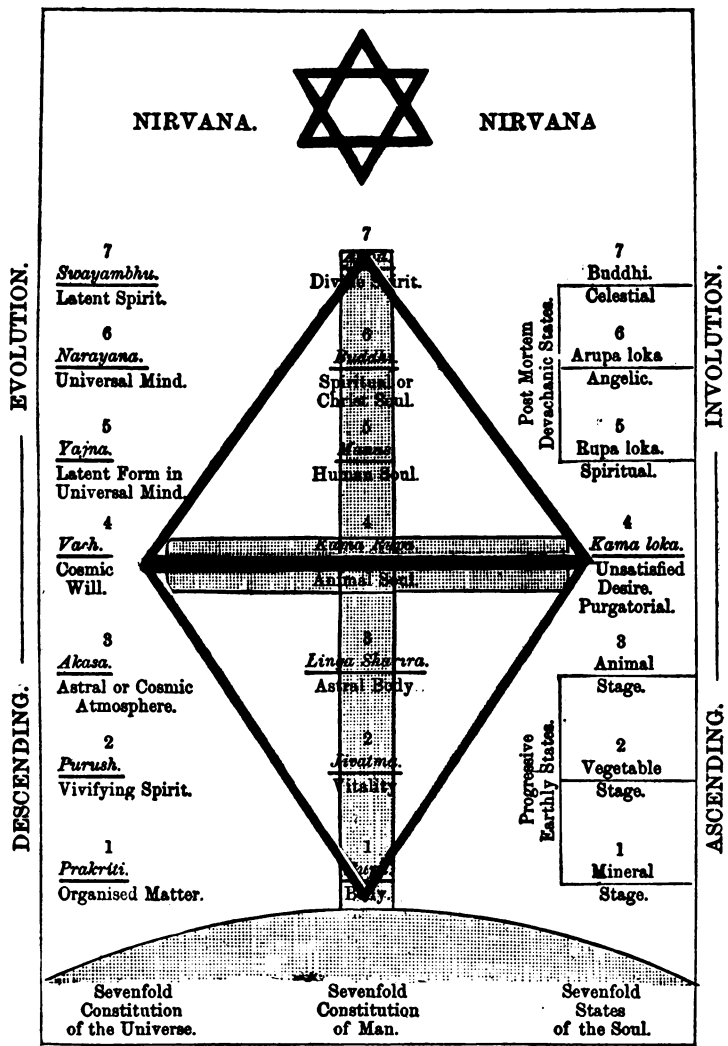
After that, as results transpired, matters seemed arranging in a way, including increased consideration and a protective care of these two persons in their travelling and with regard to courteous adjustment of business affairs, both as related to present emergencies and to the possible necessity for a long-sustained financial support of this *invalid* but mentally-active man.

Mrs. Holstein's weakness—as well as her strength—lay in her impatience of the general tendency to be pulled from the vertical by an attraction which is as hard to analyze and name as it is (apparently by some constitutions) to spiritizingly-utilize. But now, when Hermann had reached so firm a plane of self-adjustment, the possibility that he should *die* before attaining the true evident altitude of a divinitizing man, was a possibility which she could not face. He must not die: he must live: and live to win such new Karma,—that, sifted free of all Chaff, would equip him, before his departure, with an absolutely Moralized-Mentality.

In these months and years she was like one going through the pangs of crucifixion for him.

At about that time she came across an old book on their well-filled-shelves: a page from which I will quote here including what the Authoress (the Countess of Caithness) names 'An ambitious attempt to present the seven-fold-Constitution of man and of the Universe.' In it, the lower-half of the double-triangle (the whole of which includes the Cross) is defined in lines of that Scarlet which marks Wilful Passion's instinctive Realm: where, as life on that mere Will-plane rules from the beginnings of atomic-existence up to the dividing-line where instinctive-anima Bruta receives the increasings of MIND,—the Ego, there becomes—less the slave of matter and more the Receiver of a *Mind* in which the dawn of recognized-Spirit-power, later on assumes control. A Realm defined on the chart by lines of that true-Blue—which, (thereafter in supernal realins) blended with the Scarlet of the then Intellectualized Will, creates by this refined-blending, the Royal-Purple which is accredited to the Hierarchy of self-harmonized Angelic-hosts.

This at least was Mrs. Holstein's reading of this following attempt to present the seven-fold Constitution of MAN and of the Universe.



An ambitious attempt to present
 THE SEVENFOLD CONSTITUTION OF MAN AND OF THE UNIVERSE
 In the form of a Diagram. ”

This diagram shows the student that, to have attained the sixth plane includes a oneness with Universal-Mind which Paul besought us to have when he said, "Let the Mind be in you that is in Christ":—A simple request to *utter*: but great is the task to attain-thereto by those who are born in subjection to that 'Cosmic-Will' which so largely controls the merely Animal soul, that it goes tearing on, seeking what it may devour and consume on its lusts of one sort and another.

But probably no creature walks on two legs who is altogether given up to brutality: though some persons think the Earth has seen such 'foul fiends.' What Mrs. Holstein believed was, that souls who were in transit from the brute-level to a higher were in the attitude (as has been said) of a man who, in lifting one foot to place it on the next height, is in so uncertain an attitude that, if he is pushed aside, under the impulse of self-protection and of struggle, one or both of the contestants may fall into the gulch below. Meanwhile the object had in view, usually dignifies the conflict and adds its mental-quality, in energizing the Will: and sends the climbers up the road, even though, at this point, it may but be through the Realm of Existence called "Universal Illusion." A realm where delusions and blunders and mistakings of Wrong for Right, bring (it is true) intense sufferings: all of which yet include a groping up onto that yet higher-plane whence, perhaps, ages afterwards, the Ego will have attained that Spiritual-insight and foresight which goes to make up that *Jurisprudencia*: the Need of which is the crying necessity of this blundering, war-making, disease-cultivating, Home-wrecking, Manhood-destroying epoch! This, in fact, so far really-Divinitizes-man, as to put him in touch with 'The Universal Mind.'

Are you asking yourself, if that would include Infallibility?

It would at least be so advantageous as to save every possessor of it from taking nine-hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of the absolutely-unnecessary-*faux pas* incident

to the commercial, social and irreligious-abominations of the epoch.

It seemed a pity that, with her clear sight of what 'oneness with Universal-Mind' *ought* to do for the world, Mrs. Holstein, at that epoch, had to be tarrying in a state of indecision relative to attempting to move Heaven and Earth to get done for Hermann what *should* be done. But perhaps something like 'judicial blindness' had fallen on her: so, at least in after-life, she had to conclude on the supposition that she had done wrong in *not* moving Heaven and Earth to get the Supreme Court to adjust Hermann's relations to his own affairs.

Her agonized-searchings and researchings—as she went over the possibilities that might follow on the invoking of the scrutiny of Hermann's merely reportable-life—filled her with sense of helpless isolation (as twice before she had been relative to his matters). A sense of isolation, which at different stages, seemed rending nerve from fibre and substance from the sinew of her mortally-mental-part.

In such an isolation of soul had she been fifteen years before this crisis: when she had written a letter to him that had been kept with others, as expressive (to the Elder Holstein) of her mental aberrations: though to me, her critical-friend, it seems more to tell of that isolation of soul, incident to those crises at which comes that sweeping out of the soul's Temple, in its presanctifying-preparation as a dwelling-place for the incoming of that *Spirit*-of Life, which working in and through the Neophyte with groanings that cannot be uttered,—wills and does there, Its own good pleasure.

Here is that poor little old letter.

A White night-gleaming through
the blackness, when the Spirit of
the Power of the Air is abroad.

Hermann.—

Utter isolation from human helpers amid this solitude!

No one to blame in heaven or earth for the fact!

Friends over the seas and you, and everyone, granting me what I have asked for: *time*, *place* and proper conditions for study in solitude with my books about me.

You, My husband rounding out his life meanwhile according to his sense of the fitting and the agreeable!

My Mother, glad as glad can be, to have me with her; and glad to help me to *time* and quiet for the accomplishment of 'the thing which *must* be done.'

Hours of transcendent delight in the Visions of the harmony of All things and the Unity of All Beings often sustained through ten and thirteen of them consecutively in which I labor to quiet down *thoughts* till I slip cool words over them, manacingly! Nights frequently filled with every cruel statement of the proclamation that, homelessness, lovelessness, fruitlessness-of-use-to-humanity-and-of honor to Deity, may be but the result of these days spent in toil.

Starvation (which is like physical pain in the soul) of my nerves and the soul of-my-heart, for soul union with my lover,—*these* are the days and nights, the ways and the wants of the woman who, this night, just before the Sabbath dawns, sits with your picture before her, dumbly crying to you, once really to come *Home*: that she may find you as you are in the heights of your Being and in Very Truth; and worship with you, as Worship is in Its Very Sublimity!

Oh! The wonder of it!

I am sitting up, tonight because of my Mother's State! My worst-enemy could not wish me a more self-effacing isolation from mortal love and life! My divinest *Genius* cannot give me more self-evolving closeness to the Impenetrating-Mind: which *Mind Is-All-that is!*

An hour has passed. The silence rings by noisily. My soul is trying to make me hear that Intellect can light up Soul so effulgently that All is well: even though the fire is low on the Heart's Stone! But It tells me too, that that light may leave a chill! And My Divinest Genius looks at me now, wondering wildly whether Light is *all* God means to kindle in the Heart's Home?

Souls are like children! They *will* ask questions! And they cry too, and toss, in-their-dreams with their growing pains!

Now I will tell you a story.

Once, when I was a little child I said, 'I would rather not *grow* than to *ache* so hard.' After that, I have reason to think, I had more ache than growth!

The fire is in my bones still. But I am older now: so, I bid it roar heavier; but I cry to God to save me from the smudge!

And what do you think of all this?

I hope you are thinking nothing at all in this hour; this *curious* time, before dawn: when sleep is so sweet, and when waking is so much more wonder-full!

You are resting, I hope after a social evening, and are readying yourself for a popular Sabbath with friends many and glad of your presence.

So G'od b' ye

And I'll be

Your Wife,

(Signed)

At Liberty Hall, Mass., 15-16 of January, 1887.

Useless though that stretching out of Spirits' tendrils to him seemed, yet, as looked back upon, she could (at the time of writing that old letter) have done nothing better: for he was then an all-sufficient-manager of his own affairs, in which she had then no part any more pressing than that included in 'doing what must be done'—while she left him to do as he chose, he being judge and free agent in his own matters.

But things had changed from that status now. And as we (Mrs. Holstein and I) think this over at this epoch, I agree with her, time and again, in considering it a most unaccountable matter of—shall I say faltering courage? or of a personal-shock? lest the verdict turning the wrong way, should have left her responsible, in very deed and truth—as one who had not known enough to let well-enough alone?

Whatever the cause and whether wise or faulty the termination she seemed unable to take her mind off of the-grandly-far-extended further issues of Hermann's life! Neither did she *desire* to take it off of those issues.

Her concern was to so comprehend HIM as to assist him to attain his highest evolution.

For she had MARRIED him.

And whatever that may mean in the ordinary-acceptation of the statement at this epoch, the deep fact of her case was, that, she (being 'a native of the constellation of Virgo' and he, having been born on one of the last days of the days which belong to the 'constellation of Scorpio') had blended her life with the Karma of one, than which, perhaps, no *other* in-all-the-signs-in-the-zodiac, could be more averse in nature and tendency.

But, be it remembered, he was born on one of the *last* of the days over which that sign has control, and on the day when Scorpio, was next followed, by the rise and reign of a constellation pre-eminently powerful for Herculean results of an over-ruling Character. So that Hermann (instead of ever needing to *assume* anything) had had but to *be* his frankest, simplest, most absolutely-*natural* self, in order to have been (what he so nearly did or yet *shall* become) the typical-wonder-creature of all times: that is the Centaurized-Archer: the inspirationally-winged man, the sign, omen and cognomen of which is "Sagittarius."

But of these Chaldean and ancient (but biblical) astronomi-

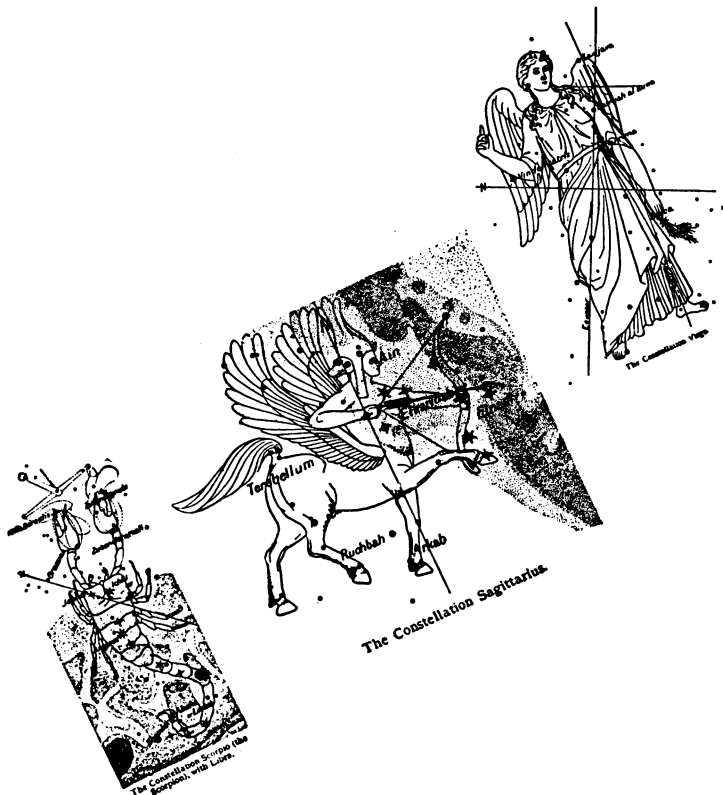
cal-wonders, transcribed though they are on the sidereal Heavens, Hermann's father would have heard not a word! And would have condemned as under mental-alienation any one who regarded this Wisdom of Chaldean or other Research into 'the Mystery of the Things of God: *Eternal* in the Heavens' though they are!

Nevertheless: in his last incarnation it seems Hermann evidently had sowed that of which, in babyhood he had come to earth possessed:—and of which he had to reap the aftermath! This, was that old Scorpio-quality which does not too easily let go its hold (virulent and self-destructive as it is) except—but Space here fails for telling all that. Especially, while the better story remains to be emphasized relative to the fact that at '85 and '87 Hermann had so far dealt with and conquered the qualities incident to his Scorpio-Karma: and had so far become *awakened* as to the possibilities natal to one born under the 'Constellation of Sagittarius'—that he was at least utilizing (though I do not say he was comprehending) the resistless energies of that Centaur who has the body of a horse, the heart, head, arms and skill of a man-who-is-an-Archer and who, shooting as he flies, never misses his aim.

It was to this complex-creature (this, self-accoutred, far famed three-fold-natured warrior: Brute and Man, to whom, in later years there had been added wings) that she (native of the Constellation of Virgo, descending from the planet of Mercury, sent on the 'Errand of Istar' and bearing the *message* of Istar) had come. Therefore it was that from the first, she could no more have failed in delivering that message or in doing that 'Errand' than the planets could fail in proceeding on their course.

She, the aerialized but firm-footed-messenger, had come on *business* which from earliest infancy seemed to speed her into union with the elements of Sea, Sun and Air, greeting nor meeting never a 'counterpart' till the Scorpio-Sagittarius-temperament of the Sea-diving, self-poisoning, self-suffering-creating creature at the sight of her, had had *awakened* within

him a new knowledge-of-the-better-portion-which he had 'to trace': though not until his betrothal had the spark-of latent-spirit jumped a' flame.



Yet when the Scorpio methods and the ramping hoof at first were much in evidence, her early attempts to apprehend his manifold-forms and *antics*, never dazed her to the sight of the fact (which so few others believed-in) that he was (in some latent but real sense) a Winged-form of *Spirit*: fully capacitated to achieve ALL which (to her eyes) his final-revelation of his threefold-potencies (devil-like, brute-like and mani-fold-warrior-man-form though ALL THIS was) included! Though not until the last of the years lived by them together in the seclusion-of-that-dear-home, had she received a fully unifying-vision of WHAT it was in him that so sundered them from (and yet attracted them to) one another. A glimpse she had had of it, that January-night of 1887: when in self-dissecting-agony she "pondered in her heart" wherein his great strength but also self-ruinous weakness—lay? And wherein, those unbearable-repellences, flamed out? Stinging her to the soul, as in the very madness-of-a-self-infuriated-frenzy he (this, at other times so heart-winning-man) lashed the very air a foam about him: in his self-stinging furies.

The whole of that January night, till morning dawned in 1887, did she give (while writing that old letter) to a self-dissecting search in her hope to find out *what* it was in man and in woman that ever could have resulted in that Calvinistic (and almost universal) philosophy, which tends to practically impute the brutalities of the malific-lot to the Sanctified and the Sanctity of the God-Possessed to the malific-lot?

It also had been an epoch too curious to be ever forgotten when (just coming to a development of his Centaurized-multiform-faculties) Hermann had ramped and stamped like a hoofed-thing, mutilating that little snake with a sort of personal-enmity, emphasized in his words "I hate it! It is the Devil!"—dealing out lightning strokes, infuriated, perhaps, at its supposed relation to the stinging Scorpion of other history-days, subconsciously known to him, at that fierce (half-understood) moment.

Do you ask Reader, why the riddling of the riddle should come in so late? Why, instead, Mrs. Holstein's friend had not prefaced her story about the Holsteins by telling at first,

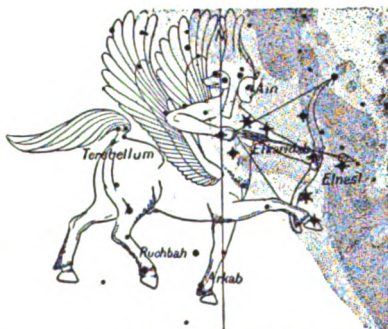
whence each of their SOULS had come, when to this 'sorrowful star' each descended? Why did she but sketch at the Quality of their childhood's homes?

True friend as I try to be to Mrs. Holstein and still more, to Hermann, I could not so have told this story. For neither I nor Mrs. Holstein had gotten at this sight of those 'beginnings of things' until the agonies of the nine-months-after that death which includes (visible) separation, had (believe it who can?) so much more *fully* united Hermann's Spirit to the Spirit of the wife, his counterpart, as to have taken of 'the invisible things of God' and simultaneously 'showed them to' them *both*, I believe, in 'the Eternal Heavens.'

And looking there with Telescope and Seer's, Astrologers and Solar-Biologists' Chaldean Christian's gaze, you—reader, may see that this is the happy solution (but not the finish) of the way uplimbed on the Crux Lacrimans:—



The Constellation Scorpio (the Scorpioni), with Libra.



The Constellation Sagittarius.



The Constellation Virgo.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XXI.

“How say some among you, ‘There is no resurrection of the dead?’” said St. Paul: who was dying daily as to outward form while every day the inner man was renewed.

DIE Hermann’s body did because ousted therefrom by fears, tobacco and fell-influences his soul was. In sight of the double-crescent-beached-sea they were (Hermann, wife, maid and man) in that mid-August month when Virgo’s Constellation had resumed o’er Earth its sway, for thirty days.

From the German of the Reverend Conrad Sickinger I quote:

“Innumerable are the multitude of the divinely Inspired Saints of both sexes and of every condition and nation who have chosen the state of Virginity and have accomplished great and wonderful things in it. For it is the very essence of it, that our greatest and most celebrated saints belong to that state. No state of life goes back so near to Divinity, as does that of Virginity: and, alone receives such great and manifold graces from God.”

St. Jerome and others recognize that the heathen (so called) had at least an ideal of the excellence of Virginity and held such men and women in great esteem on account of the IN-CORRUPTIBLE LIFE: and says in one of his letters, “Even paganism preserves Virginity: and to our condemnation it is, if the Truth does not dedicate to Christ what falsity offers to those who perniciously seek to entrap and abuse it.”

Thus in Babylon there were consecrated Virgins who must attend the services of the self-whole Isis: and in Rome the priestesses of Vesta not only chose to live unmarried but they kept themselves from every crime against purity on pain of death: because deflection from that unity-with-Divinitizing-

mind, would have so debased communion, as to have included a tainting of the 'Lord's Supper' thus fetching on the service tendencies that would 'turn the Table of the Lord' into a 'feast of devils'—as St. Paul accused one church of having done.

When the corruption of this simplicity set in at the inflow of that wantonness which, at times accompanies such wealth as befell Rome in its decadence, then these Vestal Virgins were held in high esteem: because Maidens only who had been enabled by pure-heredity and long lines of exalted-training were capacitated for *that* quality of service: though nowadays, mankind in general seem to have lost a clear sense of what this state and condition includes of highly organized-service.

St. Augustine, when striving to attain to it (for it seemed not to have been his natural vocation), in speaking of it said, "... before me, where I was delaying to go, Continnence appeared in chaste dignity: cheerful, but not licentious. Modestly encouraging me so that I might go to it without delay, it stretched out pious hands to receive me. There stood many young men and maidens, numerous youths of every age, to all of whom Continnence was a fruitful source of pure joy. And they teased me with encouraging ridicule as if they said, 'and canst thou not do what these and those are able to do?'"

Relative to all this, The Reverend Conrad Sickenger says, "We must first more closely consider the superiority of Virginitiy because it is the preparatory school for the state of Marriage." Though if some succeed in the seven-fold toils relative to higher attainments either in Art, Philosophy or in realms of personal-culture, we must consider how powerfully they must have been impelled and attracted to the beauty, dignity and multiform uses which accrue to those who stand firm-footed on the higher-planes of life.

Let each be fully persuaded in his own mind as to what that work is to which Justice-to-his-own-next-upstepping, bids him give attention: remembering that he who undertakes a business must make sure that he has the means thereto and is obedient to the Angelic-counsel which impels first to the evolving of one's own highest powers and thereby the highest powers of those we fellowship: *i.e.* who are at-one-with-us in our best proclivities and aspirations. In this fellowship, St.

Anthony and thousands of sister-saints often unconsciously assisted by their innate possession of that spiritual-quality which conveys to others a knowledge of the indwelling-grace of Virginitly inciting them unconsciously to the Joy of perfecting its agency.

“That the marriage state has a very earthy flavor about it and reminds us of our earthy origin and our dependence on the world and the flesh, cannot be called in question” says the Reverend Conrad Sickenger.

“Some who do not look on this state with the eyes of faith, wish to regard it as a degradation of mankind to the ranks of the beasts with whom man has a common mode of propagation. If any one really believes that, then such an one would less find fault with noble and God-desiring-souls who have more inclination and joy in a state of Virginitly: and who by the *beauty* of that state are more drawn toward it than toward the state of marriage.”

“No doubt God could have provided for the propagation of mankind in another way. If He has not done so, the married-state leaves many other virtues encouraged: love, industry, domestic-life” (and let us add) the cultivation of that self-balance-amid-the closely-pressing-contentions-of-the-temper-tuous-temperaments of those who are so nearly adjoined to one another, in a household, day by day.

For as life now averages to be lived, much of our unintelligent, crude ways (binding us so nearly back to the fights, fears and animal desires of fourfooted creatures) leave us to say of it “Thou hast multiplied the Nation but thou hast not increased its joy.”

This fact in regard to the multiplying of ‘the Nation’ and its non-increase of ‘joy’ was a fact, the contemplating of which made miserable indeed, the wife of the man who as it seemed to her had most inopportunately and unreasonably left her and her *world*: when both needed the united attempt of them both, in the exhibiting of The Divine-Possibilities of the race.

She felt a sense of chagrin and horror and personal-blame, that he did, could or should have died without having, in a marked degree accomplished that ‘spiritual expression of the God-life-in him which is the Right of Man.’

He had gone. Gone where? Ranging sidereal Realms? Travelling still abroad? NOT yet homed with the beatific-Cause?—whose supplies sumptuously sustain ALL-THAT-IS and ‘little man as well’? A’float he seemed: wind-carried: but not tempest-tossed or torn nor rent asunder.

As one who had received extreme unction of a sort that sundered him from fears and all else but the repose-of-the dreamless, he then to Evelyn seemed. Far a’field through Empyrean-space ‘in the third Heaven where Ancients tell us ‘the pure element of Fire subsists’ abode he now? Surely then not vanished was he: for, though in all the house no mortal-touch or trace of him seemed left, yet not deserted was the home: for Breath Ethereal—more rare, still, calm and blithe than at the best, IT, in the older days had been,—now bound them together, mind to mind: speeding her on to finish that which thus they yet might accomplish more vitally than at their earliest, they had ever hoped to do.

As if unrecognized, this method of working out their fate had been prevised, they (before going together to the seaside from whence they did not return-together) had gone to a maker of books, carrying thereto mss. speaking of far-reaching building-work, which she and Hermann had so many years been trying to act-out in proper-person: while in all those years, mentally questioning, “Who Builds?”—For from the start of their days together, she had mentally and morally queried, Whether Man-building was better done by Passions’ strife: or by the calm outworking of a sweet-Reasonableness?—By Jahvist’s rage or by Elohist’s Ray-divinitizing? By Malific-might or by the Trinitized-Spirit’s tertiary-touch?

Not, however in those sharp cut terms had she placed the question before Hermann: for he would have said (as so many times in earlier life), ‘Evie Wife? I do not know what you are talking about. Put it on paper as well as you can: and by and by I will see what use I can make of it’—and—perhaps, she was more vitally impelled to do just that at the crisis then arrived, from the fact that they had had to communicate, during all those years, in written-language when any thing of sustained interest, came up for real prolonged consideration. Therefore, before going to the sea-side that August-month she had gotten this work well along in its proposed

form: and his intense interest in it was the most vitally interesting thing that the world-had-left-in-it when he—Hermann had floated away up out of the Temple-of-his-being: which, not by her then anticipated-methods was then or thus rejuvenated.

But carried on nevertheless their work must be! For alive he was still in all the seven-realms of being where lightly had slumbered faculties, over which entire self-possession had not been achieved: because Hermann had never in his studies and aspirations faced the fact that he had not yet conquered the prenatal-tendency of that Scorpion-sting which, self-inflicted, 'paralyzes-speech' as predaceous, it lurks in dark places: self-wounding, self-alarmed and self-injuriously fearful—as without fixed-faith, it fights 'light and fire: stinging itself to death rather than be burned.'

Oh true! True it is! that 'the Invisible things of God are *clearly seen* being understood by things that are made Eternal in the Heavens': so clearly to be seen are they by lovers of Nature and the God of that Nature who thus and so reveals Himself to the Pure in Heart who see This trinitized-Unity in the inward-part: when pure, simple and child-like is the comprehending Heart! And with Righteous intention firm-fixed for the establishment of that Justice and Judgment on which the Heavens are foundationed, she set herself to tell the story of the subterranean and subsistent natural sciences; ploughing into them, regardless of her own credit, and the sacrifice of friends and of all else: if but she could be of service to other pilgrims-of-the World's highway: who, coming to earth, hard-pressed as Hermann had come—with what are called 'devil-like-urgencies' could not know of any better way of getting along than that of fearing and fighting, consuming and entrapping all that stands in the way of one's 'Will to live' or abridges one's freedom: even though that 'freedom' takes on the form of rapacious intrusion on another:—until new Karma being aggregated, developing new faculties and outlooks, shows the pilgrim a better way.

Perhaps her critical and incisive way of writing about these principles had been of service: for always—while thinking of the man-that-is-to-be, she had innately realized that this fleeing from the non-comprehended, this lurking in dark places

out of distrust of fire and light were simply matters related to an untaken step on the upward march toward planes known to One Who said of Self, 'I have food to eat that the world knows not of': which 'food' was but at-one-with the Ways of hearing and of conveying words-of-helpfulness-and-instruction to others; which 'ways' swifter than wireless-telegraphy, instruct and uplift those who can-thus-be-served and who thus can *serve*: with little rushing to and fro in the laborious toil of transfer.

Could she write of these glorious facts even when he seemed not near?—so as to reveal to him how entirely Good always had been that indwelling Life, requiring as it chiefly did, at his hands, but reverent attention and use in order to make Existence a delight?—and the getting of 'daily-bread' a mere matter of pleasant-exchange in the exercise of personal activities of mind and body?

She told herself into this work she would more deeply go: revealing all that she knew of the Unspeakable-power of the grace of that trinitized-tertiary-touch which (though long reported vile—instead of virile) could and did so steady Scorpion and Centaur with its Virginal incitations as to lift Natives of those rapacious Constellations, not only into the possession of a winged-wonder-worth but, into a worthily-winged way of showing men how a full ridding of themselves of those old-ensheathments in *fear*, equips them in faith in Humanity's Right to that Spiritized-form which is more God than man, more man than brute and more good brute than devil. Awakening then the question, and what is devil?

She would write and would think of these things in Hermann's presence, if he were within her thinking range. For if he were in an unoccupied and unhurried state (even if he WERE somewhat Earth-bound), then being near her thought-realms would but help him to see that Life is a pleasant and not-too-laborious matter, if carried on in the NOT too encroaching, inordinate 'desire' 'to have and to hold' but with the aim 'to get so as to give' with grace.

If she dwelt in this SPIRIT and he should be near her, with what invisible form would he come?

She slept.

Calm was the dawn. Snow-cool was her Spirit, when . . . "My God! Evie! *Home at last!*" he panted; as swifter than shot, lighter than thistle-down he had alighted: his feet standing on her long crimson-robe as with her back to the door, turning not toward it, she heard his words and sensed his arms as they passed over her head, as, standing thus unseen, strong, young, bodiless, firm-willed, and with greater purpose fraught, on that November's seventh day, he came.

Driven by storm-winds, severed from his New self-wholeness, fragmentary, appalling, had he, this Earth-bound-bit of the-man-that-was-to *be*, lost reckoning of the ten-years-growth of winged-aspirations? with which she believed, he through and through, had become graced? Re-conditioned as in earlier, unintelligent days, was it only the lonely Anima-Bruta of him that stood there? Repellently she questioned the mere part of Hermann's seven-fold self-consistency, and instantly, *that*, at her rebuff of it,—withdrew.

Was it that *THIS* was his most solidified-personnelle? And had it been her recognition that *THIS*, the *NOT* highest of him, would but have come forth in a miscomprehension of her effort for his redemption-from-his-slavery-to-fear, if—before his demise, she had pressed through that Court-matter, over which she had faltered?

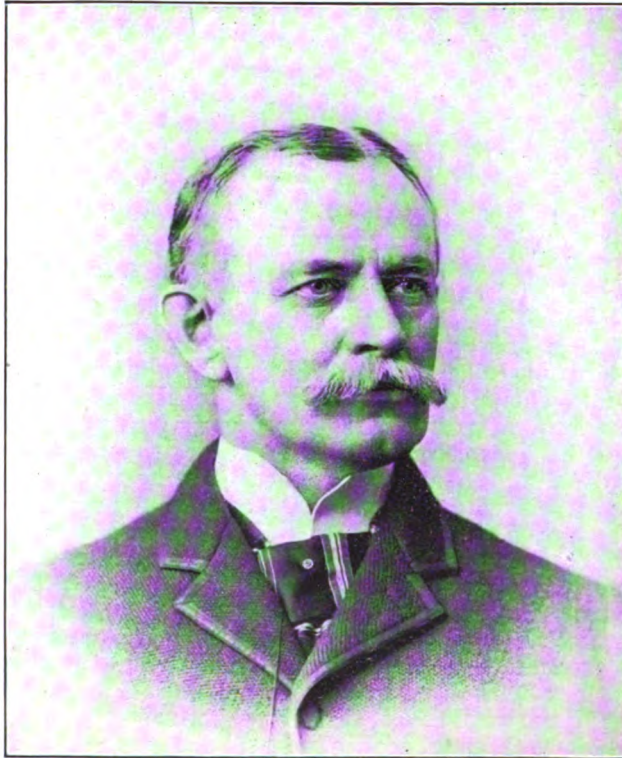
The dream (if dream it were) and the awakening and these questionings, had come so almost instantaneously with his touch, words and vanishment, that all seemed concentrated on that which *still remains*: which is, *her outcry to The Highest* to know if this—was still Hermann's most solidified personelle? And, if this,—his mental eagerness to enfold her planning, purposeful-brain against his loving, helpful heart;—backing up her aspirations for the fulfilment of their best idealization of human-perfectibility—was the all-sufficient-motor-power which impelled and accomplished just that instant's touch, cry and vanishment.

She did not see his face. She heard (no voice could be more vocal, tense, true and purposefilled) his joy-filled call on his God, his Wife, and the cry "*Home at last!*"

And "*Home*" he had come. For the Heights of his Spirit had touched the heights of hers; most concessionarily sending him (as always) far afield again, to *do* and to have *done*, that

which should justify, complete and perfect his life's most fine design and augustly dramatize the on-coming events of the life of him whose *Will*, (human though he still is) shall yet be done; *because*, it was more wise and good and chivalrous in design, than the *arrest* of its completion, would leave man or angels to believe.

If an *impression* of the look on a disembodied countenance,—as that countenance vanishes,—can be *pictured*, this, of a Moralizing, Mighty Will-Power, still set to accomplish a supernalized epochal *Good Result*.—is the picture:



For at her non-acceptance of Mental Control,—assured of her good purposes, he went his way (if she *dreamed* it not) to do his best amid the Universals: leaving her, as free to do hers, in the Home.

If it were a dream then, quite naturally, she had dreamed it;—because, with her sense of justice (as well as her interest in him) she was desirous to see the *results* of his Scorpio-and Sagittarius-nature, rightly perfected.

It was this thought which she involuntarily had sent after him; and it was to the advancement of this work that she applied herself, mind and being; instantaneously assured that though for some disembodied souls a rest in Devachan or Paradise,—with a bath in Lethe's waters, was the next thing in order after leaving the body,—yet, for so active and powerfully self-collected an ego as now was Hermann,—with his purgatory-making and consequence-shunning adventures, to this husband of hers, I say—neither Paradise nor Lethe's waters were yet due. For sure she felt that he needed such participation in this epoch's crises as would give him a calming sight of the way he had trod (good, bad and indifferent) and of the results not only of his rapacious ambitions but, of 'the better way' which now would accrue as, living in quietness and peace, he would gain, exhibit and impart, *Strength* to others! For that then, after three years of identification with such 'works of God' in heaven and earth, developments would probably have arrived, bringing him so clearly to comprehend *himself*, that the sight of the Crux Lacrimans (which was set over his mortal dust to memorialize the absolute purity of his rectitude to his Scorpio karma and his Sagittarius nature) would reveal to him, for future betterment, how he at times had so hooped it over other people that they had averaged to treat him as a child is at times treated, when he is forgiven and helped through his headlong, but brilliant blunders instead of being publicly reprimanded.

Reading Mrs. Holstein's heart and mind, as I think I do, I—her critical friend—incline to conclude it was something more than even her love for Hermann which, from the first, had held her so inflexibly to her work for him. I know she may be surprised to discover, that it was largely her love for,—whom do you think, reader? I will tell you:—her love for

Justice; her adoring regard for which had filled her with tender consideration for the nerve-strained 'child' who had come into the world with such a Scorpio-back-history and such Sagittarius-futures to deal with utilizingly, that he was but as little comprehended by the onrushing personalities around him as he had been by himself. For this, had early been shown to her in words from the father of that home; when young Hermann's ramp and rage to 'rule or ruin,' had come into conflict with like instincts: so that collisions (not Scientific, Anthropological instruction) resulted: as set forth concerning another son by the then comparatively young father's outcry, "You are a child of the devil." A statement, which when the perplexed Elder had repeated it in her presence concerning one of them had evoked from her more witty than wise mind, the suggestive retort, "Oh! Oh! Well! You are his father and ought to know yourself?" For her mind was so versatile (because steady to the Mercurial pole-star of her nativity) that the flashings of the fun of life's *fracas* often lifted her out of the horrors of the humdrum of earth's confusion: sending through her mind to her fingers and tongue's tips, 'the message of Istar' even when her heart's cord was a strain with having to remain on this planet where she seemed so little wanted; and where to the Juggernaut-processions-of-pomps-and-plays, she then was so impatiently averse.

But the point to be recorded here relative to Mrs. Holstein's mental attitude concerning the Dream (or instant's presence of Hermann) is this:—She knew (or thought she knew) that when the worship of earth-bound-spirits is not continued, then, being no longer attracted, their presence is no longer continued. So to her work for the clearing away of mists and evil-magnetisms for the good of strivers-after-self-poised-wholeness, she had instantly returned by fixing her thought on what Hermann's purified-Spirit-personnelle would do and be, when it held sway over all else in him.

She felt at the instant (and wanted him to realize) that he had had ten years of the best rest under the most comfortable protection that she and others could possibly give him: while she had had never a moment's relaxation of her Home guardsman life work.

And that now disembodied as his soul was from physical

aches and burdens, she felt he should brace every nerve to do his *Spirit's* best.

She needed to tell him so, just as much as she would have needed to tell a long petted sick child, something of that kind: when, after a long 'spoiling' (as people say of the sometimes-NOT-judicious petting which is bestowed on shattered-nerves) the régime of health routine is reassumed. But on the 12th December, a fuller sense of what might have actuated his return, and have impelled his eager-joy at having gotten 'her ear' again, came to her when, as one guarding her against alarm, his affluent, spiritized-presence seemed about her: not near, but mentally recognizable; asking nothing: but conveying to her a sense of his *gratitude* for all that had come to him in the past: and giving her such an intimation of his protective-purpose as had, by him always been conferred, when, even in his years of invalidism, he had cared for her health, hopes and aspirations: adding thereto now, such a touch of Spirit on Spirit, as a sublimating Intelligence could alone impart.

Was it that in the last four-months since his passing out of sight, her constant 'call' on his highest Self, had tended to mightily acquaint-them both with the God-power in them?—to a degree that gave him to feel that the Heavenly-hold they now had on that Power, left nothing lacking for the resumption of his arrested Earth-activities except—a mortal-form: through which to work?

If so, THAT, (if by her, there was but inbreathed that SPIRIT OF LIFE out of which all spirits and bodies are made) could be given to him by—yes,—by SPIRIT-DIVINE and her, Evelyn Hope-Holstein: his wife!!

Had she then at last absolutely upfloated into an Earth-s forsaking-Pneumatological-Realm? Or was this new effort to get for Hermann whatever he wanted—but a little increase of extreme self-sacrifice: including, but a little increase of upward-drift, not out of proportion to her increased *strength* and increased *faith* in that ever-present-help-in-time-of-need, which had so long been her support in hours of enterrorizing-agony?

She told herself that all this possibility would include was, the giving to Hermann, a new and perfect, divinitized-order-of-bodily-form, adapted to the uses of The-man-that-is-to-BE.

For she had so long lived, moved and had her being only with reference to Hermann's betterment and to the world's re-adjustment to a higher-order-of-functionings that, with the simplicity of a child who wished to find a crutch for a crutch-needing companion,—she took steps to very visibly substantiate her hold on Earth and Earthly-apprehensions concerning such philosophies by immediately writing the following astounding and unsane-sounding letter to the grave, logical-business man in whom Hermann had had such unbounded faith, when his affairs were to those hands committed.

A prompt reply of the half dozen words—"I have forwarded the enclosed, as requested," finished all reference to the matter, on both sides. As far as remembered, the following is a copy of the letters to that Administrator of the Will, and the other.

Dear Sir: I enclose an unsealed letter, directed as you see, to the Doctor's brother: In it I say some unusual things, which are due him to hear: because of my scientifically-religious hope that our God—our Spiritual, Creator will have my Husband born again (as Jesus was born) of SPIRITURE and simple.

I want your legal-mind to receive and hold this spiritual-phantasm of a possibility concerning which I risk writing the enclosed letter to the Doctor's brother.

For the Holstein's had no sisters: and seem utterly uninstructed as to the spiritual potencies of (not merely woman's mind and soul but of) a natural unmarried and unmarried woman's three-fold being.

My legal business is indeed peculiar: because from the first I only entered on it for the sake of saving the man; and the man is still the value at stake. But now that the man is gone to another realm of existence, you will rightly wonder what I can hope to still achieve for his betterment. This accompanying letter to his brother will show—not what any mortal can do but—what the Holy Spirit of Life will be working out in higher-humanity, by the time little daughters of today shall have attained an order of womanhood which then will be rid of most (if not all) of the sufferings and tortures which now drown the beings of Psyche-like maidens, in burdens, which are as unnecessary as they are unfit.

I cannot get rid of the expectation that my child-invalid is coming back to live in this house: which I have saved up for him, as I have saved him up for it,—spiritually considered.

Even when I was twenty years old I thought (and doubted not) that souls were breathed in by us just when the spirit of God pleased to breathe them out, into our lungs and veins. I will almost venture to say now that *that* was the way it was done by the pre-Adamic race. And that Veradi-like souls, in-breathed them thus: receiving them from the proceedings of the Spirit of Life, as receive, do the Lilies and Laurels. If the present race of women can get the beauty of blossoming-time so

spiritually arranged as to make matters of life-giving, easier, by the time the 'younger brothers' have to take on the duties which the dear wives of today have now alone laboriously to endure, it ought to cause the 'younger brothers' to be very grateful to us 'Elders'; who now go through self-misrepresentation in the toil and study of these great matters, relative to the incarnation of oncoming Sons of God.

If you were not the true souled, good man that my husband and myself recognized you as being when first we saw you,—you could make ridiculous my simple and spiritually-venturesome words, in which I tell of my hope for the oncoming inspiritized race. I enclose to you this open letter directed to my husband's brother; please read it and mail it. I am going straight on with my books and work relative to a further way of adjusting a division of this, my land, for the purpose and work, known to me as the right Unitarian purpose.

I am as always,
(Signed)

Then follows a copy in part, of the letter sent to Hermann's brother thus:—

Dear Brother:—

The impossibility of feeling that my husband (who was so much my child) has gone away from earth's duties and has left undone, reconstructionary work related to this Christ-infilled epoch,—leaves me unrelated to the ordinary thought of death. I had so moved heaven and earth to rectify his conditions and to secure him in that order of life which is opposed to *disorder*, that I doubted not, he would have twenty-five years of divinitizing existence here.

During the last seven years he was twice the man in self-control and spiritual perception, that he had been. He was so truly spiritualizing, that I felt, by some gift of grace, he might, by the outworking of his increasing spirit-power, become physically-reconstructed. And this might have been so, but for some hindrance.

I believe you did the best you could with your idea of what was best, though you had not faith in *my* conception of the power of Spirit to rebuild physically him, who was so much to me like an invalid child. I impress this point to bring you to see that it is an old matter to me to realize that every soul is born of Spirit: and that every failing body is built up by an inflow of *Spirit*: and that therefore the point which eternally bears on this case, is, that as man (soul and body) is born of Spirit I realize that *Spirit* is as much more potent and elusive than is the ordinary energy commonly in evidence, as one drop of The Spirit of wine is more potent than was the bushel of grapes that were required to make that drop. Therefore, I am praying Elohim, Jehovah, to so separate by *Its Attractive-power*, the supernal element of Hermann's being, from all his less divine qualities, that the verve and virtue of his soul shall be 'born again,' of that *Blasto Coeli* (germ of heaven) as Jesus was born: when Mary received Jehovah's breath; and when that *Breath* took on form

—not of the 'old man,' but—of the 'new man': which in Christ, it can take on! A form, which would outwardly express only the redeemed qualities of Hermann, which were collecting-themselves-on a higher-plane-of-use-and expression, when death, seizing his mortal breath, disembodied Hermann's new attainments. Since then let me tell you,—at an increased rate, immeasurable on earth, a refining and a rejecting of all *not* pure Spirit, has (as I believe) so been going on in Hermann's being, that, I tell you,—if *this embodiment of his new powers should come* it would be, not by 'will of man,' not by act of flesh, not by groaning, cries or restless plaints;—but by the Subliminal Will of Wisdom; as, through the same Wisdom, by Mary, came an embodiment of Spirit afterwards known as Jesus Son of God.

I say this is but *right*, Haswell! For when a man had so nearly conquered in himself (as had Hermann) the brutal methods which make some marital life a hell on earth to virgin-natured women,—I say, then, such a man has a right to the distinguishing grace of being so born again, as to walk the earth a regenerate form, recognizable as a god-like, health-filled, *woman-esteemed-king-of-himself*! For it is due him, as a good man who tried to use the torrents of life that hurtled through brain and vein, that he should have on earth a greater visible reward than betided him in the years when his mental machinery, running wild under the rush and tear of undisciplined life, precipitated his incarceration in that asylum from whence, getting him out,—I told him he should afterwards have long years of *adequate* life. A promise which he believed I would see fulfilled to him.

But as his mind got retrospective, as you know, he asked once and again, "What good?" meaning, that those who had his affairs in hand (chiefly you) would not see the way clear to his reinstatement.

Do you ask what all this leads to? It leads to this. I do not think the mere bringing of my husband out of the asylum and giving him, with Divine help, the added nine years of enspiriting life, are items of achievement (either, or both of them) which represent the *whole* which my care of him should have accomplished! For I think the complications incident to the 'upsteppings' of his nature will not have been at all sufficiently clarified and climaxed until in some visible way, he takes another upstride on the Crux Lacrimans, through being bodily born of Spirit; by The Spirit which is the indwelling power of the wife, who thus desires to be the Elohimistic mother of his soul's new frame.

I am sincerely, sanely and scientifically, and with love to your daughter and good wishes to you,

Your brother's mother-like wife,

(Signed)

The Twentieth of February, 1904.

This letter was sent.

Three months afterwards as she read it, she wondered not that, to the average common-sensed mind she seemed like a

religiously-enthusiastic believer in the Science of that evolutionary-soul-unfoldment that tends to the production of spiritized-bodily potencies, functions and presentments. And though, she half-wondered at her self-sacrificing-temerity she felt no readiness to distrust such ideals: though she knew they appeared 'out of all-reason' as compared with the everyday, ease-taking, routine-following methods of not 'righteous-over-much' existences.

At the time of writing the letter and through the succeeding three months, it was to her, as if all her achievements else would be well lost if but Hermann could be given a little-form, in which—at once to pick up his past soul-growths and achievements and speed on the way toward the readjustment and best final-development of the work—for which at seven years of age (counting forward from his reincarnating) he would be equipped because he would be right in line with the *climaxed* needs of the epoch and his own (thus-not-arrested) forth-striding spiritual-potencies.

Was it possible that she was (shall I say) haunted by his mentally announced necessity to be set more immediately right before his country than her Book-making and monumental-memorializing, apparently, to his mind, seemed to include?

During this sense of necessity to rectify and greatly-dignify-before the world, Hermann's status, she wrote to the businessman (whom she must have fatigued I feel sure with these two-world-matters), a letter concerning the disappointment with which she had left Hermann burdened, in not having carried out what she had given him to hope she would have achieved for him: relative to the adjudication of his affairs by the Superior Court.

For on reviewing the concussionary-eagerness with which, on November 7th, he had come:—bending his head over her shoulder and bringing his mouth close to her ear (as one who had but a minute in which to whisper an urgent request if not a secret) she felt that he had had their future, at heart, in what he wished to say. Though in the act (or was it a dream?) at the time, he had so nearly deluged her soul and spirit in 'his Will-to-achieve,' that, in virtue of her necessity to save her self-balance from annihilation, she, inherently and intuitively,

had rebufferingly-braced her soul and spirit against that annihilating deluge:—sending him away (as she now realized) under the felt necessity that—native of the constellation of Virgo and Libra as she was—she must hold on to her Spirit's-place in the sidereal-heavens. For *not* to have done it would have so sundered her from her right work on *Earth*, that better than thus to have been sundered would have been the blowing out of her brains while they and her rectitude-to-duty were intact!

This at least was her stringent conception of the needs of her case. Because she believed, for a woman of her calibre, to fall from rectitude to self-control, would tend to fetch down with her, those who had trusted in her power to (in a way) deliver them from the *très pas*, so easily taken and so hardly retrieved. A deliverance, only incident however, to *her* correct deliverance of 'the message of Istar,' as she auspiciously continued to do 'the Errand of Istar' with a simple-directness, whether Men heard or forbore to hear!

A message, which often came, as comes the '*air-spark*' in the dynamic-contrivances which now so nearly control daily intercourse. To fully comprehend the importance of this, we needs must ask and realize what becomes of other bearers of these 'messages': who—far from winning the vigorous, helmeted archers to aerially speed over mountain-chasms,—instead, halt and fall by the way; a prey to these Archers, who tend to level their darts at the too-swiftly-retreating-foot of the winged-virgo-ite, to hinder her from hieing away to planes, too aerial for hoofs to scale.

And in answering this, we have but to look over the annals with which tragedy-creating-mental-jealousy has filled the world: because of the tendency of the Anima-Bruta-part of the Centaurized-man (as well as of the Anima-bruta-part of this nation and this world) to malign and mutilate womanhood: rather than to allow their winged-souls to assume the coeval-union with divinity, which coeval-union would save tottering-humanity from its fall.

An Anima-bruta-sort of jealousy, which like 'Neptune's arms, clippeth' woman 'about to bear her away from a knowledge of herself!'

The question, "Mad? Which?" may seem nearly answered to some materialists who do not believe in the doctrine of Christ's Eternal re-incarnational-work, after reading the following letter, written after the occurrence of December the Twelfth, which (whether real or ideal) had impelled the wife to right up conditions and records for Hermann, quite as if he had (from a trans-atlantic-shore) announced his near return, in health and in a readiness to take up his interrupted-work. It was from this—her Pneumatological-outlook at his possible return to life, that she wrote the following letter:—

The last sabbath in March, 1904.

To ———
Dear Sir:—

I now am at the point, held in view, when, by the casket that day, I looked on what was visible of him who had gone where that which I now can do, will not harm him as it might, had I done it when he wished it and while he was in the body. Then I had halted; seeing the untoward effect which the Court's adverse decision might have had on him. But seven months have now passed and no adverse verdict can now harm him; while a just verdict can benefit him and all concerned, by ridding his active mind of a sense of the discredit, which maddened transactions reflected on the principle at stake. Whatever matter was back of his relegation to the insane asylum from which his wife rescued him,—now that he is safe from persecution, I am interiorly urged to ask, that a post-mortem trial of the case may take place. For though such a course may be unusual, it yet may be *legal*, if instituted between the nation and a Danger pending over the nation. The Danger is that a High Value (through a national lack of care of it) may be lost to the nation; which value is, Real Woman's Real Power to help *real* Man, as he, under complications rising from his tealty to her—at times hangs himself on what seems, the cross of self-crucifixion. A cross which however, will prove to be but the true Cross of *Self-construction*, if but 'the woman in the case' be not hindered in securing to him the added years of reconstructive opportunity: of which years, ignorant 'protection' (?) in an insane asylum would have robbed, not only the man, but the nation. While, on the other hand, by the *new instituting* of such a Supreme Court's judicial discrimination between facts and falsities, and, by such a new jurisprudential-weighting of differences in motif and morals, destructive burdens will, hereafter, be lifted from other souls who become incidentally concerned, and nearly deluged in (not money, but) spiritual-disaster.

The Supreme Court has dealt with far less weighty Values than this, to which I call attention. For this Value relates to that Principle on which the Republic is founded. A principle that can be glorified and substantiated only in proportion as individual men and women, by national and home jurisprudence, are aided to become *self-governed* intelligences, *filled* with the Spirit of Grace, instead of merely being externally-*bedecked* in manners, *imitative* of that Grace!

In 1894, when my husband's fears and fate were under manipulations which seemingly included the creating in him, a distrust of me, he at times looked at me in an agonized way; once so bursting into angers, that, at my wits' end I one day said:—"Hermann has anyone ever made you think evil of me? As if I were bad?" To which, grasping his brain as if with a grip on facts, he said fiercely: "None but a *fool* and a *maniac* could think such a thing!" That to my mind, settled the basis.

I believe he now thinks (for thought never dies you know) that I am yet to secure the Supreme Court's attention to the business of showing by its verdict, that there is a quality of devotion between husband and wife which, if it were generally comprehended and *cultivated*, would truly bring to homes and nations, visible victory over death and all our woes!

The immediate result which a comprehensive verdict will bring to all the persons concerned in this matter is,—that it will remove a partly imagined foundation for the hate which the lad (who was with me a year in his childhood) may have had cultivated in him from one cause and another toward his uncle. And also, may save another person from becoming hardened, under the discredit which hovers over the complications brought to bear on him from 'two worlds' as he still pulls through difficult matters which he took in hand while, as I believe, enforcing a silence on the only other living man who knew the facts of the case; which silence thus (perhaps) held that man's life in hand (perhaps) under the bonds of an oath that not to any other living soul should facts be revealed. For such management (whatever reflections it might cast on the wife's relation to the matter) would be but in line with the old-fashioned idea that, as it was right to make a scape-goat of Jesus by crucifying him for other persons' sins, so, the mere ungracing of a wife, in order to make clear sailing for a malific lot, would be but quite in line with the doctrine of justification by imputed righteousness.

To the arrest of the growth of such morally-damning-injustice, the Supreme Court of this intelligent nation greatly needs to attend: if, at this time, it means to 'prepare straight paths for the coming' to earth of the sons of Spirit-divine.

I now suppose my husband passed out that August night at Joscelyn Hotel, *happy* (not only in his assurance that I had faith in his good intentions; but also happy) because of his faith in my never faltering intention to make all right as to his record; over-driven, half-dazed, mad-man of magnetisms, as for much of his life from childhood up I believe him to have been.

That afternoon at the Joscelyn Hotel at Prout's Neck, as I sat on the bedside feeding him with small mouthfuls (which I aided him to swallow, by myself going through the muscular contractions of my throat while maid and man stood by) I unpremeditatedly said: "Dr. Holstein is a good, *good* man"! and he, catching the words, exclaimed: "What? What?"—and I repeated—"Dr. Holstein is a good, *good* man,"—while a quick, glad sob of acquiescing-content in knowing that I knew he was as good as he *possibly* could be, came up from his soul's deepest recesses. And at night, at the crisis after the hemorrhage, having taken his reviving powder, lying back with eyes on mine, he gripped my hand in a way which meant that he knew that I justified him as having done *his best*.

So take steps to secure, dear Sir, the Court in a chance to give a post-mortem trial of—not money matters but of the Human value at stake in this case. Do it for the benefit of our nation's enlarging spiritual (not business) complication:—thus securing an advance in Reverence for man's marital integrity, justice and virtue! Then from a finer building of homes (I do not mean houses) we will have a rightly-built citizenship and country. I ask reference to be made only to the matter of the *making of man*, with no reference to that other mere medium of exchange, in the getting and managing of which man so often seemingly, unmakes himself.

Then right credit can be given all around, including that which may be exemplified as due to him, by Mr. Haswell Holstein's statement of facts to which, according to a custom, there may have been a reciprocally pledged 'eternal secrecy';—in which case a young physician of Washington, (Haswell's close friend who, as a physician was, as I believe in the woods with them vouching for Hermann's sanity in June of ninety-four) can be called upon for his testimony. In any case The Real Truth is known to Omniscience: and from that Source the Mind of the Supreme Court of the United States, may be so supplied as to cause this post-mortem-trial to bring about a substantial betterment of the Real Character of every soul (in the body or out) concerned in these (or any similar) transactions. For character is the one Eternal Verity.

Do not be weary dear sir, but hasten forward this consummation
(Signed)

Responsive to this appeal came a brief (but sufficient) reply to this effect: "I do not know that I fully understand the aim in view: but I doubt if the Probate Court would, so late, take up the matter," &c.

CHAPTER XXII.

“Better one’s *own* duty not *fully* accomplished than that of another fully performed. It is better to perish in one’s own duty!”

I SOMETIMES wonder (but I never squarely asked her) whether Mrs. Holstein had so long meditated on the possibilities of re-embodiment Hermann’s most *etherialized*-portion by inbreathing the Spirit-of-Life, that—in the expectancy of such a *dénoûment* she had proceeded to *prepare* for his coming into boyhood after the end of the first decade of this century: and whether it was with this end in view that she had arranged—not only in monumental-marble and in literature, the memorializing of the karma of *this* incarnation’s upsteppings, but was seeking to get from the Supreme Court of her Nation such a verdict of the true inwardness of his endeavors, as would clear his record in readiness for his next coming and on-marching?

But I—her friend, would not have dared to ask her such a complicated question: lest she should think I—with St. Paul’s accusers—thought ‘much learning had made’ her ‘mad.’

But if I had ventured to ask her all that, I then should have gone on to ask if she really supposed a lad of six or seven years, by such an excessive act of recall-to-Earth, would thus keep so embracive a hold on passed-over-circumstances, as to serviceably take up or go on with ‘the better way,’—in a manner—the results of which, would be at all adequate to the extreme-*irregularity* of calling down on herself such portentous Influences? For if he so came, impelled by and infilled-with the power-of-the Hierarchic-hosts supernal, I considered he would but appear (and to all purposes for Earthly use would *be*) an overbearing insane man, as in recent history, he at times appeared. Or—if instead, she hoped he would come as come those who have ridded themselves of ‘unsatisfied-desires,’ through having spiritually ‘*ordinated*’ their desires—what then, in a tumultuous epoch like this, would so self-

balanced and majestically-serene a being appear to be, other than a Dreamer and a Do-Nothing?

I asked her something like this privately: for I wanted her to face the matter and tell herself what—if she were left to work out her notion unrestricted and unmeddled with,—she would hope to accomplish?

I could only gain from her the idea that she would 'give him his next upstep': suppositionally, a *mighty-one at that*: and if it were VERY peculiar in its mental and moral-refinements and fervors, she had in mind the possibility of receiving *for* him—from SPIRIT pure and simple, an aerialized-quality of mechanism adequate to all needs of mental speed, insight, foresight and of providential *Might* in making plain paths for others—such a body as a Great-God's True Son would inherently bear.

And in the telling of it to me, I thought she revealed to herself, how utterly unnecessary such ponderous ability and such over-effusive-majesty of powers would prove to be: especially to one who (I hated to say it to *her*) had not himself *earned* it, in any adequate sense by 'that patient-continuance in well doing' which is the only real upgarnerer of even first-class *human*, sound, spiritual-poise!—Trying to get her to agree to the fact that a steady, ordinary, good pull in the right direction with selected persons who drifted to her door with intimate claims on her,—was the sensible business for *her* in this her day and generation. And that as for Hermann? If he cared for such etherealized-delights and doings as much as she thought he did, he would find it quite as pleasing and educationally-serviceable to mentally participate in her best work as he would, to have to come and go into the boredom of all that baby-body-business: in which (while giving *her* time to it) she needs must do it mid monstrous general misconceptions concerning the irregular-conditions of his coming. But of all that side of the case Mrs. Holstein had no further fear of its miraculousness, than, of the speaking any *word*; which 'word' (or voice sound) in one case is breath made vocal: as in the other, she fancied, it would be "*breath made visible.*" And I ask you, Reader, what could any one do with such an idealist? And such a scientifically *correct* idealist, at that?

She but laughed at my perplexities: and I could not tell

whether she paid any regard to my advice. For, as usual, in emerging from her mercurialized visits, she brought her brightness to bear as with pencil in hand she settled herself to balance up her accounts with business-accuracy; or with needle in hand, settled to making over 'old duds of gowns' with all the zeal 'in trying to do it right' which she felt in dealing with affairs related to "the upper air."

Her allegiance to the 'Intellectus Illustratus' (inexplicable, unreportable but *not unreceivable* as is that amalgamating Unifier of Heaven with Earth) never included 'trance' or any condition which loosened her hold on Mother-Earth which to her sight of its Representative motherliness, included no degradation of Spirit, pure and simple. On the reverse, at this onrushing fiery-flying Epoch, such a firm-foot-hold there, is co-incident with a firm hold on those scientifically-spiritual planes of thought and act, which, at this convulsive-crisis, can alone insure perfect justice and good faith in dealing with one's neighbor relative to the work of the hour.

In puzzling over these ideas of hers, I chanced to turn to some letters, dated about ten years apart, relative to the never-ending-end of the story of LIFE. Letters, which, whatever subject they picked up, seemed always tugging away at the premising of resurrectionary benefits, which were always just before her mind "for all concerned"; no matter how complicated conditions might seem to persons of the sort of "religion which is, but a witless running to and fro and a disputing: as it will always continue to be" (as says Jacob Boehme) "until we return to our Mother who, in the beginning brought us forth out of herself": and until (as Boehme says) "we see how far we have departed from that righteousness and unfeigned, impartial brotherly love, which loves the brothers, whether they are our enemies: and which leads us to examine to see whereunto our own hearts are inclined!" The following was written in 1895 when she was trying to get and keep Dr. Holstein out of the asylum: and addressed to the brother who had affairs in hand.

TWO O'CLOCK, WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 13TH, 1895.

As usual, at midnight I awake, filled with an understanding of the bearings of things related to my husband's life: especially those matters

which your close connection with him seem to have brought into the problem. Since your visit, I see days when many friends will be dead (as we call it) and see changes of a now unbelievable sort which will have come into Earth's conditions. I should be glad beyond measure, to feel toward you the hearty trust which it is my nature to feel toward good men. I think at one time you felt separated from Hermann and myself, as if I had sought possession of him to the exclusion of you brothers.

Doubtless I did. For I had endured so much chagrin and disaster and home-destroying-disarrangements, that I wanted to protect him and myself from any more of that quality of life. He, too, wanted to 'start new.' But that, I realized never can be done. Because all our todays are made up of our yesterdays: and it is with the consequences of those yesterdays that we have to deal until cutting square off from amassing any more baleful results we create a new crop of Karma. But there have been plenty more baleful results; ending with an attempt to so shut me off from the care of my Husband, that the best promise I was getting was that when he was 'incurable,' I might then take him home. I suppose that meant to die!

But not die shall he if fair-treatment and universal-help will save him. I want his sanity secured and acknowledged by law! And then in health he can do as he chooses; and we can stand by results; and finish life midst the advantages of having secured justice to all concerned. Then, in the long run, prosperity will come upon you and yours! Whatever you do, I will help Dr. as he comes fully to himself, to be your friend.

I am,

(Signed)

The story of matters which transpired between that outlook March 12th in 1895 and things as referred to in the next letter of March 14, 1904 do not show any sudden unfurling of the banner of peace either world-wide or in mankind as a whole or as individuals. It shows rather, so Mrs. Holstein thought, that the struggle going on at home and abroad, continued to necessitate that, as Jacob Boehme says—"we should examine to see whereunto our *own* hearts are inclined; to find in ourselves the hundred-evil-beasts of the sort made manifest in Adam's lusts, whereof God said 'the seed of the WOMAN shall bruise the Serpent's head'—teaching that 'she must depart from that false humility that *contemneth* the members of her body' instead of utilizing the hidden, spiritual-members as recalls to the Medial-plane of the 'three highest-principles' in man: that, 'being given a glorious body like Christ's,' the 'departed' may return at birth, to an enshrinement of faculties adequate to the emergencies of his electricalized-*moralities*

and thus adequate to the advancement of this pending crisis!

But if we take Jacob Boehme's account as to what men 'find in themselves,' we doubt whether their average moral-status needs yet—increasingly dynamitized bodies. For Boehme declares 'if they examine they will find in their properties a proud-beast resembling the covetous greedy swine which will take all to *itself alone*: and devour and possess all: and then, with Lucifer, will brag that they are God over SUBSTANCE, and have power to domineer over fellow-branches: full of envy, slandering others with words: applauding only his OWN Lucifer as the angel of God.'

All of which, as I understand Mrs. Holstein's reference, was the root of the trouble over which—for the sake of the on-coming-era she had been tugging away ever since she could remember: making me pity her that she could not leave such things alone, and take a more 'common-sense' view of the horrors and complicities of existence: and write pleasant, *funny* books, setting forth all the pretty ways of well-dressed- and well-churched-persons instead of boring to death uninterested-people about the accessibility of Heavenly-Heights which they did not believe in: nor care to 'stretch every nerve' in scaling them, even if they did believe in their existence.

As we all know, it is poetical and musical to sing on Sunday about 'stretching every nerve' and 'pressing with vigor on' to get 'the Crown,' which 'God's own hand presents, to our aspiring-eye': but it is a different job (as some of us know) to keep right at the business, twenty-four hours in the day, for seven days of each of the weeks which went to make up the fifty-two of them that were included in every one of Mrs. Holstein's nearly sixty-six years. Years, of which Mrs. Holstein had very, very clear memories of general objections to the proposal to 'wake the dead in their graves' (as the old-fashioned term goes) for the purpose of fetching them to come and participate in finishing up their unfinished work. Work with which workmen, lawyers and Supreme Court-Judges would have to have very *good tempers* and very good 'grit,' to care about going on.

But, in this case, as Good Providence would have it, other business annoyances were brought on other affairs by persons who (it was understood) were desiring to lay off some of their

performances by including Dr. Holstein (practically speechless and invalid before the law as he then had been) in the fray. And it happened that the sending to the 'business man' of some chapters of the forth-coming novel, brought to his knowledge some facts which were in line with certain information needed, for the clearing up of those other intricacies. So entirely (as truth unfolds) do we find its current-events to be connected through all realms of action.

Here is the letter, in part.

MARCH 14TH, 1904.

Dear Sir:

Yours, containing returned copy of Dr.'s London letter etc., came to hand almost co-incident with my receiving the accompanying 'page-proofs' of a novel-in press. Pages which refer to the homing of the lad here for a year or so. So that my sending those pictures of him and of his father to you, and your short call yesterday relative to Dr.'s matters, all came like a gathering up of the past into the present;—fetching them to where I dwell at home-with-the-Cause, while garnering ability to meet results, with a *cure* for hurts, if I can keep an intelligent, kindly hold on all the facts-of-the-long-case: some of which I set forth here below."

Then followed a sufficiently sharp revival of the incisive history which she had partly precipitated on this new guardian at the time when he took up their affairs in 1901. For that *terrible* winter (filled with brooding disasters) she had cared not what miscomprehension she incurred, if but she could secure the continuance of Hermann's life, till he should have fully added to his *Virtue*, courage! So in this letter, she now told this business-man, that her forty years of helping Hermann on, had resulted in causing her to philosophize all that Hermann (and other men) did, into line with the old Latin-statement: 'Deus est Daemon inversus sicut Daemon est Deus inversus.'

"So that" [the letter went on to say] "I am coming to act on the principle that every fiendish thing or person, is good, turned upside down, as every good-thing or person is evil turned right-side-up. But to keep things and persons right-side-up, that, of course I will not say 'the labor is'—but, is the happy, inspirational, orderly *entertainment* of any true Governmental-Genius. . . .

Now I am taking your time to tell you about this, because it is precisely this (my life-long attempt to practicalize these theories) which has made me so commonly misunderstood: except when (and here is the pleasant point) my attempts have been of lasting good to characters who

have been 'struck with the ideas'—as (among others) was the lad Kenneth Holstein.—March the seventeenth, 1904. I was interrupted on the 14th, while I was trying to tell you something. Since then, I have had a long talk with the strangely metamorphosed-looking child of thirteen years ago, who has called here, and who nearing twenty-seven, apparently has become a mentally-clarified-recipient of an inherited knowledge of the misery-of-evil.

For on his first formal and purposeful call, he introduced himself with the statement "I have come to inform you, you are mistaken in your idea of me" and when, to that, I answered, "And what is my idea of you?" he concisely rehearsed the way in which he considered his father had reaped what he had sowed: not using those words, however, but more sharp and startling terms, which he then suddenly climaxed with the brief statement, "I am pure!" adding to it the ejaculation, "I shall never marry." To which, in course of time, I responded, "Kenneth, if you know what you are saying: and if you mean that you have preserved your virginity, you are saying a noble thing. For if you are possessed of Continence you possess what will enable you to rule the world-with in you, in such a way with the use of Wisdom,—as will enable you to help create a new Heaven and a new Earth."

In reference to troubles and charges that had been made against him, this very big fellow said (and it sounded rather funny in connection with his decidedly pugilistic-appearance) "You taught me not to fight": and full of emotion-suppressed, he very soon took his departure on that first occasion.

I now feel sufficiently sure he has been with good advisers: and under spiritual self-discipline, at least part of the time, since I lost knowledge of his whereabouts. I wondered what the influence was. Though I know there is, in one Church, instruction given, relative to the right conservation of that brain-fluid which is brain-substance and brain-power! Instruction which, I would to Heaven, all boys received from babyhood up.

True, I had taught him the best I knew in his study of physiology: and that best, was very good. I tell you this because in the printed-pages which you have received, I think there were intimations that I felt his burdensome-heritage (as well as his fine heritage in some other directions) would all have to be considered in his education, and also intimations that I knew he was laying up a load of wrath against the equally burdened-mentality of my companion in life: him whose nerve-strained-being I was then so execrated in upholding, as to leave the troubles to which Kenneth referred (and never forgets) important, but of secondary-consideration to me, as his own blood relations (not I) probably took those matters in hand. So that during all those years, the child supposing I (with nothing else to do) yet had neglected his case, after closely devoting myself to him for one year, was storing up more or less wrath against me. All of which shows me, WHAT a large margin should be left by us, everyone, as we judge of the acts and the seeming neglects of others.

I previously have told you (in no uncertain terms) how intensely I wished to have had Dr. Holstein alive to attend to his unfinished-business of rectifying all that is imperfect for these children of the electric-engineering-genius of the family. But now, I see the never-ceasing push-

of-life-in each ego has been as furiously impelling *this* Holstein-mentality, as it has, all-other-creatures, in the work of doing what each creature must and will, let who may, seek to attempt to drive them against their nature. One greater than poor mortal has had this 'rectifying' and benefiting in hand. I am as a dust-atom in the whirl of events except as I am related to my hold-on-my-own-duties: and as I attend to the Spot I stand on: and now, I am questioning as to the wisdom of receiving Kenneth's aid, and giving him mine;—while I go on with my book-making! If this is decided upon, it will include a form of statement, which will secure no permanent hold on the labors of either; and no cutting up or willing away of the land or 'futures,' till I am much more nearly done with them. For I do not hesitate to say, I am able to assist in the accomplishment of *a reviving work-of that Grace* which lives—not by a withholding more than is meet, but by a giving, which makes rich, in all the verities of Existence.

With reliance,

I am sincerely,

(Signed)

The answer to this, implied that though Mrs. Holstein had 'a modest sufficiency' for a very quiet, long life it did not include any wherewithal for projects to which by nature she moved forward, with her lavish air and assurance of having Earth, Sea and all that in them is, under her hastening feet. Nothing like *that* was said—of course: but it seemed to Mrs. Holstein's comprehension of her own hopeful-elasticity, that that would have been quite a reasonable statement of the appearance of things.

I tell you reader, I never knew what to make of Mrs. Holstein's ways and manners? So all I can do, is to finish the story relative to the matters which she so cheerily faced as her special-line of achievement. For I do not doubt her mental steadfastness. For she can turn from all these 'things of the upper-air'; and with pencil and paper in hand, go over her account-books, keeping them straight while considering neither the way to pull Kenneth into the possession of money nor out of the frenzy-for money: but, the way of winning him (as she fancies he may be won) into the possession of 'SELF'; in order that under his rather over-amount of outside 'bulk,' he shall find 'the Self' that is greater than the *seeming*-self and which is the permanent, immutable, Eternal Self.

Before she had seen him, she had inquired concerning his looks: and had been told 'he did not look like a saint': which, while it was a good description of how he did *not* look, would

not, amid the general crowd of those who also lack marked-resemblances in that line, have insured her recognition of him *there*. So later were added the words, 'He looks eccentric': than which no description but one could have been more in accord with his appearance or with his thrice emphasized-declaration that he wished her to know, he was NOT (and he reverently whispered the word) 'christian'!—but was taking care of his health, because, in his opinion, a man was a fool to waste health in dissipation and vice: and of course, a man must also be a fool who said in his heart—'there is no God:— for a First Cause was evident: talk over it as long as one might choose.'

He was (and he evidently knew himself to be) a clever fellow whom people liked: and he had kept out of debt, and had travelled with mental-profit: paying his own way by use of his skilled serviceableness and mechanical-genius. Apparently he had that 'Yankee-genius' which turns hand and head to the meeting of emergencies by land or sea in cases of life and death: whether in nursing or when a surgeon's aid, might be the necessity of the hour. He had served through the Spanish-war: during the crisis which followed that never explained 'sinking of the Maine': and he had stored in himself much of the electric genius of that man who was the main-spring of the creation of that Simplex-electric-syndicate-business, whose headquarters sixteen years ago, were at 109 Farringdon Road, London.

Added to all this, like his father and mother before him he was an omnivorous-reader and student of human make-up and possibilities: and had taken a course in Hospital-training in New York: and with all his expenses and general generosity to those whom he called friends, yet in the thirteen years of work he had, with a self-protecting-dignity, kept on deposit an untouchable-sum to pay expenses in a hospital if he suddenly became ill and needed the expenditure on him of whatever goes to the recruitment of overtaxed-frames.

He also carried in his pocket the note of a man, a 'promise to pay two thousand dollars' for money received. He sometimes looked at that note and yet oftener went to kindly look in on the man who was dying of consumption of vitality, who, with more or less appreciation of the bigness of the heart of

the holder of his note, called this *devotee* to friendship, a philanthropist! This good fellow it was who then had the care of a gentleman of eighty, who was suffering from a partial paralysis of his powers. An employment from which, for five hours of four afternoons of each week this nurse was relieved: when he came springing up the steps of the home where he and his 'auntie' regaled each other with views of life which 'views' were more related than a discussion of such 'high themes' between man and woman at the respective ages of 27 and 66 commonly prove to be. He was 'eccentric': that is, 'going off at his own tangent.' That made it pleasant. He was (in a way) unpretentious: though at first, much on guard against dictation and ready to fiercely repel restriction: but not Mrs. Holstein's undogmatic-representations of the possible logic-of life's bearing on individual and general perfectibility. In his frankness, he told her he 'smoked': and as undisguisedly told her of matters relative to the world as he had faced it, in the Army and elsewhere: but, after the third visit, the touching upon things which had horrified her were discontinued: as Mrs. Holstein stated that unhealth, and unmoral and unmentalized-conditions were but negations of the Glory of the Unsearched Beauties of Life-Eternal and Permanent: and that the things around him which he had so rightly despised but had endured because he had not seen how they could be cured, *were* curable and therefore, neither to be countenanced as endurable nor regarded as having any real part in LIFE that is worth calling Life. And when with the sweetest courtesy imaginable, he justly reminded her (did this lad. Kenneth) that he was but 27 while she had attained the honor of being—even in this incarnation—66 years of age,—he, in the speech, exhibited such a remembrance of the Hierosalem-study-days that she could but look on the square-shouldered, courteous, tender-hearted youth with an expectancy of a culmination of fine 'futures,' which put the trivialities of a little money-venture into right proportion to the *value* of steadying, that 'not saint' but 'eccentric' lad, as he poised himself and started on from his own soul's centrifugal point of attraction.

At first he spoke of chums: who, with him were to rise or fall: working men who worked with their hands: but, not all of whom had the peculiarity which had enabled his keeping

health in the frame, whose exuberant nervousness was not *nervelessness*, but strength.

It at first seemed strange to Mrs. Holstein that just so, into her home when he was fourteen, had come the father of this lad: and then had vanished from knowledge for as long a time as had this lad: taking during the time, an army experience: but not telling her much about it: for one reason, she then was too busily engaged to have spent a moiety of the time which she had already given to the hearing of this story. Just so full of enterprises too had he been, and like the son he too loved the nicotine-poison which had brought so much disaster to her home.

Therefore, not for the countenancing of the enactment of more nerve-strained-tragedies did this woman of 66 intend to utilize the home, which she had held to for quite other results.

So her third letter may have come like a shock at a time when this youth was preparing for a mixed vacationing and money-making jaunt into the woods of Maine, where, at the State-Fair he (with all the delight of a child with a new toy) had planned with his chum (in white suits, white hats and with poetical effusions and original-banners flying to the breeze and with gifts of badges in white, blue and red to be pinned on coats and gowns of purchasers) to quench the thirst of the Fair-ground frequenters by the sale of 'pure, *pure* lemonade: made truly and honestly of—not citric-acids nor any other deleterious-concoction but—lemons.' His wish was to have a good time and a run up into the Maine woods, camping out in the air and yet to thus pay his expenses and (who knows?) each make a little sum of two hundred dollars towards future-expenses in taking his course in electric-engineering.

The day he came to tell her that, in all its glory, the tiny cigarette which before had accompanied him on his departure from these calls, was exchanged for an unmitigated-pipe: the fumes of which affected his hitherto blameless-presence: although the pipe had been laid on a balcony-chair before, in the exuberance of his anticipated exchange of a patient's-pleasant-rooms for the freer air of the rural-regions of the State-of Maine—he had sent forth with the ring of the bell at the mosquito-netted-door—a carolling-call like the yodel of the Swiss mountaineer.

Now in fact, this visit and this arranging of these preparations were as blithe and pleasant (plus the addition of a financial-utilization of the vacation time) as had been many preparations for fishing-exploits (minus all financial-gains and plus large-expenses) in which, time and again she, in her younger days with Hermann, had participated.

But Mrs. Holstein (aged nearly 66) was now eager to immediately *aerealize*-all-humanity! And felt the outlook toward that result was not as clear as could be wished: nor was the result likely to be immediately rushing towards her if (as was possible) she was to postpone her work-necessities a month or two, when these sorts of affairs—coming up, would seem to every one—except herself, of far more importance.

She saw him, a man of twenty-seven, brimming over with various future purposes—not in the least likely to be postponed for ‘visionary exploits’ unless there was an assured advantage of some kind.

So the next day cheerily but meaningly she wrote him a note in part as below:

My dear child: Your love for tobacco and love for flitting over the earth with projects for getting money with which some day to home a family that then, from that home-centre you can go travelling to the antipodes every season forever afterwards—are loves not in harmony with the steady toil and brain work on which those will enter who help me in plans of work here.

I face the fact that not for three years nor a year would you hold to it. Some men (do you?) want a home (if any they want) which builds up in them an ability to get away from it to the ends of the earth.

And of course, those who have those loves (tobacco included) are privileged to follow where they lead. But they do not lead toward (nor do they seem to be part of) the unique, far-reaching prosperity, achievable here in the next 25 years.

I can almost hear you catch your breath at my time-computation. But twenty-five years will only make me as old as was my bright Mother when she said to earth ‘Au Revoir.’

So Kenneth, smoke the pipe of peace (is it? or, of early paralysis?) as you go jollily through your summer vacation, cheerfully lemonading the thirsty ones at the fair. But when you come to look in on this home enshrined as it will be for the service of oncoming acolytes of Life’s fairest graces, you will be pleased to leave it at the ‘distance which lends enchantment to the view.’

For not by the burning of such incense will such acolytes gain those palms of victory, past which they must go if they unclimb steps on entering homes, the increasing-beauty of whose aims, in this country, is yet to be exemplified.

References which at times come to your mind relative to certain orders of thought and life, are so unrelated to the Joys of that adorable Self-integrity (which is to me ALL-OF-LIFE-WORTH-LIVING-OR-KNOWING-ABOUT) that, Kenneth, I for this one time will tell you it is a 'far cry' from any laxity of-moral-fibre to the attainment of union with that Tertiary-touch which holds man's spirit to *delight* in the Intellectualized-work which is capacitated to receive the BEST that Infinite-Mind will vouch-safe to give to the aspirant thereto.

Because, what Infinite-Mind vouches for as being safe for one order of mentality, may not be safe for a less well trained and potentialized-nature, to receive.

Because the Macrocosmic (or divine) State, is a Universal-centripetal-force and sustains the Spiritual-All: while man's self-will, in a measure, forms little centrifugal-spheres of individualized-being: which, though not *necessarily*-inharmonious with the Macrocosmic-All, yet only when NOT averse to Perfect Wisdom, are the Results of the doings of these little centrifugal spheres so PERMANENT that Time nor Change affect not conclusions and achievements.

Therefore: why should not *yours*, increasingly become a God-unioned order of 'eccentricity'?

I have never been interested in urging maids and men to be Christians: but have had, as helpers those who have intelligently *enjoyed* being good: because, as you know, the joy which comes from work to self-poised-persons, is like that which keeps the lily a'dance on the wave: even in times of the elemental-strife of Nature.

I do not know whether you will really read this letter.

I am your uncle's mother-like-wife.

(Signed)

This was sent: bringing from him the assurance that while some little business-exploits might not be the most desirable, yet, with a good aim in view, they might be expedient: and that his lemonade and all methods relative to it, were honest and refined: as far as giving a good healthy 'Quencher' of thirst to persons at the fair-grounds. But if 'Auntie' did not want to attempt having him homed there, helping her, while he was getting his course in electric-engineering that was all right. "But," and he said it with a soft-voiced-firmness, "I must be myself. And must smoke while I study: and then he went on to range his personal-qualities and goodness, up alongside with 'the best of the whole-lot': looking so square, and courageous meanwhile, that Mrs. Holstein (aged 66) wondered *why* she had been battling over things so diligently all her life for other people: when it was evident they all knew their business well enough, without any of her moral

anxiety over their chance of getting up hill. And thinking of his heredity, she wondered not, that tobacco poison seemed part of him. But it was the poison which had made life miserable so much of the time to her: and had robbed her of her companion when—but all that has been told time and again. Yet—not for the further endurance of old-blunders was she holding on to that little home-spot at this time of life.

So she wrote him a simpler letter, relative to conversations on common facts: thus:

Sometimes when you are speaking of matters relative to my Husband's family, you go to lengths to which I do not go: but which in your little visits here, I—as your hostess—do not interrupt you, either to oppose nor explain.

But 'silence' (which the mere not interrupting must include), does not give 'consent' to your statements. Your Grandfather Holstein was a young man nearly 70 years ago: and times and religious opinions and concern about getting money, were at a level then, less serene than I hope they now are.

In my effort to right up other persons' blunders I do not feel called on to overseverely criticise their failures in meeting their (or my) highest ideals.

One thing I must, however tell you, that you may consider it.

That is, in referring to your year with us here, you have remembered some points which appealed to you, which you have often repeated. But other facts, which bore heavily on the other side (and which were best known to me) have either slipped from your memory or were never impressed thereon at all. The facts would not be worth recounting or re-analyzing if—in your repeated statement of them—they had not come so fully to assume the shape of a seemingly long-adjusted *Casus Belli* (or cause or case of war): which, when you first came to see me this spring, you appeared to think existed between you and me. Quite as if I had left undone duties that I owed to you and in some way, had wronged you as a child. Whereas, in fact, I owed you no duty or care any more than I did other persons who are no relations of mine: and have no claim on me. For, regarding the past, I but helped to bear burdens, none of which did I ever make.

I do not know whom you consulted in getting on so well. But I think you have had skilled advice from trained-teachers: in truth, Instructed-Men, who know how to value and garner-up life's most precious-treasure: which is that nerve-force and brain-substance that, at its finest, is Moral-and-Spiritual-Power.

I anticipate advanced Christian-and Intellectual-results will come from your next year's study. I could not waste time on contemplating any thing less.

(Signed)

And still to cut and clear the road-way down deep, she wrote again, twice: first thus in part:

I add to the letter which reached you today, this further word, respecting your Being

You speak much of what you have gained from the Mother's side of your family, and speak as if you were dependent on inheritance for *all* that you are or have or fail of having or being.

But to me, you are not like a scrap-basket into which the fathers' families have thrown, for generations back, 'odds and ends' of past characteristics and history: or into which the mother's side, for generations back, have flung other scraps, more or less valuable:—whether of 'tempers,' 'triumphs,' 'tastes' or 'rectitudes' or 'fights' or 'righteousness' or 'romances' or 'royalties': but you are just precisely you: Spirit, Soul and body: according as your past Karma of Character-results have built you up, as you stand, this, your 27th birthday: leaving you to learn now—*whole-new-worlds-of-things*, relative to your Superior (but as yet undeveloped and unrecognized) planes of existence. This, you should enter on by the time you are thirty years old.

You say, you are a man. Then why not now put away the childish reference to what other men and women (progenitors) were, or have done? and realize that you are built up out of 'Substance' which the Whole-Spirit-of-LIFE 'divides out' to its creatures? and that you have for inheritance the 'properties' that have accrued to you from your right use of 'the breath-of-life.' If you realize that, you will know how to compose yourself to unity: and be at peace. Then all good things will be added. For it is the Spirit's Divine-*pleasure* (and I wish we *would* please the Holy Spirit by concurring in this) to give to each, the Kingdom of Self-sovereignty.

(Signed)

As always, Mrs. Holstein went at this matter as if she had but one day to live; and must say what ought to have been said if it proved to be her last utterance.

Her eagerness to stand squarely on the immutable foundations of Justice and the Simplicity, which uses the life-current in brain and vein for the creation of New Forms of Life, New Forms of Knowledge and New Forms of Spiritual Beauty,—had caused her, at the time of the loss of the diamond crescent-pin (that winter when disasters were imperiously-tiding in on her home) to write to a Clergyman who—she felt—could right up all wrongs in which (peradventure) any of his people might, in any way be identified.

So, in that spirit of friendly-frankness in which she always

turned for help to clear thinkers and seekers after loftiest-life,—she had written to the Right Reverend Gentleman, as follows:—

To the Right Reverend ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS,
Union Park, Boston.

Dear Sir,—Regarding a “thousand dollar diamond pin” which disappeared from my possession in the last of March, 1901—I assume the privilege of writing to you certain facts.

First: I did not miss the pin till two days after I had had it in my hand, and had then placed it *inside* the collar of the robe I had on, the whole outside of which was made separate from the tight-fitted undergown: so that when the envelope containing the diamond-crescent was put inside my collar, the envelope might have slid down the silk lining onto the carpet within an hour or less after I so carelessly placed it inside the collar of the outer gown.

I mention this explicitly, for a defined reason.

After this I did not think of the pin for two days; because then the Doctor had come back from Bermuda and had had another paralysis, followed by an attack of erysipelas and so took all my attention from having put the pin in the collar of my dress, until I had given the dress to a dress-maker, who had come to the house (a stranger) asking for work, which I gave her to do; asking her to come to my study to attend to it. When I next thought of it, I and others made a thorough search for it in the house. Then I called in my lawyer and stated these facts, asking him to let the Chief of the Brookline police, Mr. Paige, know about it, but to not make *public* his search for it. For I hoped to find it without bringing a shadow of discredit on innocent persons. But now at this late date, I feel that “it is *justice* that maintains peace and balance in the soul” and that “justice is the mother of good order in communities” and that “*justice* makes love between mistress and servants”; and that therefore, to leave the jewel unfound leaves unpleasant questionings to arise in the community regarding my household; and tends to give the impression that *servants* are so very necessary here, that I have to tolerate wrong acts rather than learn the truth concerning conditions and all persons about me! Such an impression would tend to encourage the idea that anything in the house, even the houses themselves, could be appropriated unchallenged.

Meanwhile, realizing all this, I yet have steadily forbidden my mind to dwell on any one, in a way to identify any *one*, rather than another, with this matter.

In the interim between the time when I placed the pin inside of my collar and the time of missing it, there had been six or seven persons about the place; some extra helpers were cleaning paint in the adjoining house, and others.

Now dear Sir: under ordinary circumstances I act at once on interior impressions concerning the facts of any case. But there is extant so much *malicious*-thought-transference and “hypnotic-suggestion” that, an implicit following of ‘impressions,’ might result in making an innocent

person the victim and shield of an hypnotic-influencer. Therefore, I refused to act on the flash-light suggestion which came to me, regarding a possible purchaser of the lost pin.

But now I intrude this matter on your attention, not in order to bring the guilty (if any one is guilty) to punishment, but because I want to repossess the pin and also, to know who (if any one) took it: that I may deal with that person (whoever) for betterment, not for punishment or degradation.

Meanwhile, if I recovered the pin, I would use the value of it, in extending the upper story of the school-house building, across the back garden driveway so as to make the upper story a serviceable tenement with kitchen-facilities &c. without breaking in on the part already perfected in the two stories below for Kindergarten work; which I intend to carry forward there,—in relation to the UNITE-arian principle—suggested in the pamphlet which I take on myself to send to your usual kind attention, with this letter. Principles that are (as you know) more fully unfolded in 'Hierosalem' and which further writings and life will assist in establishing.

But in doing this I must select or attract my helpers as in Hierosalem was done: in order to put forth my view of the philosophy of that *Human-Perfectibility* that comes from such conservation and Scientific-use of brain-substance, as secures the steady brain-building which (in turn) results in that form of Harmonization known to Jesus-of-Nazareth! A form of brain and being-building which had previously resulted in the perfection of 'MARY,' His mother: the *real* Archetypal MAN: whose woes would have been ended if but all the rest of the world had appreciated her inherent sanctity (or self-wholeness) as did Joseph, her chivalrous protector.

This, at least is my opinion. And it is this opinion which, at fitting times and places I intend to set forth in all simplicity as the Gospel, "the glad tidings of peace on earth to men of good will."

So, Reverend Sir, unless foolish kind of men have some stringent objection (?) against allowing me to live, write, publish my books and do my duty here (as I understand duty) I shall move right forward, carrying out these ideals in this extending home of which I am queen.

When we first had bought this (then) poor little place; and after the glass study extension had been thrown out, I, looking out, saw the towers and spires of the Catholic Churches (Roman and English Episcopal) and questioned, "why should I not *here* teach the practice of that UNITE-arian principle known to the Ostrogoths, Visigoths and others, who really did desire the divinitization of the race: and who worked toward it through the recognition and preservation of (so called) woman's inherent, spiritizing power?"

And now, in order to proceed, I must next rid my home of the (to us) repellent quality, incident to the supposition that any nefarious conduct can be condoned here. And instead must establish that justice which is the mother of good order in communities, and which makes love between mistress and servants.

Relative to this I must here state in writing that the 'flash-light' suggestion referred to, brought me the impression that Sara Bernhardt (the

renowned actress who was in Boston during this episode in March) had bought this beautiful crescent diamond pin of some one who found it. Under ordinary conditions of mind, I should have immediately acted on this impression; but the extraordinary circumstances and influences of last winter, caused me to mistrust that the *hypnotizing influences* which were on my home that winter, might have put that thought into my mind, or, on the other hand, if the impression were true, might have impelled some one to thus sell it.

Or yet again, this suggestion may have been transferred to my mind by some one who desired to bring on this place, a subjection to *quarrels*, even more than they desired the pin.

As this matter fills my mind with pity for whoever may be concerned, I thus write to you fully about it; because I understand, Madame Bernhardt (the *possible* buyer and possessor of this pin) is of the communion of the Catholic Church as also are others here. I have only a sense of compassion toward tempted souls. And knowing this to be also your state of mind toward such, I have thrust these matters on your attention.

I have spoken freely to Free-masons and others, of the marked aid which has been given Dr. Holstein's case since the time, nearly seven years ago when I came into your presence, telling of his incarceration, vital danger and general bewilderment. I also have let them know that the unremitting efforts for his recovery, shall, when he is well, meet with such compensation as *money* may continue to afford; though meanwhile I can and must only work, by following my direct inspirations, until I am permitted to cease breathing this bodily breath; and am allowed to go back to the realm I came from, when I took on this incarnation for the purpose of doing that "whereunto I was sent."

Dear Archbishop Williams, live forever; as of course you will do in some good realm; but I pray you, first continue to live many health-filled years on this little planet called Earth: receiving that constant renewal of divine energy which enables Spirit "to mount up on wings as eagles."

In all simplicity,

I am,
(Signed)

This, and other letters referring more or less definitely to the work she wished to achieve on the spot where she lived, voiced well enough her aspirations and tendencies to that strait-path in which walk the Wise: as "with heart fixed on the mysterious link between humanity and divinity: they do battle, free from anguish."

The jewel has never yet been recovered: though the best ability of the town detectives has been brought to bear on the case. But the greater jewel of her unflinching-faith in the honest endeavor of all persons and creatures to do their best midst the impedimenta met by all grades-of being, in the

upstruggle, made her very desirous of disclosing in clear language a way of life that would add ease and buoyancy to general-existence: and that—not by telling every one to ‘choose *that which is pleasant*’ but which, by freeing each soul’s love of Personal-accountability, brings each to joyously use the best mental-and-moral-possessions, which good-life, heredity and karma, had developed in them. In fact, her own sense of personal-response ability for her limited but now defined-possessions of all kinds, so energized her with purposes, that in those days, this sense of responsibility, made vibrant all her being.

I—trying myself to comprehend Mrs. Holstein—incline to refer to letters written by her, in response to some outburst of surprise or distrust of her then, electrifying-presence. For up to the age of fifty-two or three, she had had the disadvantage of being so swift, light and slight a little person: with her small, childlike hands, feet and figure that—in the crucifixial yet strangely-happy and serviceable-days of caring for Hermann as a mother does for a little child—she had become so much distorted in figure, hands and feet that when she was left deserted, and had time for self-introspection, she was astonished that her back, feet and hands (and she afterwards found) her Mind, had all become enlargedly-adapted to the sustaining of the strain of the tumultuous-case! For she had *had* to utilize that power of resistance, which self-obliterating and self-sacrificing-necessities call out in women who, in times of need submit to a mental-submergence in union with those Spiritualizing-principles which *charm* them into that ‘other-worldliness’ which is involved in an inflexible-hold-on aiding to secure a loved one’s *interior-perfectibility*.

In this work she became sub-alertly conscious of the bearings of conditions and speeches around her: and if she made enemies right and left of those who thwarted her aim relative to Herman’s matters she cared no more for it than at the brushing away of a fly. And yet she would ‘come to the fore’ to deal by pen or word with some principle at stake as cordially as if she had not (in the opinion of those concerned) forfeited friendship by opposition. Though, in the interim, she would unseeingly have passed by such friends, or would have left unanswered, pleasant notes of sympathy or cards

of invitation to the participation in matters which such hostesses knew were altogether to her mind. So that, when the 'Dr.' had passed from earth and (supposably from her care and attention) the mental-plaint into which ten years had metamorphosed her, was not changed, but intensified. For in the quiet of the study (as has been said) his needs-invisible, made yet deeper incursions into her being: her *salvation* from a mental drowning in which incursions came from her immediate attempt to serviceably utter through the press what was in it, when—as has been told—young Holstein arrived, a fair personification of what the epochical-education in the 'social-conscience' line, had climaxingly set afloat on the country during the passing ten or twelve years.

Like the best of the results, he was a highly exhilarated upstretch of nervous-force, well liked by those he met and himself surprised at the cordiality with which he was regarded by many women: including mature Christian women whom he, in business, serviceably helped. The fact was (as Mrs. Holstein saw) the attractive quality in him was in line with the abstract-rectitude of fibre in self-respecting womanhood: which vitalizing-rectitude is not always intelligently met by average-men and not intelligently dissected by its possessors.

It was a quality in him of which his presence told much and his keen self-discoveries, told him as much. For as has been said, he had hunted up his mental and moral possessions pretty effectually: and talked delightedly about the good things he found in himself, in a way which, up to that point, had done very well; but which, exactly at that crisis needed (so Mrs. Holstein felt sure) to be met by a marked-upstep onto a plain which he was quite competent to attain, unless this too easily gained-approbation were allowed to make him so well pleased with himself as to cause him (as said St. Paul relative to the gaining of soul-sovereignty) 'at last to become a castaway'!

For his self-attracting way of telling of what he had done and of what he intended to do, caused middle-aged and elderly women like Mrs. Holstein—who had always been too busy in keeping up with daily duties to have time to recount successes—to feel, as he frankly stated, willing to pay for such bright and helpful companionship.

As these simple ideas came to her mind, she saw this reason-

ably might be so; on the same basis that woman's helpfulness as 'the great unpaid-laborer of the world' exists. That is, being of a quality as elusive as it is beyond price or measurement, it is not only unbuyable by money or even by love; but also is as unobtainable by force as it is unreportable in words, and unmeasurable by any moral-meter ever yet invented by pulpit, press or ordinary jurisprudence.

For it is a work done by an electric-mental moral-dynamo: and is incessant-work—not dreaming nor emotionalism, as it is sometimes falsely considered: but WORK which, when we all come to our truest levels, and when nations cease mistaking gold for God and malific-arrogations for divinitizing-opulence will largely be carried on where, impelled by the Joy of the whole Spirit-of-Life, the muscle-needing chores of households will be done by the 'younger brothers' as they share with the maidens the wages and the work and instructional-conversations (or turning about) of all questions, as The Eternal thus mediatorially imparts that wealth of Wisdom which comes thus from above.

But how without the appearance of untold bombast could such an outlook as that be serviceably-worded to the ear of this glad-hearted good lad? For 'lad' he seemed to Mrs. Holstein as had seemed to her his father.

Since spring Mrs. Holstein had been getting some outlooks at the world, through eyes where wrath had upsurged at much of the social-muss mid which this youth had had to pick his way, as had many other youths of that epoch. Especially, at his earliest visits, a reference, at times, to some unspeakable conditions, had thrown flash-lights back over ways perhaps skirted (and by grace avoided) by her companion, when he was near this man's age. Conditions from which (as has been told in the earlier part of this straggling recital) her gaze (being fixed on the delectable Mount, to be upclimbed) had been averted.

But now, something in his words brought her to keenly realize that, woman's half-conscious search and research into spiritual-functions as played-forth through external-forms, probably, at times awoke in the beings of interlocutors sudden motions of pneumatological-energy which—being more vividly pungent than may before have been experienced by the

‘younger Brothers’—might have been by them classed in with another kind of attraction.

This sight of those possibilities gave Mrs. Holstein to see that it might be of great service to this good student-of-the-best-conditions (for it was for those that he was hunting) if she could tell him what might prepare him to rightly estimate the quality of enspirited-*enthusia* which, being native to Superior-womanhood, caused such to value the presence of those men who, too, were seeking to live at a higher-plane of life. So she tried to tell him that, with women who were best comprehended and valued by her, it came to pass in conversational-exercise that the organ of Mind (distinguished as the Female-Brain in the cerebro-spinal-system) receives from THE ETERNAL *pari passu* with mental-outgo, such a mentally-electrifying-supply that this mental-supply occasions and includes a mental-exhilaration and a mental-FEED which, of all treasures is the most needed by the Male-Brain: by which term is meant, only that brain, found in the headless-bodies of inferior-creatures: and which is the receptacle, and centre of vitality, sensation, instinct and feeling: and which in some persons (both men and women) seems chiefly active. Though later, at a time of fuller self-recognition, it is allied in its functionings with the so-called ‘Female-Brain,’ which, in woman and in womanly-men, then becomes the dual-electric-mental-motor-power.

She wished to tell him that women of the kind best known to her, found delight in receiving this Intellectually-inspiring-tertiary-touch, coming to them as it does in conversational contact, whether with brothers or sisters of the race. But before this was fairly stated, he met her words with the assertion that if there were such women in the world he would like to have them all, every one killed: adding some word about Hemaphrodites: which he said ‘androgynous, meant’:—not just then realizing, nor quite giving himself a chance to hear that an *androgyn*e was but a natural receiver and dispenser of the infibreing-pneumatic-energy which comes unsummoned (but is not undismisable) and which in its spiritual-energy (though apparently slumbering in some men) is none the less that which must become potent before the Supreme-Needs of the Spiritual-being are met and are satisfied.

His honest outburst and sudden halt was welcome to her though for the time it arrested conversation. For it revealed in his condition his danger of mistaking the needs of the mere Anima-Bruta-portion-of-his-seven-fold-being, for that which—if still lacking when all things external are supplied,—will leave the Spirit-that-is-in-man a'hungering and a'-thirsting in purgatorial-torment.

At that sudden outburst he did not 'look like a saint,' neither did he look as if he were really longing for a tomahawk and scalping-knife-performance.

In a minute, whatever had come to the surface, had vanished: as reposed, content, 'fixed on that double-centre,' 'eccentric,' he looked like the little girl in the rhyme who

"When she was good, was very good,
But when she was bad, she was horrid,
Perfectly horrid!"

For in that instant there had leaped out—not only something of Elder Holstein's early male-ignorance concerning the assumption of the potencies of Continnence, but also something of the agglomerated-upheaval of the malignance of old Brahminical and Druidical-distrust and fury against letting woman know herself for what she is or can become if, 'free in Christ-Jesus,' she fulfils her 'high calling' by giving her Intellect up to the Reception of the affluence of Spirit-Divine.

Right or wrong, Mrs. Holstein (uninstructed canonically though she was) believed that Arius (and perhaps the Church which its opposers used to label or libel as superstitious or worse)—I say, Mrs. Holstein believed that Arius and the church gave scientific-instructions to young womanhood, precisely to the extent of their capacity to receive and utilize these teachings profitably for 'the younger brothers,' who longed to 'lay aside every weight and the sins which so easily beset' those who are trying to attain the Grace and comfort of self-harmonized union with the Holy (or whole) Spirit of LIFE.

So this momentary-outburst had flung Mrs. Holstein's gaze back over the whole 'forty years' journey in the Wilderness' of the life overpast by her with Hermann, as he and some of his old compeers had toiled and boiled over the task of dealing

with the 'imputed-Righteousness-business': instead of accepting and acquiring the Rightness that inheres in sticking to the Whole-power of Indwelling Life.

Now all that statement sounded as plain as print to Mrs. Holstein, and always had. But not so had it always sounded to Hermann, nor to Elder Holstein. For—as has been told—it made him so vexed that at one time he proposed to call her insane, for daring to believe in this Contineness of the Holy-Spirit's indwelling life-power.

But—Hermann had left the body: and had left her in the world all alone with—what? Why, with her 'own duty-not-yet-accomplished': and which, though she might never fully accomplish it, was better for her to persist in, than would be the picking up and going on ever so creditably, with any other person's jobs. For now as ever, she believed 'it was better to perish in one's own duty' than to live soft and safe ever so long in prettily performed-purposes NOT sharply related to the business which had been given her to perfect if—if she could.

She had wished Hermann's most potentialized and purified-potencies could be so breathed-in bodily by her, as to give her another chance to do him good all the days of her life.

But she told herself it was not at all likely that conditions were yet ripe—either as concerned his supernaturalization or her adaptation for such a so-called miracle.

But she told herself she could if she pleased, concentrate all she had of properties (mental, moral and monetary) on the work of the next three years: and then if worn out with toil, she could go up to the Planet-Mercury, whence she believed she came. But as for falsely economizing or fretting about where she should get bread and butter in the eighties and nineties, that was not her sort of business.

For the business in her hand was, the same old idealizing-task of getting persons to analytically-apprehend (and then to synthetically-comprehend) their own seven-fold-beings: that (as was said at the beginning of this history) they thus might learn to use their seven-fold-faculties *simultaneously*, instead of longer wasting so much time in submitting-to Scorpio-proclivities or in misapprehending the dignity of Centaurized-possibilities.

Her outlook at future 'educatio' (or drawing out of next-faculties and assisting at next upsteps) included merely winning a student to so know the influences of the relative-constellations as to be prepared to intelligently deal, from the first, with those divinizing influences.

Now the lad, Kenneth (who as a child she had so dearly loved) was a native of the Constellation of Aries, the Ram: belonging to the Head triplicity. And the activity of his mind, up to this time, had included such versatility of impulses as to make them as much misunderstood by slower and lymphatic-natures, as had been Hermann Holstein's on-striding-energies.

So, with an attempt to see whether, in the next two or three years she could be of real, well-defined service to *this* Holstein, she immediately wrote him a letter to take into the woods of Maine on his picnicking-excursion: that he might, in his leisure moments in camp, study it, while the constellation of Virgo held sway over the Earth. She wrote

You speak with a reasonable joy of the 'attraction' which you say so many have toward you. I think it true that they have. As I told you you intellectually and spiritually tend to constitute a 'centrifugal' or self-attracting centre. But that attraction will remain PERMANENT only to the degree in which self-poised containance (or continence) is preserved and increased. But there is an absolute self-wholeness, which includes the possession of an interior-existent dynamo of (often unconscious) force.

Then she explained what has been said of the existence and action of the specific 'female-brain' or 'organ of Mind': and how its exhilarating attractions were not consequent on woman's longing for that sort of companionship with man, common among lower animals: but was incident to woman's delight in and desire for the inflowing of that Mental and Spiritual-'afflatus of *Wisdom*'—'which lighteth every MAN that cometh into the world.' Continuing to say,

This interior-harmony-with-wisdom's currents, renders the possessor of it, a joy to self and a comfort to the weaker-kind (I do not mean women): and also, a battery of resistance against the incursions of the evil (or ignorant) domineering, destructive 'desires' of the *Anima Bruta*. This possession is "more to be desired than much fine gold": Gold will not buy it: but fealty to Divine-life's leadings, may beget it in your own being.

For remember, as soon as self-contained-nervous energy is wasted or thrown away, that 'attractiveness' (which as far as it goes, causes persons to like you) will deteriorate and turn to repulsion—as far as its influence on refined and self-harmonized souls, is concerned.

Any degree of dissolute (or self-dissolving) life is a mere throwing off of 'coarseness': which it is easily to be imagined, no nice person cares about: though something of the kind may be in line in some way with the up-climbing-ego's chemicalization of lower forms of brain and being: which chemicalization is carried on by the power of the *impulsions of The-whole SPIRIT OF LIFE* in every living thing, from tadpole to the Hierarchy-of Angelic-hosts in the third-heavens, as the motor-power of Eternal-Spirit, works on and works-ever in the inmost laboratory of Existence.

If in your childhood I had not recognized your power to achieve a sound self-construction, I would not have given (amid my many occupations) that one year to your help so unreservedly (and beneficially) as I did. It is because I have *faith* that you will achieve a fine-old-fashioned 'work of Grace' in your being (by help divine) that I invite your assistance here, in this dear little home, set apart (as it mentally has been) for epochical-benefits.

If to you, the claims I make for the quality of my home seem as extreme as is my repulsion of the continued-havoc-wrought-on-Earth by the up-surging of Anima-Bruta, I only suggest that you keep this letter for a year or two; taking it into the woods with you to read there! Then if you are the intellectually-growing MAN I take you to be,—in retrospection a year hence I think you will find you are not *now* up to the mark which, a year hence will have been reached by your greatly improved self.

For as yet, with all our studyings of physiology and perhaps, psychology,—you may scarcely have become conscious of the sovereign pneumatological-LIFE within you. In saying this, I am not necessarily speaking of Church-membership but of the possession of that reigning Pneumatic-quality, which distinguishes the status of the Real Man from that of the Anima-Bruta-fragment-of the seven-fold-being.

For it is in virtue of The Real Man's ability to rightly use the *dual-functionings of his whole-nerve-system*, that he is separated from and uplifted-above all those lower forms and manners of life incident to creatures whose headless-bodies furnish only 'that abdominal-brain which is the receptacle of vitality, sensation and feeling': and which of course, therefore leaves lacking that self-balance of-the-dual-faculties, requisite to any creature-on two legs whose uplook is toward the spiritualized-androgynous-self-poised-power known as absolute Holiness or self-wholeness. I am not simply using words. I am vitally expressing a line of life that may lift you above relations to the mud-world where dwell the body-submerged-oyster and where linger the pollywog, turtle and bull-frog-ilk: and am explaining that Real men and Real-women are those who, for several-incarnations have enjoyed scaling planes from whence, 'squaring the circle' they truly, Prometheus-like bring to earth the kingdom of Heaven which has long been due here.

Kenneth? You are capable of a vigorous achievement. And for a man to discredit his own powers as you did, when you said 'if there were

such women,' etc.,—might, as a baby-blunder, be forgiven once: but that, is enough for a lifetime.

But meanwhile, I have scarcely a word of criticism. For you frankly confessed your predicament when you said in all simplicity, "I am not Christian":—realizing, perhaps, that the facts of the pneumatic (or spiritually-aereated) life are the all-in-all on which outward semblances and sciences are foundationed. And now, contradictory as it may sound, I say, he who knows nothing of spiritual-pneumatics, knows nothing substantial about anything.

That, at least is my opinion.

With best wishes and with as strong faith in your future as ever,

I am sincerely

Your uncle's Mother-like-wife.

(Signed)

On the eleventh of August this letter was sent forth, as had been one or two others: leaving the *use* made of them by the recipients, to determine their future identification with her continued attempts at answering the old yet ever NEW question. 'Mad? Which?'—with the word, 'Neither': for the very good reason that such oncoming Workers will be able to perceive that each God-impelled soul is, at *nearly* his and her best, following *The Hand* which beckons each one up the ever-ascending plane of Life's Altitudes.

AFTERMATH.

To prepare for utilizing the Aftermath consequent on the publishing of this unparalleled novel, it is well to explain to interested students of it (if such there be) the *purpose* which so wholesomely impelled its author to unfold the questions and the answer;—"Mad? Which? Neither."

It would seem, however, that the letters contained and the journal-quoted-facts (recordant as they are of the Spirit-inspired-experiences of these true lovers of each other and Life and the Creator of IT) sufficiently *had* explained the Purpose which impelled the author to write this book during a time of subliminal-mental-union with the highest potencies of her departed husband's seven-fold faculties:—and that they would reasonably interpret her (otherwise seemingly insane) desire to have had the *sublunary* difficulties of the departed man settled by a post-mortem verdict of the Supreme Court of the nation.

By the midst of September 1904, it seemed as if the bereaved woman had come to a pass where a visible Tertiary Terminal held her spirit a'flame with the inquiry as to whether this arrest of progress in all-that-had-seemed-to-be-before-them, marked a *Terminus ad quem?* (the end of the point to which their lives had tended or had been directed) or whether, by some rare use of Divine Life—it could instead be made to become a *Terminus a quo?* (the point from which some thing started)!

And that this last was the case, she soon doubted not. For interiorly this author had ever known that the cause of the World's commotions (including the commotions of her husband's soul) was that, like Pan, *The Wise* seem but to be standing a'wait, making music on mystic pipes to whose sweet airs, humanity responsive, yet dances not.



It is as if this Nation, *This Epoch* had come to a crisis like that commemorated by the archaistic statue of Pan, (seen in the British Museum): concerning which (relative to our moral halt before the unpracticalized philosophy, mystically typified, taught and hidden in secret-doctrines, secret-societies and sacerdotalisms) De Quincey had asked “Was the Mosaic economy of their nation, self-dissolved, as having reached its appointed *terminus* or natural euthanasy? and as having lost itself in a new order of things?”

But to ask is easy. To answer? That, the labor is. And to that task again, and again, in her uncomprehended books and papers, this venturesome Ideologist had, for years, applied herself.

Therefore on October 9th, 1904, invigorated with new courage for the upholdment of all honest struggles on the moral- and mental-upclimb (whether the climbers be the *mite*, the Monarch or the Mary-like-magnifier-of-invisible-humanity's-on-

coming-harmonization-of-Perfected-Being) this sanely-poised-lover of Truth, precipitated the following long letter (of which this below is nearly a copy) on the home of

“THE ARCHBISHOP OF MASSACHUSETTS:

THE RIGHT REVEREND JOHN WILLIAMS.

Dear Sir: As I was impelled to send to the Superior of Notre Dame, a letter, asking for a book,—a copy of which letter I forwarded to your esteemed attention, I now wish to add to the statement of my scientifically-comforting recognition of the Nature, (body-and-soul) of the ‘Mother-of Virgins’—these *further* words. For it is under the impulsion of this joyous expectancy of the perfection of the race, that I life-long have been carrying on my chosen-work in my *Arian* recognition that Jesus of Nazareth is ‘not Very God’ but is Son of the Spirit of God—Jehovah! Eloihim.

And I am attempting to go on with my little work, now on this home-spot—as before stated—in the expectancy, that, aided by this universally-scientific-comprehension of Humanity’s possibilities, every man and woman will *mentally conceive* WHAT Jesus and His Mother WERE: and through this clear mental-conception, more rapidly approach a Real-likeness.

As I practically said in the other letter: I can but think the Time has come for real-sisters of the Immaculately-conceived Mary (if born of Anna-like-parentage) to be firm-footedly standing on, at least, the eighth-step (which would be the first of the second Octave)—of the golden-fifteen: all of which had been surmounted in other incarnations by ‘the Queen of Virgins’—before in Judea she was born with a body, the capacity-of-whose-seven-fold-nerve-system was equal to the stress of receiving the seven-fold-spiritually-electrifying BREATH of the Power, whose Son was born of that Chrism.

This (as I believe) being so, I consider sisters of Such a Mary should be fully encouraged to get hold on this spiritually-scientific-case, so as, a this electrical epoch to help the world-at-large, not only to squarely think it out but LIVE it out: as sisters of Notre Dame may be doing, while keeping a scientific hold on that spiritual vitalization of brain-and-being which is transmitted through the very air when it is devoutly inbreathed with religious intention!

For at this Epoch we are arrived at the possession of Commonsense concerning the right use of the dynamic power of ‘the breath of Life’: Eternal-Life: Never-failing Life Supernal!

For the Revelation it is making of ITSELF, outstrips the bounds, once set, when teachings as to the Beauty of the Ineffable Grace of Life, did have to be conserved in the quietude of Institutionalized-Ritualism, Architecture and ceremonial devotions: all of which struck awe into the heights and depths of those who unconsciously were seeking hither and thither after that God “who is not a God a’far off, but is near to every one of us.”

Therefore now, when this breath we breathe, captures and carries, on Wire-like-nerves, into our hearts and brains the messages of that dynamic

Intellectus Illustratus.—the Time has come for making the clearest, physiological and spiritually-philosophical-statements as to *in what*, the immaculate-conception of a divinitized Sonship, consists.

The edifying incident given on page 230 of a little prayer-book, called "The Month of May," relates a dream which the venerable Marie Aimee de Blonay (when she was a *family*-proud young girl) had, of the fifteen golden steps which she—in her dream—saw mounted by the Virgin Mary. And the story is told so graphically that it quite charmed me with its true picturing of these Golden steps which are the fifteen distinct virtues;—the attainment of either one of which, sometimes seems to be an age-long labor. The dream stanchioned my conviction that, at this epoch, all sons and daughters of *well-taught* parentage should, at least, be standing firm-footed on the Eighth step: which is SCIENCE; and which is the upstep *due* from mere-rational good-common-sense-intelligence, to the new octave: and marks the firm-footed-first step up onto the really spiritual plane: which is a fairly-to-be-expected ascent in epochal-development, any one would say! This is, at least my view of the innate status of Human-development, the world over, latently considered.

And it is then to this excellency in the race (especially in womanhood) that I shall appeal, in fearlessly making the highest statements of Truths, ever presented to me by my parents on earth or Parents in Heaven. For nothing less than the attainment of the Best, equals the emergencies of this epoch. Therefore—as for more fully developed Christians, *they* are expected to stand on the Ninth, the Tenth, the Eleventh, and the Twelfth-upsteps, are they not? Though, of course, one who firmly and finely stands on the Eighth, must have in blood and brain, the garnered-up-potencies of the verve-and vigor of the seven-earlier-attained-steps-in virtues: with the result that those (having been assimilated amid stress and strain of toils almost intolerable in other incarnations) should at this period at least latently have become, *personal*-possessions: than which, naught else that Earth-can-give is of more Eternally-practical-value. For the very good reason, shall without them shall I say 'nothing'? I will say, that at least that is my opinion of the all-embracing value of these earliest and mighty virtues, as they are fundamentally related to Character-Building.

It then, is with ALL these seven-fold-fundamental-virtues attained, and established as the foundational-basis on which to construct The Mind's palaces,—that one is standing who (as in the Dream) is firm-footed on the eighth step Spiritual-Science. Because as I understand, this science puts in one's possession the exact knowledge of HOW to receive LIFE (pure and simple) from ITS SOURCE: so that every breath shall so invigorate the Soul's Con-science as to cause the same Mind to be in *us* as is in The Source from which this Life comes!

Bringing an inflow of the fulness of the results of Back-history-through which one *must* have lived when straining every nerve to press-with-Vigor up to the plane on which *such a scientist* "stands."

But to "stand" there, at this emergency, includes in the very nature of the case, a renewed getting-again of a thorough-hold on those *Foundations*: the building of which imply, the verbally-incommunicable thought of the Scientific Spiritualization-of-body-and-brain.

For, unless all is solid there, below, the STRENGTH Step cannot be surmounted. For that *kind* of STRENGTH impels to COUNSEL: and in counselling with well-built-Counsellors any faulty-condition in underpinning becomes apparent. Discrepancies in UNDERSTANDING reveal it if the climber's early up struggles were not infibred by Virtue's Might. While if they were thus infibred, then, firm-footed, the inspirited-climber springs to Wisdom's plane, as to his "native heath." A plane, which (though visionarily-undefined to some it may appear) only just brings one within sentient-spirit-touch of those Celestial-Realms, which are *beyond* the next upfollowing three steps: the last one of which ends the Second Octave. And meeting the 15th step, the first one of the *Third* Octave, being reached (the perfect dream tells us) stepping on it, "Mary disappeared from sight."

Why? Because the entering on this fifteenth step is an entering on the third-octave: and includes a vanishing into that Third—and Celestial plane where God resides, that Happy, Holy place! For that it is a place, I doubt not. And that it is among the millions of enchanting plan (I will not here add the letters *e s*, but) *ets*: because I think my Father's Many Mansions are His innumerable and unknown *planets*, such as Mercury and other aerialized-abiding places.

But regardless of how all that is, it may be agreed that the plane which I am asking to have accredited as being reasonably the firm-foothold on which womanhood stands, is one that she averages to be standing on *now*, whether men know it or not: and whether she knows it or not. And I do not hesitate to say that she has earned her foothold there, in virtue of prenatal toils, vigorously and crucifyingly climaxed! Toils and labors, which capacitate the Mother-Mind of the Mother-Creature to enter upon 'the Joy of her Lord': which 'joy' it is well known, for a scientifically 'square'-minded woman chiefly seems to consist in the rapturous delight of—what should be supposed? Why, getting a chance to do a lot more hard-work: but of the *KIND* she next chooses to do as being the next piece-legitimately-to-be-done on the plane-to which she has up-mounted. For the very good reason, that it is her business to 'stand in her own place and attend to her *own* business: *she* being judge as to what her' place and work is—Is.

Why? Oh: because, perhaps, in Egypt, she once was IS IS (Isis): as well as in Judea and Christendom.

Now esteemed Archbishop Williams, here is the comfort of being a Unite-arian! For one has the Free-foot, and *free-dom* which gathers up, from all climes and times everything adapted to the occasion. But I may be told by your Wisdom, that this-also-is the function of the Church Universal throughout the world.

That, I have often surmised as being the fact.

But *what* I am working over now is, that I want (OH! So greatly) to have All Womanhood, in the Church and out *know* that she is invited by the Institution of which Archbishop Williams is the Clerical Representative of Massachusetts, I say, is invited to *know* that it is her prerogative to enter on more clearly defined services than ever yet (outside of the Church of the Immaculate-conception of Mary, the Mother of Jesus) has been *defined* and decided as the prerogative of woman-being. And I

squarely ask this, because by this defining of her nature's spiritual prerogative, the passionate, or ignorant-cruelty of some malific-teachers (in the Church and out) will get a lesson that will tend to keep roistering, psychologizing, and hypnotizing-infernalism from 'crucifying a'fresh' the indwelling Power of God: and from putting it to an open shame? no! nothing so *honestly-brutal* as that; but to a *Judas-like*, mean-style of a shameful *selling* of the Spirit-power-which-is latent-if-not-potent in every woman's soul!

And I take on myself the task of making this outcry against this form of mismanagement,—because-by this defining of woman's *better-capacities* for fulfilling *better-uses*-than those to which some so-called-scientists are reducing her possibilities—this Church will give some very good men (who are swamped in secular matters and studies) to recognize the *importance* of the Character of the upsteps which woman must have attained-in other-incarnations, before having been able to attain in THIS incarnation, the embodiment which, in its functional-perfection, stands at this second Octave as the outward Expression of her inward state.

I very readily speak to the Archbishop of Massachusetts concerning this, because in that presence I think with my husband, it was stated that the Church is averse to the exertion of psychological-influence: for spiritual-Influence only is countenanced by that Church.

This being so, I seriously ask that the new Potentate may choose to take steps, for the recognition of Woman's innate-POSSESSION of this Mary-like-prerogative: in order that the institution's method of honoring this self-poised-power-of Spirit wherever found (which spiritual-power can alone stand against the assaults of some-forms of psychologizing-infernalism) will gladly be heard by saints and sinners: many of whom do not know WHAT escape there is, from the increasing-manipulating-of unprepared minds, by the other persons whose mere animal Will-force and animal-magnetism is developed out of all proportion to that Intelligence and Spiritual receptivity, which yet renders such souls, liable to subjection in unguarded moments.

I ask it for a third reason. Possibly this defining of the spiritual-prerogative which The Elder-souls have evolved, (but do not all *know* that they have) will enliven workers in all Churches with a holy ambition to examine *themselves*, as to any lack of firmness, with which they may have taken foothold on the seven-preliminary VIRTUES: Which virtues (as I have said) if they have not been self-controllingly assimilated, leave it morally-possible to stand on the eighth-step, SCIENCE: which is a *created-conscience* the possession of which *does* make him in whose possession it is, wonderfully near to an-at-oneness-with-that-God-who-is-not-afar-off, but who is near to every one-who-has-taken-these-soul-uniting-steps-in-Virtue! While to those who have not, taken those steps-in VIRTUE, the power which is possessed, though a form of Will-fulness, is *far, far away* from the receptive-Realm of Wisdom Life!

Therefore, it is little enough for me and for my *country* to ask that, men who come to *this* Nation, attempting to instruct our country's citizens, relative to 'POWER,' shall know enough to not intrude ignorance of these great-matters on those who have prenataly-secured foothold on that self-harmonization which includes the possession of foot-hold on

the SCIENCE which includes a STRENGTH that capacitates the standing in *Counsel* with an equipment in UNDERSTANDING which may result (at the next incarnation, or at a 'better resurrection') in an upgathering of ALL the good results, which past-life-*Efforts* have 'sowed' for this Great-Day's Reaping.

Personally, I am impressed that this upstep, "*Wisdom*," was recognized of old, as, an upstep, subsequent to that which was exemplified in the euthanasy of Mary! For then, all that she had labored to perfect supernally with her-son-on-the-fourteenth-plane,—being lost to mortal-sight—left (at their ascension), *this*, which has become a prefiguring-Way-mark,—aspiring to answer the newer question *Terminus a quo?*—in this symbolic-fashion:—



as it is significant of the 'mark' of the prize of the high-calling-in-Christ-Jesus: from which 'mark,' grand roads to grander-Life and a Diviner Humanity, start-continuously onward and outward and upward. It, at least, is my opinion that the Universal-church stands before the world as the carrier of 'terminal stigmata'! For it has upheld before the world the sign and symbol of MARY: which—should any other woman appear on earth, bearing a like invisible sign of the same-union of her being with the BEING of The Whole (HOLY-SPIRIT) of Creative-LIFE would cause such a woman to be mentally stigmatized, as Mary, for a time was mentally-stigmatized by her rather-righteous (but mentally-perplexed) betrothed Husband and protector!

Why *should* not then, that SPIRITUAL-CHURCH which believes, Jesus was born of—not physical-control, nor of psychic-intervention but of PNEUMA, pure and simple, enlighten the world by a Papal-pronouncement, deciding and defining the natural-prerogative of every '*well-born-young woman*' to attain (if that should her chosen vocation BE) to such a spiritualizing-union with PNEUMA, as will result in the founding of families, of '*NEW creatures-in Christ-Jesus*'—such as Jesus would have been SEEN to be, if some persons about him had not been too blind, deaf and Spiritually-senseless to know WHAT they saw; or at best—to be able to but talk of it, as talk those who stammer and strive in dreams!

Esteemed Archbishop Williams: to mentally look at *such* possibilities for the race:—and then, to glance back over the daily-papers and magazines that exhibit the beast-driven-conditions of the beast-driven-world (manufactured and coddled into existence as these conditions have been in spite of our Nation's constitutional-defences to the contrary) exhibits the fact that those who have secured foothold on even the eighth step (much more those who stand on the WISDOM upstep) have a right (if they choose) to assert how nearly they have found themselves, Infallible in UNDERSTANDING, COUNSEL, STRENGTH, SCIENCE, CHASTITY, READINESS-FOR POVERTY, MODESTY AND HUMILITY.

Of course, in this back-reckoning, I enumeratingly return again to an upgathering of Virtues which must have been subsumed into sum and substance of brain and being. And I recount these stages in order to remember myself—how substantial must be the building of the foundations for that SCIENTIFIC-plane; which, in its nature, is an innate ability to intuitively keep-hold-on POSSESSIONS which were necessarily subsumed into the very substance of a con-science, that is-at-one-with OMNI-Science. If I am overstating all this, it is because I am pressing the point that this UNDERSTANDING of one's soul-potencies, fills one with the very critical-comprehension of the stern-business of Character-building! Which character-building (however) in some persons (who have been led by the spirit) may have gone on almost to "perfection,"—apparently without *any* of this self-conscious-analyzing of the steps by the way, or any critical recounting of the struggles sustained during progress toward final attainment!

BUT I still press the point, because the common robbery of womanhood of the chance to *recognize* the defined-upsteps-which, by her had nerve-strainingly been surmounted in enduring-patience,—while it emphasized her likeness to Him who 'like a sheep before her shearers is dumb so opened he not His mouth'—yet is a robbery of her and the race! Because, while it averages to make such womanhood become a source—not only of wonderment but also of hypnotic-mental-pillagery—it does *not* secure to her the ability to give the kind of intelligent, con-fraternal instructive-service, such as *every* wife is naturally enabled to give to every husband, and every daughter of Mary, to every brother of Jesus!

I am,—with the expectancy of the coming of Divinitized sons into the homes of young women of this great day, in as clearly defined (though, in a more self-evidently-spiritualized-way) as came He who came into the manger-cradle of Bethlehem,—

Always and always, (Signed) and dated OCTOBER 9th 1904.

And this here-partly-copied letter had followed a copy of one which had been sent, September 30th, 1904, into the peaceful retirement of Lady Superior of Sisters-Notre Dame: and which had practically proceeded to say:

"Let me tell you, then: the significance of the ideal enveloped in the breath-arresting words—'Mother of God'—so holds me a'halt, that I won-

der not if the masses who gather at your Church-communion, mentally stagger under this Institutionalized attempt to hand down through (at least) two thousand years, this comprehensive idea of Mary: (the soul-and-body-interiorly-unified Mother of Jesus) as being a type of the whole Spirit of Omnipresent, Omnipotent-Omniscience: in addition to being—in very humanity—the immaculately-conceived Mother of the son who was born of her and, of that Whole-Spirit-of-LIFE.

You understand that THIS is a quick statement of my natural-mental attitude: which attitude I wish to compare with the statement put forth in a volume before me. For Dear Madame, almost ever since I came into the world I have felt, first: the portentousness of having been born: and next my necessity to find out for what I was born. And since, I have uninterruptedly been impelled to accomplish it.

Next: I think this is as great a crisis as was that in 1854 when Pope Pius IX. felt himself particularly impelled by the power of Divine Spirit to decide and define that the prerogative of Mary was henceforth to be regarded as an article of faith, and to be acknowledged as such by the whole christian world: when out of the 650 bishops not one dissented. That was fifty years ago. I was then sixteen years old. My thought now is that, at this present epoch of rational inquiry and of scientifically-mechanical-*electric revelation*, the blessed thing is, that any decrease in what was called 'blind faith' is now met by a God-given revelator; so that faltering faith in mystery may be turned into such an access of sight and perception of the workings of the Spiritual Indwelling Power of God as will cause the world-wide communion of saints and sinners to see that it was Victoriously majestic Courage and Intelligence on the part of the Church, which caused that Institution in times past, to half reveal and half conceal in sacerdotalism, architecture and ritualism, that which can now be 'understood by things which are made eternal in the heavens.' For not only the electric batteries in the clouds and at the electric lighting stations, are making 'the invisible things of God to be clearly seen, being understood by' the right utilization of the mechanical contrivances that are made to capture 'invisible' currents from the upper air:—but also, the very electrical contrivances themselves exhibit to us the construction of other 'invisible things of God':—thus making 'clearly seen' the mysteries of that spiritualizing Mary-power which energizes every God-enthused soul. A power which should hold man unobtrusively still in intelligent reverence whenever the spiritual 'air-spark' of electrical grace, strikes through the heights and depths of his triumed being, body-soul-and-spirit.

For this revelator is a culmination of 'striking evidence' of the now sure arrival of what, *Ecclesia*, in all climes and times, has patiently toiled but in order to *prepare men to intelligently utilize!* Therefore I am saying Madame, that the promulgation of Pope Pius IXth in 1854, calling special attention to this mystery, gives me to believe that at this epoch the present Leading Intelligence of the communion of saints and sinners the world over, should unite in centering attention on—not mysteries but—*majestically revealed facts* of the meaning of this electrified age.

Perhaps it was an increase of spiritual receptivity which marked the eleventh-century-crisis: when "universities arose which made 'the defence of this mystery of faith' a condition of their charter; and, con-

ferred no degree in theology unless the promise was made to defend the prerogative of Mary." Moreover (as the Sister knows) "special confraternities under the title of 'The Immaculate conception of Mary' were established: until finally in the plenitude of time the Holy Father, Pius The IX." (as I have before quoted) "felt himself impelled by the Power of Divine Spirit to decide and define that this prerogative was henceforth to be regarded as an Article of Faith: and to be acknowledged as such by the whole Christian Church . . . urged by 600 bishops who besought that it should be done. And it was done on the 8th of December, 1854 in the Cathedral of St. Peters. When the entire Catholic Church rejoiced at the exaltation of Mary, the Immaculately conceived Mother of Jesus."

And now what I am looking to have proclaimed (and what—as an Individual, scientific Unitarian—I *shall* myself proclaim) is,—that Mary (divine as her potencies were and are) is representative and typical of the to-be-probable woman, who may be born of such parentage as were those saints, Anna and Joachim.

This will but accord with a reasonably-Scientific-outlook at the evolution of a true humanity. For a thinking person has reason to aver that man—in his mechanical utilization of the Electric-currents of the air about him, has outstripped what he seems to have achieved in utilizing the spiritually-electrifying currents of Life *within* him.

This would prepare the secular-mind to gratefully receive news of what the Catholic *body* might be willing to report in demonstration of their achievement of the truly human type. Of this truly Human Type I believe Mary was the perfected flower and finish.

Then two results might occur: First, if it were proved (as I do not believe it would be proven) that no special advancement toward this divinized result was averred, then the question placed before the scientifically-spiritual mind of the new potentate of Rome might be: '*who and what* has hindered the evolution of (at least) the Anna and Joachim virgin-mother type of daughters?' Then *two* things might appear in proof. One, that because of the existence of such womanhood there *were* in the world, Jesu-like men who absolutely *had* so fully followed 'the Lord in His regeneration' that they absolutely *were* like Jesus when He said, 'It is finished.'

But, if that Christian brotherhood has *not* yet such men, then it would be asked, what has hindered 'that they have not received this absolutely recreative baptism in Spirit?' And if the answer to this, were found to be that, even the most *virgin*-Mother-natured saints were not *always* protected and *trusted* by St. Joseph-like men to the sole, personal control of the *Spirit of God*, but were compelled to become confraternally-related (as immaculately at best) as Anna was to Joachim why then, these Mary-like daughters could be publicly informed by a papal enuncio that this potentate is particularly impelled to 'decide and define that the prerogative of' (not alone the immaculate conception of Mary, but) of those, who like Mary had since been immaculately born of Anna and Joachim-like saints,—shall henceforth be *secured against* even *psychic* intrusion on their spiritual seclusion! Because, as things are now, if Joseph-like protectors of Mary-like women are not *spiritually*-self-whole themselves, then the 'hungry magnet' of imperfectly poised mere *psychic*

currents, may invadingly invalidate the coming of that vitalizing 'air-spark' of heavenly flame, which 'spark' otherwise, would (as at the birth of the Son of Mary) have thereafter been known as God or the Son of God. For—even though it may be said that 'psychics' only are utilizing the electric currents of the air as they (at their level) best can,—yet, men who are but upon that plane,—exercise a magnetic-attraction-of-others, to-themselves by the use of mere 'animal-magnetism.' The results of which, are often more villanous than a fist blow straight in the face would be! So that, one of the horrors of this epoch is, the *commonness* with which half-fledged students of various sorts, strive to equip themselves with psychologizing power.

As you know dear Madame, I, with my satisfaction in the doctrine of reincarnation, and with my *Arian* recognition of Jesus as 'not very God' but Son of the *spirit* of God;—and my expectation of the steady evolution of higher forms of life, upstretching beyond all that we have mentally yet conceived, concerning Jesus and His Mother:—I say, I have it within my province, to study into the matter of the evolution of what hereafter may be produced by the Mary-like Mother who is hand-maid of Creative Power! Therefore, in my home I continue to stay, mentally helping my departed husband to carry on his work of analytically and synthetically collecting his seven-fold-faculties at the level toward which he had *aspired* before he left the mortal frame. That he *has* left it does not affect the case. For as always, 'what life has joined together, death does not put asunder.' Therefore joined now as always to him, I am my husband's mother-like companion in our continued upclimb symbolized on that *crux lacrimans* from which is upreared a little tower-like shaft; which shaft, though to earthly sight it appears broken, is not so seen to be, by those who, in the spiritualities, *know all*.

Therefore you see, my natural relation to my husband's need of union with the celestial Mary-power, enlightened me as to the *subliminal functionings* which were carried on in the *terrestrial soul and body of Jesus* the Son of Mary. And doubtless, my soul's urgency for my companion's full 'following of Jesus in His regeneration,' transfusingly imparted to *ma chère mari* a quality of spiritual enlivenment which, as if completing an electric current, spiritually, aroused in *him* an overwhelming need for union (body, soul and spirit) with that Whole Spirit;—which longing he mistook for a longing for union with woman, that is, *me*. But I could not let him so mistake the source of the power which attracted him, as, by that mistake, to dissever or hinder the upgathering of his final *self-wholeness*! So again and again I assured him, this attraction was toward, (not woman, but) the Indwelling Power of God which at times impelled him as it impelled me; and that, to this Indwelling-impulsion, it was his great business to 'affix the feed-rod' of his nerves. For then, from super-naturalized *Eristere* his whole being, body, soul and estate would be supplied.

Meanwhile my faithfulness to his spiritual needs, enlighteningly produced in me some idea of the functionings typified in St. Mary's being: acquainting me with Real Woman's natural tendency to ponder in her heart and brood over, these things of God: giving me at times to intimately see *what* a being and nature that perfected Woman *had*;—making me execruciatingly sympathetic with her in her sufferings with her Son,—

mentally following Him, step by step, through His regeneration. The result was, I could not believe it possible that God would allow any complication to hinder me from helping (not my son, but) my husband, till he obtained the full regeneration of body and soul by the grace of God.

But probably you know what did occur! He left his body. But he is still spiritually engaged in the far-reaching work of grace. However, the one point, now is: I belong to Infinite Power in so simply-subsistent a manner, that it is now my business to dwell at home, appreciating successes on the part of woe-men and MEN (real men) whose personal woes are ended; symbolical as such whole beings are of the Eloihimistic Mother in the heavens. And it is this *sight* which lifts my mind to not only the legitimately to-be-expected *coming* again of such virginal-natured mothers and sons, but also, that they, in this coming, will, by their health, ease and joy-filled-wisdom-wealth,—updraw all nations and individuals into oneness with that natural order of life, as a magnet updraws steel. For then, in that case, such womanhood will neither need to ask nor to receive, anything from the younger brother but, instead, will calmly enable him to receive all, from his *own indwelling God-power!* Then men will cease distrusting and dismantling women of that self-Whole spiritual-grace, the possession of which, some restless men seem to begrudge her: and instead will leave womanhood the right to, even *psychically* unmoled, hold to the joys of virginity. I say '*joys*': because to Mary-natured women, neither work, simple fare, unmerited shame nor watchings by night and day are required, in order to keep them in rectitude to their chosen order of life and spontaneity of service.

The point I want remembered is that, thanks to the malific teachings which have too generally filled the world, (but not from Jesu-lips) womanhood has jealously been kept from a comprehension of its possibilities. Therefore now, *facts* as to woman's divine latencies and potencies should be stated; and the consequences of *possessing* these potencies should be faced: and character-building should proceed on the basis that:

Soul doth the body make
And of spirit substance take.

With the recognition, of course, that *soul* is dual; being composed of two sometimes seemingly *opposed* halves, Will and Understanding; and that therefore, the soul tends toward wholeness (or holiness) in proportion as it is *moralized* through the exercise of those 'frequent choices of what is wisest and best,' which *choices*, result in winning the will-power to obey, the dictates of the Understanding or Wisdom-power. And, with the recognition, that the soul becomes increasingly whole (or holy) in proportion as the harmonized Will and Understanding are spontaneously receptive and responsive to the electrifying touch of Spirit Supreme

So that meanwhile, Church Ordinances, Instructions and inspiritizing Communions are limited by nothing but the directness of the inflow of Infinite Wisdom: and the directness of that Inflow is limited only by the winning power of each soul's capacity: and that Capacity for winsomely receiving Infinite Wisdom is conditioned on the utterness with which

each soul has voided itself of that congestion of lust and lies which, if the soul is not thus evacuated, leaves no fit room for the Virginal Presence of Truth and Purity; and no Power for the fulfilment of the Elohimistic purposes.

You see then plainly, with my outlook at the Royal Courage shown by your Church, in protecting the worship (I say worship) of the *Real* third person of the Trinity, (that Whole Immeasurable Spirit which limitlessly includes all-that-is) and in protecting the *prototype* of it (idealized in the sanctity of the *result* of that Immaculate Conception which brought to the world the Mother of Jesus), I, still, with this outlook yet am a home-keeping Unite-Arian, devoted to the work of assisting by my writings, at the scientific-realization of the evolutionary *perfecting* of the Resurrection, Ascension and Exaltation to new spheres of usefulness, of all those (in body or out) who desire this Resurrection, Ascension and Exaltation,—above chief joys and:—I am:

(Signed) and dated SEPTEMBER 30th 1904."

This letter also had included a request for the privilege of purchasing two books which had been loaned: and was followed by a letter in reply, from—

"NOTRE DAME ACADEMY
BERKELEY STREET, BOSTON.

October 4th, 1904.

Dear Madam:—This is to acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 30th ult. . . .

I was pleased to hear that you love the blessed Virgin Mary. We consider her the most exalted of creatures, honored by God himself above all others, and therefore most worthy of our regard. I hope She will be your intercessor in heaven, with her divine Son, who cannot refuse His mother anything she asks.

I shall enclose a medal of this dear mother which I beg you to accept from yours sincerely,

(Signed) SISTER MARY JOHANNA.
S. N. D.,"—

bringing out a reply sent on the Fourth of November, from the surcharged mind of its recipient:—

"TO LADY SUPERIOR OF NOTRE DAME ACADEMY,
BERKELEY STREET, BOSTON.
SISTER MARY JOH(N?) ANNA:—

Dear Madam:—If my memory of spiritual history speeds my pen to make a play on the name (superscription),—shall we consider it is because the name "Sister Mary Joh Anna" carried my thoughts to the *Mary*, and to the John to whose care was confided the daughter of that "Anna" without whose highly evolved self-poise there might (shall we say) have been

no "blessed Virgin Mother"?, and without that "blessed Virgin Mother," (shall we say) there might have been no "Jesus, Son of God"?

However these questions may be answered, it is a fact that I earlier should have acknowledged your letter and the presentation of the little medal had they not included such far-reaching significance.

For your words "I was pleased to hear that you loved the blessed Virgin Mary," in their strong simplicity left me to realize I should be less than frank if I failed to tell you how much *more* a chivalric admiration and defence of Mary's peculiarity impel me than does that easy devotion (or emotion) which might cause me to interpose my affairs between Her and the necessity which even Jesus-like-men have for her inspiritizing ministrations.

Therefore at your beautifully expressed "hope that she would be" my "intercessor in heaven with her Son, who cannot refuse His dear mother anything she asks,"—I was caught back by the thought that I had led you into a misapprehension of my attitude.

Then came a semi-assurance that you, dear Madam, must (and did) know that the historic Mary (the Virgin Mother of the Divinitized Man) had—through the ages—held with relentless courage to the work of becoming that-which-at-last-she-really-had-gotten-to-Be! And that was the most exalted of creatures, honored by God Himself: a bringer I believe, of a redemptionist's succor to tempted and troubled souls as all womanhood should become (and will become) when they are enfibred with the full glory of that self-comprehension and self-management, natal to Mary-like womanhood.

This at least is my aspiring hope for the future of womanhood.

Therefore after giving the medal the study which such adequate symbolism invites, I affixed it—where do you suppose dear Madam? Well:—in this case—not in special identification with the burdens of the Carmelites who wear the scapular of the order of "Our Lady of Dolores":—nor even with the order of "The Immaculate Conception"—nor in identity with that order of "The Sacred Hearts of Mary and Jesus," which may most righteously claim its proximity. But—because of my personal Unitarian-recognition of the processional-upsteppings existing there,—I placed it on my watch-chain where I carry emblems of,—not only the Fourteenth Degree of mental and moral development acquired by wearers of the triangle (symbol as that is of 'Knights Adept of the Royal Secret,' but also of,—the Thirty-second Degree of mental and moral attainment which emblem is the double-headed eagle; symbol as that (I believe) is, of that union of the human will with the Subliminal Intelligence whose religious-*consciousness* of the Presence of God, (impelling the possession of it to an obedience to "a Self which is greater than the seeming self: therefore includes in action, a self-sovereignty not founded in vain self-conceit, but foundationed on, and enlightened by, that air-spark of heavenly flame which was the Very Self of the Mother of Jesus: and in her was, I believe, truly Elohimistic in Presence and Potency!

But, dear Madam, how many of the accredited fourteenth and thirty-second degree Masons know this thing which I take on myself to accredit them? That neither you nor I can answer. Neither can either of us tell how many of them are able to stand nobly-unmoved by little ambitions,

or are able to protect (untouched by abstractionary calls) that current of Life which a thousand abstract-calls press about them to draw off for inadequate uses.

But my opinion is, no human being is equipped against abstractors of these electrically-creative currents until he or she has gained those eyrie heights on which she and he incorporately inbreathe into brain and being that arealized-Life which *in-forms* Its possessor as to what is this "Virgin Mother" whom, awakened in man, places him *en rapport* with that man-building-self-harmonization which (to the mystically initiated) answers the inquiry "*terminus a quo*"—by such a soul and substance-generation of new forms of life, knowledge and beauty as every man is accredited (symbolically) of having attained on receiving the *thirty-third* degree of Scottish rites of free and accepted masons.

It is for *this* reason that I wear on my watch-chain over the double-headed eagle, the Mary-medallion of the archetypal MAN: whose woes are (inherently) ended.

For I consider this typified Mary (Virgin-Mother-Spirit) was possessed of what I think her Son never claimed to possess until the hour had come when His crucifixial-crisis culminated in conditions which He Himself voiced in the words, "It is finished."

Therefore I am saying, as the plane of attainment symbolized by the wearers of the double-headed eagle is eighteen degrees above the fourteenth degree of the Knights Adept of the Royal Secret (the *Wisdom-plane*),—it must be at a great moral altitude; seeing that those at the fourteenth degree are symbolically pictured as having quite conquered the ramping and raging brute will-force which dethrones reason. *Reason* to which St. Paul appealed when with good common sense he called attention to the real business of existence, saying, 'I beseech you my brethren that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. But be not *conformed* to this world but be ye *transformed* by the renewing of your Mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable will of God.'

An appeal which I paraphrase, impelled by my sight of the procession of events, seeing and saying that:—not only does the renewed mind (or soul) the body make, but that also the rational soul does of Omnipotent, Omniscient the substance take which, utilized, does so co-work together (the Will and the Understanding) that the soul really does build up out of this spirit-substance, a vivacious, health transformed New Body adequate to omnipotent service.

Do you ask if I think there ever was such a transaction? I answer, "Yes, there was. Mary of Judea was an example of a proceeding incident to such causes and effects. The Cause of the Result shown in her case, (I believe) was a six thousand year upclimb into holiness (or evolutionary self-wholeness).

And this Mary, like the mystery of the pyramid, the sphinx and the dual-memnon of Egypt's desert,—exhibited that which Time and a scientific increase in the Love of truth and of the higher evolution of the race—all being given, will help forward the answer to the question '*Terminus a quo*.' Promptly bringing to the world a finer humanity as an Aftermath following right along now, on this present epoch's crop of the haste. en-

mity, falsenesses, fightings and fears: which, when Calm Intelligence holds sway again, will result in a balanced Unitarian, Masonic and Mary-magnifying blending of the strength and beauty of health-filled Will and subliminal Wisdom. Establishing thus, those pillars of strength and beauty always upreared visibly and invisibly when the health-filled Will is at one with the dictates of the Spirit of Omniscient, Omnipresent, Omnipotence.

I am as always,

Signed and dated

THE FOURTH OF NOVEMBER, 1904."



'MAD?

WHICH?



NEITHER!"

The End.