

# MAGNHILD

## *A Tale of Psychic Love*

BY

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*"I will not follow where the path may lead, but  
I will go where there is no path, and I will leave a trail."*

—MURIEL STRODE



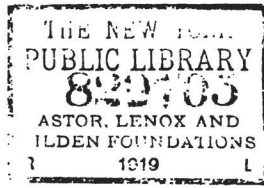
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To the Memory of  
MY MOTHER

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*True fiction hath in it a higher end  
Than fact; it is the possible compared  
With what is merely positive, and gives  
To the conceptive soul an inner world,  
A higher, ampler Heaven than that wherein  
The nations sun themselves.*

— BAILEY'S "FESTUS"



## FOREWORD

Countless are the tales that have been told of love, but none among them pictures the tender emotion as kindled in subliminal or cosmic life, its pure flame fed exclusively by the commingling of the immaterial elements of personality, until it takes on the objective phase and blazes in perfect passion which is simultaneously spiritual, rational and animal. This story follows love along such lines, and aims to body forth its spiritual side in colors of the soul.

A psychic novel has never before been written from the viewpoint of that personal experience which gives value to this book. The facts on which is based the philosophy of mental suggestion as unfolded in the following pages are veritable occurrences in the professional experience of the author. The name of the leading character perpetuates that of the great Swedish psychotherapist, the late Dr. Otto Georg Wetterstrand, whose noble work at Stockholm had not a little to do with inspiring those earlier experiments in practical psychics which have been continued by the writer during the past twenty years, and now number 15,000 experiences with the subjective or spiritual human consciousness. Upon these intimate communications, implying the closest soul contact, repeated daily and in endless variety, his conclusions are founded. And these conclusions are in accord with the view of Professor Myers and the late Professor James of Harvard University, which tallies with the Bible doctrine of man as a composite of body, soul, and spirit, an indissoluble trinity of elements, the spirit having domination over the soul or psyche that animates the body, and clothed with supernormal powers for mani-

festation in the flesh. The spiritual self, the superior governing principle, may be incited by suggestion, as explained in the story, to assert a control over the flesh that is practically boundless within the limitations of possibility and moral right. Perfect submission to the dictates of that spirit would equivalent incapacity for wrong doing in a moral direction and limitless creative power in lines intellectual.

This volume is offered to the world with the sincere hope that its readers will not only find it expository of the spiritual, in contrast with the carnal and socio-commercial side of love and marriage, but may realize in it as well one of those "companionable books that tempt us out of doors and keep us there." Hence the philosophy of the story is relieved by episodes in themselves entertaining and instructive. The episode entitled "The Fisherman of Lake Sunapee" has long been referred to the pen of Charles Dickens, and there are points of agreement with the American Notes which confirm the theory that, if not the novelist himself, some one of his company wrote the pathetic tale which appeared in a number of English magazines during the late forties and was extensively copied in American periodicals. The scene of the story is laid partly at Lake Sunapee in Central New Hampshire, and partly in the City of New York.

In its episodical character, this novel flagrantly violates the laws of technic insisted on by the author in his lectures on fiction at Columbia University; but he trusts that, like many a sculptured figure that defies the accepted laws of proportion yet continues to elicit admiration, the book may still fulfill the function of the novel in its power to entertain, instruct, and ennoble.

In the love of Magnhild<sup>1</sup> and Dr. Van Alstyne is pre-

<sup>1</sup> Pronounced *Mahn'-heeld*, and a composite of two words, *Magna Hilda*, Great or Saint Hilda, commemorating the name of the



sented a conception of affection that lifts it from the sphere of selfishness and passion to the level of the divine. For in the perfect marriage union, where the parties to the contract are thoroughly congenial and rationally in love, the kindred subliminal selfs combine in spiritual fellowship, having access to the knowledge, experience, impulses, feelings, ideals, and powers inhering in each other. Such mystical interpenetration (without the intermediary of the senses), strengthens and enriches objective expression in the case of each of the parties to it, and represents the spiritual side of the tender emotion — that interfusion of immaterial parts which reflexly unites the objective lives in a spontaneous correspondence.

To such love, it is not true that "beauty of the eyes" gives birth. The senses open not the door to it, although in it dwells a spiritual sense-fondness which God intended should, by its reciprocal encouragement, cement and exalt the higher affections. Without this spiritual quality, sense-love gravitates to the level of a brute instinct. Each participator in a perfect love seeks the well-being of its complement, and finds therein its own highest happiness. Both apprehend, in a concord of faith, a blessed derivation of their passion from that Infinite Personal Love with whom each is individually continuous, and from whom "the two-celled heart" receives its quota of spiritual puissance.

The novel, *Magnhild*, seeks to fathom the deeper psychology of Christian marriage.

JOHN D. QUACKENBOS.

New York, April, 1918.

accomplished abbess, niece of King Edwin, who in the seventh century presided over the minster of Whitby in Northumbria, known as "the Lighthouse Monastery," a famous centre of letters, where the Bible was paraphrased in Anglo-Saxon couplets by our first poet Cadmon.



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# MAGNHILD



# MAGNHILD

## CHAPTER I

### ON THE ESKER

*My book should smell of pines.*

— EMERSON

IT is the afternoon of a perfect July day at Lake Sunapee in Central New Hampshire. The constant westerly breeze of the summer is shaking the tall rough-barked pines that fling their tufted needles to the sustaining atmosphere above the eskers of the eastern shore. So close stand the slender swaying stems that the sun-rays can hardly force a passage through them; and where the under-forest thickens on the slopes of the ridge, a tangled lace-work of dead limbs imparts a spectral aspect to the scene.

Anon the maze unravels as the esker stoops to the shore line; the cheerful play of sun and shadow is caught again, till only scattered trees sentinel the crescent beach over which the waters of the lake gently deepen and darken.

A canoe of Penobscot fashioning, in response to a series of vigorous paddle-sweeps, has just cast half its fragile length on the white quartz sand, and two young women, throwing aside their maple blades, leap lightly out upon the beach. Quite evenly matched in height and physical development, and both reflecting in manner and expression the seriousness of thirty years, the two friends still represent contrasted types of beauty. The one, inclining

to the blonde — a classic face with deep blue thoughtful eyes through which the fire of genius flashes, and hair of a rare auburn flecked with plaques of gold. Wherever woman is a subject of criticism, Magnhild Wetterstrand would be pronounced beautiful.

Her companion, who is leading the way up from the strand, is of a brunette cast — a clear complexion bronzed in the sun of the summer, with eyes of Spanish brilliance proclaiming rich intellectual endowments, and of that planetary habit which betokens not only keen powers of observation but an inquiring spirit seeking to pierce the secret of whatever comes within the range of their gaze.

Magnhild Wetterstrand and Rhoda Barrett had been school and college pals since the day the Swedish girl, left an orphan in her native Upsal, had found a new home with an aunt in New York. Both were young women of high thoughts. Spirituality dominated the character of Magnhild and she loved beauty for beauty's sake, catching glimpses of inward grace in the commonest things, peculiarly susceptible to the poetical feeling uttered in perfect forms by the divine reason or the imagination of man.

Rhoda Barrett was less imaginative, somewhat more literal, more of a practicalist, a born investigator of facts, a woman of wide reading and extended travel. Nothing in nature escaped her notice, from the gentian-muffled hum of pollen-scattering bee to the climatic effects of ever-varying changes in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit. Her brilliant work in college along the lines of science explained the golden key of  $\Phi$ . B. K. adangle at her waist.

"What a beautiful place this is, Rhoda," said Magnhild Wetterstrand, as they climbed the slope, "and so divinely shaded by these straight froned trees. And how fragrant the air with oleo-resins. You said you were going to take me to an esker. What is an esker? and what



are these trees, so different from the ordinary white pines that abound everywhere in this region? There are none on our side of the lake."

"I'll tell you, Magnhild, as far as I can. Esker I know to be a Gaelic word, and the name describes those lenticular mounds or ridges of hard packed water-worn gravel that cross valleys and plains in different parts of the northern world, generally with narrow tops and steep slopes. No one knows just exactly how they were formed, but they are children of the glacier, of the melting ice sheet that once, when the earth was more distant from the sun in winter than it is now, covered the northern hemisphere as far south as New York City. In Scotland, they are known as kames, and in Maine the people call them horsebacks."

"Are eskers all as small as this, Rhoda? My idea of a glacial river is that of a mighty current whirling for centuries down a great valley and depositing masses of gravel and sand, with an occasional boulder, gathered from the melting ice mass as it slowly receded toward the north."

"Your imagination paints a vivid picture. Eskers certainly vary in size from miniatures like this to elevations miles in length and correspondingly broad. The neighboring village of New London is built upon an esker two miles long and at its highest point nearly 1400 feet above sea-level. On the west it stoops 250 feet and on the east 500, in each case to ponds and streams, for water always collects at the base of an esker."

"That is all very interesting, Rhoda, to be carried back into the unbeginning past, but do tell me something about these pines. What do they live on? Surely, there can be nothing nutritious in this gravel."

"You are right, Magnhild, there is little plant food in the soil. These trees separate their aliment largely from the atmosphere."

“What kind of pines are they?”

“We know them here as red pines, and they are among the most graceful of the thirty-five species of pine indigenous to the United States, unbranched and of uniform diameter two thirds of their height. The species is *Resinosa*, so called from the resinous juice with which the fine grain is impregnated. The *pinus resinosa* loves the dry soil and the glacial sand. It is now rare in groves like this; but a century and a half ago, it was an important asset in these forests rated as the King's Forests on the earliest maps because they furnished the best masts for the British navy and made the hardest deck floors.

“Scattered among these Norways, as the natives incorrectly call them, is an occasional balm-of-gilead fir from whose leaves we make the balsam pillows, and once in awhile a white pine, which tree I may tell you grows more rapidly in this section than in any other region in the world. White pines on the slopes of Mt. Kearsarge attain a diameter of two feet in fifty years. In the Adirondacks, it requires one hundred and twenty-five years to reach this thickness.”

“Where did you learn so much about forestry?”

“Why, I have been present at several meetings of the New Hampshire Society for the Protection of Forests, and listened to the foresters discuss the growth and economic value of our standing timber, and I have been investigating on my own account.

“A quarter mile, Magnhild, from where you are standing, only eight years ago a thousand miniature pines raised their heads in a moist glade from which the cattle and the mower had been excluded. The eyes of the forest-world were upon them. The grown trees that enazoned the pretty opening seemed to frown on the nurslings, and when the wind stirred their foliage to laugh in de-

risive sougning. The pasture thistle sprung up beside them and reared its purple flowers far above their slender needles. The very gentians looked down upon them with blue corolla lobes, the moccasin orchid smiled at their painful efforts to rise, and the field violet mingled its perfume on equal plane with the aroma of their acicular leaves. Another year, and they were well above the grass tufts, strong enough to look the sun in the face. The scorching rays that would have burned out their lives had it not been for the shelter of the friendly herbage now quickened the circulation in their expanding stems, and they grew heavenward with so easy a grace that long ago their higher verticillate branches were beyond my reach. The infant pines have put on the strength and symmetry of adolescence. As I think of them growing rapidly into economic importance, I seem to be reminded of the germination and development of God-love in the heart of man. Deeper and deeper into the soil of human needs strike the roots of this sublime affection. Higher and higher above narrowness, uncharity, ill-will, tower the beautiful fronds of its liberality, the fruit of its broad catholicity, ripened in the sunshine of the Lord's presence and universally adapted to the cravings of humanity."

"Oh! stop your moralizing. You are always following such tangents, you infer too much from nature."

"Perhaps, Magnhild, but I am going to teach you to see more of its secondary meaning. I believe with the poet of the Bhagavat Gita, there is nothing on earth so sacred as knowledge. To such as are trained in nature-study are opened up new and interesting fields of inquiry, undreamed-of treasures in forest, tarn, and stream. And nowhere can be found advantages superior to those offered by this Granite State for scientific research, for mental interfused with physical recreation. Not only do

natural charms invite to æsthetic passiveness, teaching 'the divine principle of leisure'; the country affords as well endless opportunities for philosophical study."

"And I should add, Rhoda, for imaginative flights."

"Yes, Magnhild, the aspect of New Hampshire is picturesque, that is, *wildly free* — and the effect on the imagination is correspondingly exhilarating."

"But there is something more in it all to me, Rhoda. There is an inspiring ancientness intrenched on the wind-bitten, levin-scarred ledges, quickening to fancy, inviting to intrallment by the spiritual. There is a bygone sweetness about the abandoned grass-grown roads you have led me through among these hills, flanked by crumbling walls and ivy-traversed ruins, all fast becoming part of the wild nature around them — silent thoroughfares that whilom were trod by happy feet and rang with merry voices. And there is an eerie beauty tintured with sadness that breathes from the deserted hamlets of the dead, where the early settlers sleep in these secluded fastnesses — from the lichen-blurred grave-stones of black slate crouching from human sight amid unwithering clumps of immortelle — embodying, to steal from Shelley, an 'awful loveliness'."

"Magnhild, you are waxing eloquent; you have within you the spirit of Poetry."

"Have I? I admit I was flippant awhile ago. Do you recall how Professor Kellogg used to teach us that nothing is so insignificant that it has not a poetic side? I remember writing in my note book one of his sayings that especially appealed to me: Poetry deals with things as October light with the objects upon which it falls, painting everything it touches in its most bewitching colors. To me, poetry is beauty with something very subtle added, and is not that something spirituality? It is the expression of a fairhood which no language known can fittingly

describe — a fairhood which not every one is adjusted to perceive. Rash were the man who would venture to make material and tangible what Wordsworth so feelingly apprehends in Tintern Abbey as a living irradiant soul —

A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.”

“ You are the poet true, Magnhild, you have said it and not I. You have divine insight, you feel with the delicate susceptibilities of the spirit. But to return to the practical for a moment. I brought you here, it is true, to show you this esker and these pines and the beauty of the eastern shore; but I had an ulterior object. You have been complaining of nervous depression and insomnia induced by the strain of your postgraduate days. At Sunapee I have assured you that life ceases to be a pursuit. We follow after nothing, not even enjoyment. We are happy in the dreamy rest. But it seems to me you need something more. You need to have your spiritual forces placed in better control of your bodily functions and mental motions, and this can be accomplished through psychic suggestion. Then you will be physically and mentally normal, enduring, capable, creative.”

“ Rhoda, you’re whimmish. I’ve heard this talk in the college class-room, but never quite understood it. What do you mean, and how is this desirable control to be acquired? ”

“ Let me explain. Just across the old beaver meadow at the mouth of the brook that cuts our esker in two is the cottage of a noted medical psychologist, Dr. Van Alstyne, who is a specialist in nervous diseases and who

uses mental suggestion largely in his practice. I want you to go over with me to his office, learn about his methods, and if you approve submit yourself to his treatment. He can tell you what it consists in better than I. You will find the doctor affable and sympathetic, as well as thoroughly versed in mental therapeutics. I know him personally. Come along. We will go over to his bungalow, which he has called Vanéshu, meaning literally in Sanscrit *among the trees*; and after your nervous efficiency is restored, you will wish to have your literary talent developed, for this too is in the doctor's line."

"Do not be in such haste, Rhoda, you are too impulsive and too sanguine. I should have to talk to you seriously about this before I submit myself to such treatment. So let us go and sit in the shadow of one of your pines, for there are many things I want to ask you regarding the theory of this psychic control. I know that you are qualified to answer any questions I may propose, as you have always been interested in the subject and have studied it practically at foreign clinics."

"Yes, I have familiarized myself with its practice in Paris and Holland, and at Stockholm where that spiritually-minded hypnotiseur, Dr. Otto Georg Wetterstrand, a namesake of yours, performed his psychic miracles of rescue.

"And you are wise, Magnhild, to hesitate. A few steps from here, over the esker to the east, is one of those quaking bogs, sunk in a spruce forest. We will sit on the slope above it, amid soft pine needles, and you may ask me what questions you please. It shall be my pleasant task to enlighten you as far as I am able, concerning any objections that you may hold, or modify any wrong views which I suspect you are entertaining; for much misunderstanding and misrepresentation exist to-day regarding psycho-therapeutics."

BEFORE PROCEEDING WITH THE NARRATIVE, THE READER IS REQUESTED TO GO CAREFULLY OVER THE FOREWORD AGAIN, IN ORDER TO THE BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF THE DEVELOPMENTS THAT FOLLOW.

## CHAPTER II

### THE ELOQUENT FEN

*Flower in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies,  
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,  
Little flower — but if I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is.*

— TENNYSON

THE slope selected by the friends for their colloquy overlooked one of those peat or muck formations consisting of the débris of decomposing marsh plants and not unfrequently met with in granitic regions. These peat swamps are familiarly known as quaking bogs, for they tremble and ooze beneath the feet of him who braves their vibratory ground in the study of aquatic flora. They vary in depth from five to twenty feet, and often from the spagnum bed rises a larch. Orchids thrive. The slender calopogon, or grass pink, stately habernarias, and the dainty arethusa, imbed their root stocks in the peat moss. Clusters of glossy evergreen andromeda or wild rosemary figure the luxuriant grass growth. The pale kalmia, or lamb-kill, with leathery leaves and lilac whorls, artistically edges the fen. Cool-rooted pitcher plants are everywhere, Jack-in-the-pulpit flares in purple striped doublet, and the ledum or Labrador tea plant, through the early summer, broiders the bog with its lavish white clusters. Farmers find in the peaty matter, full of nitrogen and retentive of moisture, an excellent fertilizer.

A blue heron took wing from the central pool as the girls seated themselves, and flapped his heavy way through



the funereal spruces that kept watch and ward over the weird clearing, opposite the pines.

"Now, Rhoda, I am going to ask you some very pertinent questions. But what strange opening is this you have brought me to? Another surprise — this grassy swamp, with dark straight trees all around it. One might suppose himself in the heart of an Adirondack forest. And look at those white stalks. I must have some of them."

"Those are orchids. But you can't gather them without wetting your feet, and that's the reason they are there — out of easy reach. The ground is so springy you would sink to your knees where that clump yonder looks so tempting. I never venture too far into a muck-bed, for that's what you are looking at. If you really began to go down, you would gradually be swallowed up like Carver Doone in the bottomless slime-pit."

"But I love orchids, Rhoda, and I must have them. I will take off my moccasins and stockings and wade in."

"Not while I'm with you, Magnhild. I'll find you orchids growing on harder ground. The *habernaria orbiculata* is a tenant of these cool wet mountain woods, and the grass pink and sweet rose pogonias, and once in a great while a violet scented *arethusa* always prænomened the beautiful, shy recluse of undiscovered sphagnous bog-lands. It is too late for lady slippers. Are you fond of wild flowers?"

"I am simply crazy about them, and whether or not I'm going to have those orchids. There lies a board that some one before me has ventured on"—and Magnhild pushed the board out into the morass and balancing herself over the treacherous sphagnum made her way toward the coveted blossoms. "How beautiful they are," she exclaimed, as she returned with a handful of fragile spikes. "Can you name them, Rhoda?"

"Indeed I can. They are stalks of the purple calopogon, the grass pink of the botanics, a lover of the swamps and queachy meadows and hence scientifically known as *limodorum*, which means the meadow's gift. And isn't it a gift, with its nodding blossoms rich in nectar, and faint but delicious perfume?"

"So you are interested, Magnhild, in the flowers of the forest and the field? I am glad we have this in common. All poets read their thoughts and hear their whispered sentiments. And we have assumed that you are a poet, and that the voice of poetry can, through suggestion, be made audible in your creations.

"You are in a region blessed with a rich and varied flora, Magnhild — ferns and mosses and fungi, orchids and pixy-stools, and you may revel in a wealth of wild bloom from the trilliums, anemones, and arbutus tufts of the leafless woods of May to the purple asters that chequer the October roadsides."

"Why, this is just the place to consider the lilies. Do you remember, Rhoda, what poet wrote the lines

For whoso careth for the flowers  
Will much more care for God?

"It sounds like Mary Howitt, but it is true enough. And you can put it to the proof here, Hilda. All through June, slipper-shaped moccasin flowers dye their pink mantles in secluded dells; blue and white violets spangle the uplands; mauve azaleas, honeysuckles in orient pearl, breathe their odors amid the demitints of the forest or blush on the rocky shores; and every wall is snowy with blackberry blows that Walt Whitman said would adorn the parlors of Heaven. Strayed far from gardens long forgotten, hoyden Jacqueminots, rich in attar, and bouncing Bet or old maid's pink, diffuses the one a sunset fragrance where homes once happy have gone back to nature

— spread, the other, a gaudy magenta in sequestered pastures. The showy columbine opens to visiting bees its spur-like nectaries in many a fertile dingle, where, in the hush of the woods, the graceful cranesbill, on the same flower stalk, displays its lavender blossoms, buds, and ripening fruit; and queen of them all, the pale swamp rose, our matchless floral blonde, lays bare her heart of gold in musky thickets that creep to the edge of the carriage-way. Then, wherever you stroll, by sluggish river, shallow mere, or spring-fed roadside,

‘ O’er her tall blades, the crested fleur-de-lis  
Like blue-eyed Pallas, towers erect and free —  
The flower of song.’ ”

“ Bravo! Poet indeed! I guess you have caught the inspiration, Rhoda, and are feeling the influence of natural beauty on the imagination. You might have given me a catalogue of the flowers. Instead of that, you are reel-  
ing off a poem in prose.”

“ Call it that if you will. To me, poetry is a representative art, and I am simply describing to you, in a word picture, what I see, as I see it.”

“ And you are doing it too in wonderful phrase. You know where every flower comes from, and how it got there, and what it is there for. To quote Lowell, you read the very secrets of a weed’s plain heart. I did not realize that you were botanically inclined. But you have taken me only to the end of June when the blue flag gives place to a varied flora. Go on while in the spirit. Do not be forced into silence by that quotation from Dr. Holmes, with its thrilling simile. Go on with your word painting. I love to follow you in fancy, and construct pictures from your language. You talk like one inspired with genuine love for the flowers. Take me with you into the summer and autumn.”

"Magnhild, you fiether me. I have always cultivated insight and then sought to inform myself regarding what my insight revealed. So let us hie along in our delinea-tion through field and glen and woodman's trail.

"As the summer wears on at Sunapee, the clematis climbs in fleecy tangles; and sweet-scented nymphaeas, 'white angels of the crystal lakes,' light many a shadowy lin. The hardhack or steeplebush follows the road with its sunny pink spires; and like it, the purple milkweed hugs the highway side. Canada thistles, with odorous rose-purple flower heads, bespine the footpaths; fire-weeds flaunt their brilliance in blackened clearings; blue gentians companion isolated glades; the purple sarracenia lifts its grotesque pitchers above the quaggy wood-moss; and waxy stems of Indian pipe, the ghost flower in its clair-de-lune, nod their wraith-like calyxes over the roots on which they feed. The woodland fringe is pranked with the swaying bells of orange lilies, bunch berries brighten the fern-shaws with their red-ripe fruit, and orchid beauties tessellate the forest floors or hide their blooming wonders in the wannish-gray light of the fens. At last, in the September days, the world turned all to goldenrod, the yellow-blossomed wayside rings with the cricket's song; and low-voiced streams trickle through sheeny pools where fades the peerless cardinal whose vermilion bloom still signals the ruby-throated humming-bird to feast on the sugared juices stored in its nectar wells."

"Rhoda, you are flowery-kirtled, blossom-mad; you are indeed a poet. If insight makes a poet, you are one."

"No, I am giving you pure science. Poetry is feigned. I am merely telling you where the wild flowers live and what they do."

"But in such language. I don't know enough to criticize you. As you go on I can watch the flower race wax

and wane. You have a poetical way of putting things that you are intensely interested in."

"Perhaps — yet lacking the accomplishment of verse — but where have we strayed to? It is time we were sick of the idles. We came out here to discuss mental suggestion."

"We did indeed, Rhoda, and I believe from your positive attitude you know more about it practically, perhaps from your own personal experience, than I imagined. May I ask, have your soul powers ever been stimulated through this channel?"

"Don't be so personal in your inquiries. What matters that? I want brought out into perfect expression, through this kind of creative communication, the spiritual excellence and the gifts of verse I know to be latent in your nature."

"Oh! you want to experiment with me, eh?"

"Far from it, Magnhild. Psychotherapy has triumphantly outlived the ordeal of experimentation. Of all the good work possible to a suggestionist, that which is inspirational in its nature is by far the most certain and gratifying — the evocation of genius from the subconscious to the conscious life in response to the voice of one who is in rapport. And if you accept what St. Paul wrote to Timothy, the obligation is yours to neglect not the gift that is in you."

"But St. Paul doesn't tell us to develop it in this way."

"Doesn't he? Go read the fifth chapter of Galatians — read it in the original Greek as you are capable of doing — and you will see that he urges men to accept the control of the subconscious mind or spiritual self. The ideal evolution of character is made by St. Paul to consist in perfect submission to the dictates of this infinitely attributed spirit of ours, interpenetrated and intensified by the

Spirit of God, and so in battle array against the lusts of the flesh. A psychological way of establishing such control is incontestably lawful. I have likened Dr. Van Alstyne's work to that of the confessional. I happen to know that it is indorsed by the Church, and that the doctor numbers among his patients priests themselves. And he is not the man to take to himself credit for what is accomplished, or to ignore the part played by the Divine in this lofty procedure. Dr. Van Alstyne regards this intimacy with the soul as most sacred — and in this spiritual interpretation of his mission, I read the secret of his success. You will think me in love with him Magnhild, if I keep on — but I am not."

"Well, I'm glad of that; for if you were, what you say of him and his work would have less weight with me. Love's blindness is a world-old proverb, you know.

"But are you of opinion, Rhoda, that one comes out from the state that is commonly called hypnosis the same person, or are you changed so that you hardly know yourself? Somewhere I have read a statement to this effect."

"You are identically the same, and know yourself, and are known, as such; but you are not the same in expression. The attributes or powers that you wish and go through the procedure to exploit, and which are your property and not the operator's, project themselves spontaneously in your daily life without conscious effort on your part. So, in the expression of quality, you are superior to what you were before treatment, but your oneness is unchanged. How can it be? At the close of every day you are different from what you were at its beginning, different physically, mentally, and I hope better spiritually for the lessons you have learned and the knowledge you have acquired. But your identity perdures through all the changes of life."

"I think I understand."

“I too have heard prated the psychological crime involved in the suggestional procedure, which has been stigmatized as a criminal invasion of personality; but this is only the contention of ignorant or adversely interested persons, some of them physicians, who know nothing of the true philosophy and possibilities of hypnotherapy, who have never witnessed nor personally enjoyed a subconscious conjunction, and who wilfully misrepresent this lofty commingling of spiritual parts.”

“Why, Rhoda, you are good at invective. If you had only studied law you might have been a Portia.”

“One needs to be denunciatory. The country is full of charlatans and flooded with books on suggestion and its psychology, born of ignorance or based entirely on imagination or deliberate intention to deceive. They only fool the world and their authors. Quackery, as Carlyle insisted, gives death to all things. Mental, as well as physical treatment for abnormal conditions should be restricted to intelligent medical men who are supposed to know the natural history of diseases.”

“I am glad to hear you say this. What Dr. Van Alstyne does must be very unlike what I have seen in a number of parlor exhibitions, where susceptible subjects were seemingly made gulls of.”

“Indeed it is very different from that kind of hypnotism, as it is called, in which the personality addressed, knowing subliminally what it is about, submissively lends itself to a silly comedy. Dr. Van Alstyne never descends to this level. He regards the instrumentality as too holy to trifle with, and looks upon the common dime-museum and shop-window exhibitions as brutalizing. So they are, and all who are prostituting the power of suggestion in this way to their own greed or vanity, should be restrained by repressive laws. Suggestional power is like that of the poet — born, not made. It can not be bought and can not be

taught, nor can it be exploited to advantage by the sordid, the inconsiderate, the ill-prepared."

"Do you infer that such persons can hypnotize, as they call it?"

"Indeed, no. Ninety-nine per cent. of all these flash-men and conjurers do is sleight-of-hand or gudgeon-baiting. I am led to believe that only a few persons are to the manner born. And remember the physician you consult for literary fertility need not possess the power that you seek. But he must feel its reality.

"The doctor can develop your talents by psychic suggestion, and I am going to tell you something more."

"Why, what do you mean, Rhoda?"

"You remember at college you were considered clever with your pen; and you wrote some verses that were highly commended. Now, if you have a poetical nature, the doctor can fashion it for you, and make you eager to create in the line of your aptitude."

"I can't believe it."

"But whether you believe it or not, it is so. He calls this inspirational suggestion. Not a few of the actresses known to you and the authors whose books you read, owe their popularity to Dr. Van Alstyne, and I happen to know some of the people he has inspired to write, and who are making a substantial living through the impulsions he has suggested to them in sleep."

"You astonish me. Is there no limit to it all?"

"Magnhild, I am serious when I say the range of possibility is apparently without horizon, the human spirit is so richly attributed. The doctor's latest advance has carried his favorite instrumentality into the realm of imagination and so has pointed the way to scientific discovery and realization. I have been told on quite good authority that he had a hand in bringing wireless telephony to its present state of perfection."



"But tell me, how much truth is there in the position taken by some alienists that what they call the induction of hypnosis — genuine hypnosis — is followed by pathological conditions — mania, heart failure, artery plugging, etc. Have you thought of this?"

"Yes, I have, and it is utterly false, nicely calculated to keep sufferers whom they are unable to relieve from making trial of a probable cure. And this is my answer, based on my own observation:

"Is it pathological to be conscientious, straightforward, honest, chaste, optimistic, unselfish, chivalric? to be aspiring rather than supine? to be productive rather than sterile? If these be pathological states — for these are the states I have seen induced by suggestion — then this argument is unanswerable. Otherwise, it is but another case of *marc's nesting*."

"This puts a different aspect on the whole proceeding, Rhoda. You have about convinced me that I can safely place myself in the hands of Dr. Van Alstyno, but you will not blame me for my caution. I should hesitate to intrust my sleeping personality to a coarse or immoral man, or to one who is not guided by psychological law. I can see how much depends on a man's wise use of this instrumentality, and my soul naturally recoils from one who is deficient in esthetic or religious sense."

"Such a person could not injure you, Magnhild, virtue is unassailable in the subliminal state; but, on the other hand, he could do you no good, and you would go away affronted and uninspired. Inspiration involves sensitiveness to an atmosphere. I once went through this treatment myself, when abroad; I have never told you of it, and so I know all the phases of consciousness through which one passes. I am further sure that the mind of the operator is open to the endormed subject. If he be lukewarm, foolish, or disingenuous, the endormee will detect the fact,

and his purpose will fail of accomplishment. Moreover, a psychotherapist without moral principle is *persona non grata* to a spiritually-minded subject. This is my construction of the relationship. I would not go myself into rapport, as it is called, or this intimate mental communion, with any practitioner who is not a man of right living, wise judgment, and declared principle.

“That’s the reason I am taking you to Dr. Reynier Van Alstyne. He is all this, and is in addition, a carefully educated man, proficient in the physical sciences and well read in literature. I know him to be experienced, conscientious, and exemplary in his daily life — and there is no mystery in what he does, nothing occult, nothing at variance with the purest Christian belief and practice.”

“All right, Rhoda, but one more question I have yet to ask, and I must ask it: Is there no danger of weakening the will or impairing the mental powers?”

“I have been waiting for that. Most persons ask that question first. How can there be danger? Does my talking to you hurt your mind? Suggestions repeated at proper intervals strengthen all the faculties. It is only where subjects are treated with thoughtless frequency that there is possibility of inducing a dreamy abstracted habit. And let me tell you that will power, either of the operator or his subject, has nothing to do with the result. It is not the will of another that constrains and regulates. There is no personal domination. Nor is it God compelling worthy action. It is the free man himself come to his own assistance and spontaneously working out a physical or character change in response to a heartfelt, straightforward, dynamic appeal rendered irresistible by its conformity to expedience, necessity, truth — to the elevated desire that invoked it. It is the assumption by the mind of its own reserve powers.”

"Why, Rhoda, you speak with the faith and courage of conviction."

"I do, and I can, because I have been through it all personally. It is true the will of the sleeper bends and breaks before the force of impulse projected from *his own* spiritual nature. He acts from a plane above that of the will, the plane of spontaneous insight and absolute command. No man's will can withstand such impelling force, which compels in the intelligent creature automatic adjustment to the laws of health, of right, of higher expression. Neither party to the spiritual fusion of rapport can improperly constrain, deceive, or in any way injure the other."

"Rhoda, you are treading on transcendental ground."

"But it does not shift and shake like the bog you just felt quiver under your feet. It is solid and stable and under-crested by the conclusions of the most advanced psychologists. Come along, let us walk together to the doctor's office which is only a few rods away. I have met him in New York and seen him operate, and shall take pleasure in presenting you as a subject for inspiration. No time more opportune than the present."

"But will the doctor not resent such an intrusion on his leisure? He is supposedly here for rest."

"Do not fear that. The doctor is always and everywhere true to his Dutch traditions in courtesy as well as principle. He will be glad to lend a helping-hand. And he believes as I do, that nature has bestowed genius without partiality, but that in most of us human beings it remains potential, there being neither occasion nor stimulus for its expression. I have discovered an aptitude in you, like a poor prisoner spying through his dungeon grate the bright beam of outer day. I am resolved to have that grating torn away. It would be a crime to ignore the

power that can do it, the lever that is to move the world. I am palsied when I think of the incalculable mass of psychic sway going about in the earth unappropriated. I tremble before the unreckoned influence of things unsaid."

"Rhoda, you are an enthusiast. You would convert the very angels. I am willing to submit myself for psychic treatment such as you describe, to a true gentleman whose endowments I am likely to admire in the subliminal state and whose moral convictions I am sure to respect when laid bare to my spiritual view. I will go along with you to the doctor's office."

"And beware, Magnhild, the doctor is only ten years your senior, and they say unattached. He has never met his psychic complement. You fear not to trust your fair mind to his shaping? Take care that you do not impress him in turn, for suggestion has its reciprocal side."

## CHAPTER III

### DOCTOR AND MESMERIZEE

*For who sleeps once and sees the secret light  
Whereby sleep shows the soul a fairer way  
Between the rise and rest of day and night,  
Shall care no more to fare as all men may,  
But be his place of pain or of delight,  
There shall he dwell, beholding night as day.*

— SWINBURNE

WITH these words, Rhoda Barrett led the way across the brook that chattered down the meadows and broke through the sand-bar into the lake. A few rods from the opposite bank stood the bungalow of Dr. Van Alstyne, embosomed in straight red pines and overlooking the water, a story and a half in height, with office and treatment chamber adapted to the wants of his patients. The spacious living-room into which the young women were ushered was warmed by a fireplace faced with the semi-precious stones of the region — garnets, aquamarines in the rough, quartz crystals, tourmalin terminals, plates of mica and native ores — all gathered from the neighboring ledges. Much of the furniture was quaint, donated by the descendants of early settlers, for the doctor had many friends among the country folk; and everything bespoke a refined comfort. Fly-rods hung under the porch, and rifle companioned hammerless in the gun cabinet within, proclaiming the occupant to be a sportsman. It were impossible to feel ill-at-ease in the atmosphere of Vanéshu. The doctor was at home, and after the formal presentation and the introductory explanations of Miss

Barrett, Magnhild realized a sense of unconstraint that was accentuated by the physician's interested and sympathetic attitude. One can not help his personality; and in this one was evidenced an unusual blending of delicacy and force, of ingenuous fellow-feeling backed by tact, good sense, and resolute determination that engendered confidence at once. Added to these qualities of character was an apprehension on the part of the visitors of a vast experience. What wonder that Magnhild felt singularly at home, and told her story with perfect self-possession.

After a physical examination which revealed no organic disease, the doctor pronounced his opinion:

"Your nervous trouble, Miss Wetterstrand, is purely functional and should disappear after a few weeks of rest in this invigorating climate; but I am deeply interested in your request for inspiration. In many instances it has been given to me to precipitate the expression of hidden aptitude in writers, men and women of the stage, and persons with musical talent. There is no reason why you should not be stimulated to express your emotions in musical language, in metre suggested by the subject, to look into your heart and give the human warmth you find there the charm of melody and form. Personality is everything in poetry. But I want you thoroughly to understand just what you are going through. I always explain in detail to my patients and subjects.

"Briefly then, there exists in human beings a store of latent unused super-normal efficacy, which is applicable to emergencies, to extraordinary demands on the power of control, innate gifts, or regenerating faculty of the individual. It is this power that may be incited to regulate the psychic elements in all disease. It is this power that constrains the evolvment of thought, the projection of genius, the temporal expression of all that is best in the man.

" Its exhibition implies the existence of a personality in which to inhere --- a personality that lives and governs outside the objective man, conditioning his intellectual and moral excellence and controlling his very will. This personality is called the subconscious mind or subliminal self. It is seized of a force not generally recognized and ill-understood, able to impress itself on matter, and intimating an extension of human faculty far beyond the sphere of ordinary and even unwonted expression.

" This supersensible power may be exploited through what is known as Suggestion, or forceful oral impulsion, proffered by an outsider or by one's own self to his own subjective mind. Suggestion is only a means whereby the man in need is apprised of the efficiency within him, and when so enlightened is inspired to use it without conscious effort or constraint. By appropriate impulsions, he may be impelled to do anything that is possible and right.

" In this procedure you will perceive there is no subjection to the will of another. My subjects do what I enjoin them to do, not because I enjoin them, but because they are made clearly to see that the course suggested is reasonable, desirable and right because it is what ought to be done."

" I am so glad to have this made plain, doctor. Rapport, then, means the relationship that exists between friends?"

" Precisely, and the friend is he who makes us do what we can. I want you to go to sleep because I can do you the most good in sleep, which is preëminently the receptive state --- ordinary every night sleep. You must free yourself from all apprehension and relax, feel perfectly at ease as you recline on the divan in the subdued light and silence of the forest. I will place my left hand on your forehead, over the organ of individuality, while the palm spans the sleep center beneath the temple."

"Is this instinctive with you, doctor?"

"You have used the very word. The action is instinctive, purely mechanical. My message seems to be conducted better to the inner consciousness through such physical contact."

"Before I go to sleep, please tell me why we can not discern our own powers without having them exhibited to us by some one else and urged by that somebody to utilize them."

"That is a difficult question to answer, Miss Wetterstrand. All I can say is that the average human being is ignorant of himself, knows little of the mass of unused power lying dormant in his constitution. You will admit, for instance, that you are not getting out of yourself all you are capable of. I shall show you your powers of control and impel you to use them, first to recover your nervous efficiency, and secondly, to transmit through your restored and normal brain the poetic quality that marks your transfiguration and is throbbing for utterance."

"I guess I comprehend. I am getting drowsy and stupid. How different it all is from the impression I had formed."

"Perhaps you will have more confidence and will succumb more readily if you will look into my eyes while I explain to you in monotonous tones the various steps of the procedure. All monotonous sounds that are not painful to the ear act as lullabies. You recall how those of external nature soothe the brain — the plashing of a stream, the rustle of leaves in the summer air, the patter of a gentle rain, the whispers of the woodland — all invite to repose; and the poets of all time, from Sappho and Theocritus down, have made their verses vibrate with music through these esthetic sound factors. There is nothing more sleep-inducing than low pitched and sympathetic tones of the human voice.



“ Look straight into my eyes, and make no effort. Read there my sincerity of purpose and my desire to help you, and become passive and negative and plastic, just as indolent and indifferent as you can be. Relax. Only one thing justifies your lazy, don't care feeling, and that is confidence, primarily in yourself and secondly in me. You are lapsing into sleep with perfect faith in your own power speedily to overcome all disability of a nervous nature and so fit your brain for perfect transmission of the poetical feeling that seeks expression in rhythmical language. And then you have confidence in me, for you believe me to be qualified by education and experience and personal interest in you, to serve you in this way. You realize that I am about to use this psychic instrumentality wisely and conservatively for your good, to cause you to make actual your own potentialities, and this can in no way derogate from your dignity or shadow your self-respect. Whatever is accomplished will be accomplished by you, and to you belongs the credit. I merely help you to help yourself, to do what you apprehend as necessary from the viewpoint of health and from that of aspiration.

“ Your lids are drooping, you are now welcoming the familiar heralds of approaching slumber. Your eyes have closed, and your ears are dulling to all sound impressions, so the sounds of my voice, the only sounds in evidence, are gradually losing interest for you, and incisive power, and seeming nearness, and appear to be drifting away into a mysterious remoteness and you disinclined to follow them. And why should you follow? There is no incentive. You are satisfied that whatever I shall say is exclusively for your good and has in view the accomplishment of your purpose; and you understand, because I so assure you, that it is far better that my voice sounds freighted with significance should find their way into your inner con-

sciousness through unlistening ears. That brings you closer to me mentally, and rivets you to me in spirit, and enables me to give you the necessary impulsions. Soul reads soul. So you will now drop the thread of the conversation, and no longer attach meaning to my voice sounds, and those sounds will at once vanish, leaving you in a state of complete relaxation, of physical and mental happiness — a state of acceptance. You are asleep, and you will continue in slumber until 5:30 o'clock when I shall call you; and at my summons you will awaken, joyous and buoyant and full of pluck and push and energy and aspiration, prepared to evoke poetical conceptions from the storehouse of your subliminal and embody them in appropriate verse forms."

Magnhild slept peacefully.

To a conscientious operator, the responsibility of the moments that follow the induction of this sleep is awful beyond the power of language to picture. He stands in closer relation to the mind in rapport than teacher or preacher, family or friend, husband or wife ever attains, and it becomes his Christian manhood to act only as the vicegerent of the Almighty in the use he makes of this sacred opportunity and of this great power over the spirit, which is the light. Would he venture to trifle with what is holy in that character? Would he dare to smutch that soul with a single untoward thought? Would he presume, unprepared and unequipped, to strike the sweet bells of that intellect and "jangle them out of tune"? Is it to be wondered at that a scrupulous suggestionist looks upon this close mental relationship with reverence, and comes to regard it as a great instrumentality for the moral and spiritual uplifting of the human race?

Magnhild Wetterstrand, thus brought into rapport, was receptive to the suggestions of Dr. Van Alstyne:

"Magnhild, when you awaken from this sleep, all your

faculties will be strengthened. You will express clear, penetrating insight that nothing escapes. You will have wise judgment to deal unerringly with whatever your insight reveals. Your courage is indomitable, nothing can daunt or dishearten you; and your determination is inflexible. You are held to your purposes by an iron will, intelligently directed by an infallible judgment. And so you are superior, and lifted to a higher plane where nothing under Heaven has power to ruffle the serene surface of your soul, or in any way agitate or confuse you, or make you think little of yourself. It is impossible for you to undervalue yourself; that would be immoral, as it would subtract from your efficiency. It is impossible for you to be thrown out of nervous balance into any state of perturbation or infertility or admission of inadequacy. You are clear-sighted, level-headed, and self-possessed. Your insight shows you that you are physically depressed, nothing but fag, and that you will make this visit to Central New Hampshire the occasion of a rapid recovery. It is rational to rest what is tired, and so you will shortly be in perfect physical condition and thus better fitted to express uninterruptedly the poetical side of your nature in regular rhythms, following the laws of versification as applicable to the forms you select for the embodiment of your emotions. You will begin in the immediate future. You will discover masked feeling in the presence of objects of sense, for deeply imbedded in your nature is all the susceptibility the Creator without stint or distinction confers upon human intelligences. And when you recognize the feeling in your objective experience it will, by your decree, become spontaneously concrete in lyric or dramatic poem. You will live next the heart of every common thing, and note in its subtle voice a wireless to the soul, embodying the message in the adapted blank verse or rhyming stanza — in ode, elegy, sonnet, epigram, or idyl — to be read and

enjoyed by others. And the sentiment involved will always be ennobling. So your insight is quickened, and you will catch glimpses of meaning in sights and sounds, esthetic values, economic designs, spiritual influences. The meanest flower that blows will now awaken in you, as in Wordsworth, the thoughts that lie too deep for tears. Each bird song will 'imply the cherubim.' You will indeed find 'earth crammed with Heaven and every common bush afire with God,' and nothing can wrest from you the joy of this sweet converse. You will attract to your pure soul what is like your soul. Something noble, something sacred, addressed to you wherever you turn — the best of the good, for you are blind and deaf to the evil; and in all human character you will detect the glint of virgin gold that may be found for the seeking and wrought into exquisite shapes.

"When you go forth from here to-day, you go with the poet's soul, athirst for righteousness, truth and spiritual beauty, supernormally sensitive to excellence hidden from the vulgar eye, and with power to express concretely, truthfully, seriously, in rhythmical words, what you see. And like the true poet, you will believe and live as you write.

"The proper verse form in which to embody your sentiment, emotion, or passion, will always suggest itself. You have studied versification at college, and you will recall its laws and forms. You incline to the lyric. You are immediately ready, for you are poet 'born by nature, nursed by art.' Thus enlightened you are now spiritually empowered to create — you burn to create — and the creations of your genius will be original, refined, exalted. Your taste will discriminate unerringly. Forget not you are a creator, for that is the meaning of the word poet, and what you create will be not only a source of satisfaction to yourself but of uplift to your neighbor.

"Now you will sleep until 5.30 o'clock in the atmosphere of these convictions."

The inspiration was delivered by the doctor in a state of partial abstraction. It involved no set speech, but was based upon a subconscious perception of the wants of the subject.

The mood was spontaneous, comparable to that which Tennyson experienced as "no nebulous ecstasy, but a transcendent state associated with absolute clearness of mind," or to the borderland in which Ballantyne records Sir Walter Scott wrote the "Bride of Lammermoor" and the "Legend of Montrose."

After his appeal, Dr. Van Alstyne appeared somewhat wearied, and a few minutes elapsed before he came back fully to everyday consciousness.

"I should think," Rhoda volunteered as they returned to the sitting-room, leaving Magnhild to sleep it out, "that this work would be extremely trying to your nerves and would take a great deal out of you."

"It would if I did not get something in return. To understand this, you will have to accept the application in spiritual life of Sir Isaac Newton's third law of action and reaction, viz.,

To every action there is always an equal contrary reaction; a given body cannot press or attract another body without being itself pressed or attracted with equal force in an opposite direction — that is, no personality can impress another personal intelligence without being reciprocally impressed. The patients whom I inspire reflect to me some of the energy I have stimulated to expression in them. It is like warming yourself at a fire you have kindled. And yet the return in most cases is far from being completely compensatory. The psychic work I do really does take a great deal out of me."

“Let me further ask, Dr. Van Alstyne: How do you know what to say, and through what medium do you communicate with minds in rapport? How could you discern so clearly this afternoon the exact wants of a patient whom you never saw or communicated with before?”

“There is in all this, Miss Barrett, a mystery I can not sound. I know no better word to describe the *modus operandi* of communication than thought-transference. The spiritual amalgamation is so complete that I seem to apprehend mentally the objective needs, deficiencies, attitudes, and word my suggestions accordingly. I know what the subject knows, feel what the subject feels; and the subject feels me and is accorded access, by the natural law of spiritual endosmose and exosmose, not only to my knowledge, tastes, predilections and prejudices, mental and moral motions, but is free to appropriate what he admires or values, while at the same time he becomes aware of my ability to set in operation the spiritual machinery that accomplishes his purpose—the machinery of uninterrupted automatic psychic control.”

“What great satisfaction it must bring you, doctor, to realize this gift and the good you are doing with it.”

“It is a pleasure, Miss Barrett, to know that I am doing good to suffering or aspiring fellow-beings. But I am not puffed-up by well-doing; that is a negative virtue. I endeavor to apply to myself one of the admonitions in the *Imitation of Christ*: “Take no pleasure in thy natural gifts lest in so doing thou displease God unto whom appertaineth all the good thou hast by nature.” And I will not think of myself as so good that I can not discern greater good in others. It is time now to wake our sleeper; it is 5.30.”

They passed together into the treatment room. At a word from the doctor, Magnhild opened her eyes, sat up, and smiled.

The girls walked slowly back to their canoe, and stood in silence for awhile under a great pine. Rhoda waited for Magnhild's first comment on her experience, and at length it took shape.

"Rhoda, I never spent such a day in my life. I never learned so much in six hours. I have never been so exalted. I seem buoyed up. Life has a new look to me, a deeper, sweeter significance. I feel singularly uplifted, and all that we talked about in the early afternoon — the pines, the wild flowers, the eskers, and the very bogs, glow in iris-hued colors and speak in a language strange and grateful to the soul."

They stepped into the canoe and paddled in the play of the sunset glow back to their lodge on the opposite shore. Rhoda had christened it Camp of the Wenagameswook, which in the Algonkin tongue means the benevolent Fairies of the Wood.

## CHAPTER IV

### EPISODE I

#### A STORY OF SONNETS

##### THE SONNET BORN OF SLEEP

*What is a sonnet? 'Tis a pearly shell  
That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea,  
A precious jewel carved most curiously;  
It is a little picture painted well.*

— R. W. GILDER

THREE days later, and one of those cloudless, bracing forenoons that follow a rainy July day in New Hampshire, with the air stirring from the northwest, the friends came again to Vanéshu and Magnhild received her second treatment. This time the doctor was more specific, and as she had expressed a preference for the sonnet form, he dwelt concretely on the technic and functions of the fourteen liner, pointing his suggestions with illustrations from the master lapidaries of this poetic gem, and enjoining his receptive patient to reinforce the inspiration by auto-suggestion.

It is a strange psychological fact that one is open to suggestions offered by himself to himself — that the conscious mind of a human being can bring its own subliminal into control of its own objective expression. If the active intervention of one's own spirit be earnestly invoked, adequate power will always be forthcoming to flood the earthlife with currents of promptings to lofty action. The most appropriate state for giving these suggestions is that of the mental abstraction or reverie immediately pre-



ceding natural sleep. If such self-suggesting, having in view a desired result, be repeated night after night as one is falling asleep, it is practically sure to be carried out posthypnotically. While waiting for sleep, then, it is possible so to influence the mind by repetition of an incisive phrase as to convert the sense or significance of the phrase into a dominant idea which influences function or conduct.

Magnhild was made receptive to her own suggestions and empowered to create in response thereto at the termination of her sleeps. This is one of the possibilities of psychotherapy. When she was awakened by the doctor at Vanásu, she went forth under a subconscious constraint to project in fourteen iambic pentameter lines unequally blended, related by fixed laws of rhyme and melody, and embodying a single emotion elaborately wrought out to a dignified close, such exalted sentiments as her insight might read in the primary perceptions of her senses or the happenings of her daily life. Thus Magnhild received the impression to attempt posthypnotically the construction of a sonnet in one of the neighboring pine glades, where it might be expected she would come under the spell of a suitable sentiment suggested by the environment.

The two friends strolled aimlessly from the doctor's cottage along the romantic wildwood trails that skirted the brookside, and Rhoda was careful to say nothing to her companion of the inspiration that had been given her. She eagerly awaited developments. The path they chose led through the heart of the woods to a cheerful opening commanding a long vista through the forest trees, on one of which was fixed a rustic sign that read "Thrush Glen." Crisp lichens interspersed with vivid green moss carpeted the ground, and the girls sat down to rest under a branching pine.

"Rhoda you know so much about this lake," suggested Magnhild, "do you know the derivation and history of its

name? I have been charmed with what I have seen of it — its background of sable-vested mountains — its clear island-studded waters — its tortuous shore line presenting so remarkable a diversity, now sheer and heavily timbered, now stretching in long reaches of sparkling sand or sloping upward in brilliant pasture-lands to ridges crested with inky spruce, anon opening into flower-pied meadows through which streams fringed with fern-clumps pour their crystal cold into darksome estuaries. But tell me, do you know what Sunapee means? It must be an Indian name, and Indian names always have a hidden and pertinent sense.”

“ Ever since I became acquainted with this lake I have tried to find out the meaning of its name. The old inhabitants have generally held it signifies Wild Goose Water. *Nipi*, or *nebi*, means water in many names that cling to the soil, especially in Canada. It is an Algonkin word, synonymous with the Dakotah *minne*; but to find out what *Soo* or *Su* might mean, I have consulted both philologists and Indians with little success. The name *Sunope* occurs on maps made in Paris and London as early as 1760. But there is no word just like it in any surviving native tongue, unless it represents a phonetic degradation of an unpronounceable Micmac monosyllable which really is applied to the Canada goose. This would imply that our lake, before the old French War, was a favorite hunting resort of the Pennacook Sept during the autumn months, when migratory wild fowl, en route southward from Arctic summer homes, swooped from the plume-dark air to rest in countless thousands upon its bosom.

“ Others derive the name of the lake from *sen* a stone and *nipi* water — *Stony water* — and this would seem to be accepted by Whittier, who speaks in the Bridal of Pennacook of ‘Sunapee’s shore of rock.’”

“ If these old hills could only speak, Rhoda, what a

story they would tell us. Do you know that I would like to write a sonnet to Sunapee, the lake of the wild fowl?"

"A sonnet, Magnhild! are you mad? Do you remember the lectures we had at college on lyric forms? I came away from those talks with all the conceit taken out of me. I well remember the professor's warning at the close of that most thrilling discourse on the sonnet. 'Beware who ventureth.' And you actually aspire to begin your poetical career by writing a sonnet, eh? One of those 'stanch built little sonnets, I suppose, that out-sail all the literary craft of time.' Your ambition is simply icarian. Where did you get such an idea?"

"I don't know, Rhoda; I seem impelled to try my hand at a sonnet, and I am going to, in spite of your derision."

"I am not chaffing you, Hild; far from it. Your boldness overwhelmed me. Indeed, I should like to see what you can do. Do you remember all we learned about sonnets?"

"In part, yes. I had to commit to memory the anatomy of the sonnet. Before I begin, let us review the laws of sonnet construction."

"All right, Hild, I'll play the part of the professor, as critic, understand, but not aspiring to the high plane of creator. I will rehearse to you as nearly as I can remember the teaching of our old college professor. I never went into that man's lecture-room without hearing something that it was worth my while to carry out and apply. Let me begin by reminding you that the sonnet is the most difficult sort of poem to handle well. A really good sonnet is one of the rarest of literary products. This is *ex cathedra*. Can you parry that thrust?"

"Yes, by asking you whether the doctor inspired me to poetize in this direction. Did he?"

"I'm not going to tell you anything further than that he invoked your insight and judgment, and encouraged

you to create in the line of your choice. Perhaps he taught you in the second seance to 'scorn not the sonnet,' which, let me remind you, is not a mere short continuous poem with rhymes in any order and ending with a couplet; but an organic whole with one leading thought or sentiment, composed of two quatrains or bases (the octave) in which the subject is opened and extended, and two tercets or turnings (the sestet) to which the quatrains lead with increasing interest, and in which the essential thought is impressively expressed. There!"

"If I interpret you correctly and remember aright the anatomy, a sonnet may never vary from a length of fourteen lines. Why fourteen? This seems like rhyme without reason."

"But it isn't. Fourteen lines are not the rule without a reason, but are in accord with a harmonious necessity. Leigh Hunt said the sonnet is adapted to every mood. You can make love in a sonnet; you can laugh, you can lament, narrate or describe, rebuke, admire, pray; and so it has been called the alphabet of the human heart. You can even be philosophical, Magnhild; but whatever your mood, you must express it in fourteen ten syllabled lines, and leave with the reader at the close a sense of proportion and completeness. The sonnet has its boundaries, but you must not be handicapped thereby."

"Rhoda, you would grace a chair of literature in some college. I know from the sonnets I have read that there is endless variety in the disposition of the rhymes. What arrangement do you favor for the sonnet I have made up my mind to write?"

"I am a stickler for law, and my law is the Petrarchan form, for the music is sweet and strong and varied. More than one-third of the poems inscribed to Laura by the great sonnet minstrel of Italy followed the rule of rhyme I am going to lay down (you seem to have forgotten it),

and not a single sonnet of Petrarch's or Dante's in which the mediæval deification of woman reached its climax, closed with a couplet, which is disintegrating and offends the sensitive ear.

"In the true Petrarchan sonnet the first, fourth, fifth and eight lines rhyme together, as do the second, third, sixth and seventh. And the two tercets introduce two new rhymes, the lines rhyming alternately (the ninth with the eleventh and thirteenth — the tenth with the twelfth and fourteenth) or, what I prefer, a fifth rhyme is sometimes introduced into the sestet by the Italian poets, and the sonnet rhymes as follows:

abba abba cde cde

"Your quatrains must not contain more than two rhymes, your tercets more than three.

This is not monotonous as would be alternate rhymes, and makes of the sonnet a piece of music. In Provence, its supposed place of origin, it was sung to instrumental music and perhaps accompanied with a dance."

"I love that. But the sonnet I am going to evolve will never suggest dancing. By the way, Rhoda, the short and simple Saxon words are preferable, are they not?"

"That depends. I should not be tied down to any choice, but use the words that spontaneously suggest themselves to clothe the idea when stripped of what is trivial and accidental.

"Dante used many polysyllables, Magnhild. But after all, you know the real thews and sinews of our energetic English tongue are Saxon words, short and unpretentious, common, plain, perhaps homely — but nervous, pointed, sententious, and capable withal of being wrought into smooth harmonious diction, as Dr. Alexander's one-syllabled sonnet proves by its own sweet forceful flow.

“ Listen :

Think not that strength lies in the big round word,  
 Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak.  
 To whom can this be true who once has heard  
 The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak,  
 When want, or woe, or fear is in the throat,  
 So that each word gaspt out is like a shriek  
 Pressed from the sore heart, or a strange, wild note,  
 Sung by some fay or fiend? There is a strength  
 Which dies, if stretcht too far or spun too fine,  
 Which has more height than breadth, more depth than length.  
 Let but this force of thought and speech be mine,  
 And he that will may take the sleek fat phrase,  
 Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and shine —  
 Light, but no heat — a flash, but not a blaze.”

“ That is a nonpareil, Rhoda, so smooth and musical, so replete with the grace of expression. And in it the old Princeton professor answers my question, too. It was cited in our Rhetoric class. What a good memory you have, to repeat it verbatim.”

“ Magnhild, I never forget the things that I like and have once committed. The dignity of the iambic pentameter, the measure of *Paradise Lost*, as evidenced in this one-syllabled effect, appeals to me. I ought to remember some other sonnets, to recite to you before you try your hand — I do. Several years ago, I was carelessly turning the pages of Duyckinck's *Cyclopoedia of American Literature*, when my eye was arrested by the name of Paul Hamilton Hayne, a South Carolina poet, and I read a sonnet of his so full of fervid word painting, of warmth and color, that I can never forget its dazzling lines. Let me repeat it.”

“ Do, Rhoda, if your memory serves you.”

“ I am sure it does, to wit :

The passionate Summer's dead; the sky's aglow  
 With roscate flushes of matured desire.  
 The winds at eve are musical and low  
 As sweeping chords of a lamenting lyre,  
 Far up among the pillared clouds of fire,  
 Whose pomp of grand procession upward rolls  
 With gorgeous blazonry of pictured folds,  
 To celebrate the summer's past renown.  
 Ah me! how regally the heavens look down,  
 O'ershadowing beautiful autumnal woods,  
 And harvest fields with hoarded increase brown,  
 And deep-toned majesty of golden floods,  
 That lift their solemn dirges to the sky,  
 To swell the purple pomp that floateth by."

"Why, Rhoda, that is truly impassioned, intense, the colors burn into one — but, my dear, it ends with a couplet, and so it violates your classic rule."

"You were quick to notice the defect, weren't you, Hild, amid all that glittering imagery?"

"Well, isn't it a case of the exception proving the rule? The closing couplet destroys the unity in which the two tercets should be compactly bound together. And yet the sonnet pleases. Shakespeare himself is guilty; but he overpowers us with the trenchant beauty of his conceptions. After all, it is thought that constitutes the soul of the sonnet.

'The merest boor that turns a clod  
 Can turn a verse if rightly taught;  
 'Tis only he inspired by God  
 Can put within that verse a thought.'

"How the words of our English professor come back."

"It must be sincere, unaffected, noble thought, Hild, 'blossoming out of life spontaneously.'"

"That's what I contend. I might write a sonnet in accord with all your rules, and it might not even be a poem — but a stiff and soulless creation, and I should go unlaureled."

"But to return to our Italian model, Magnhild. The fourteen lines are rhymed after the fashion I have insisted on."

"And do you mean to tell me that Petrarch never violated this law of rhyme that you lay down? I should hope not, but I have never read his sonnets in the original."

"Well, I have, in our Italian class, and they never end in couplets. The same is true of the effusions of both Dante and Tasso. The Italian ear abhorred the couplet. If you can not appreciate those sonnets in the original language, you can not divine their delicacy in any translation. The Vacluse diamonds cease to flash when removed from their native setting."

"Well, hold me to your Petrarchan rules. I confess I never cared for the rhymes so much as for the sentiments and imagery. The sonnet you quoted is a wholesale violator of many of your principles, but it charms through its brilliant pictures. Let me see, Rhoda, whether I can not paint pictures equally convincing."

"And you are going to compose a legitimate sonnet, Magnhild, if I have anything to do with it. You must write, too, because you have something to write about, and you should be furnished by this time with a multiplicity of subjects."

"Suppose I address my sonnet to Sunapee, the Lake of the Wild Fowl, and that's a good way to begin it,

Lake of the Wild Fowl, Lovely Sunapee."

"Stop right there, Magnhild, everybody would say *lovely Sunapee* and you must be unusual in a classic sonnet. I remember that A. N. Cheney, the angling author, somewhere remarked, 'I think the Lake should be called Sunapee the Blest.'"

"I see your point, and so my first of the fourteen lines is

Lake of the Wild Fowl, Sunapee the Blest."



“That sounds better. Now go on with pictures of its different aspects, and nothing hackneyed, mark you. Let each image heighten the effect of the others, and every word breathe vitality. Give voice from the abundance of your heart.”

“Well, the first thing I think of is the sunsets rivalling those of your beloved Italy. How is this for a line

Rosed with the crimson ray of stooping sun?”

“Grand, but the first thing you think of doesn’t happen to be the first thing in nature. To be natural, you should begin with the dawning, and you must not steal from Shakespeare’s sunburst either —

Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
Flatter the mountain tops with sovran eye,  
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
Gilding fair streams with heavenly alchemy.”

“There you are. Caught in your own trap, quoting from the Lord Paramount of all literature, and his sonnet doesn’t run

abba, but a b a b”

“No matter, I’ve got to rhyme with sun, haven’t I? *Bun, dun, fun, gun — begun.* Why sun-up means the day begun, and the opening of the day is often so golden as we look out from our camp at the pyramid of Kearsarge, and I hear you quote from *Romeo and Juliet*,

Night’s candles are burnt out and jocund day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.”

“But I ought to rhyme with *sun* if I keep the line that you approve.”

“Why not be simple, Hild, and not personify at the opening of your poem. Aglint in gold —”

“Stop, Rhoda, let me do my own work. I like *aglint in gold*. I like the alliteration, and *aglint* is not colloquial, but there is no such word! You mean *aglist*, which is far more picturesque. With all your cleverness, Miss Rhoda, you can not confer American citizenship on words. *Aglist* it is. I'll finish the line, *of summer day begun*. There, I have three lines of the first quatrain

Lake of the Wild Fowl, Sunapee the Blest!  
 Aglist in gold of summer day begun,  
 Rosed with the crimson ray of stooping sun —

and now for something after the sunset.”

“Well, Miss Stickler for Purity, there's the moon.”

“Never. Apply your own advice. Too common. Every blathering rhymester works in the moon to illumine his jingling doggerel. No moon in my sonnet. Sir Philip Sidney used up the moon as a topic in one of his *Astrophel and Stella amorette*. After his beautiful apostrophe, any attempt to commandeer the moon would seem sacrilegious.”

“Well, if you don't like the moon, there is the evening star.”

“That's more in point. I have often been reminded of Whittier's figure in the *Pennsylvania Pilgrim* when I have seen the evening star, following close upon the setting sun and balanced on a long reach of dark cloud in the west —

One long bar  
 Of purple cloud, on which the Evening Star  
 Shone like a jewel on a scimeter,  
 Held the sky's golden gateway.”

“Most appropriate, Magnhild, and there is your rhyme in *west*.”

“So it is, and I'll borrow the idea of the jewel. How is this?”

Jewelled by star of evening in the west?"

"To be frank with you, I do not like *star of evening*, it is trite."

"Well, neither do I — but the evening star is a planet and that's out of the ordinary —

Jewelled by evening planet in the West."

"Not yet, Magnhild. *Evening* must be eliminated; it is inferred. The planet has always looked pale to me, but *pale* will not scan."

"But pallid will — I have the line

Jewelled by pallid planet in the West.

The first quatrain is finished and it is Petrarchan. Do you like it?"

"Indeed I do. What will follow?"

"My next idea seems to be that any aspect of our lake is beautiful whatever test we may apply."

"Very appropriate as the opening thought of your second quatrain — and by Jove! excuse the masculinity of the oath, you have your line Magnhild and your rhyme in *test*."

"So I have, and the line shall be:

Oh! thou art beautiful whate'er the test."

"Now go on and apply your touchstone still further. Remember you must have a clear theme, something concrete to say. What shall it be, Magnhild?"

"Yes, Rhoda, if I only had your personal acquaintance, I should turn to the seasons for other pictures. It must be heavenly here when the leaves turn."

"You're on the trail, Hild. The soft shadowy days of autumn, with their flaming foliage, beggar the gloss of art —"

“Rhoda, I see my picture — the lake asleep at midday, under the blaze of the mountain sides. I will make my line

Slumbering 'neath painted trees through Autumn's noon

and now the winter — do you know this place in winter?”

“I spent a month here one winter, at a farm-house, and let me tell you, I thought the beauty of the summer was eclipsed — the spotless snow, the trees incased in crystal, the evergreens wreathed in white drift, the lake bed of solid ice, and one night I saw the aurora with all its vibrating flashes for hours illuminate the snow-covered landscape —”

“Rhoda, stop again. I see my delineation in your experience. It may be vicariously drawn, but I must have it, for I know what the aurora is in my country where it transcends description —

Pulsing with snow-cast fires Aurora-won.”

“Bravo! bravo! Magnhild, you are indeed inspired. But now look out. You are approaching the critical turn. Hold back the best to the last of the octave, and be sure that your second quatrain does not run into the first tercet but closes with a full point, while flowing into the sestet without a break in the music or the thought. Why not close your octave with the aspect that pleases you the best — and *best* is your rhyme. How strange I should have thought of that ending.”

“Rhoda, of all seasons I love best the spring, and I have heard you voice the belief that one can not get nearer to Heaven here below than on these grass-grown mountain-ways fragrant with the incense of field and wood, and ringing with bird songs under the languid skies of May.”

“It is true, Magnhild, and like your Scandinavian aurora, it has to be seen to be realized.”

“ Well then, my line is —

I love thy laughing Maytime face the best.”

“ And now the sentiment, Magnhild.”

“ Let it be repose, peace, Rhoda. It seems as if I could carry these mental images back to the city, where they would be sedative to my brain in hours of toil and turmoil. Rest and reminiscence suggest themselves as a sentiment.”

“ A lovely thought for the sestet, but mind your rhymes. I am pertinacious in my demand for the legitimate Petrarchan order, which implies that the lines of the tercets must be inseparably blent and the contrasted rhymes must beat upon three new vowel sounds. Let your sonnet be a true Petrarchan poem in music, unity, and delicacy of thought.”

“ Let me try —

Ah! me, how oft when passions stir the soul —

there's turmoil.”

“ Yes, and you've changed the vowel sound in the rhyme and so assured the music. Now let me give you an idea. I have often experienced mental relief when deeply absorbed in work if I lifted my eyes from my book and permitted my fancy to entertain me for a while with a pageant of airy visions, and many a night she would carry me back through this photo drama of the mind to those scenes I love to contemplate, and I would be strangely rested.”

“ Look here, Rhoda, are you writing this sonnet, or am I? You have given me the very thought I need. Now let me see if I can express it in verse. Where were we? The first line was —

Ah! me, how oft when passions stir the soul —  
And midnight labor burns away the brain —”

"I like that line, Magnhild. But you borrowed *Ah! me* from the Hayne sonnet I just recited to you, and that will not do. Besides, it has a sad tone. Can you not incorporate thankfulness and hope?"

"Well, I stand corrected. Let me think a minute. Suppose I express my closing sentiment in a petition, languaged as Chaucer and the old versifiers would have put it, for God's grace to exploit on occasion these vivid memory images. I will avail myself of the archaic phrase God iild me — God reward, or give me in his goodness. Do you like it?"

"Indeed I do like the picturesqueness of the archaism, so unexpected, so stimulating to the imagination. And how facile you are in dredging up these inspring antiques."

"Accept my acknowledgments, but don't interrupt me further, Rhoda — *Visions of thee* — No, I don't care for that. We crossed a whimpering stream on our way here, and there was spume gathered about the drifts."

"*Spume!* away with it! It smacks of boiling liquids."

"Well, there is *scum*."

"Worse yet. Scum-covered eddies make me think of a pulp-mill up stream."

"Right you are, Rhoda. Certainly there can be no objection to *foam*, so here's the line —

In fantasy to limn thy foam-beat streams

"Isn't there rhyme and melody in that remembered percept?"

"Yes, and a fine feeling for words in your selection of *fantasy*, the original term, so Greek in form and function. I love it."

"Thank you, so do I. Now then for another factor that appeals to the ear, we have had so many esthetic color factors. Ever since we seated ourselves under this pine,

I have observed that the birds have not forgotten to sing in these matted woods and breezy coverts, to quote the poet of Sweet Auburn —

Each warbling grove —”

“ Just the thing, Magnhild.”

“ Yes, but what shall I rhyme with *soul*? I must not seek to force a rhyme. Your venus slippers coloring the little knolls in June. There! What’s the matter with *knoll* for a rhyme?”

“ Nothing, when it’s mantled with orchids.”

“ How easy that was —

each orchid-mantled knoll —

And now I would like to conclude with the effects of the retrospect, of living over again in imagination those halcyon days.”

“ Can’t you versify that thought, Magnhild? You have it all there, your rhyme in *again* and your climax.”

“ So I have, and here are the lines —

To live the listless halcyon hours again,  
And find sweet solace in thy sylvan themes.”

“ Well done, Hild! Music worthy of the Italians and perfectly Petrarchan in its technic. Now let us have it in its entirety, as you have written it on your tablet.”

“ It is entitled

#### A SONNET TO LAKE SUNAPEE

Lake of the Wild Fowl, Sunapee the Blest!  
Aglist in gold of summer day begun,  
Rosed with the crimson ray of stooping sun,  
Jewelled by pallid planet in the west —  
Oh! thou art beautiful whate’er the test!  
Slumb’ring ’neath painted trees through autumn’s noon,  
Pulsing with snow-cast fires aurora-won —

I love thy laughing May-time face the best.  
 God ild me oft, when passions stir the soul,  
 And midnight labor burns away the brain,  
 In fantasy to limn thy foam-beat streams,  
 Each warbling grove, each orchid-mantled knoll;  
 To live the listless halcyon hours again,  
 And find sweet solace in thy sylvan themes.

"Well, you have ensouled in your sonnet, Magnhild, a refreshing sweetness that steals over the mind like a breath of spiritual incense. The technic is indeed Petrarchan, but then you know the soul of the sonnet is not Petrarch's. Poetry must touch the spiritual emotions as well as be sensuous, and your sestet is not formidably impassioned."

"Will you kindly remember that I am not deifying a woman, only panegyriizing a lake. You are a savage critic, Rhoda. I thought I had, with your help, done quite a creditable piece of work."

"That's just what you have done. Your sonnet is a little gallery of exquisite miniatures, delightful to contemplate, but it is shadow to what your imagination is capable of translating from the cosmic realm — to the expression of that exalted poetical feeling which thrills and spells and ennobles those who come under its sway. Your nature is a repository of such feeling. I believe you can indite a sonnet to Sunapee that will awaken some noble emotion, and not merely eulogize the lake."

"Rhoda, your words fill me with aspiration. I am dissatisfied. What I have done seems rather to be a scholarly exercise than an inspiration, and you have had too much to do with it. Shelley was right in maintaining that a man can not say 'I *will* compose poetry, and then sit down and do it.' He must await the mood. Mood and opportunity do not always coincide. The mind has been compared in its creative capacity to a fading coal which *some invisible influence* wakens to transitory bright-



ness. The sensuous may indeed suggest, but something super-sensuous empowers and impels. A sonnet should be a spontaneous burst of sentiment, emotion, or passion."

"You talk like a professor of literature, Magnhild. Where did you get all this? Have you been playing bob-fool with me for the last hour?"

"Not at all; but it seems to me as the hours wear on that my insight grows clearer, my understanding of the essence of poetry deeper and fitter, my ambition more eager, and all without any sensible effort on my part. I am going to seek another theme and compose another sonnet, without any prompting from you. Until you hear it, write me not down as a mere sonnet-monger.

"Hark! what voices are these calling through the forest aisles? I have been so occupied that I was but dimly conscious of their songs. Do you recognize them all?"

"Not all, Hild, but some are very conspicuous. I can hear several thrushes. I remember reading in the *Springfield Republican* that 370 different species of birds had been noted in this region by a doctor in Northampton — among them, the white throated sparrow, bay-winged bunting, Canadian warbler, rose-breasted grossbeak, and that voluptuous minstrel, the winter wren, with the entire family of thrushes save one, including the solitary hermit, 'Nature's sublimest songster.'"

"Do you hear that flute-throated beauty, Rhoda? Which one is that?"

"That is the hermit thrush. Each of the singers you hear possesses matchless endowment, but to this bird alone belongs the gift divine. The song of the winter wren is an operetta, but that of the hermit thrush is a sacred anthem. I am quoting when I say, the one breathes of the earth; the other aspires to heaven. Pure and serene in tone, stately in measure, exalted in theme, the song of the thrush may well be called a hymn of the beatitudes.

If you would have a foretaste of the celestial symphonies, go into the cathedral groves where this bird sings."

"True, Rhoda. I have heard it said that the thrush's song invites to reflection and stimulates to noble endeavor. It seems to affect me in this way; and I see something else in it, for it charms as does classic music, and favoring the eclipse of the objective self, it beckons to the theatre of action the wiser, deeper, more richly attributed subliminal."

"It does not seem, Magnhild, as if one could think or do a wrong thing within ear-shot of that thrush's notes."

"My sentiment, Rhoda! Thank you for it. I am going to lie down on these pine needles and sleep for half an hour, for I am drowsy; and I shall awaken with my poem perfected, and recite it to you without delay or hesitation. I feel convinced after some strange fashion that I shall have a better poem as the result of this genuine subliminal apprehension. Say nothing to me, for I feel the sonnet taking shape in my subconscious and demanding utterance."

With these words, Magnhild made a pillow of the moss, and threw herself down under the pine tree and went to sleep. Rhoda sat wrapped in thought, persuaded that her plan for the spiritual development of her friend was succeeding admirably. The half hour slipped pleasantly away, when suddenly Magnhild sat upright, and like a person rapt and out of the sense-world unconstrainedly delivered her subliminal communication:

#### SONNET TO LAKE SUNAPEE

Granite-throned Queen, deep-bosomed Sunapee!  
Thou Isis of our Northland, lift thy veil,  
Unface thy beauty. Eye of ban nor bale  
Profane the charms that ravish those who see.  
Thou hast my heart — thou may'st not have my knee,  
The day for that is past. Sing me the tale

My heart would hear, of plenteous rill, and swale  
With lichens rank, and blossom-freighted tree.  
Oh! who can sense the witchery of thy smile  
Where thy thrush hermit chastely heavens his loves  
In strains of soulful song beneath the sough  
Of sunny pines, and not resent the while  
All thoughts that smirch! A mystic presence moves  
To holy musing; thou dost bless enough.

“There, Rhoda, and all I borrowed from you was the sentiment about the thrush. There is my sonnet made in cosmic realms; not a love sonnet like Petrarch’s, but surely the love of nature is in it, and it does not, like Shakespeare’s, require interpretation of its mystery by savants. If I had not been inspired by Dr. Van Alstyne, I could never have contrived it. I shall seek him again some day for further impulsions.”

“Well, Maguhild, I am delighted to hear you admit that there is something in suggestion, even if you can’t crowd Petrarch out of his niche in fame’s temple.”

## CHAPTER V

### DAYS OF "CORDIAL GLANCES AND OBLIGING DEEDS"

*Life went a-maying  
With nature, hope, and poesy,  
When I was young.*

— COLERIDGE

A FEW days later, Magnhild submitted her sonnets to the doctor who was delighted with their thoughts and pictures, and praised the easy flow of her lines.

"You are surprisingly proficient in song-craft, Miss Wetterstrand. I greatly admire your maiden efforts, but then I am not a litterateur, and my criticism can only be general. The lake is certainly well sonnetted. I am such a lover of nature myself that your aptly selected cameos appeal to me with a peculiar interest. You surely do not mean to say that you have never tried your hand at verse before?"

"No, doctor, I can not quite say that. Once or twice I have penned my inspiration, and the product has been commended. But I have never before felt so irresistibly the pressure of impulsion to give material figure to thought-forms that lie shapeless and vague in my consciousness. Did you impart to me that spirit of unrest and aspiration, with an awareness of my capacity to express them concretely in the rhythmical language of poetry? Do I become more like you because you give me this inspiration?"

"I am glad you have raised that point, Miss Wetterstrand. There's nothing compulsory about it. You have

access to all my tastes and principles, as well as to my mental treasures, and you are free to help yourself to whatever appeals to your inclinations or bespeaks your interest. But there is this difference between immaterial and material appropriation — I am not the loser. It is one of those instances where the barrel of meal wastes not and the cruse of oil does not fail. For ages, the majestic face of the Venus found in the ruins of Melos, now in the Louvre, shadowing forth a mighty intellectuality, a cold stern dignity that withers every carnal suggestion and spells the pure in heart with its godlike charm, has stood as an inspiration to high resolve and noble endeavor — without losing any of its uplifting force. So what the human spirit radiates serves only to increase its power of radiation.

“I have always been an ardent lover of nature, and you are not the first person who has borrowed, while in rapport, that overmastering fondness. Moreover, I have been told that I possess the faculty of arousing in my subjects a sense of their aptitudes and powers, and of impelling them to create acceptably in the line of what I cause them to discover inherent in their personalities. I have proved this to be true a thousand times; and apprehending the value of my privilege, I am not blind to my obligation to apply the forte as opportunity offers, in effecting the projection of natural ability and moral force that may contribute to individual uplift, or to the ultimate betterment of existing conditions. And I guard it as a sacred responsibility, operating it ingenuously and without conceit or self-congratulation.

Perhaps your eyes have been opened to your psychic possessions, and you are moved to unwrap the talent from the enfolding napkin and put it into circulation for the gratification of your own ambitions and the enjoyment of your fellow-beings.”

"That throws new light on the exploitation of an endowment; you seem to view it from the standpoint of accountability."

"I do. Each one of us is a thought of God committed to this earth for embodiment and execution, having a career to run and a destiny to fulfill, and we are vouchsafed the power to make good. When, then, one discovers that he is gifted, he is in duty bound to cultivate his gift for the good that he can do with it. The spirit of genuine religion involves an outgoing of force drawn from inward incorporeal resources in service to one's neighbor. As you have discovered the presence of literary quality in your personality, you must accept the obligation that goes with it, the duty of expressing it in some standard form of prose or verse. If verse be selected, you will remember that the poet rises above reality, as Goethe claimed, while remaining within the sphere of the sensuous, that he so transfigures life, that, as the ally of all that is pure and lofty, he awakens to the divine side of things, and works in the world, Principal Shairp contended, for the melioration of man and the manifestation of the Kingdom of God. It is pleasant to believe that the mission of Christ and the mission of true poetry, 'the nurse of every virtue,' are thus one and the same."

"I understand that one to be a poet must recognize the highest moral ideals, must be tender, true, profound — but one can not live constantly on levels so sublime, so out-of-access to the flesh."

"You are right, one cannot. You must vary the atmosphere. Try your hand at narration; there is history, biography, fiction and the novel, and other forms. When the mood comes, indulge it. And I am ready to give you further stimulation. Then it is desirable, too, that you should receive psychic treatment for your nervous

condition, and what better psychic treatment is there than getting back to nature. That breaks up, as nothing else, all self-centred thought, and I will make you accept it in these sleeps.”

“And so my nature-love, Doctor, is enhanced by finding it existent to a high degree in your personality? I really believe it. Outdoor life has a new look, a deeper significance, and I seem to want to enjoy it with the person who has made it so attractive. We are becoming psychic pals, and our mental friendliness is born of what we recognize, approve and enjoy in each other’s subliminal nature. Then all the subtle forces of our being are focussed in a constraining desire to realize it in the world-life. *From* the subjective *to* the objective, at the point of spiritual contact. Isn’t that the law of psychic expression in and through the senses and the brain?”

“You little philosopher, you astonish me with the clearness of your insight. It all sounds plausible.”

“Can’t we put it to the proof, Doctor? I have a vague wish to angle in one of your streams, but I never caught a trout and know nothing about fishing. Have I adopted that craving from you?”

“I do not doubt you have, but it is easily gratified. No time more fitting than the present. We shall not have to walk far. Wait till I get my rod; and I’ll soon show you a beauty in vermilion sprinkle, and teach you how to deceive the quick-eyed trout.”

For a half mile, pupil and preceptor trudged under pines and spruces by the brookside, not stopping to try the fish they saw zig-zagging up the rapids, until they emerged from the forest on a meadow where the brook deepened and broadened into frequent pools shaded by clumps of alder. The doctor jointed his rod, and looped on his line a cast of two small and sombre flies, for it

was almost high noon, and dropped them deftly on the dark surface of the first pool. A splash, a twist of the wrist, a rush of steel-struck fish — all in one instant — and Magnhild beheld for the first time a struggle in which human intellect and angling skill were pitted against the self-saving instincts, and possibly the experience, of the wariest and most beautiful charr in our eastern waters. Fortunately for the angler, there was room in the splay pool for him to check with his flexible three ounce Leonard the mad rushes of the half-pound square-tail, which he adroitly stood off from the bank and headed away from a bunch of roots at the foot of the plash with the elastic spring of the rod. All these movements Magnhild watched with absorbing interest, and was delighted to be made a party to the capture when the doctor said:

“Take my landing net, Miss Wetterstrand, it is lying back of you on the grass, and as I draw the fish toward you — See! he is already tired out and floating on his side — slip the net under him and lift him out of the water.”

A more elated girl it would be difficult to imagine than was Magnhild, as she obeyed the doctor's directions and disengaged the beguiling fly from the mouth of the graceful fish, which she laid on the grass amid a tuft of ferns. She felt the genuine thrill of the wild. She heard the siren voice of the woods that calls to the inmost soul. She quivered with gentle excitement; and from her lips spontaneously burst the pent emotions in words that had reached the stress rhythmical:

See there, among the fern he lies,  
A roseate blaze in green,  
What brush may paint, what pen describe  
That symmetry and sheen?



And as his glorious colors fade,  
 Deep thoughts crowd rathe and rife —  
 The music of the lapsing stream  
 Whispers the tale of life.

“Why, Miss Wetterstrand, how your thoughts tend to move in rhythmic numbers! You said you did not know anything about fishing. Let me tell you, few know it as you do, for you apprehend the spiritual interpretation. Angling is indeed a school of virtues, in which men learn lessons of wisdom, forbearance, and love — love for the lower forms of animal life, love for their fellow-creatures, and love for the God of Nature.”

“A school of virtues! How lovely. Will you not enroll me as a pupil in that school? And oh! Doctor, I must get busy. Let me catch a trout. Show me how to send those flies through the air and have them alight so softly on the water.”

“Catch a trout you shall, and I will teach you how to cast; and as this is your first lesson in angling, let me begin by telling you the fish we have just caught is not a trout at all, but a charr, which word is the Gaelic for blood-colored and thus appropriately describes the rosy charms of the *fortinalis* as scientists designate him. Charrs are distinguished from trout not only by their gaudy red or orange coloration, especially at the nuptial season, but also by the absence of teeth in the front part of the roof of the mouth. Trouts have a single or double row of teeth there. If you will put your finger into the mouth of our captive, you will see at once to what family he belongs. Note, too, that this fish has a square tail, vermilion spots with blue halos round them, the only charr so marked, and a peculiar mottled or marbled back.”

“How interesting. You must have been a close observer, Doctor, of the habits and peculiarities of fishes. What did you mean by speaking of the intensification of

colors at the nuptial season? Do fish mate like birds and put on their best apparel at the pairing time?"

"They certainly do. The upper waters of the streams are the scenes of their autumnal loves. To the gravelly shallows at the very sources the mated fish shape their bridal tours, which begin in September, and culminate in the construction of nests in the gravel by the prospective mother trout, and the deposit and fertilization of eggs in the nests."

"Have you ever witnessed all this?"

"Yes, many a time."

"And do you mean to tell me that fishes have their loves?"

"Indeed they have, and they love exclusively. Dr. Wright, aural surgeon to the late Queen Victoria, wrote a scientific work on the loves of fishes. The brook trout is a passionate lover and wooer. Clad in lusted wedding garment, he flashes his painted sides before his more plainly attired bride, in frequent journeys to and from the hymeneal bed she has prepared, to coax her to it with him."

"So the male fish attracts his mate through a Joseph's coat?"

"Yes, the resplendent tinting of the sides renders this charr, with its large expressive eyes and intelligent head, the peer in beauty of any fish in the world. Do you wonder, when man so regards him, that his demure little mate is far from indifferent to his gorgeous 'bloom'?"

"From what I could see of the trout that loitered in the swift water as we followed the brook through the woods, they were less brilliantly colored. Am I right?"

"You are, and very observant. In pure sunlit brook water, the coloration is vivid; under dark banks and in the shade of the forest, it is dead lustre or even black. In twenty minutes, through an automatic command of the

nervous supply, a trout can completely change its hue from gay to grave, or the reverse, and thus render itself inconspicuous in any color environment. But he can not at will marble his fins and back with vermiculations and punctulate his ocellated skin with spots of fire in lilac frame to engage the eye and rivet the affections of his paramour.”

And the doctor picked up the beautiful figure that lay on the grass, disposed it tenderly on his stretched out palm, and gazed at it with the affection of a thorough-paced sportsman.

“No Michael Angelo was He, Miss Wetterstrand, who fashioned the temple of this exquisite fish-form, made perfect through millennia of differentiation in the evolutionary process for the delectation of man. I have followed his forebears clear back into geological ages. God be praised that he had the good sense to abandon in the course of his evolution the deep waters where we should never have known him, and give his life to the ripples that chatter through the enamelled champaign and to the stately flow of the silent river under the shadows of the soundless forest. But we are losing time. Let us get to our first lesson in fly-casting. The pool we have just disturbed and frightened the fish away from will be just the place for you to begin.”

“Don’t laugh at me, doctor, for I know I shall be awkward and make some stupid mistakes. I have often heard that casting the artificial fly is the most scientific form of angling. It looked easy when I saw you do it.”

“I think I can make it easy for you. Now let me give you the first principles: Casting the fly involves a backward followed by a foreward motion of the rod, controlled entirely by the wrist. Recall what you saw me do. I grasped the handpiece of the rod firmly with the fingers of my right hand, extending my thumb along the upper

part of the rod and allowing the line from the reel, below and behind my hand, to pass between the rod and my forefinger, so that I could control it by pressure.

"The essential principle of fly-casting consists in allowing time enough for the line in the back cast to straighten out before a forward impulse is given to the rod. The motion required is a wrist-motion and must be deliberate and not jerky.

"Now take my rod and grasp it as I show you. I will knot two handkerchiefs together and bind your upper arm to your body, so you can use only your forearm and wrist in the procedure. Now try with a short line, whipped gradually out by a succession of casts. That's right. There you go, as all beginners do, trying to recover your back line too quickly. Stop a minute till I untangle it."

"Oh! dear, I knew I couldn't do it."

"Yes, you can do it. Be just a little less impetuous, a little slower and more deliberate."

This time, Magnhild succeeded in sending the flies into the water with a vicious splash; but after several trials, they fell more gently at a distance of twenty feet; and in response to the doctor's coaching, she kept them moving in simulation of the struggles of a living insect.

"You are doing admirably, Miss Wetterstrand, try that cast again, and be careful before making your back cast, not to draw your flies over the water so far toward you that the power to strike a rising fish is lost. This is important. There, you are doing all right now. Practice will make you perfect in this part of the technic.

"Ah! impatient again. You whisk your flies out too quick. Keep them on the water a moment, and in motion. This way," and the doctor placed his broad hand over Magnhild's, and so regulated the duration of the several periods in her casts.

“Give the trout a chance to see and make a dash for the flies. Remember, there are no fish in the air. Pardon the sarcasm, but so many enthusiastic beginners forget this and exhaust their energies in whipping the atmosphere. No force is required, it is just a gentle wrist motion, and I have tied up your arm so you can't go through a sabre drill with a bamboo rod. The fish are not in the air — axiom No. 2. You are not fishing for birds.”

“I never heard of catching a bird on a fish line. You are giving me the gleek.”

“Not it. Birds have been unintentionally caught by anglers other than I. Swallows will occasionally dive for a good imitation on a long back cast, pick it up, and usually spit it out instanter; but sometimes they are hooked, and a painful experience follows both for bird and fisher. Only last spring, while trolling in Lake George, I played a sea-gull in the clouds. The bird had swooped down on the white fish I was using for bait, and hooked itself fast in the gang 300 feet behind the boat.”

“That sounds like a fish story; what became of your gull?”

“Why as he couldn't get loose, I had to reel him in and disengage him. I shall never forget the astonished expression in his eyes, when I gave him his liberty. He looked as if he expected to be tapped on the head and mounted by a taxidermist as a trophy.”

“But, Doctor, let me ask you a question. This fly fishing is all right in the open where the stream is wide and there are no trees. But in making our way to this meadow, we passed along parts of the brook where it would have been impossible to cast a fly. Is there no other way of taking the trout than this?”

“There is, and I hold that it is not unsportsmanlike. An angler, you know, must be a true sportsman. He takes

fish in a chivalrous manner, never for the mere pleasure of killing. He is always humane, courteous, unselfish, magnanimous. You are guessing it—he must be a gentleman in the true sense of the word. Our wild mountain streams and the tiny brooks that trickle through our New England pastures compel bait fishing, and that kind of angling not unfrequently implies as great adroitness as casting the fly. The object is to outwit the trout; and he who floats a living insect impaled on a diminutive hook down a plunging stream on a piece of bark, and many yards below where he stands, twitches off the fluttering bait into the current to strike the fancy of a vigilant fish he has long cast for in vain—that man has no more reason for self-reproach than he who, under other circumstances that permit, deceives a dimpling charr with a counterfeited fly.”

“I believe, Doctor, you are teaching me more in one lesson than I could learn by myself in six months.”

“You have guessed aright. Self-instruction here is tedious and discouraging, and many tyros give it all up. It is very much like trying to make one’s self a billiard-player without the help of book or coach.”

“I am sure I have a most experienced coach.”

“Come along then; I am going to have you catch a trout in that wide stretch of water just above us. A little spring, icy cold, feeds the brook there, and two or three large fish are usually fanning their fins where it boils up through the sand. It is nicely protected, too, by a fringe of bushes, over which you can comfortably cast without being seen by the trout. Note well, if they should see you first you would never see them at this visit. Now, try to repeat that last cast, standing behind the alders. There you go—Splash! did you see him jump? But you’ve missed him. Back with your line. Take time to let it straighten out behind you. Don’t get excited. There’s

no hurry. You will not think me uncharitable or peremptory if I place my hand over yours to guide you; and speak quickly and sharply. Now!—That’s a perfect cast. I could not have done better myself. He’s after it again. See him cuff the fly with his broad tail to cripple it as he supposes, before he bolts it. Strike quick! He has the stretcher-fly in his mouth. By Jove! You’ve got him. Now be careful. Reel your line in a little, and never take your eye off the fish. Hold on! Don’t whirl the rod backward over your shoulder. If you do, your fish is a goner. Step back, throw your tip forward—so fashion—and keep him under the bend of the rod. See how that holds the tiny hook tight in his jaw. The other way would have given him slack, and he would have taken advantage of it to shake the hook out of his mouth. Stand back now a few steps more, and so lengthen the distance between you and the trout. Get into the open meadow, away from the bushes, where you can manage him better, for it doesn’t matter now whether he sees you or not. Good! You see the point, don’t you? You are keeping a tight line on him, and the little rod springs back to meet his every effort to escape. Look sharp, he is going to make a rush now for that brush across the pool. You must turn him by presenting the butt of the rod—this way (the doctor illustrates)—doing just what I told you not to do a few moments ago, but the action of the trout is different. In this case, he is going away from you and must be checked. In the other case, the rod was over your shoulder with a long slack line out, so you were powerless. Your fish has turned and you have saved him, Miss Wetterstrand.”

“But I haven’t got him yet,” cried Magnhild, reeling in her line and guiding her fish toward the centre of the pool. “What’s he doing now?”

“He’s gone into the deep water to sulk as we call it, and

think it over. Twitch him a little, that will stir him up."

"It does, Doctor. Oh! what a wonderful leap, see him in the air shaking the drops of water from his sparkid sides. And now he is running for the outlet of the pool. What shall I do?"

"Give him the butt again; that will snub him and bring him back into the still water. Well done! But let me tell you one thing. When that fish jumped out of the water, he took you unawares. I hadn't prepared you for that manoeuver. The withy rod saved the day, for it sprung back and kept the fly firmly fixed in the trout's mouth. His game was to shake it out."

"Will he jump again?"

"I think not, for he is perceptibly tiring and shows an inclination to turn on his side. And yet I don't know. You might reel in a little and see if he is willing to come toward the bank where I can reach him with the net."

"Yes, he seems to be coming along, get your net ready."

"Not too hasty in your conclusions. You may be deceiving yourself, Miss Wetterstrand. He seems to me to be cunningly recovering his wind, and the grand coup may be still in reserve. Be very cautious, take your hands off the reel handle so he can have all the line needed, if he makes another run, at the instant of his final start — there he goes!"

The trout flung himself into the air again and again as he forged toward the upper end of the pool with a strength that surprised the fair angler; but she stood her ground skilfully as the doctor coached her, and turned her fish back into the deep water where, broken in spirit, he gave up the fight and was easily drawn toward the landing-net. As he fell against the meshes, the fly dropped from his jaw, and Magnhild realized how near she had come to losing the guerdon of her cleverness.



“What a beauty, Miss Wetterstrand,” exclaimed the doctor, as he held up to her gaze the shapely, richly dyed fish.

“He’s larger than mine by a quarter pound at least, and you have shown yourself to be an ‘apt scholar,’ as Izaak Walton would say were he here in the flesh. I congratulate you heartily on your first brook trout, Miss Wetterstrand.”

“I accept your felicitations, but after this delightful idyllic experience you may not address me as Miss Wetterstrand. Call me Magnhild.”

## CHAPTER VI

### THE SONNET RECIPROCAL

*The all-absorbing flame,  
Which kindled by another, grows the same,  
Wrapt in one blaze.*

— CHILDE HAROLD

*I have a sonnet that will serve the turn.*

— TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

THE doctor and his patient strolled back to the beach through the meadow growth, breathing the spicy incense of the purple thistle, stooping often to cull some wild blow — a marsh marigold, a belated iris, an orange cone-flower and pearly tufts of everlasting, which they whipped into a comely bunch with a wisp of swamp grass. And crossing on a forest trail to a sister stream, they sat down to rest amid evergreen vines and running partridge berry, in the shadow of a mighty boulder dropped by the glacier in what became the channel of a tributary to the lake. Twenty feet sheer the granite mass upshot into the trees; and at its base the undesisting current forever made rude music with the enameled stones, in perfect tune with the low-breathed voices of the woodland.

“To apply the words of Bayard Taylor,” began the doctor, “Nature is here all vocal with melody. She disports herself in various mood. She touches with her breath the chords of the aeolian lyre that she has strung upon the branches of the plaintiff pine, prattles in the language of the babbling brook, sings to the gentle swaying of the forest trees, moans in the wandering wind o’er the

surface of the lake. She finds a voice in the chatter of the squirrel, the drum of the partridge, and the bark of the fox. She has a numberless variety of feathered choristers, and there is music in the splashing of the leaping fish at play and in the rustled twigs that speak of the flight from the presence of his sovereign, man, of some frightened denizen of the wood."

"How the peace of this glade," said Magnhild, "suggests that incomparable simile in the Choric Song of Tennyson's *Lotos-Eaters*. Do you recall it, Doctor?"

"No, I do not happen to. But I am sure you do. I read it in your eyes. Please repeat the lines," and Magnhild responded:

There is sweet music here that softer falls  
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,  
Or night dews on still waters between walls  
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;  
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies  
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;  
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.

It would not be difficult to imagine that Tennyson selected his esthetic factors from an environment like this, so full of the sensuous sorcery of Nature."

"But don't let the sorceress steep your senses in slumber, Magnhild, as Tennyson intimates his synthesis of sleepy impressions is likely to do. Miss Barrett has told me how you slept on the moss the other day and awoke with a sonnet on your tongue. And speak of an angel — you know the saying — here comes the lady herself, following the trail up the water-course. This way, Miss Barrett!"

"Why, there you are. I have been searching for you a half hour. You stole away from me, Magnhild, while I was sketching. What have you been doing?"

"I have been fishing. Come and see my trout."

"You fishing? I can't believe it. You do not know the first thing about fishing. Show me your trout, where are they?"

And Magnhild held up the fish, strung on a spray of alder.

"Why, you really have been fishing. Two beauties they are. Where did you catch them, and how?"

So Magnhild had to tell her story as the trio walked together through the woods to the lake shore.

The physical improvement of Magnhild was not as uninterrupted as she had hoped. Recovery from a nervous breakdown is not a rapid process, but is marked by oft-repeated relapses that are difficult to explain but grow less frequent and less severe until they cease to occur. But when the set-backs come, the sufferer is tried to the utmost, for self-centered thought is his bete noire. Faith, patience, and courage are more needed in the course of emergence from nervous instability than in any other condition. Magnhild was no exception to the rule. She would become depressed at times; but Dr. Van Alstyne could always lift her at once through one of his treatments, reinforced by proper elimination. For he explained to her that no departure from normal health is purely mental or purely physical. The two elements are invariably represented in every case of neurasthenia and psychasthenia. The disturbed metabolism must be reckoned with as well as the mental misinterpretations due to it. And so the doctor instructed Rhoda to keep her friend amused and thus distract her thoughts from her physical condition, but always to take care that she did not overdo. Fortunately, the patient was muscularly strong and capable of more prolonged endurance than is usually possible in these states; so the two friends planned numerous excursions about the lake and among the hills.

The doctor urged them to make acquaintance with the

native people, for he felt sure their outspoken, genuine bygone ways would appeal to Magnhild, and the archaic fashions of speech that still clung to their lips would divert, interest and exhilarate her. He realized that she studied language with a care to know where it comes from, and in this way she was cultivating the power of thought itself. So Magnhild learned from old folk who had lived through them of the early days when the savage who cultivated corn and tobacco and pumpkins in the valley of the Ashuelot still lingered with the last of the deer and bear and wolves; who looked out from their log houses through pin holes drilled in oiled paper which served as window glass, and drew with horse power the back log into the great kitchen fireplace. She talked with old women who still spun their own yarn and told her of the times when they wore homespun and every farm was a self-supporting plantation independent of the outside world, raised its flax and clipped its wool, and every cabin resounded with the buzz of the spinning-wheel and the click-clack of the loom, and violin and flute made music for the family in the long winter evenings. Barns were filled to the eaves with hay, bins ran over with home-raised grain, and all went sugaring in the spring in the maple groves, for the Squakheags of Monadnock had taught the settlers how to boil down the sweet sap of the maple. She heard too how the farmers drew not a little of their food supply from the adjacent forests and waters — honey from the wild bees; flesh and fowl from the deer tribe, racoons and squirrels, and the vast flocks of migratory birds, ducks and geese and especially the passenger pigeon which was netted in thousands; and fish from the eternal lake with its exhaustless supply of red-meated trout.

One sunlit afternoon, as she trod the mountain footways with Rhoda, amid the sheen of flowers, Magnhild

happened upon an aged man, old Uncle Ben Sargent, who told her the story of the tornado of 1821, and said he recalled its appearance in print when he was a boy. It had been a stormy month, that September, and Sunday the 9th had been hot and sultry, suggestive of earthquake or cyclone.

"How be ye, leddies?" was the greeting, as the friends approached through clusters of bouncing Bet and clumps of white and purple phlox, and seated themselves in the shade on the cool granite door-rock.

"Becky!" the old man called to his granddaughter, "fetch chairs for the company and slick up a little. Becky's bin terrible bad with the rheumatiz and hets up easy.

"Yas, I kin 'member the harrican. I was a leetle child, tho. It was abaout six o'clock in the day when as a yeller-black cloud riz in the north among them Grantham mountings, and as it come along with heavy thunder and streak lightnin, it took the shape of a tin tunnel, spaout daown, and tore up trees and fences, and hiseted the roofs off houses and barns, and stove the bildins of Harvey Huntoon over by Job's Creek all to hang-nails. By John Rogers, I kin jest r'member seeing the things go flyin thru the air like as they had wings — limbs of trees and leaves and bricks and timbers and culch and killed chickens — and the roar of the wind, and it was dark like the middle o' the night. And one o' the neighbors saw a big iron pot flying jelluk a bird; and a bureur was blowed clear acrost the lake, and div down in Amos Hastings' dooryard.

"Huntoon and his woman was aout takin' a walk; and when they see what was comin', they dusted fer the house, callilating to get there ahed o' the storm. But they miscallilated, fur whenas they got to the house, there warn't no house. Gosh all hemlock! I heerd 'em say

thur warn't nuff left to kinnel a fire. One old woman who wus in the kitching, she was a young thing then, clim daown the cellar stairs, and when they dug her aout, her leg was broke and she hain't awent right sence.

"But the Huntoons' baby — I allers used to cry when I heerd tell of it — was blowed off by the wind, and its poor little body, all stove up, was found floatin in the creek next day, and the feather bed it was layin' on lit in the top of a tree away over in Andover, fur the harrican tore on to old Kyarsarge and broke up agin the mounting. A whole lot o' damig was wrought in this taown, but nobody was killed."

"How interesting," said Magnhild.

"Yes," rejoined Rhoda, "and I know the sequel which I will tell you some day."

"Wat does youse wimmen do fur a livin'?" inquired Uncle Ben, moved by a laudable curiosity.

"We live on our incomes," explained Rhoda.

"Incums — what be them?"

"We have a little money coming to us every year, enough to pay for our board and clothes."

"I want to know."

"And then this girl here isn't over-strong and couldn't do hard work at present."

"I guess so. She don't look very ailin'. Does your vittels hurt ye, woman, or be you in the dumps? Y'll get well in old Noo Hampshur. Ime most a hundred, lived here all my life, and workin' yet."

"Tell us what you do to kill time, Uncle Ben, especially in winter."

"Wal, I does the chores, and keeps up the fire in the cook stove, and sometimes tends the fry-basin while Becky reads the paper to me. And a considerable part of the time, I jest set raound and do a pile o' thinkin. When the wind don't blow too hard, and the goin' is good, we

hitch the old mare into the pung and ride over to taown."

"Well, we must be going now. Thank you for your hospitality, Mr. Sargent. Do you think it will rain soon?" said Rhoda.

"Seems tho. An hour back, it looked like as it would clear. Open and shet is a sign of wet."

"Then we must hurry. So shake hands."

"I don't like to bid goodbye to two sich likely critters. Wish youse would board somewhere nearby and be neighborly. Roy Follansbee, daown the road, 'll sleep and meal ye cheap enuff."

"Couldn't think of changing our camp this summer, Uncle Ben. But we will call again when in the neighborhood."

As Magnhild went round with Rhoda, she learned that many distinguished persons had gone forth from the Sunapee region, which bred brains as well as brawn, men and women whose fathers had cut their farms out of the wilderness and piled the rocks into colossal walls, and wrung from the sterile soil a living for their families. They went together, and sometimes the doctor motored with them, to birthplaces and homes sanctified by the memories and associations of some of America's greatest men. They sat beneath the elm that still throws its shadow over the sunburnt field where Daniel Webster, greatest of them all, swung his youthful scythe and earned his dollars to educate himself at Dartmouth. They followed his trail through the hills of Springfield that still bears the name of Webster's Pass. They ferreted out the villages that gave birth to the three financiers who piloted the Treasury Department through the crises of the Civil War, — Salmon P. Chase of Cornish, John A. Dix, and Wm. Pitt Fessenden of Boscawen. They drove to Sutton, whence came the Pillsburys, the Minnesota flour manufacturers; to Waterloo, the home of Senator Chandler, to



the little red school-house at Guild, three miles from their camp, where taught in her early life Sarah Josepha Hale, the poetess, author of the ditty "Mary had a Little Lamb" and for fifty years prominent in literary circles; to Newport, the birth-town of Austin Corbin and Admiral Belknap; and to the homes of many others eminent in science, politics, law, and education.

As she learned all this, Magnhild was minded to write a history of the lake region. It seemed as if a section so prolific of paleface enterprise and talent must have produced in prehistoric times red men equally gifted. But if it did, their names and doings are unknown beyond what is revealed in the traditions of Whittier's Bridal of Pennacook. She nowhere caught the glimmer of a tradition as a prelude. The Indian remains she unearthed were mute. In default of legend or incident, she could only fall back on the name itself, Wild-goose Water, as furnishing the material for poetic associations. So Magnhild's history did not grow apace, but other something did. While she probed old records, scanned old maps, and talked to old residents, she all the time felt growing up in her life, a strange force on which she confidently depended, an aspiration she had not known before, a sense of measureless possibilities, a spontaneous creative power that saw things in new and high lights and was eager for expression to illumine with those lights the "sweet unrest" that inspired Kalidasa and many a more modern poet. But Magnhild felt it woefully disturb her heart as well as inspire her pen, this something tenuous and indescribable. Happy in the doctor's presence, feeding on something ethereal that radiated from his personality, she thrived upon a psychic food that refreshed, enlightened and vitalized her soul. And happiness began to consist in the pursuit of what Dr. Van Alstyne pointed out, approved by her own judgment and in harm-

ony with her ambitions. The oversoul of Magnhild Wetterstrand was coming to recognize consciously its spiritual complement.

And the doctor was reciprocally influenced. He took new interest in fauna and flora. He found something in the society of Magnhild he had not known previously in life, a perfect mental fellowship which seemed to satisfy a spiritual craving never before objectively realized, but now beginning to ask for its satisfaction in conscious companionship and to demand it more and more as the days moved on and the snap in the air spoke of autumn. He would awaken with projects for Magnhild's amusement, planned in the world of sleep, to take her out of herself, and feed her love of Nature. Get back to Nature, the index of the healing Spirit; study the pages of her book, find in them God's own heart, forget yourself — was his treatment for the impoverished cell conditions marked by many ups and downs due to the unstable equilibrium of her nerve forces. So they became pals, and every little excursion brought a peculiar satisfaction, but never a satiety. And Magnhild gladly responded to the call of the wild, because it not only summoned her to communion with the Spirit of Nature, but opened up an avenue of communication with a human spirit that imparted hope and strengthened control.

One forenoon, it was Lammastide, when the girls were on the east shore and a southwest breeze ruffled the water, Dr. Van Alstyne proposed that they should all go black bass fishing and all made their way into a tangled field to catch crickets for bait, for black crickets are by far the best lure for bass. Magnhild forgot herself chasing the insects through the grass, and her voice rang out merrily as she dropped the captives into the Doctor's wire cage. An hour later, she sat in his fishing-boat with Rhoda and cast as for trout, allowing the tender bait, weighted with

the smallest-sized split shot, to sink slowly below the surface. And it would not go far before it was seized by a bass. The friends enjoyed their novel experience, for the day was perfect and the fish were in sportive mood — so game and combative that fewer than half of those that struck were brought to net.

“Do you know that these crickets bite when I try to catch them in the bait cage?” said Magnhild. “Here’s one, Rhoda, for your bare hook. Take him quick, he is biting my finger and it makes me nervous.”

And the doctor laughed as he made some remark, *sotto voce*, about the probable necessity for Pasteur treatment.

“I tell you those crickets bite my fingers; there is no joke about it, nothing to laugh at. You know very well they eat holes in our underwear and are very destructive. They have sharp little teeth. Won’t you catch them and put them on my hook for me, Doctor?”

“Look at your rod,” shouted Rhoda, “the tip has gone down under the water while you are talking foolishly about crickets. I believe you are afraid of the bait. Face your fish, quick, and snatch up your rod and you may save him yet.”

“Strike,” called the doctor. “Good, now you are experiencing what a friend used to describe as that ‘beautiful bearing down.’ That’s easy. But look out if you can’t hold him down when he makes his rush and starts for the surface to jump and so get the slack of the line and shake the hook out. Look out for those tactics. You will have to fight your fish in the air as well as in the water. There he goes. He’s a big bass. There he goes into the air — a three-pounder, but he is not so spry as a fish of a pound weight. He can’t jump as high. Give him all the line he wants, but cautiously. He won’t last long.”

So they fished for an hour, landing a dozen bass which

were placed on ice in the bow of the boat, when the doctor suddenly announced:

“Now, let us take in all the lines, and I will pull up anchor, and we will troll for an hour off the rocky north-east shore. I have something of the nature of a surprise up my sleeve — I hope it will be a surprise — and it is Miss Barrett’s turn to distinguish herself. So I will hand her this heavier rod, and note, Miss Barrett, that where the line terminates there is a leader or snood nine feet long made of invisible wiry silkworm gut, as is erroneously called the fibre drawn out from the silk worm when ready to spin its cocoon; and watch me attach to the end of it this little gold spinner which my jeweller made for me, with a fly of my own tying behind it. Hold it in the water as I row slowly, and note how it revolves. This attracts the attention of the fish, and believing it to be a living food, he makes for it and is hooked. Then it is up to the angler.”

“Are fish so silly as to be fooled in that way?”

“Yes, and not only fish but men as well are fooled in the pursuit of that cold yellow metal. ‘A fly does with a candle as a fool with gold,’ said old Dr. Donne in his *Polydoron*.

“The flashing of that spinner in the water appeals irresistibly to the salmon race, and I am in hopes, Miss Barrett, to have you feel the strike of a ouananiche, or land-locked salmon, and see you fight him to the finish.”

“No, not I, Doctor. It is Magnhild’s privilege. I would much rather see her catch the salmon than catch it myself. Here, Magnhild, take the rod, I insist upon it.”

“So be it then,” pronounced the doctor, as one resigned to a not very acceptable task. “Pardon me in advance, in case of a salmon’s striking, if I should speak sharply, perhaps with acrimony, in coaching you, Magnhild. When

a salmon is trying his best to smash tackle, one can not be choice in his language nor very polite in his manner."

"Your *amende honorable* is accepted, doctor."

"But not by me," interposed Rhoda. "Where be I, as old Uncle Ben would say, in that arrangement? The doctor wants me to do the fishing, so that he may lavish on me, and spare you, the polished epithets and splenetic behavior he is keeping in cold storage for the occasion. I have your number, Dr. Van Alstyne. But tell me, do you really have the fish of the Grande Décharge in Lake Sunapee?"

"Yes, we have been planting them here for years, and if one takes a fancy to your spoon, Magnhild, you will realize in an instant that you are fast to the gamest of all American fresh water fishes. Now release the click, which checks the line from running out too freely when a fish is fast, by pushing up that button, and let the line pay slowly out as I row, and Miss Barrett will be ready with the landing net to help you. I am sorry it is not larger. We came out after bass. I was not expecting to show you the points of salmon fishing. There, I guess you have enough line out, I should judge about 100 feet. So push down the button and restore the click, and keep your thumb on the handle of the reel so that if a fish strikes, he will strike against something solid and be securely hooked."

"Oh! I see."

"And don't hold your rod straight out, at right angles to the course of the boat, but slant it toward the stern. There now, if a fish strikes, you have the best chance of holding him without shivering your rod or breaking your line, and he doesn't get so much spring that the hook will fail to fasten."

They had rowed a quarter mile or more over the ground

where the doctor had expectations, when suddenly the rod was almost twisted out of Magnhild's hand by the strike of a lusty fish.

"Give him line!" shouted the doctor, "take your hand off the reel handle, it's a big one"; and as Magnhild obeyed the instruction, the reel whirred merrily as the fish dashed away on the top of the water in a quick succession of leaps. But he failed to break his hold.

"Now check him, and reel in! Reel swiftly! Thank Heaven, he is making for the deep water, for there he is much more manageable. Now he is coming toward you with a rush! Reel with all your might! Well done! Keep on reeling. He is heading for the boat. His game is to cut under it and part the line. I'll foil him there. He is taking your rod right under the water. Hold on to it tight. Now give him line, as I force the boat ahead. Aha! he found only water for his purchase and he is thoroughly maddened. Be prepared for—"

"Oh! Doctor, what a magnificent spring," cried Rhoda, as a bar of living silver shot into the air, showering water drops into her face while the boat darted ahead. A second prodigious leap! The salmon cleared the water by four feet and turning a somersault in the air alighted on the bottom of the skiff — but only an instant did he keep company with the astonished occupants. A flash and a splash, and he was out of sight; but in his rapid descent, the line noosed the bamboo handle of the little bass-net Rhoda was holding in readiness, jerked it from her startled grasp, and it sped away across the water in the wake of the frenzied fish.

"A ten pound ouananiche," cried the doctor, "and he did not catch us napping. Keep your hand off the reel now, for he is ugly and may run one hundred and fifty feet if the net does not incumber his movements."

"How he goes, Doctor, and I love to listen to the music of the reel."

"No time for music now, Magnhild. Check him a little, and be ready, for at the end of this run he will make his leap paramount"; and verily as the doctor spoke, the salmon flung himself into the air, lifting the little net which had run out with the line and was midway between fish and fisher, a foot above the water, at the same time disengaging it so that it floated fifty feet from the boat.

"What shall I do now?" implored Magnhild, "and we have no net to take him in with."

"He is making for deep water. Reel him in cautiously, slowly, and if you are fortunate enough to exhaust him I will show you how to lift him into the boat without a landing-net. We have to depend on our wits in the woods, when modern appliances are lacking."

"But, Doctor, you can't lift that fish out of the water with that delicate leader," interrupted Rhoda.

"Good philosophy, Miss Barrett. Face your fish, Magnhild, and be ready. He hasn't exhausted his ways and means of defense. He is deliberately heading for those sharp rocks over there by the point in hope to cut the line on one of them. He well knows every one, and you must turn him. Nothing like giving him the butt. Remember how it turned your trout up the brook, but don't check this fish too violently lest you tear the fly from his delicate mouth."

"Indeed, I do remember," and Magnhild at once suited the action to the word. After a series of vicious tugs, suggesting that he had been there before, shaking the taut line as a terrier shakes a rat, the giant fish, always met by the give of the pliant rod, changed his intention, and again drove up on the tantalizing line. But the doctor was prepared for this move, and three or four of his

powerful strokes sent the boat well ahead while Magnhild reeled, so the salmon failed to get the slack he counted on and knew meant freedom.

Thwarted in this movement, the desperate fish next bolted across the boat's course for the open lake at a rate of speed that fairly made the water hiss as the tense line sped through it.

"Hold him tight, Magnhild," directed the doctor. "Now, quick, take your hand off the reel handle, he is making for the deep water where he will probably sulk. Now press your thumb against the line on the spool so that he will not get it too easily and lose his head again, and rise to the surface to jump. We have the advantage so long as we can keep that fellow in deep water. Now he is up to his old tricks again, following the line of least resistance and doubling on you. Reel quickly and show him you are not asleep. And don't-reel-your-line-all-up-on-one-side-of-the-cylinder, else your check-mate is in sight. Look out for that; spread your line as evenly as you can over the spool. And we must follow the fish out into the lake a little, so as to relieve the strain on the line."

"Why, he has stopped running, Doctor, and hangs like a dead weight on the line. What is he doing, and what shall I do?"

"He is sulking. And that will give you time to take breath and prepare for his next move. Just hold him steady, for he is right down under the boat now, in water fifty feet deep. Take deep breaths and rest your arms. When you get ready to renew the fight — and you must not give him too much time to recover his nerve — twitch him. That's right, a little more savagely. It doesn't stir him, does it?"

"Not in the least."

"Well, I'll teach you a trick that seldom fails. When hunting, we sometimes strike the trunk of a hollow tree



with a stone, to start a squirrel out of his hole, and it usually succeeds. If you will apply this same principle to the present situation, you will probably scare your fish into another rampage. Tap the butt of your rod above the reel plate quite forcibly with your knuckles. Keep on doing it. Doesn't he respond? A little harder then, so that he can feel the vibrations through the taut line. He is on the move. He does not understand it. He never had a minnow in his mouth that stung him so cruelly and quivered like that. He has made up his mind to change his quarters, and so long as he will stay down and exhaust himself by runs near the sandy bottom, we shall find no fault."

"I think I am good for such runs if the tackle only holds."

"The tackle is all right, Magnhild. There are two things I never economize in — medicine and fishing-tackle. Life may be lost by an insufficient or hypothecated cheap dose. Big fish often cut acquaintance because of a flaw in leader or line. You are playing him very properly. Watch your line and spread it evenly over the reel-barrel, recovering it as tactfully as you can. But when you get him near the boat, be extra careful! When he sees us, he will make a supreme effort to escape."

"Oh! look at that beautiful silver fish," cried Rhoda, as she peered into the blue water and saw the salmon steered toward the surface by the shortening of Magnhild's line. He is partly on his side and how it gleams!"

"Be wary now, Magnhild," continued the doctor. These landlocks are incarnations of energy, and perhaps he has just let you lead him along so that he can take in the whole situation, but without any intention of surrender. Besides, this means a rest for him. I have seen a salmon jump out of the boat while the successful angler sat admiring its charms as it lay apparently dead

on the bottom board. A flash of purple blue and silver, and he was gone to his captor forever. We have no net, remember, and that fish must be thoroughly asphyxiated before I attempt to take him in out of the wet. I believe he is getting ready for a final frantic dash; so handle the reel with your lightest touch as you gingerly take up the line, and don't hesitate to let him have everything his own way when he starts. I do not dare to try my landing scheme yet, he is far from giving in — and there he goes!”

The reel fairly screamed as the great fish tore through the water. “What a magnificent cut for the depths. But you notice, he did not break. He is losing his spirit fast. The next time you bring him up perhaps I can lift him in.”

“His run is shorter, Doctor, and less spirited. He is giving up. Oh! I am so afraid I shall lose him.”

“The surest way to lose your fish after such a glorious battle is to lose your head. Don't be distrustful, else you may unconsciously relax your vigilance and forfeit your prize. Reel him slowly and deliberately up toward the boat. Do you see him coming?”

Magnhild stood up, the better to obey the final instructions.

“Yes, I see a white shadowy streak away down in the water. He is on his side. You can see him now, can't you, Doctor?”

“Yes, swing the tip of your rod as you stand there, toward the bow and over my head. He is coming completely played out. Bring him over a little nearer — no fear of rushes now,” and as Magnhild drew the fish within arm's length, the doctor, with a dexterity acquired by long practice, slipped his hand under the salmon, balanced it nicely in his palm, and before it had time to realize what was doing, lightly tossed it into the boat. The moment the fish touched the carpeting, he realized dimly that he

was out of his element and began instinctively to curl himself for a jump, when the doctor shouted, "Cover him quick with your skirts, girls! Be game, throw your skirts over him, or he may fling himself out of the boat!" The order was automatically obeyed, and the great fish leaped to his death against the restraining folds of undermuslin. Then the doctor unloosed the fly, and to make assurance doubly sure struck him a sharp blow on the neck with a wooden mallet he carried for the purpose and the three gazed for a moment in mute admiration at the lissome figure of one of the gamest of his race.

"And now I'll weigh him for you," said the doctor, producing from a drawer under the seat he occupied a brass fish-balance, and hooking it in the upper jaw noted the index go down to 9 lbs., 14 ounces.

"Magnhild, you are a true fisher-maid," cried Rhoda, throwing her arms around her friend in the impetuosity of her congratulations. "How you have kept us on the anxious seat, and how we enjoy your triumph! What an avocation to make one forget herself!"

"And I too most heartily congratulate you, my clever pupil. You do me proud. You have so adroitly outwitted the prince of finny diplomats. And I know you are committed to the spiritual interpretation of the sport. For who but a lover of the angle can conceive of the choking thrill which accompanies the rush of a ouananiche — who else, that erethism, short-lived, unearthly, that electrifies every nerve in your frame as you twist the steel into his jaw and feel him fast — that concentration of delight in the struggle that follows, wherein the noblest fish that God has made matches his brute intellect, perhaps his manifold experience, against your reason and art, wherein your wand-like split bamboo gracefully responds to his desperate leaps for life, and arches in perfection to his wild circles. Who but an angler knows of

the sweet calm that follows victory, as you tenderly place your dying captive on the skiff bottom, and wearied by the excitement sit down to watch his brilliance fade, with the feeling that if your life were forthwith to end, you have not altogether lived in vain. There is as much difference between killing one of these sublime fish and drowning an ordinary overgrown trout in the lake, as there is between downing a ruffed grouse agile on the wing and dodging your aim among the forest trees, and potting a robin in a palmetto. You may well believe what the poet of the ouananiche<sup>1</sup> contends,—that in proportion to their avoirdupois these salmon can do more tackle-smashing than any other fish that swims. Again, I congratulate you, Miss Wetterstrand.”

“Miss Wetterstrand?”

“I mean, Magnhild,” and it was in his mind to add from Clarissa Harlow, an acknowledged reciprocity in love sanctifies every little freedom, but his lips hardly dared as yet to shape a sentiment like that.

Such was a sample of the “days remember’d well, remember’d all” by the parties interested. The summer drew to a close. Here and there a flaming branch spoke of the approach of autumn. September arrived, and the patient was advised to spend a few weeks among the White Hills to the north. Pleasant changes hurry cure in neurasthenic conditions; and although Magnhild was wonderfully improved, the doctor felt that she should neglect no means that might contribute to the speed and permanency of her relief. So the two friends made preparations for a fortnight’s sojourn among the sunny interales and romantic notches, and the leonine mountains shaggy with primeval woods that climax in the couchant Washington, and amid the mellow beauty of the valleys of the upper Saco, Connecticut, and Pemigewasset.

<sup>1</sup> E. T. D. Chambers of Quebec.

When the soul is more than pleased in its apprehension of supreme beauty, when it is exalted and transported by the grandeur of the perceived idea or sentiment of the landscape, the bodily functions are correspondingly strengthened, the auto-poisoned system is disintoxicated, and depression vanishes. So Magnhild was, in the doctor's view of it, to be led to realize that internal elevation and expansion which restore to normal activity the various vital procedures that make life worth the living, through the instrumentality of the sublimest scenery in the granite state —

“Cragg, knolls, and mounds confusedly hurled,  
The fragments of an earlier world.”

As the days of separation drew near, and the last psychic treatments were given Magnhild, to the effect that she should make her visit to America's Switzerland the occasion of a physical uplift as well as a stimulus to her poetic genius, the doctor himself began to apprehend a powerful creative reflex. He had lived so long, yet so unconsciously, on terms reciprocal with his patient that thoughts replied to thoughts, and he found himself inspired in turn by Magnhild, whose mind had been given to sonnet-making. The man who had never tried his hand at verse was strenuously impelled to express in sonnet form the thoughts and emotions that were absorbing his daily life. So on the morning of Magnhild's departure he awoke before the sun, and in the light of Shelley's lines,

“I love that thou lovest,  
Spirit of delight!”

He indited the following sonnet, and sent it to the lake station by his chauffeur, who handed it to Magnhild as she stepped upon the train. And in it Magnhild detected

the subtle aroma of a mutual feeling described in the Paradise Lost as the crown of all our bliss, unknown to loveless lives.

## TO MAGNHILD

Magnhild — the echoed name so wont to please,  
Where the blue gentians dapple queachy strath,  
Where road-sides, yellow-smocked, empurple rathe  
With aster clusters, wakens memories  
That live among the crimson-froned trees  
And clematis that tangles by the path.  
The tuneful cricket in the latter math  
Sings of her fairhood to the passing breeze.  
I may not think of her as under ban  
Of baleful malady that chills the soul,  
Or of wanhope that bids despair so oft.  
Be staunch and brave if dark hours come — God's plan  
Is wiser than we know; His love plays role.  
Lose not your faith, dear Heart, but look aloft.

## CHAPTER VII

### DISCOVERIES OF A DAY

*Oh! there is one affection which no stain  
Of earth can ever darken — when two find,  
The softer and the manlier, that a chain  
Of kindred taste has fastened mind to mind.  
'Tis an attraction from all sense refined;  
The good can only know it; 'tis not blind  
As love is unto baseness; its desire  
Is but with hands entwined to lift our being higher.*

— PERCIVAL

IT has been said of old that absence conquers love. More often it reveals a state of feeling that is utterly unsuspected; and the plot of many a novel turns upon the discovery, by bodily separation, of a psychic attraction between two complementary personalities. Magnhild thought as she rode in the train toward the White Hills. The doctor thought as he busied himself with preparations for his removal to the city in response to duty's call. Something seemed left out of each soul world. The rain that set in shortly after her departure served only to accentuate a feeling of desolation that crept over Magnhild as she looked from the car window into the gloom without, while Rhoda read at her side Thomas Starr King's poetical presentations of the landscapes and legends of the region they were about to visit.

Steeped in a state of semi-reverie, she realized that something was lacking in her work-a-day life, something that her soul had become accustomed to feed upon, a spiritual sustenance essential to objective happiness. It

manifested itself in a desire to share every feeling with a kindred spirit associated in a novel and sustaining companionship. She apprehended a loss, which she analyzed out as a temporal yearning for the self that had become so strangely interfused with her own susceptibilities, and there stole over her a vague sense of inseparableness from a genuine presence. The body it animated was not essential to an impression of its company-keeping, and yet there was an unmitigable longing to get nearer to that spirit through the physical organism it quickened.

She craved his comments on what she was about to experience, she longed to see through his eyes and hear with his ears and be conscious of the material proximity which emphasized the spiritual commingling. But back of it all lived a sense of an ever presence, with which she was on terms of intimate communication, to which she could refer for disentanglement of all perplexities, whose approbation she valued and whose disapproval she deprecated; and she found a double joy in accepting the absent one as a partner in all her pleasures. She could not separate her thoughts from Dr. Van Alstyne. She fathomed the depth of the Roman philosopher's saying, "The absent are always present;" and so in some incomprehensible manner, the doctor became a prominent figure in all her expectations. Thus her capacity for happiness was immeasurably increased. There was no surrender of her independence in this conjugation — this two-in-oneness, or psychic duality. And there was a sacredness about it all that could not be revealed and would not be understood by another. So when Rhoda suddenly broke in upon her abstracted state,

"What are you dreaming about, Magnhild, looking out of the window so earnestly?" she went so far as to say, "I am not dreaming, Rhoda, I am solving a problem that even you can not help me with."



And all that day, the doctor also did his quota of thinking. He could not shake Magnhild out of his consciousness. He felt her being as he never had when she was within easy access. He was restless at the knowledge of her material absence, and yet her spiritual presence was strangely sedative to his mind. He lived out of himself, out of his daily routine — somewhere else that he did not try to define, in the exclusive company of Magnhild the spirit. Nor did he realize his abstraction, until at dinner the housekeeper accused him of wool-gathering.

The afternoon wore away, and still Magnhild seemed to be with him, seemed to inform him of a corresponding homogeneity on her part. Was he living in her, and she in him? Were these experiences real communications from a spirit permanently in a holy rapport? A mighty revelation this! Two spirits, his and hers, linked in indissoluble chains of cosmic forging. Could it be possible? Was it a foretaste of the afterward? Can there exist a fellowship exclusively spiritual, where bodies are apart, unconstrained by time and space? a living in and with and through and by and for each other? Under the spell of this superphysical apprehension, he would have answered the question once proposed by a Provençal Court of Love — “Wherein does a troubadour experience the greatest satisfaction, by sometimes seeing his lady, by sometimes discoursing of her, or by sometimes thinking of her softly within himself?” — he felt that he could have answered that question, so intensely positive was the subliminal impact, by giving preference to the mental communication.

May not this be the way, he asked himself, that we commune with those on the other side, the blessed dead who once were our earthly companions? If there be intercourse here, it must be an exclusively spirit relation. In this life, the climax of soul communion is reached in the

mutual embrace of the physical bodies — immediate relationship alone is acceptable and satisfactory. So if there be communication with disembodied souls, that communication must be direct through impression of the subliminal nature. It were indeed pleasant to feel that the bodiless spirits we once loved in the flesh are the purveyors of noble thoughts and lofty promptings and heroic purposes. Could we but be assured of it.

All these thoughts crowded into his consciousness as Dr. Van Alstyne sought to define his psychic attitude. He could not free himself from the conviction of Magnhild's veritable presence.

So he apprehended what the Apostle meant when he wrote to the Corinthians that, although he was absent in body, he was present (literally, *dwelling beside them*) in spirit, and well knew of their condonation of incest in a member of the Christian church.<sup>1</sup> He became conscious of a pervading presence that shared his thoughts and shaped his aspirations. He grasped the fact that subliminal minds are attracted automatically not only as mere almoners to other minds in need of help, but to their complements, each the other to enlighten, to strengthen, to encourage, to caution, to impel. And under this afflatus, he suddenly felt himself inspired and empowered to proceed with the preparation of an important psychological monograph which had slumbered in his mind for years, but to begin which he had never before possessed the requisite incentive. To his astonishment he found himself constrained to write the introduction that cheerless afternoon and to realize with unerring forecast the speedy completion of the volume. Magnhild seemed to have imparted "the puissance of push," and played the part of initiatrix. But the sweetest thought of those that swarmed about his foregone triumph was that of Magnhild's pride in his achieve-

<sup>1</sup> Corinth, i. v.

ment. He was creating something that would win a smile of commendation from her when he laid it at her feet.

Yet unaccountable that, in the midst of this train of exalted images, he should hear the imperious voice of a distracting invitation to give figure to a feeling that was diffused through all his mental motions and stimulated his ambitions. For the hour, his attention was dispersed. He had become accustomed to enjoying so much with Magnhild in the physical world that he was haunted with a desire for objective companionship; and he dwelt on one after another pleasurable scene, seeking to analyze the causes of his happiness. He saw her straying on the beach and heard her questioning the surge that bathed her foot. He listened to her query, "Are not the children of Divine Poesy one in race, in speech, in faith?" and gave audience to his reply, "Verily, they are." He knew now what it meant, for absence was welding them into an intenser unity. But one scene seemed to reproduce itself with unexampled vividness, and as he reverted to it he detected in it the first intimation that they were spiritually amalgamated, though to what degree he did not dream then or as yet. He breathed again the fragrance of her soul, as he mused on his fair pupil in the school of angling trying to catch a cricket in his bait box and naïvely declaring that it bit her finger as she handed it to him to impale upon her hook. He became aware that something besides a cricket came from her to him at the psychological moment — something tenuous, a sublimation of a mere tactual impression into a spiritual touch. He dwelt upon the unearthly reaction; and at dammerung his fancy wove into a fabric of verse that told in a novel way the world's oldest story, a cluster of memory images associated with that scene. He wrote them off and addressed them to Magnhild. Two days later she received them at the Mt. Washington, and this was as they read:

## THE GIRL THE CRICKETS BITE

The day went down, the day she left,  
 In weariness and wet,  
 The mists rose weirdly o'er the lake,  
 And I thought of Magnhild follette.

The playful girl the crickets bite  
 As she summons them to die;  
 Yet they gladly give their lives for her —  
 And I think I've found out why.

The little girl the crickets bite,  
 I dream of her afar,  
 But my senses turn to the crimson branch,  
 My psychic *feu-de-joie*.

For memories bide with those red leaves  
 Immeasurably bright —  
 They bring me back the golden hours  
 With the girl the crickets bite.

And Magnhild recalled the turning leaves, and the first crimsoned branches he had cut for her, and she read between the lines a delicate expression of homage.

Had Dr. Van Alstynne lived in Provence in the olden times, would he have been awarded by the fastidious queen of the Floral Games and her court of ladies, the violet of gold? <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> At the Courts of Love held in Provence, the troubadours, or minstrel romancists, contended in verse for prizes awarded by the court, which consisted of sixty ladies and a queen. The Countess of Toulouse instituted the Floral Games, so-called from the arbors in which the rival poets dwelt. The reward of him who presented the best poem was a golden violet; and he who was three times awarded the prize received a doctor's degree.

## CHAPTER VIII

### EPISODE II

#### THE TORNADO OF 1821

A STORY OF THE LAKE LANG-SYNE

(Referred to the pen of Charles Dickens.)

*Principio venti vis verberat incita pontum  
Interdum rapido percurrens turbine, campos  
Arboribus magneis sternit, monteisque supremos  
Sylvifrageis vexat flabreis.*

— LUCRETIUS

“When autumn smiles, all-beauteous in decay,  
And paints each chequer'd grove with various hues,”

the friends are again at Wenagameswook, to rest there during October. Magnhild had grown stronger, more exalted in spirit, more facile in accomplishment, more susceptible to the silent influence of nature. She shared his sentiment with Bryant that it were a lot too blest to rove and dream forever, in the colored shades of autumn, “best portion of the various year.”

Fortunate indeed are they whose leisure permits them to tarry through the dreamy Indian summer, and watch the flush of autumn deepen over the New Hampshire forests. The climate is then at its best. The days, if ever, are perfect. The hillsides, ablaze with crimson and gold, mirror their glories in the motionless lakes. The sun is wont to go to glade amid purple pomp or throned in clouds of flame;

and a rosy-lilac after-glow gives mysterious lustre to the twilight hour between sundown and moon dawn. The rose gleam lingers in the gloaming and fades to amethystine gray, until the soul is spelled with all the witchery of wood-glooms. The nights are cool, yet bland; and through the mellow shade, planets vespertine and stars glimmer with a softened splendor.

At this glad season, the ruffed grouse, unsurpassed among American feathered game, abounds in the underbrush. To cut this bird down in open woods as he skurries away under full sail — to walk him up with or without dogs, and stop him as he rises by some grass-grown roadside glowing with the coral fruit of the black alder, or in some woodland pasture where the berry still clings to the bramble-stalk — requires a high degree of vigilance and coolness, and implies the cream of sport. Throughout the fall, flocks of wild fowl frequent the larger bodies of water, and their wild chatter mingles at nightfall with “the loon’s weird laughter.” The covers abound in the varying hare; the fox is always ready to match his trained instincts against the hunter’s intellect and skill. Deer, which by reason of protection have become quite numerous, parade the beaches at night unafraid, and take long draughts of the sweet lake water by the light of the hunter’s moon.

So it is not only when summer smiles on bank and brae, that New Hampshire forces upon him who flies to her bosom for manly diversion or for the cure of mental and bodily ills, the bonds of a hopeless enamourment.

Visitors who prolong their stay into November find the climate grow gradually more stimulating, outdoor exercise more exhilarating, life in every way more intense. And, to quote a native poet,

“A beauty is upon the earth this hour  
Ne’er seen but in these opening winter days.”

A feature of this season is the occupation of the spawning-beds off Loon Islands, in the center of the lake, by myriads of American saibling, an Alpine charr not known to exist in the Western continent until discovered on these rocky shoals by Colonel Elliott B. Hodge, the fish commissioner. Colonel Hodge had long suspected the presence of a deep water trout, as it was called, in some of the New Hampshire lakes. He imaginatively foresaw the existence in North America of charr that were the congeners of Swiss and Scandinavian forms, that made their home in the frigid depths of the coldest mountain lakes and so had escaped the notice of the white man. This discovery of thousands of strange fish on their hymeneal beds, fish that represented a species never before observed in the United States, fish that had evidently risen in battalions from mysterious depths on that October day, verified these foregleams. It was a notable discovery. It proved the truth of what the great naturalist Agassiz decided regarding the Dublin Pond trout under Mt. Monadnock, viz., that this fish was an independent form allied to the deep water charrs of the Swiss lakes; and he predicted that the species would be found elsewhere, for he did not believe nature made this beautiful trout for one little pond. And he was right. The subsequent discovery of Alpine forms in New Hampshire, Maine, and the Dominion of Canada, has justified his assumption.

Owing to the depredations of its two great enemies, the yellow perch and the miller's thumb (*uranidea*), the Sunapee saibling was all but exterminated, when black bass were introduced into the lake to destroy these enemies in turn and afford it a chance to increase. Fish culture has since added many millions to its ranks.

It was this saibling that Colonel Hodge was preparing to corral for fish culture purposes, when Magnhild and Rhoda landed on the beach of the eastern shore in the

blaze and breathlessness of a late October forenoon, and found the little fishing station, in the forest at the mouth of the brook, occupied by the commissioner and several able seconds. Fishing operations were evidently in progress. Nets were stretched out on the sand, and the men were cleaning up litter. The visitors decided to introduce themselves, and learn what they could from a man whom they had heard was thoroughly versed in fish-lore, of the famous white trout of Sunapee, the name by which the saibling was generally known by reason of its silvery appearance in summer. So they made bold to approach the cabin.

The Colonel was at his best. The big tanks through which the brook flowed were ready for the reception of hundreds of trout. And a party was about to start across the lake to ascertain whether the spawning fish were as yet on the reefs.

"Good morning, ladies," he said cordially, as they stepped up on the piazza of the little fish-culture station. "I saw your canoe crossing the lake a half hour ago and could not but admire the athletic strokes that sent it whirring through the painted water. How brilliant are the reflections of the trees this morning! and Mt. Sunapee seems to be watching its shadow in the mirror at its feet."

"A beautiful figure, Colonel Hodge," answered Rhoda, who assumed the rôle of spokes-woman; "and as you have introduced the subject of trees, perhaps you can tell us something of the forests we have just been among in the White Mountains region, so rich in their autumnal costumes. Surely, some of them are virgin."

"Yes, there are many hundred square miles of virgin forest on the slopes of the Presidential Range, and in other sections. But they are all doomed to fall before the lumberman's axe, unless the government can be induced to buy them and convert them into a National Reservation."



“A burning shame! Are not those forests to be reckoned with as sanitary factors? Do they not affect the health conditions of the whole state? I believe you to be well-advised on this subject, for you must spend a great deal of your time under the forest trees, in the prosecution of your duties!”

“You have guessed correctly, Miss Barrett, when you rank me among the students and lovers of our forests — of soughing pines and fragrant balsams, of restful maples and stately elms, that marry their branches overhead, shading the passer-by, delighting him with their dancing sun-images, and giving domicile to a hundred vocal bird-forms — when you class me as a deprecator of the reduction of forest-covered areas through the improvident action of man, the great disturber of natural conditions. A refined civilization like ours resents expression in mutilated forests, denuded mountains, flowed lake margins with their hideous girdles of dead timber, stony channels of dried streams.

“Life beneath the branch has taught me many things. I have taken pains to inform myself regarding the temperature of the air in and immediately about a forest, and find it is lower in summer and higher in winter than that of the neighboring open. A piece of woodland, therefore, tends to cool the surrounding country during the hot months, and to warm it when winter cold prevails. Moreover, not only are trees in themselves slow to absorb heat and slow to part with it, but their foliage intercepts the rays of the sun by day, thus keeping the subjacent air from being rapidly warmed, and interferes similarly with heat radiation by night. As the air receives its temperature partly by direct radiation from the sun, and partly by return from the earth, a forest is cooler during the hours of sunshine and warmer by night, than a treeless area. Cleared land, I have observed, absorbs and gives out heat

rapidly; hence the fluctuations over a deforested region are wide, and thus favorable to the induction of pulmonary and intestinal diseases that arise from sudden chilling of the body. Besides, since the open fields are hotter by day and colder at night than adjacent forests, a wholesome circulation of air is induced, the current setting outward from the forest during the day and toward the forest after sunset, in conformity to the same principle which explains the phenomenon of land and sea breezes. The hotter the summer, the more salutary is this effect. Thus the action of forests is clearly in the line of inhibiting sudden changes of temperature, and so they render the climate more equable. Whatever modifies the extremes of heat and cold is an influence in the interest of public health."

"That is certainly most clearly stated. But I want you to tell me whether forests really create rain. I have heard so many conflicting statements in regard to this, that I do not know what to believe."

"Miss Barrett, this a question for a Pythoness. I have studied this subject deeply, and have concluded that facts are not convincing here. Change of rainfall coincident with change of forest conditions is not necessarily a result of the latter, for there are great cosmic influences working to modify the descent of rain that science as yet ill understands. Anything, however, that intercepts moisture-laden currents of air, or determines the mixture of currents of air differing in temperature, favors precipitation. Forests do both; they are the natural condensers of atmospheric vapor. The cause of rain is the cooling of a volume of damp air. The vapor of a warm current wafted over a forest and striking the overhanging cold moist air stratum and the cooler trees, is likely to condense and be precipitated in a local shower. And vice versa, a current colder than the moist stratum above a forest causes condensation

of the vapor in that stratum, and precipitation of rain is the result.

“And let me tell you something more, Miss Barrett. Whatever the effect of forest cover on the *quantity* of rain that is precipitated, the experience of observers in all parts of the world attests the action of forests as conservators of the fallen rain and melted snows, and as retarders of the waterflow. Forests are the cisterns in which Nature stores the water fed by her hand so uniformly and lavishly to the springs and streams. Their importance as preservers of an abundant supply and promoters of an even distribution of water, cannot be overestimated from the sanitary as well as the agricultural and manufacturing viewpoints. By storing up the water in the spongy soil about their roots, and mechanically keeping it back while protecting it by their leaves from evaporation, forest trees tend to distribute it gradually and uniformly in the natural conduits.

“Who does not know that your White Mountain region, with its forest covering and unfailing springs, gives birth and permanent nurture to the Saco, the Androscoggin, the Merrimac, and the Connecticut, which turn more machinery than any other four rivers of their size in the world? Who does not know that if the vast forests of the White Hills are cut, these rivers must cease to turn wheels during a large portion of the year?”

“But, Colonel Hodge, is not the public health menaced by fluctuations in the level of running rivers?”

“I believe that such fluctuations are a fruitful source of sickness. High streams reach out to objectionable drainage and become polluted, not infrequently with typhoid poison; hence the danger of freshets after a prolonged drought.”

“Isn't forest air very pure? I remember Dr. Van

Alstyné told me once that the ozones of forest trees were Nature's great purifiers. The volatilized oleo-resins of the evergreen trees, with their admitted therapeutic value in pulmonary irritation; the plant-humidity, charged in its passage through the leaves and green shoots with anti-septic and other principles healing to lung, enriching to blood, recuperative to exhausted nerve organs; the exhilarating quality of the forest air, at once invigorating, soothing, appetizing, soporific — he mentioned all these effects."

"I know the doctor very well, and what he says, I will swear by. He told me on a certain occasion that the air from forests is more than a mere wholesome gaseous food. It contains no dust, and is practically free from micro-organisms. It has been estimated, I may remind you, that every cubic inch of air in the living room of a city house carries thirty million such dust particles, in a city street three million, in the open country only two thousand, and infinitely fewer in the heart of a forest. Here the soil, temperature, and moisture conditions are incompatible with free bacterial development; there is no organic matter in the air for pathogenic germs to thrive upon, and comparatively little wind to waft them from place to place. Thus forests tend to prevent the inception and check the movements of epidemics; they determine a measurable immunity from disease, and in the light of these facts, no one can question their sanitary significance."

"When I look at this girl, Colonel, I think I might tell you something you don't know about the psychic influence of forests."

"Now, Rhoda, quit. We've had enough of forests. I want to know something of these white trout I have heard so much about. Indeed, I caught several one day, while fishing in deep water. And they looked very unlike the spotted trout of the brook. There was no mottling on their seagreen backs, their yellow spots were without a blue

halo, their heads were small and delicately shaped, with diminutive aristocratic mouth and liquid intelligent eyes. The tails were not quite square, and the build was wonderfully graceful."

"Your description, Miss Wetterstrand," interjected Col. Hodge, "is remarkably accurate. You are quite an ichthyologist."

"Only a close observer, Col. Hodge, but I wish to inquire whether you believe these strange trout are native to this lake?"

"I have always been of this opinion, and I think I have converted Dr. Van Alstyne, who was long reluctant to admit it. I am convinced that species of Arctic trout were once spread all over our northland; but as the glacier receded and the waters warmed, they were forced to seek in the deepest spring-fed depressions of our lakes the temperature necessary to their existence. Fish of this species have survived only in a few lakes that are icy cold at the bottom, and Sunapee is one of them. They are bottom-dwellers and bottom-feeders, and rise to the surface to cast their spawn when the water is intensely cold, usually about October 25th. They know their eggs would not hatch in the depths under the pressure of 100 feet of unacrated water."

"How do they know all this?"

"It is a blind impulse that we call instinct, which teaches them in obedience to Nature's law of self-preservation, to hug the polar depths of the lake at a temperature of 40° to 50° F., until the penetrating chill of autumn admonishes them of their connubial obligations. These are met the last week in October by the ascent of a serried column many thousands strong to the rocky shoal opposite, set in the geographical centre of the lake. Every saibling capable of procreation seeks this spawning bed, for it is the only one among a dozen in the lake over which a current

sets toward the outlet. The constant change of water implied in such a current is necessary to the life of the fertilized eggs. Their healthy development depends upon aeration. All this the parent fish are instinctively aware of, so they will not deposit eggs on any other reef, no matter how otherwise well adapted or convenient."

"Instinct is wonderful, isn't it? especially in fishes? It is superior to reflective power, and succeeds where reason would fail. What you tell us, Colonel, is certainly a marvellous exhibition of it."

"Magnhild, you are daft on fish," impatiently broke in Rhoda. "Where did you pick up this predilection so suddenly? You never used to know or care anything about them. I begin to believe in thought-transference; if not in transference of tastes and propensities."

"No matter about that, Rhoda. The Colonel will not understand. But I want to ask him how these trout, if indigenous to the lake, could have escaped the notice of fishermen until discovered by him."

"Because of their habits and reduced numbers, Miss Wetterstrand. The secluded habits of this charr explain the obscurity which has so long clouded its life history. Warm water unfavorable to the vitality of the saibling was extremely conducive to the multiplication of yellow perch which held carnival among the helpless alevins at the spring-hatching season, almost effecting by their periodic havoc the extermination of our white trout. But as the black bass introduced from Lake Champlain increased in numbers, they fell upon the perch in turn until the lake was virtually rid of this voracious pest. And the black bass do not interfere with the trout for two reasons. Both have an abundance of easily caught and tasteful food in the land-locked smelt with which the lake has been planted, and bass and trout do not inhabit the same sections of water at the same time, the trout seeking low temperatures

and the bass preferring 65° to 70° in summer and hibernating in winter."

"Has it been observed elsewhere, Colonel, that trout have increased in consequence of the introduction of black bass?"

"My theory that black bass changed the natural conditions in Lake Sunapee so that the saibling had a chance to increase is substantiated by well-known facts in the case of a number of Maine lakes, notably the Cobbosseecontee and Messalonshee chains in Kennebec County. These lakes, twenty in number, with an area of 50,000 acres, formerly swarmed with trout; but the introduction of perch and pickerel so reduced the numbers of the superior fish that it was apparently exterminated. After black bass were planted, these lakes soon afforded the best trout fishing obtainable in the settled area of the state."

"And tell me finally, Colonel, whether these fish that are so white and silvery in summer put on a vivid coloring in the mating season, like the brook trout Dr. Van Alstyne has told me of."

"Indeed they do, Miss Wetterstrand, and they look their best on their connubial days. Beautiful as is the marriage of the brook the doctor has described to you, it is cast into shadow by the nuptial festival that takes place every autumn on the mid-lake reefs at Sunapee — a festival in which a thousand Alpine or white trout, better described as golden charr (*aureolus*), celebrate their matrimonial rites. As the October pairing time approaches, the Sunapee fish becomes resplendent with the flushes of maturing passion. The steel green mantle of the back and shoulders now seems to dissolve into a dreamy "bloom" of amethyst, through which the daffodil spots of mid-summer blaze out in points of flame, while below the lateral line all is dazzling orange. The fins catch the hue of the adjacent parts, and are marked with a lustrous white band. It

is a unique experience to watch this American saibling spawning on the Sunapee shallows. Here in all the magnificence of their nuptial decoration flash schools of gauded beauties, circling in proud sweeps about the submerged boulders they would select as the scenes of their espousals — the poetry of an epithalamion in every motion — in one direction uncovering to the sunbeams in amorous play their golden-tinctured sides gemmed with the fire of rubies; in another darting in little companies, the pencilled margins of their fins seeming to trail behind them like white ribbons under the ripples. There are conspicuous differences in intensity of general coloration, and the showy dyes of the milter are tempered in the spawner to a dead luster cadmium cream or olive chrome, with spots of orient opal. The wedding dress Nature has given to this charr is indeed unparagoned. Those who have seen the bridal pageant of these glistening hordes, fresh-run from icy depths in love and pomp of action, pronounce it a spectacle never to be forgotten."

"Colonel Hodge," cried Magnhild at the conclusion of this highly imaginative description, "you are an enthusiast, you are a poet. I refuse to go back to camp until you have shown me these wonderful fish in the raptures of their annual honeymoon. You say they ought to be on their bridal beds; to-day is the day they are due. Take us over to the reef and let us see the sights!"

"Why, Magnhild," broke in Rhoda, "it is rude of you to demand this favor of the Commissioner. You have become obsessed on the subject of fish, and have forgotten your manners. An apology is in order."

"Rhoda, a poet need never apologize to a poet."

"And no apology is looked for. I admire the ardor of your friend, Miss Barrett, and in a few moments I shall be ready to cross in the wake of my scouting party, and it will be my delight to convoy you. I have good reason for



believing, from what I can see through the glass, that the fish have arrived."

When the party reached the Loon Island reef, the finny lovers were in evidence in all their glory of color and majesty of wooing. Magnhild could hardly contain herself, as she stood erect in her canoe and surveyed the inspiring scene.

"Paddle up to my skiff," advised the Colonel, "if you are going to stand up; and I will row you all over the ground, so that you can take in the whole performance."

And Magnhild pushed the canoe alongside and leaped lightly into the Commissioner's flat-bottom, all eagerness to take in a sight so rarely at the beck of the angler. There they were, troops of golden beauties, varying from one to ten pounds in weight, and in ceaseless princely motion. Instinctively Magnhild picked up the Colonel's fly rod, with its cast of silver doctor and parmacheenee belle, and posed to rise a fish; but the Colonel stopped her.

"The saibling never affects sleeve-silk and tinsel, Miss Wetterstrand. The white trout never takes a fly. If you wish to catch one by casting, I will remove the flies from the leader, and in place of the tail fly attach this delicate little fluted spoon. The only way to catch these fish on the reef with tackle is to cast a tiny spinner among them; but it must strike the water in motion or they will not notice it. Do you think you are equal to it?"

"Let me try," and Magnhild sent the spinner well out, and adroitly recovered her line so that it alighted on the surface with a fluttering movement, which she kept up by the action of her rod. And then there was a sudden wave under the lure, and she struck, and away went her line tearing through the water to the scream of the reel.

"You've hooked a big one," exclaimed the Colonel in astonishment. "You've done this before. You are a mistress of the cast."

“ But why doesn't he jump, like the landlocked salmon I caught one day with Dr. Van Alstyne ? ”

“ Have you caught a landlocked salmon ? ”

“ Indeed I have — I didn't lose him either, like Honnor Cunnyngham in Prince Fortunatus. My flies didn't dangle helplessly in the air, to proclaim my fish gone. But I had a good coach.”

“ You certainly did if you had Dr. Van Alstyne; and if you have conquered a landlocked salmon you need not be afraid to take issue with a big saibling. This fish doesn't jump like the salmon, but will try your nerve with its determined vicious tugs. Its game qualities are estimated to be double those of the brook trout. To land a 5 lb. saibling in his prime implies experience and dexterity — and the fish you are fast to will weigh fully that. But why should I coach a proficient like you ? ”

“ How he stands back, Colonel, and with bull-dog pertinacity wrenches savagely at the line, shaking his head like a human being. And now he is doubling in a desperate dash for life; but he has used up a lot of his strength in that tugging, jerking game. He has not the pluck of the ouananiche.”

“ Far from it; but he is frenzied at the interruption of his wedding ceremony, and should put up a good fight. You are getting the better of him. Keep him coming nearer to the boat, and I will net him and put him in this tub of water, for transportation to our headquarters.”

“ That's all very well, Colonel, but he must have heard you express your intention of tubbing him, for he is heading away from us. I'll bring him round in a minute, he is beginning to yield. Now he is coming and now he turns on his side. Look at him lying asphyxiated on the surface, his last mad rush for liberty frustrated, a synthesis of qualities that make a perfect fish. Oh! look at him. Let

me hold him for a moment after you disengage him from the landing-net, in my outstretched hands and watch the tropoeolin glow of his awakening loves soften into cream tints and the cream tints pale into the pearl of moonstone as the muscles of respiration grow feebler in their contraction — there, put him into the tub quickly and revive him — I have sufficiently experienced that erethism of internal exaltation they say the capture of no other fish can excite.”

“Yes, Miss Wetterstrand, it is all true. It is this after-  
come of pleasure, this delight of contemplation and speculation, of which the scientific angler never wearies, that lends a charm absolutely *sui generis* to the pursuit of the Alpine charr — a fish of which it has been said that one cannot study its fascinating past and familiarize himself with its impressive life habits, without conviction, as he becomes acquainted with the wonderful evolution implied in its survival, of the existence of a God. But our way of taking big catches is by surrounding the spawning bed with gill nets at night, and driving the fish into them. And there is no poetry about that.”

“Magnhild,” called Rhoda from the canoe, “why are you so interested in fish? I have not words to express my astonishment. I am shocked. Between you and the Colonel, I shall fear ever to eat another trout lest I should do violence to some of your sentiments. To me a trout is a trout, and the *facile princeps* part of him is closely associated with the breakfast table. All this gush about their loves — why, Magnhild, it is simply moonshine! Oh, pooh! The next thing, you will be writing a sonnet on the troth-  
plight of fishes, after the passionate style of Rossetti.

“But I have in my trunk a story written in 1843, entitled *The Fisherman of Lake Sunapee*, in which these trout you are both so crazy over are first celebrated in literature.

Col. Hodge has been so courteous that I am going to take it over to his camp to-morrow and read it to him, for I am sure he will be intensely interested."

"Anything, Miss Barrett, relating to the piscatory history of the lake will receive my pleased attention. I have never found any printed information on this subject prior to 1859, when Coolidge's *History of New England* was published in Boston. In that book I read of Sunapee as a beautiful sheet of water surrounded by romantic scenery and abounding in fish. The Indians must have fished these waters, but I can find no records of their outings beyond vague traditions that exist of journeys by the natives to 'Sunapee's shore of rock' in quest of the spotted trout; but such visits were always subsequent to the blossoming of the shad tree or sugar plum in May — the season for the annual assembling of Indians at Bellows Falls, to scoop up with their nets the sea-run shad and salmon which gathered in myriads in the basin below the rapids. I shall be more than glad to listen to your story."

"It is a story of the Cyclone of 1821 that old Uncle Ben Sargent related to us the other day, and agrees in the main with his account. The affecting tale is attributed to no other than Charles Dickens; and although not in his best known style may possibly have been his composition, for he was always fascinated with the pathetic, and we know from his *American Notes* that in 1842 he travelled through those parts of Ohio that are the scene of this adventure."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Magnhild. "You have been ridiculing me for my interest in the trout, and now I am going to turn the tables on you! A story by Dickens that does not appear in any of his published works, discovered by Miss Rhoda Barrett, and edited with notes! That will make your literary reputation. Ha! ha! moonshine and moon-struck madness!"

“ Well, it may be moonshine and flummery, but listen. When I first came to the lake I heard of the hurricane and was told by old-timers that Dickens wrote up the story which had the run of a number of English and American periodicals and first gave fame to the *Horicon* of New Hampshire. After searching for several years, I had the good fortune to come upon it one day at the University Library in an English periodical published in the forties. You better believe I held onto the magazine until I had copied the story. It was entitled *The Fisherman of Lake Sunapee*, and I am of opinion that it was written by the novelist’s secretary, Mr. P., who followed him to America and accompanied him on his tour. We know that, in 1842, they were at Cincinnati. William Sturoc, honored as the bard of Sunapee in William Black’s novel, *Stand Fast, Craig-Royston*, did not admit the Dickens authorship, but maintained that the story was composed by some one else and the novelist’s name appended as a *nom de plume*. But the story appeared in England just after Dickens’ return from America in 1843, and we know that he visited the section of Ohio in which Harvey Huntoon and his wife Naomi settled subsequently to the loss of their property and child as told in this affecting story, nor are we to forget the novelist’s susceptibility to the plaintive and the touching.”

And this is the story as Rhoda read it to an interested audience at the fishing station the following afternoon :

#### THE FISHERMAN OF LAKE SUNAPEE

Some years ago, I had occasion to leave Cincinnati, which had been my temporary residence during some months, in order to meet a friend at Steubenville, a busy thriving town on the eastern side of the State of Ohio, and standing on the river from which the State takes its name. Apparently the distance between these two places

would not be much more than two hundred miles, but the tortuous course of the river makes it at least three hundred, when the journey is performed by water, as indeed it of necessity must be.

I had no business whatever of my own at Steubenville, but in compliance with my friend's request that I should accompany him in a visit to some of the salt-works in the neighborhood, in which he was largely concerned, I had agreed to meet him on a certain day, at a certain hotel in this town.

I reached Steubenville about noon, and proceeded at once to the hotel where I expected to find my friend. He was not there, but, in his stead, I found a letter from him, in which he told me that he had met with an accident that would render his leaving home impossible for another week. This was rather annoying. I deliberated for a few minutes, uncertain whether to take the next Cincinnati boat and return immediately, or to wait patiently a whole week in a place in which I had no acquaintances and no occupation. I wanted recreation, the hotel seemed comfortable, and I soon decided to make it my headquarters till my friend's arrival, and to spend my leisure time in rambling about the neighboring country.

Whoever has traveled in Ohio has seen one of the most exuberantly fertile regions of the great American continent. There indeed does the earth bring forth abundantly, not only corn and fruits, but it is rich in some of the most useful minerals, iron and coal.

There are no mountains in Ohio, but much high table land, rising to about a thousand feet above the level of the sea, and even these hills are covered with a fertile soil to their summits. The whole country is watered by navigable rivers of great beauty, which bear on their gentle currents the products of this highly-cultivated region.

But I am not about to give either a geographical or a

statistical account of this state, though much might be told of it that is marvellous when we consider that it was no longer ago than in 1788 that its first white settlers were a little party of emigrants from New England, and that, forty years after their arrival, towns and villages had sprung up amongst the smiling valleys and rich plains, while the growth of the population, now considerably more than a million and a-half, is such as has never been paralleled.

I was always fond of fishing, and after having spent two or three days on horseback, leaving the choice of road very much to my horse's discretion, as the country was all new to me, and apparently equally beautiful whichever way I roamed, I borrowed a rod and line from my host, and set out towards a little stream, from which I had observed a man catching fish at a great rate the day before. My way lay through the edge of a forest — one of those magnificent forests of gigantic trees that stretch back from the river for miles, and which are now and then broken by a fertile prairie, or, as we should call it, a natural meadow.

I soon found the place I was in quest of — a narrow opening in the forest, through which ran a clear, rippling stream, not more than thirty or forty feet in breadth. Almost at the same spot in which I had seen him the preceding day, stood the same figure, with his rod in hand, and the rest of his tackle lying by his side on the short smooth turf. I also noticed that a book, which from its appearance I felt almost sure was the Bible, lay on a blue cotton handkerchief by the side of his fishing-basket. He looked up, and took a scrutinizing survey of me from head to foot, as I approached and was making my mental observations on him; his countenance was grave and even melancholy, but not forbidding or in any degree unpleasant, so I ventured to address him, and, English fashion, made some commonplace remark upon the state of the weather.

"You are from the old country, I guess," said my new acquaintance.

"You guess right. But what makes you think so?"

"Because you told me it was a fine day. We Americans are so used to fine weather that we don't think much of it. I guess you don't get much of it in your country."

Of course I defended our country from such an injurious imputation, while I generously admitted that we had not, either in summer or winter, anything like the bright clear atmosphere of America.

I had seen enough of New England and the New Englanders to enable me to recognize a Yankee as soon as I heard him speak, and I was well aware that this man was from one of the Eastern States. Probably, thought I, he is a settler, who has migrated from some bleak rocky district in hopes of bettering his fortunes in this land flowing with milk and honey.

There is nothing like a community of tastes for furnishing subjects of conversation, even between strangers; so, in five minutes from the time of our first meeting, we were deep in the mysteries of fly-fishing. My companion, who was evidently an experienced angler, caught at least two fish to my one, for he had greatly the advantage over me, inasmuch as he was thoroughly acquainted with the peculiarities of fish, of which I did not even know the names — for they, like the birds, the plants, and many other things pertaining to natural history, are different from those of England.

Though very grave, I did not find my companion either taciturn or reserved; on the contrary, he seemed ready to converse on any subject that was started. Once or twice, indeed, he answered me in a strange, abrupt manner, and instantly turned the conversation, as if what I said had offended him, or in some way given him pain, though I could not imagine how that could be.



After enjoying several hours' good sport, I thought it time to return to my inn, but my companion would not hear of it.

"You must not go back to-night," said he. "You must come home with me; the old woman will find you a bed, and I will show you my little farm, out in the bush, yonder. I guess you could not match it for beauty in your country."

I felt no inclination to throw doubts on this point. Why should I? I like to see a man prefer his own country, as he would his own wife and his own children, to any other in the world; so I thanked him, and after making some apologies for the trouble an unexpected guest might give his wife, I accepted his friendly invitation. I had been in America long enough to understand what was meant by "the old woman," having as frequently heard the epithet applied to young wives as to those who were really aged.

We packed up our traps, and I saw the Bible carefully wrapped in the blue handkerchief, and deposited in one of my friend's capacious pockets. He then conducted me through a little opening on the outskirts of the forest—*bush* he always called it, which led to his humble dwelling. It was a log house of the best description, built entirely by himself, he told me, and certainly not without considerable regard to taste, both as to situation, and as to external appearance. It stood in the midst not of a *clearance*, but of a natural opening of about fifty acres in extent, which was surrounded by the most beautiful shrubs and forest trees. *Kalmias* and *rhododendrons*, of dimensions such as are never seen in England, grew amongst the clean straight stems of oaks, hickory, sugar-maples, and I know not what besides, whilst in many places the wild grapevines hung in graceful festoons from the branches of the forest trees which form their support.

On two sides of the house ran, what in England would

be called a verandah, but what in New England, as well as in New York State, in which they were doubtless first introduced by the Dutch settlers, are known by no other name than the Stoup. In these pleasant wide stoups, the floors of which are generally very nicely boarded and painted, the women of the family sit to sew or knit in warm weather, the children play in them when the sun is too hot, or the weather too wet for them to go out of doors; and the men not infrequently solace themselves with a pipe. At the back of the house, the stoup serves for larder, store-room, laundry, garden-house, and a vast many other purposes. I have seen joints of frozen meat hanging in the "back stoup" for weeks together, along with frozen fowls, dry salt-fish and venison. At other seasons, strings of apple chips, or peach-chips, are hanging to dry, or the household linen, which would be injured by the great heat of the sun in summer, or covered with snow in the winter, if exposed without shelter. In short, the stoup is the most ornamental, agreeable, and useful addition to a country house.

We went through the stoup into a good-sized comfortable looking room. No one was in it, but the "women's litters," as my companion called the various signs of industry that lay about, showed that it had been occupied very recently.

"I guess my wife is busy at the back," said the master, as he stepped out again, and shouted Esther! Esther! in a voice that might have been heard half a mile off.

I took the opportunity which his absence gave me of looking round the room. The furniture was such as I had seen in numbers of New England farmhouses — the same flaringly painted time-piece, the same light bass-wood chairs, so different to the heavy oaken ones of an English farmhouse, and the same thrifty, home-made rag carpet. A gaudy tea tray, and some common looking china graced

a set of corner shelves, and the inevitable rocking-chair stood by the side of the stove. A few old-fashioned looking books, ranged on a single shelf between the windows, attracted my attention, as I have often observed that from the character of the books we see in a house, we may form some idea of tastes, if not of the character, of its inhabitants. The collection was small but rather curious: *New England's Memorial, a brief relation of the providence of God manifested to planters, 1669*; *The Day-breaking of the Gospel in New England*; *Good News from England, . . . concerning the painful laborers in that vineyard of the Lord, and who be the preachers to them, 1647* — all very edifying works no doubt. Added to these were Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, his *Holy War*, and some other books of which I do not recollect the names.

Two colored engravings adorned the wall opposite the windows, both from Scripture subjects, one representing "The raising of Jairus' Daughter," the other, "Our Saviour stilling the Tempest." One glance at these works of art was sufficient; but my eye rested with much curiosity upon the object which hung between them.

Under a glass, smoothed out, and tacked at the corners with four or five very small, neatly cut wooden pegs, to a cedar shingle of about eight inches wide, and six deep, was a torn, irregularly-shaped piece of common-looking calico print; and around this picture, as I must call it for want of a more appropriate name, was a deep frame, made of some kind of pine cones sawn in halves, and arranged in a manner that showed considerable taste as well as ingenuity. The inscription under the piece of print nowise assisted me in forming any conjecture as to what this strange looking affair could be, for it was only the word

" FAITHFUL "

printed in capital letters, and apparently by some unpractised hand.

The sound of footsteps reminded me that I had not yet been introduced to the mistress of the house, who now entered the room with her husband. She was a tall, spare, but very good-looking woman, of about forty-five years of age,—not so much, perhaps, for American women look quite as old at thirty, as English women do at forty. The mode of introduction was more practical than ceremonious. This was it: “Here, Esther, here’s the gentleman from the old country that I’ve been telling you about,—I don’t know his name.”

“My name is George Laurence,” said I, bowing to the lady.

“And my name is Reuben Baldwin, from New Hampshire. Do you know New Hampshire, sir?”

“I have travelled through some parts of it; I have been through the Notch in the White Mountains; we have nothing like *that* in England,” said I, thinking to propitiate Mr. Baldwin by the generous admission, for I had again seen the strange gloomy look which I had noticed while we were fishing in the morning.

“No, sir, you’ve nothing like it in England, and I’ve read that there’s nothing like it in the whole world.”

“It is very grand—very wonderful,” said I: “noble scenery amongst the White Mountains, and capital fishing in your New England lakes, as no doubt *you* know.”

If I had doubled my fist and given Reuben Baldwin a knock-down blow with it, he could hardly have looked more amazed than when I uttered these apparently inoffensive words.

“Lake!” he exclaimed, in an excited tone. “What lake? You don’t mean to say that you have been fishing . . . in that lake. . . .”

“I never fished in any lake, or in any stream in New

England," I replied. "I was frequently told that fish were very plentiful in those beautiful lakes, that's all I know about the matter."

Whilst this short dialogue had been going on, Esther had cleared away the "litters," put everything in its place, and was now setting the table in that quick silent manner I have so often remarked amongst her countrywomen. Without appearing to notice our conversation, she now turned towards her husband, and in a low voice asked him if he could find a few hens' eggs for her, as she had none in the house.

"Yes, yes; there's some in the wood-house; I saw them there this morning. I'll bring them to you in a minute; and now, Esther, fly around and get us something to eat as quick as you can."

As soon as her husband left the room, Mrs. Baldwin came towards me, and in a grave, earnest manner, said, "'Twas not that I so much wanted the eggs, but — don't say anything about fishing in them New Hampshire lakes to my husband, it sets him off so; and, for the land's sake! don't ask nothing about that kind o' picture," continued she, indicating by a slight nod the mysterious-looking, cone-framed print rag, which I have already described; "it would send him wild — and yet — perhaps he'll tell you all about it himself, if you don't notice it, for he seems to have taken a fancy to you."

There is a cool imperturbability about a genuine Yankee woman which makes me believe that she could never be taken by surprise, never be thrown off her guard. Her complete self-possession and command of countenance, under all circumstances, are admirable; and yet, perhaps, there are cases in which an English woman's embarrassment would be more interesting; but, however, this was not one of them.

Mrs. Baldwin had hardly finished speaking when her

husband returned with the eggs, which he handed to her in his hat. She looked up at the clock.

“The steak and fish are quite done by this time, Reuben, and by the time you’ve eaten them the pancakes will be ready.”

She left us for a few minutes, and then returned with a tray laden with a dish of stewed fish that was fit to set before a London alderman, a beefsteak to which I cannot give such unqualified praise, a dish of potatoes, and another of boiled Indian corn. Setting these things on the table, she slipped out of the room again, and brought in a second relay, consisting of pumpkin pies — which are very much like our cheese-cakes — cranberry jelly, cheese, butter, cakes, and tea. To these, as a matter of course, were added hot rolls of beautiful light bread. How it is managed I cannot conceive, but I will here mention incidentally that I never sat down to tea or breakfast in an American farmhouse without seeing hot-rolls that looked as if they had that minute come out of the oven!

Though nothing could exceed the hospitality of my entertainer, I did not feel altogether at my ease. The injunction given me by his wife, in such a mysterious manner, had raised a doubt in my mind as to whether he was perfectly sane, and the apprehension I was under lest I should unwittingly say something that would “set him off,” or “send him wild,” was a constant restraint upon the freedom of my conversation.

“I am not to say anything about the lakes of New England, and I am to take no notice of that queer picture,” said I to myself. “Well, there are plenty of other subjects open to me, for Mr. Baldwin is a sensible, intelligent man.” But then the unpleasant suspicion of his being deranged again presented itself, and I began to speculate upon what kind of lunacy it might be that he was afflicted with — whether he was violent, for instance? His wife

had no appearance of being afraid of him; but then, as I said before, these Yankee women are so wonderfully calm and self-possessed, that that's no rule! At all events, here I must stay for the night, for to make any excuse for going back to Steubenville, after having so far received his hospitality, would be most ungracious — besides, "Reuben has taken a fancy to me."

Our plentiful meal — which was dinner, tea, and supper all in one — was over, and all things cleared away by a little after eight o'clock. Knowing the primitive hours that are kept by the country people in most parts of America, and being unwilling to cause any inconvenience in the family, I offered to retire, if this were their hour for going to bed.

"Well, sir, as soon as you please; but you'll excuse me if I read a chapter or two first, 'tis my custom, sir, and I believe I should not sleep good if I neglected it. We New Englanders are mostly brought up to read the Bible; but some of us are apt to forget it, and to think of nothing but how to get money, and then the Lord sends us something to waken us up, and show us His power."

As Reuben spoke, he walked up to the strange looking picture, and stood with his eyes fixed on it. I was afraid that he now was really "going off," and thought it most prudent to make no reply to his observations, as it might tend to make matters worse. His wife, however, seemed to know how to manage him; for taking his Bible down from the shelf, she handed it to him, saying, "Here, Reuben, it is getting late."

He took it from her mechanically, with his eyes still fixed on the picture, and then in a low voice, as if he were talking to himself, said, "FAITHFUL — yes; that's what I forgot to be, and the Lord visited me in His wrath."

"You won't talk now, please, Reuben; I ain't so good a scholar as you, and I never can read when anybody is

talking," said Mrs. Baldwin, as she laid an old, well-worn Bible in large print on the table before her. Reuben also sat down to read, and for the time, I hoped, the danger was over.

I took up *Good News from England*, which I found to be a curious journal of the doings and sufferings of the first settlers who went from England in the *Mayflower*, written by one of them, Mr. Winslowe, whose name is still held in reverence in New England. It was he, I read, that imported into that country the first neat cattle that were ever seen there. After reading with great attention for about half an hour, Reuben closed his book, and asked if I were inclined to go to bed. I was quite willing to do so, for, besides that I had been upon my feet for a great many hours, and began to feel the want of rest, I knew that it would be expected that I should be ready for breakfast by four, or, at latest, by five o'clock the next morning. I had not far to go to my sleeping room, which was separated merely by boards from the room in which we had been sitting, and was just half its width; the other half formed the bedroom of my host and hostess. As we were about to leave the room, I noticed that there was neither lock nor bolt on the outer door, a deficiency that I had frequently observed in the country parts of America.

"I guess you can't very well do without them things in your country," said Mr. Baldwin, with a sly smile of superiority.

"Not in the part that *I* come from, certainly," replied I,—an answer not quite free from prevarication; but I confess that I felt then, as I had often done before, somewhat ashamed of the want of common honesty in my own country, which makes it so absolutely necessary for us to look carefully to the fastening of our doors and windows every night.

I have often slept in rooms in which there was a most



troublesome superabundance of furniture, where conveniences were multiplied till they became inconveniences, and where every "coign of vantage" was occupied by a useless knickknack. A bed, a small table and basin, one chair, and a few wooden pegs to hang my clothes on, were all that graced Reuben Baldwin's spare room — and it was sufficient; everything was clean and comfortable, and I never slept better in my life.

At five next morning we sat down to a breakfast of the same profuse description as our supper of the preceding night. Fried bacon, omelets, Johnny-cake, two or three kinds of preserved fruits, and excellent coffee were on the table, all prepared by the indefatigable Esther. Her husband milked the cow and sawed the wood for the stove, and probably helped her with the heaviest work, but she kept no servant of any kind to assist her. It has often been a mystery to me to imagine how these American women get through all the multifarious business that falls to their share with so little apparent effort or fatigue. In one or two instances in which I felt myself upon sufficiently familiar terms to allow of my asking the question, the answer has been, "Well, I guess it is just what we've been used to." What would our English farmers' daughters think of such work? I think I may venture to answer for them, "'Tis what we have never been used to!"

After breakfast, I went with Mr. Baldwin to look at his farm, of which he was not a little proud. He told me that he had had it only two years, and that his were the first crops that were ever grown on the land. Though so small in extent, he and his wife could get a good living out of the farm, the soil of which was rich and deep, and very easily worked, and when there was nothing particular to be done on the land, he caught fish in some of the neighboring streams, which he could always find a ready sale for at Steubenville.

The prohibitions which I had received from Mrs. Baldwin, or I should rather say, the hasty conclusion that I had drawn from them, had prevented my asking Reuben many questions which occurred to me respecting New England and its farming, and the comparative advantages and disadvantages to be found in Ohio; the former, if I might at all trust my own judgment, greatly preponderating. Yet the man seemed to be communicative, and much more open in his manner than the generality of his countrymen whom I had conversed with, and in whom indeed, the want of openness is so common, as fairly to be called a national characteristic. This morning, too, he seemed to be in good spirits, and I had not once observed the gloomy, or unhappy expression of countenance which I saw the day before.

I had seen enough of New England in merely travelling through it, to be aware of the general inferiority of its soil, for, with some notable exceptions, the land is absolutely encumbered with rocks, which can be got rid of by the farmer only at a vast expense of capital and labor. The climate, too, is severe, and the winter long and cold. I knew also that there had been for many years past, a tide of emigration from the New England States into Ohio, and even to the far West; therefore it did not appear strange to me that Reuben Baldwin should leave the sterile soil and bleak climate of New Hampshire, for the fertile land he had chosen, and I said something to that effect.

I saw his countenance change immediately, and he walked on for a minute or two before he made any reply to my observation.

“What you say about our rough climate and stony farms in New England is quite true, but as I was raised there I did not think much of them things—we don’t when we have been used to them all our life, any more than you think of all the fogs and dull dark days you get in England. No, sir, I should have lived there happy

enough, and died there, if it had not pleased God to recall the greatest blessing He had bestowed upon us, and in such an awful way! It well-nigh took away my senses, but thanks be to the Lord who comforteth those that are cast down. For our affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Here Reuben again made a long pause, which I did not think fit to interrupt, as I still felt uncertain whether he was suffering from any great calamity, or whether he labored under some kind of religious insanity, a malady which is said to be very prevalent in the Eastern States.

We entered the log-house in silence. Mrs. Baldwin was sitting in the rocking-chair, busily employed in knitting a man's worsted stocking. She raised her eyes for an instant, and gave the slightest possible nod to her husband, as much as to say, "I see you," or "Here I am," her knitting and her rocking going on vigorously all the while in perfect silence. And yet, under this cold and undemonstrative exterior, how much kindness was latent!

After sincerely thanking the worthy couple for their hospitality, I offered to take my leave, but Reuben would not consent to my going away so soon.

"Not yet, sir; not yet: 'tis not often that we see any one here, for we live very retired, and have no neighbors out here in the bush. But though I don't care much about society, I do like to have somebody like yourself to talk with sometimes — it cheers me up, and does me good, so you will not leave us just yet, I hope."

I could not urge the necessity of my presence at Steubenville, as I had already said that I had nothing to do there, but to wait for my friend's arrival from New York. I therefore accepted the invitation as frankly as it was offered, and sat down by the open window, looking with admiration at the rich tints of the varied foliage, and the

beautiful glimpses of forest scenery that were before me.

"You see, sir," said Reuben, "what a nice place I've got here — everything to make a man happy, you must think; and I am happier than I ever thought to be again, when I first settled here, little more than two years ago. Esther, my dear, I shall tell the gentleman why it was that we couldn't live no longer in the old place. I feel better for talking of it sometimes — at first I could not; but that's over now."

"I should be sorry, indeed," said I, "if I have asked any question, or made any remark that has given you pain, by reminding you of past misfortunes."

"I know it, sir. I'm sure you would not say anything to hurt my feelings; and as to reminding me of what's past, that can't be avoided. Why, sir, this morning, as we were walking through the bush, and talking about the different crops grown in your country, we came to where a lot of pine cones lay under the trees. I don't suppose you noticed them, but I did; and for a minute or two I did not hear what you were saying, no more than if I'd been in New Hampshire, for my mind was wandering back to the time when the poor child used to pick them up, and make believe shooting me with them; — but I have not told you about her yet. My mind seems to *run off the rails like*, sometimes, and I forget what I am talking about."

Mr. Baldwin was walking up and down the room in an excited manner, as he spoke. Presently he stopped opposite the strange-looking picture, and began dusting the frame with his handkerchief.

"You have not offered Mr. Laurence any of our cider, Reuben; perhaps he would like some after walking so long in the heat."

"I'm glad you thought of it, Esther — My wife thinks of everything, sir," continued he, as soon as Mrs. Baldwin left the room to fetch the cider; "if it had not been for

her I should have lost my senses under that great trial, for I almost lost faith and trust in God, so great was my affliction. But, after the first, she bore up so like a true Christian, that I took comfort from her example, and though at times my mind is sore troubled, I *know* that all things work together for good to them that love God."

When Mrs. Baldwin returned with a jug of cider, there was another pause; but this time her little *ruse* had not succeeded in turning her husband's thoughts from what I suppose she considered a dangerous subject. After filling our glasses he resumed the conversation.

"You have been in New Hampshire, sir, so I need not tell you what a different country that is to what you now see; and you have been through the Notch in the White Mountains that is quite in the north of the range. I lived to the south, near the foot of the Sunapee Mountain, for all them hills have names, though strangers call them the 'White Mountains,' as if they were all one thing. They get their name from their tops being covered with snow for ten months in the year; nothing won't grow *there* but black moss. Lower down there is a growth of dwarfed ugly pines, and 'tis only quite at the foot of the hills, and on the plains, that trees grow to a large size. Except that there are some fertile valleys, the country all round about for miles is the roughest I know anywhere. In some parts great blocks of granite, of many tons' weight, lie all over the land, so that it is impossible to plough amongst them, and even on the best land the stones are a great hindrance to the farmer. Well, sir, I lived in one of them pleasant valleys I told you of; we were nicely sheltered from the cold winds by the rising ground and the pine woods at the back, and right in front, not more than a furlong from my door, was Lake Sunapee. I have heard that there are lakes in your country so handsome that people go from all parts to look at them. Well, I guess there ain't none hand-

somer than Lake Sunapee. The water is as blue as the heavens, and so clear and smooth, that the mountain and dark pine woods are reflected in it just as if it was a looking-glass. Perhaps you would think it a lonely place, for our nearest neighbors were on the other side of the lake, but we New England farmers never think ourselves lonely if we live within sight of a neighbor's house, and I could see three or four.

“Well, sir, my wife and I had been married a good many years, but we had no children till about four years ago, when it pleased God to give us a little daughter, and I can't tell you how much I loved that child. My wife named it Faithful — that was her own mother's given name — and the child grew and ran about quite strong, and began to talk in her own pretty way, and Esther and I used to say to one another, what a blessing she was, and what a comfort she would be to us in our old age. In the evening after my work was done, I often used to carry her down to the lake, where I spent much of my time fishing, and she would run about on the hard white sand that lies along the shore, as happy as an angel, while her mother and I sat under the shade of the pines near by, watching her.

“The last time she was ever to play there was on one Sabbath evening; the day had been rather hot and close for September, and we noticed that we could not see a leaf stir, the air was so still when we got down to the Sunapee shore, where there was always a fresh breeze off the water even in the hottest days of summer. The poor child had picked up an apronful of pine cones, and put them into my coat pocket to carry home for her, and then we all sat down, for she seemed tired and sleepy, and before many minutes she fell asleep on her mother's lap. This was about an hour before sunset, but almost on a sudden it grew so dark that we thought there must be a heavy thun-

der-storm coming, and we rose up to go home as quickly as possible, thinking that the child would get wet. I took little Faithful from Esther, who went on as fast as she could before me. There was not a breath of air stirring, nor any thunder, but as it grew darker every minute, the lightning seemed to flash over the waters of the lake and light them up for an instant, and then again they looked as black as ink. As fast as I could I followed my wife along the path that led to our house, hoping that the child would be safe if we got there before the storm broke over our heads, for at that time I did not think of its being more than a very severe storm, though I never had seen one come on so sudden as this. Just as we got to the place where the path makes a turn, my wife stopped suddenly, and throwing up her hands, cried out:

“ ‘ O Lord, have mercy on us, for surely the end of the world is at hand.’

“ I never shall forget the awful sight I saw when I looked up! An immense black pillar that whirled round and round furiously, and sent out flashes of red light in every direction, seemed to be coming rapidly towards us. We were now but a short distance from our own door, and by hurrying forward with all our strength, in another minute were in the house. My wife took the child out of my arms, while at the same instant we both exclaimed, ‘ Thank the Lord, she is safe,’ and Esther, who was ready to fall from terror and exhaustion, laid our little sleeping angel on the bed.

“ Up to that time we had not heard a sound, and the air was as still and oppressive as it had been all day, but just as my wife stooped down to kiss her little Faithful, a great crash and rushing wind shook the house, and at the same moment I felt myself carried up into the air and whirled along in complete darkness. What more happened to me I don’t know anything about, for I lost all sense, until

I found myself some hours afterwards lying on the earth amongst uprooted trees, torn branches, and broken pieces of buildings. Meantime my wife was carried in another direction, right over two or three stone fences, over a stream of water, and across several fields; but neither she nor I can give any account of what happened to us after we heard that dreadful crash, just as we were lifted up into the air, though neither of us was hurt any more than being a little bruised and stunned like. But the most terrible part of the story I have not yet told, though 'tis most likely you have guessed it already — we never saw our child again!

“For many days we searched amongst the ruined farms, and through the shattered and torn-up trees, and wherever the whirlwind could be traced by its work of destruction; but all in vain. The bedstead on which my wife had laid the dear child was found in the pine wood at the foot of the mountain, one of our chairs along with some of the rafters of the house, were carried right across the lake into another man’s farm, but *she* was never found. A neighbor brought us a small piece of the frock she had on, which he picked up amongst the broken stumps of the trees that had had all their tops clean carried away, and this — this is all,” said the poor fellow, pointing to the piece of print under the glass, “that we now have that ever belonged to our dear child.”

“Everything we had was destroyed,” said Mrs. Baldwin, who, with the same tact that I had observed on another occasion, now addressed me in order to give her husband time to recover himself.

“Everything we had was destroyed; but we felt only one loss — that of our child. At first I thought if we had lost our child, as other parents lose theirs, I could have borne it; but to have her carried away in a raging whirlwind, and never see her again — oh! it was a hard, hard trial. But



we cannot choose — it was the Lord's doing, and it is our duty to submit."

Mrs. Baldwin covered her face with her hands for a minute, but soon mastering her emotion, she rose, and taking down the picture from the nail on which it hung, she put it into my hands.

"There, sir, those are the cones that our little Faithful picked up and put into her father's pocket only an hour before she was taken from us. As soon as he could fix his mind to any kind of work, he set himself to make this frame with them, for *the storm had spared them to us for that purpose*, he said."

I assured Mrs. Baldwin that I had already admired the beauty of the workmanship, though I did not then know the sad history which gave it so much interest.

"If you should ever visit that part of the country," resumed Mr. Baldwin, again addressing me, "you will see the traces of that storm for miles; where it began, or where it ended, I can't say, but the greatest mischief was done just by our lake. It seemed to burst right over my house, and then gather up and carry everything away, sweeping furiously across the lake, and even driving the waters several hundred feet on to the land on the opposite shore, as was plainly seen by the mud that was left there. From the first I believed that our child slept her death-sleep beneath those waters on which I had so often taken her in my little fishing-boat — and when she could nowhere be found amongst the ruins that the storm had made, I felt certain of it. I did not care to rebuild my house where everything would remind us of our misfortune — and as to fishing in that lake again, or even rowing on those waters, I could not bear to think of it. So I sold my land for what little I could get, and soon fixed myself here where you see me. Thank God, I have done very well, and in the course of time perhaps — but we can't forget our lost child."

This was the strange history I heard from Reuben Baldwin — an unpolished man, but a man of excellent sense and generous warm feelings. With such a gem of a farm as he is now in, with such an admirable partner in his joys and sorrows, and, above all, with the blessings of Providence, Reuben Baldwin may yet live to be a happy, if not a rich man.

I took leave of the worthy couple with the painful feeling that I was not likely ever to see them again, or even to make them any return for the kindness and hospitality they had bestowed on me.

It is not my intention to describe my meeting with my New York friend, or the business which brought us together, for there was nothing in it that could afford interest to any third person.

Two days after I left Reuben Baldwin's log-house in the bush, I was again in Cincinnati, where I made it my first business to procure a handsome copy of *Izaak Walton's Complete Angler*, which I sent with my grateful remembrance to the Fisherman of Lake Sunapee.

"A pathetic story indeed," remarked Colonel Hodge, as Rhoda finished reading. "I have often heard of the tornado, and once when I was in Andover, an old resident with whom I was driving pointed out a gnarled tree that must have stood on the edge of the storm-swept area, in the branches of which he related that the feather-bed on which the baby was lying, 'had ketched.' The whole countryside knew the main facts of the disaster."

"So the story, Colonel, is not fiction. I have studied it deeply and had correspondence with all the great Dickens scholars abroad, hoping to fasten it on Boz, even with his own son, who said it was published in a rival magazine. But none knew it as a product of the great novelist's pen. It lacks the touches that would have established such au-

thorship beyond peradventure. I really can not think that Dickens could have written so many pages without infusing into them some of the flavor which one can perceive not merely in his novels and his books of travel, but even in his *Child's History of England*.

"As I have said, I believe it was written by the secretary, Mr. P., to whom the novelist, unwilling that so pathetic a tale should be relegated to oblivion, intrusted the task of its narration. This seems to me to be the most reasonable view to take.

"It is known that the Huntoons moved from Sunapee to Ohio to begin life over in the West. And they were visited there in after years by friends from their native town, who, in agreement with the facts of the story, reported how religiously they had preserved as a memento of that fatal day, a fragment of the baby's dress, encased in a frame of pine cones with its sorrowful legend. The population of Ohio as given by the narrator, corresponds with the figures of the U. S. Census (in 1840, 1,519,467; in 1850, 1,980,329) and so fixes the date of the story as between 1840 and 1850. And we can all confirm what the old settler told his visitor about the beauty of the lake and its fishes."

"And this last," said the Colonel, "only goes to prove what I have always maintained, the susceptibility of the early settlers to natural beauty. They built their humble homes on eminences commanding the most imposing views of mountain and lake; and continuous impression by these wonderful panoramas could not but have had a refining influence on their characters."

"I am with you there, Colonel Hodge," exclaimed Rhoda with warmth. "I believe it was beauty as well as hard work that developed so many mighty intellects in this enchanting region. There must be both sweetness and force in every noble character, esthetic receptivity as well

as pluck and principle. This is surely exemplified in the tender tale I have just read to you, which went about doing good for two decades after it was written."

And then Magnhild queried, "Had this story anything to do with the development of Lake Sunapee as a summer resort?" and both Rhoda and the Colonel exclaimed in one breath, "Not the least."

"Well, what did?"

"Why, its natural pleasantness," replied the Colonel.

"But who would have known of this pleasant aspect had not something lured to these shores the minds that could appreciate it? I assure you, it was the fishes of Lake Sunapee that made it famous."

"Oh, Magnhild!" cried Rhoda, "have you lost your mind? You are trout-intoxicated, angling-mad!"

"No, Miss Barrett, not so mad as you imagine," said Colonel Hodge. "Your friend is right. Good fishing brought to the lake those who fell in love with its beauty, and bought and built on its shores. And Dr. Van Alstyne is among them."

"I might have guessed, Colonel Hodge," spoke Magnhild, "that the fishes introduced the doctor to this lovely spot, for like the author of Miss Barrett's tale he is very fond of fishing. And he has been my tutor this summer in more ways than one, I begin to suspect. But the love of angling is vehemently contagious, and what an ennobling avocation! It is with reluctance that in expressing my obligations to you, Mr. Commissioner, for your whole-souled courtesy, I must at the same time bid you goodbye. We are leaving Sunapee to-morrow for the great city. Farewell to its beauty, farewell to its fishes. Both are unforgettable."

"And I second all that Miss Wetterstrand has said, Colonel," added Rhoda. "We are indebted to you for two very pleasant days. I cannot forecast how my friend

is going to get along without the companionship of these trout. Do not be surprised if she sends you poems about them."

The two stepped nimbly into their canoe and were quickly lost to sight around the point to the south. And the Commissioner sat in a brown study for a half hour afterward. Had he known of the inspirations Magnhild had received during the summer, and of the intimate relationship involved in psychic rapport with its tendency to interchange of tastes and aspirations, he would have been less perplexed to explain her zeal and address as an angler.

## CHAPTER IX

### A LANCE THRUST

*"He hath a daily beauty in his life that makes me ugly."*

— IAGO

**T**HREE hundred years ago lacking five, Dutch settlers established themselves in the lower part of Manatus or Manhattan Island; and Van Winkles, Van Twillers, Kips, Broncks, Hendrixsens, and other folk from Holland, cleared farms known as Bouweries in the adjacent region to the north, the origin of Amsterdam in Nieuw Netherland. The modest old Dutch colony has grown beyond calculation into the great cosmopolitan city of the Western World, offering scope amid its varied feverish life for every mental activity, affording opportunity for multiform phases of pleasurable indulgence as well as for intellectual cultivation along an interminable miscellany of lines. At its great university, every ancient and modern language may be studied, and courses innumerable tempt the student who aspires to proficiency in any department of literature or science. New York is indeed a place where "passion, occupation, or reflection may find fit food or field," or where one may lead a life "solely spiritual."

Rhoda Barrett, with her Swedish friend, turned to its great university for special study, she in the Department of Biology, while Magnhild selected courses in Poetry, for Magnhild believed with Philip James Bailey, that "the more we feel of poesie do we become like God in love and power — under-makers." And Dr. Van Alstyne had cast his lot amid the restless life of New York, the city of his

fathers, and was practicing his specialty among its millions. And there was sad need of an uplifting, transforming influence in the case of many who had gone astray or were the innocent victims of moral diseases that kept pace in their multiplication and contagiousness with the march of civilization. So the doctor was busy at once, on his return to the city, in his work of reclaiming through suggestion methods the morally disabled and impotent, the apprentices to drink, debauchery, and crime, as well as of restoring to efficiency and happiness the nervously depressed and the poignantly obsessed, the dupes of phobias and of imperative conceptions and impulses.

When Magnhild reported at his office, the doctor encouraged her to add to her accomplishments, by taking a course in the esthetics of literature at the university, and he gave her psychic treatments having in view the preparation of her mind for the reception and assimilation of the principles of criticism and technic there taught. As he quickened her powers of apprehension, and broadened her receptivity, he felt once more the touch of her spirit, "yielding love again for love reciprocal." An unwonted blessedness pervaded his being. He was at one with the poet's philosophy, that man is but half man without woman. For during the conference of that tender hour, all sense activity was suspended and immateriality held intercourse with immateriality in singular independence of the restrictions of time and space and bodily impact. Each found in each, and took from each, the spiritual force each needed; and the doctor experienced for the first time the psychovital cosmic relations of the human personality — realized it as inscrutably sentient; surmised its access to supermundane knowledge; imagined its ultranormal powers of clairvoyance, clairaudience, telepathy and telesthesia. He understood now his sensitiveness to the projectable essence of his patient's inmost nature, through radiated vibrations con-

veying thought, feeling, sympathy, inspiration, during the several weeks of his separation from Magnhild. He perceived now that they were never spiritually disjoined, distance implying no barrier to communication between subliminal selfs.

It dawned upon him that his fancies of Magnhild's whereabouts and doings were not fancies, but actual communications, though through what medium he did not and could not divine. And he asked himself, Can the human spirit in subliminal states be directed to reveal demanded facts? To become aware of what is happening at a distance and disclose it on request? Can one in the objective so far take advantage of the divine attributes of an endormed fellow-being as to possess himself of desired yet inaccessible information, through that being's supernatural insight? Could he pass even beyond this bourn and impel the sleeper to communicate what is about to happen, to speak, like sybil, of the future? For he believed with good reason that the spiritual view must extend from things distant in space to things distant in time — that the subliminal self may thus scan the page of coming events, a limited amount of prescience inhering in all human personalities, and in a few reaching the level of perfect lucidity.

In the light of his recently apprehended awareness of thought-transference from the mind of Magnhild to his own mind, coupled with her preternatural insight, he speculated as to whether he might exploit the mind of his fair subject as a messenger of thought to outside participants, or enlist it in his service to wrest knowledge from other minds where the mediation of the special senses could not be invoked. For had not psychologists taught that there is no absolute gulf between the supernatural perception of ideas as existing in other minds and the supernatural perception of what we know as matter?



Had they not declared that mind acting across space without any medium save mind itself is not a wild dream in the age of the wireless telegraph, the wireless telephone, the wireless transmission of electrical power? So self-communed Dr. Van Alstyne.

It is difficult to believe that one who gives his life earnestly and sincerely to the alleviation of suffering and the evocation of exalted ideals could have an enemy; but it has been truthfully said that a man without enemies is a man with little force of character, a man without original ideas and unassailable principles, without initiative. The man who keeps his life unspotted from worldly taint by the repellent strength of uncompromising loyalty to the moral law, who is every inch out-the-gait, who thinks noble thoughts and backs them up with noble deeds, is more than likely to experience the malhure of cruel misinterpretation, if not of unscrupulous hostility.

There lived within a mile of Dr. Van Alstyne a kinsman who was envious of his reputation and success, who had accused him of charlatanism and sought to dishonor him before the medical societies — an unscrupulous man and stayed by no respect for moral obligation when his passions prompted him to action, one of those anomalous beings who are soured by seeing their neighbors happy. Only Mason Blackwood took the step that carried him beyond the mere feeling of jealousy and hatred into deliberate intent actively to affront and injure. And so he planned accordingly. In more instances than one, the object of his unwarranted resentment felt the sting of his rancor. It might be petty annoyance that satisfied his propensity; it might be nothing short of the undoing of the person he disliked.

Blackwood had read law, and so knew much of the possibilities of persecution through the courts. In looking up the title to a piece of property one day in early

December, he chanced upon the record of the warranty deed of a house and lot given by one James Radford to Dr. Van Alstyne, and to his delight discovered what he believed to be a flaw of sufficient magnitude to impair the claim of its rightful owner. Mrs. Radford's signature was wanting from the deed. Having made up his mind to destroy the standing of Dr. Van Alstyne and take away from him, if possible, the delightful home he had acquired by arduous toil, Blackwood set out to find the widow in question and acquaint her with her right of dower in the property standing in the name of Dr. Van Alstyne, hoping to instigate her to begin proceedings for the recovery of that share of her husband's estate to which she was legally entitled after his death. On this possibility, he adroitly built his plan for the ejection of the doctor, and the enriching of himself through the generous factorage he should claim.

A cleverly worded personal in several of the New York dailies caught the notice of the lady in question, and in response to it she presented herself at the Lexington Avenue home of Mason Blackwood, and listened to his scheme. Alma Radford was fair to look upon, but thoroughly destitute of principle, insinuating in her language and manner, a Duessa by nature, a clandestine Phryne if the wage were generous, perfectly adapted to Blackwood's sinister purpose. The step that he contemplated was explained in outline.

"Well, Mrs. Radford, how does the plan strike you? What say you? Its carriage will mean thousands of dollars to you — and for me, why I shall get my pay in crushing a man I hate."

"I heartily indorse it. I sadly need the money. But Mr. Blackwood, there is one obstacle that may be insuperable. I was in Paris at the time of my husband's last illness, and by his request executed and sent to him a

waiver of my dower right in this piece of property he sold to Dr. Van Alstyne. I know on good authority that he received the waiver before he died. Where is it? Why was it not recorded? My husband was a man of sterling honesty, and never would have conveyed property by a warranty deed, purposely leaving a loophole of this kind. His end was sudden. He passed abruptly into the state of somnolence that sometimes closes the scene in Bright's disease. Perhaps he was surprised by death before he had time to send the waiver to the office of the Recorder of Deeds. But what did he do with it?"

"Your statement, Mrs. Radford, complicates the plot. However, if no one knows of the existence of the waiver, it might as well not exist if it does exist, and you can play your part of the injured relict just the same."

"Yes, that is true, and I am ready for anything. I suppose I shall have to perjure myself and swear that I never signed off."

"Perhaps. But do you know what disposition was made of your late husband's personal effects? Somewhere among them he must have placed the waiver for temporary safe-keeping."

"They were sold at auction, and are scattered to the four winds. Everything that might have afforded lodgment to a legal paper is gone beyond the possibility of recall. His books were disposed of by private sale, most of them to one man, whose name I have clean forgotten. I don't want to go to jail for this, and if I should swear that I had not released my interest and the waiver should be found, what then?"

"That is a contingency too remote to occasion alarm. The paper has doubtless been destroyed. Be as bold as you are beautiful and bad. Cast in your lot with me. Figure behind the scenes as my stenographer. I need one, and no one knows you. We will prove, or mayhap

explode, the saintly doctor's theory of natural affinities. Ha! Ha! I esteem you as mischievous and dissolute as myself. We are a well matched span, and will pull together in this affair with neither on the strain. And in consideration of my service to you in the matter, you will consent to a division of the spoils. Now sign your name to this paper — on this line — and I will summon a notary to affix his signature and seal. To-morrow I will have the papers served."

"As you say, Mr. Blackwood. I see I am in for an adventure, anyway. I have always loved to leap and look afterward. Snap shots have a peculiar fascination for me. It is a bargain. I stand bluff. Here is my hand on it."

"And mine. In a day or two, some evening, I will unfold to you my plan in all its detail."

So the doctor was stunned the following afternoon by a process-server's emerging from among the patients in his waiting-room and handing him a summons prepared by Mason Blackwood in the name of Mrs. Radford, to appear at court and satisfy her claim to a certain proportion of his estate. Of her, he had never heard; the possibility of a flaw in his title, he had never imagined, and for the moment he was overcome.

All that night he lay awake in the throes of conflicting emotions. How could he prove his title to the property he occupied, or make possession nine-tenths of the law? What motive might sway the man who claimed he had detected a flaw in the title in his exploitation of the discovery for the ruin of a fellow-man. Could the title to his property on Madison Avenue have been so loosely searched as to leave him at the mercy of an unscrupulous knave? And what was the intent of this inhuman plot? He apprehended it as a conspiracy, and felt that he must sound the depth of it to save himself from discomfiture. So in

the stillness of the night he bethought him of a counterplan to penetrate the motive of his enemy and uncover the nature of his proposed assault. He knew that a certain number of endormed persons possessed clairvoyant faculty. He would put Magnhild to the test extreme. She who was so responsive to the voice of inspiration — she who had become so sensitive to his mental motions, and commingled so intimately with his spirit, and astonished him with the facile operation of her psychic forces — might she not be awakened to a wider percipience, might she not be impelled to go a step farther in the propulsion of her transcendental attributes, and make her subliminal way into Blackwood's house at a psychological moment, and reveal with her lips all she there might see clairvoyantly and hear clairaudiently regarding his nefarious machination? He would try. The situation demanded a daring step. Magnhild had done so much. What limit would one set to the projection into earthlife of her ultranormal powers? Furnished with the information she might divulge, he would unquestionably occupy the coign of vantage.

The project seemed at first a wild dream. But the more the doctor pondered it, the more he became persuaded that the subconscious susceptibilities of his patient might be utilized in this way, and he felt sure that Magnhild would heartily lend herself to the experiment. So the following forenoon, he 'phoned her to come to his office, and explained to her his predicament and the part he desired her to play.

“Will you go to sleep for me, Magnhild, and let me send your subliminal into the presence of this malicious barrister at an hour when he is likely to be discussing his scheme with his secretary — he always has a woman in his employ who is privy to his business? I believe that I can make you clairaudient, and through your subliminal sense of hearing perhaps secure a knowledge of some facts

that will be invaluable in my defence. Yes, I shall put up a fight. I believe Mr. Radford, who sold me this property, was honest. I did not know he had a wife, and I do not know it now. But I do know the machiavelism of this fellow Blackwood. He is capable of any kind of roguery. The man who gave me a warranty deed for my good money implicitly believed in the warrant. If I am any judge of human nature, that man was ingenuous. It was said of old that the unseen brings to life. Magnhild, be prodigal of your invisible powers, and bring to light and life the crux of this situation."

"Dr. Van Alstyne, something tells me that I have this power to translate into objective terms what I spiritually discern, when directed by you, and I gladly place the gift, if I possess it, at your disposal."

"Deeply do I appreciate your willingness to serve me, Magnhild. I should like to send you into his study after dinner this evening. I have a presentiment that he will choose this hour, as is his practice, to talk things over with his stenographer; and if my suspicions are correct, we shall garner something of value in the course of our unique eaves-dropping. Ask Miss Barrett to come with you, to take down what you transmit, for you are to be our psychic dictograph."

## CHAPTER X

### MAGNHILD CLAIRVOYANTE

*There seems to be an independent power of visiting any desired place. The clairvoyante will frequently miss her way and describe scenes adjacent to those requested. Then she gets on the scent and follows with greater ease.*

— PROFESSOR FREDERIC W. H. MYERS

*Genuine instances of minds acting upon minds at a long distance have not been plausibly explained as mere coincidences; and mind-reading at short distances, however explained, is accepted as a fact.*

— PROFESSOR SLATER'S "LIVING FOR THE FUTURE"

THAT evening at 8 o'clock, Magnhild called with her friend at Dr. Van Alstyne's office, and after the usual preliminaries, passed at his suggestion into the subconscious state. While the doctor operated to induce supranormal visual and auditory perception, Rhoda prepared to make a careful note of everything the mesmerizee might utter.

"Magnhild," said the doctor, "as your body reclines comfortably on the lounge, go forth to the house of Mason Blackwood at No. — Lexington Avenue. Don't wander about the city, don't loiter by the way, but go straight there. Ascend the front steps, pass through the hallway into what you will recognize as the back parlor, which Mr. Blackwood has converted into a study, and do not tarry to look at the portraits on the wall. Go right into the room where Mr. Blackwood is likely to be, and tell me whether he is there."

"Oh! what an eerie room! It gives me a shudder.

Yes, there is a man there, sitting at a large desk piled full of papers and open books."

"Describe the man, Magnhild."

"Ugh! he is forbidding, lucken-browed and buffle-headed, with a close shorn beard, and such piercing red-lidded malevolent eyes! I don't like the glance of those eyes. He is leaning on his left elbow, his long bird-claw fingers support his stubby chin, and he is preparing to read a legal document — let me depart, I can not endure such companionship. He is so repellent."

"Magnhild, for my sake, you must not withdraw. You will endure this association for an hour, abhorrent as it may be"; cried the doctor, with all misgivings as to her clairvoyant powers removed. "Be all eyes and ears psychically. See what is happening, hear what is said, and you are going to tell me presently all that you see and hear. How is this man dressed?"

"In a brown cheviot sack suit, with a soft figured shirt and a dark green tie. He wears an old-fashioned gold watch chain looped round his neck, and there is a boutonniere on his lapel. But he does not at all resemble the innocent flower Lady Macbeth commended to her thane; he rather favors the serpent under it."

Magnhild spoke with rapidity and with the assurance of an unmistakable percipient, unambiguously conveying the impression that she was uttering the revelations of a clairaudient interconsciousness.

"It is the man!" exclaimed the doctor excitedly, "you have exactly described him. It is Mason Blackwood. Thank God, we have hit the right trail. And is there any one in the room with him?"

"Yes, there is. Sitting opposite to Mr. Blackwood is a lady, with a pencil in her hand, in the attitude of attention. A face chiselled in beautiful lines — but oh! forbidding! There is something sinister about it. I do



not like her bold black eyes. Mind and matter meet there in a satanic coalition."

"Why, Blackwood must have secured the services of a new stenographer, for this description does not fit the plain demure spinster that used to act as his secretary," said the doctor. "I wonder what it means. Magnhild give close attention, and repeat to us every word uttered by each of these two persons. Miss Barrett will take down all that you say. How opportune! We are in the nick of time. It is audience hour. Look and listen intently, Magnhild."

"The man is beginning to read from his paper. 'My good lady!' he says — she looks anything but good — 'I want you to grasp my plan and lend yourself heartily to it. I am determined to humble that doctor, even if he be remotely related. I hate his success, I hate to hear him praised for his gift of healing, for his proficiency in the humanities, for his Christianity in general. He is a God-intoxicated fool, gabbles of religion, affects the good Samaritan, and like Aristides, he has been the subject of too much encomiastic gush. I glory (on abstract principles), in bringing fools to their bearings, and what a fine concrete example for experiment we have in this Dr. Van Alstyne. We'll fill the holy chalice of his heart with corroding poison. Are you with me?'"

"I should hate to incur your enmity, Mr. Blackwood, by refusing, so I am with you body and soul in a scheme that is in every way germane to my instincts and calculated to enrich my anaemic purse."

"Listen, then, to the summons and complaint. You appear as plaintiff, of course, against Dr. Van Alstyne as defendant, and this is the language of the Supreme Court:

To the above named defendant:

You are hereby summoned to answer the complaint in this action, and to serve a copy of your answer on

the Plaintiff's attorney (that's myself), within twenty days after the service of this summons, exclusive of the day of service, and in case of your failure to appear or answer, judgment will be taken against you by default for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated New York, December 10th, 1915.

Now follow the several sections of the complaint :

1. This complaint respectfully shows to the Court, upon information and belief, that on or about —”

“ Don't go on, Mr. Blackwood. You read me the substance of the complaint the other day, and isn't this the same that I took oath to before a notary? ”

“ The very same. I merely thought to refresh your memory. The summons was served on Dr. Van Alstyne yesterday, and you have sworn to it —”

“ Magnhild! ” broke in the doctor impetuously, “ is this stenographer Mrs. Radford? Bring your powers full in play.”

“ Assuredly it is. I perceive all that is in her mind; she can not hide her identity from me.”

“ The brazen hussy! Shame should burn her cheek to cinder! But I must not interrupt. Go on with your eaves-dropping. Do not share my indignation. Calmly repeat to us what you hear.”

“ Yes, I will; the man has just said, ‘ So much for that; now, more. I am going to put this up to you,’ he is saying to her. ‘ This doctor prates of purity and preaches a white life for two, for Una and her Red Cross Knight. Ha! Ha! I have heard him describe the perfect man as an embodiment of all that is pure, as well as refined, unselfish, noble, chivalric, and all that balderdash. He masquerades as such, but I believe he is as temptable as the rest of us.’

“ Bah! there is no such thing as a pure man on this earth. Don't I know men? Masculine virtue unassail-

able! You will throw me into hysterics, if you keep on. All men are insincere, especially those that openly champion continent living. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"Cease your levity, Alma Radford, and give heed. I want this man to fall to your charms, and I see you possess the requisite physical equipment. With your godless will behind it, he should yield to your seductive efforts. At any rate, that is the climax of my plan for the humiliation of Dr. Van Alstyne."

"Heavens! Do you want me to go as far as that? Well, dubious as the adventure may seem, I will hazard it, for I just love this phase of your plot, Mr. Blackwood; it is in my line. I am somewhat accustomed to the rôle."

"I inferred as much, Mrs. Radford, at our previous interview; and you will pardon me when I tell you that the alluring sensuality I detected lurking behind your assumed shamefastness, suggested to me this potent reinforcement of my original plan."

"Your insight, Mr. Blackwood, is penetrating and peculiarly intelligent. I thought I was a better actress, and tried to be so maidenly and shy; but it appears the veil of my assumed modesty was too thin to screen the cyprian from your eyes. I should have added a corsage bouquet of blushwort to my accoutrement."

"Mrs. Radford, you are a clever woman. I discerned the fact, and on your cleverness I counted for the carriage of my second thought."

"You flatter me."

"Well, this in outline is what I wish you to do. Go to the doctor's office as a sufferer from some moral disease. He does not know you. So you can mingle unsuspected with the patients in his waiting-room. When your turn comes, and you are ushered into the office where treatments are given, pretend to go to sleep, but don't go. Then play the part of Mrs. Potiphar with consummate

skill. Use all your attractiveness to rouse his passions, and we shall see whether this Joseph emerges from the experience untarnished. In case you fail to get him, we still have left recourse to blackmail, and in either event his prestige is seriously jeopardized."

"Mr. Blackwood, you are the lord paramount of deviltry. What next?"

"When your suit is noticed in the public press, as it will be in a few days, you and I will go to his church together, say on Christmas morning, you dressed in weeds, the injured widow and ousted heir act, you know; and we will walk up the aisle to the communion table, making ourselves conspicuous, and so throw the sympathy of the congregation in the scale against him. Now if this well-laid plan is not submarined, we are likely to see considerable excitement in the month ahead of us."

As Magnhild went on, the doctor controlled himself with difficulty. His jaw set rigidly, his fingers twitched spasmodically, a look of fiery determination gleamed in his eyes. Ill would it have fared with Blackwood had he been within reach at the moment of those sinewy arms. Rhoda flushed with indignation as she looked toward the doctor livid with anger.

"My God!" he cried, "are they capable of such malignity? Pit and gallows for the infamous pair—but I must not lose my head. I shall need all my wit to controvert this fiendish lay-out, and all the help of my incomparable Magnhild. She has them indeed immanacled. Isn't it marvellous, Miss Barrett?"

"Transcendently so, Dr. Van Alstyne; I am awed beyond expression. All that Magnhild has told us is so impressively told that one can not escape from the conviction of its truth."

"I agree with you there, Miss Barrett; I firmly believe that Magnhild has seen and heard everything she has

related to us. And she should be released forthwith from surroundings that are loathsome to her pure soul. We know enough of this diabolical scheme to aid us in its defeat. We have certainly weathered a point to-night. Magnhild," continued the doctor, "come away from this house of shame, and rest for a while in the cosmic realm where your sweet nature is at home."

As he spoke, the expression of disrelish which had warped her features during the long and trying experience, gave place to a look of relief and delectation.

"Doctor, what a heavenly smile illumines her face," said Rhoda. "I feel as if I were in the presence of an angel. Where is she? What does she see?"

"If I could answer that question, Miss Barrett, I could solve the problem of death. You feel as if you were in angel presence. I feel as if I were in angel power. Magnhild seems to be pouring into my soul, stung as if with poisoned arrows, the balm of subliminal sympathy and control. My righteous rage has subsided since I spoke to her last. I am learning to hate the sin rather than the sinner. I am at peace with myself and the world and the powers that permit."

"Dr. Van Alstyne, we are in the presence of holiness. I can not better define it. When I look on that beautiful girl lying there asleep, so calm, so happy, I too find myself solving a problem — the problem of immortality.

"I have always accepted the deathlessness of the soul as Plato did, as an apprehension of my reason. Age after age, human reason has impressed a conviction of the eternal continuance of the soul, but that does not prove it. If spirit return could be established as a reality, immortality would be conceded as a fact. But that is only a delusion. The genuine phenomena of the seance are psychological and not supernatural. We are looking for strong reasons for believing that soul and body, though closely identified

during mortal life, may be so fundamentally unrestricted by each other that, when the body stops work and enters upon dissolution, the soul may continue to exist independently, and instead of suffering by the disconnection, be merely relieved of certain trammels and limitations, notably those of time and space and matter. Correlation of mind and brain by no means proves their identity.

“ I would that the revered author of *Cosmic Relations* might have listened with us to-night to what I esteem as incontrovertible evidence of an immateriality or spiritual substance in the human complex, and has science ever proved that this immateriality can die? Have we not seen it to-night, without brain or sense cooperation, and at a distance from the physical body, in conscious and intelligent action? Are we not persuaded that consciousness is something outside the mechanism it makes use of? That the human personality depends on the brain only for its earth-life, not for its cosmic or eternal life? If psychic vision and psychic audition and other transcendent faculties inhere in that personality — seeing without eyes, hearing without ears — they illustrate its power to operate as a spirit disentangled from the flesh. What I have seen this evening convinces me. It answers conclusively the question, Do the dead yet live? for it establishes incontestably the fact of a spiritual element in man.”

“ Miss Barrett, that is a singularly beautiful interpretation of what you have witnessed — the pure spirit acting independently of the body — which surely argues the existence in man of an immateriate nature that survives the shock of death. You have taught me something to-night, Miss Barrett, well worth my while to ponder. Let us awaken our priestess; she has been long enough occupied with the exercise of her subliminal powers. Wake Magnhild, come back to us! ”

And at the summons, Magnhild opened her eyes, but knew nothing objectively of what had occurred.

“Where have you been, Magnhild?” asked the doctor, “what have you been doing this hour past?”

“I don’t know, Dr. Van Alstyne, I think I’ve been asleep.”

## CHAPTER XI

### DISARMED

*Go, splendid sycophant! no more  
Display thy soft seductive arts.*

— JOHN LANGHORNE, D.D.

SEVERAL days later, according to schedule, Mrs. Radford seated herself in Dr. Van Alstyne's waiting-room, among a number of patients who had called to consult him. The doctor had been on watch for the seductress ever since Magnhild had disclosed her fore-designed rôle; but he could not work to good advantage in an atmosphere of distrust, so, though still on guard, he kept his suspicions in abeyance.

Mrs. Radford was taken aback to find the office and reception-room in charge of a uniformed nurse. That meant a decided limitation of her opportunities, and the nurse, moreover, had a characteristic courteous but businesslike way about her that bespoke her experience with human nature, and proclaimed her to be nobody's fool. In her make-up, the rational predominated; she conducted the doctor's business by the force of her intellect. However, Mrs. Radford was not altogether disconcerted at the discovery of such an obstacle to the unhampered trial of her blandishments, but awaited her turn with an assured abandon. She registered her name with the nurse as Miss Throckmorton, and was introduced as such to the doctor when she was ushered into his office. After entering the name and address she gave in his record book, he put the usual inquiry! "Well, Miss Throckmorton, what can I do for you? What led you to come to me?"



"I came to you, Dr. Van Alstyne, because I have heard and read so much about your success in dealing with moral defectives. I am a constitutional liar. I fabricate habitually, even when it would be to my advantage to state the truth. I am actuated by an uncontrollable desire to tell what is not true, simply because it is not true. I am by nature a twister of facts, and I seem to do my fable-mongering unconsciously. Will you hypnotize me?"

"No, madam, I will not. Reputable physicians have nothing to do with what is popularly known as hypnotism, which is nothing more than a mental comedy. But psychic suggestion, or impulsion to right-doing, scientifically offered during reverie or light sleep, has come to be appreciated as a great moralizing power. There is no mystery about the procedure I have adopted, nothing uncanny or occult in it. No supernatural gift is implied; no theory of a magnetic influence. The results reached are most gratifying. Is there any heredity in your case?"

"Yes, I am told that I represent a fourth generation, each with its single liar. I hope you will overlook my misunderstanding of your work."

"Naturally I always desire my patients clearly to comprehend the philosophy of what I do for them, hence my correction of your view. The very word *hypnotism* has lost caste in America. The name of your malady, which is usually traceable to ancestors, is *pseudomania*. Is there associated with it an irresistible propensity to steal? This you know is *kleptomania*, and it is unquestionably hereditary; *pseudomania* is its usual companion."

"No, doctor, I have not inherited that embarrassing form of moral disease. I only distort the truth. I have tried vainly to overcome this blemish, and unless it is corrected soon I shall not have a friend left in the world. Can you promise me a cure?"

"Doctors never guarantee, Miss Throckmorton. We

do everything that science knows and personal interest prompts for our patients. If we fail, we may not reproach ourselves. I can only tell you that I have been instrumental in effecting a cure in many cases like yours, and assure you that I shall spare no effort to relieve you of this purposeless love of lying. Do you wish to begin treatment to-day?"

"I certainly do; the sooner, the better."

"Then, if you will permit my office nurse to arrange the preliminaries, I will in the course of the next hour give you the psychic suggestions which apply to pseudomania. Miss Rockwell, will you kindly take care of the lady. I am going to begin her treatment this morning. While you are making ready, I will see the next patient."

The nurse conducted Mrs. Radford into a chamber on the floor above — quiet, dimly lighted, decorated in old rose, and harmoniously furnished with tasteful fittings, notably an attractive colonial bed — all contributing to the induction of mental placidness and so to mental surrender. Nervous patients were in the habit of speaking of the tout ensemble as peculiarly sedative.

"Am I to lie down on that bed for treatment, Miss Rockwell?" queried the candidate.

"Yes, Miss Throckmorton. The doctor will then put you in a receptive state of mind and give you suggestions. You must be perfectly relaxed. Let me remove your shoes if they are tight."

"I think you had better; and why not my stays also, which are very uncomfortable to lie down in? If I am to go to bed, I might as well dispense with all gear that makes me ill at ease."

"Most of our patients lie on the outside of the spread, and are covered with an afghan. But there is no objection to your being under the bed clothing. It would be especially appropriate in your present state of undress."

And so Mrs. Radford disposed herself in an attitude extremely suggestive of *les fievres blanches*, and felt that she was occupying a commanding position in the line of her attack. Had she not called to her aid the witchery of deshabelle, and set upon her beauty the fashionable gloss, and affected "dissembling looks commixt with undermining actions"? As the nurse withdrew, she threw her perfectly proportioned bare right arm on the slumber robe, exposing her rounded shoulder and deep chest, and permitting a glimpse of shapely parts that modesty would have draped. When the doctor entered the treatment room, he beheld what might well have embarrassed a man as cool-headed and insusceptible as the sages of ancient Troy who, in the Homeric story, gazing on the charms of Helen disrobed before their eyes, unanimously pronounced her worth the war.

"Doctor," the patient began with affected languor, "do I really have to go to sleep? How do I know what you will say when I am asleep?"

"Miss Throckmorton, confidence on the part of a patient is the first essential in this therapy. You have got to believe that whatever I may say, is exclusively for your good and has in view the accomplishment of your purpose, which, as you have outlined it, is wise and worthy. You must enter the state without misgiving. And you will not lose a syllable of what I shall say, with its content, because you are in slumber."

"Oh! I don't mean exactly that, my dear Doctor; but you know I shall be helpless when I am insensible and under your control." She turned toward him with an air of innocent inquiry and looked him full in the face with her lustrous passionate eyes. Imagining that her artfully aimed shafts had really hit the needle, Mrs. Radford felt emboldened to make further advances, and audaciously ventured, "Can you believe that ever since our in-

terview in your office, I have experienced — I hardly know how to explain it — such a strange feeling of intimacy with you” — and in her expression alluringly took shape the unspoken invitation. “You are a very fascinating and wonderful man,” and while she uttered these words, her left arm extended engagingly toward him as he sat by the side of the couch. But Dr. Van Alstynne was not one to lose his head. He deliberately replaced the coverlet she had pushed aside, and pressed with his foot an invisible electric button under the bed, the signal for his nurse to come stealthily to the door and listen, prepared to enter the room if summoned. He did not doubt that he was at last dealing with the woman commissioned to corrupt him. But he decided instantly to ignore the fact and push the treatment, hoping to overpower her salacious efforts and rouse her better self to action. So he replied, “It is no time for trifling, Miss Throckmorton. Look straight into my eyes without wavering,” and then the doctor threw into his gaze that overmastering thought force of which his high broad forehead spoke so eloquently. Before the calm, piercing stare of his steel grey eyes, that peered into her soul as unfluctuating as the lidless orbs of the Genius of Destruction, the lustful gaze of the wanton, seeking to turn the meliorating séance into a liaison, little by little gave way. At moments, she glanced listlessly aside; but her eyes, as if drawn by some irresistible attraction, reverted to those of the suggestionist. A peculiar expression of surrender began to pervade her countenance, a vacant stare replaced the usual intelligent look, deep inspirations began, her eyes closed with a slow regular movement and became sealed. The accompanying physical and mental calm culminated in objective unconsciousness. Rapport was established.

So she who had come “marshalled to knavery” recoiled abashed at the inflexible determination and supreme soul-

power flashed from those undaunted eyes. Evil thought-forms took flight, and for a time she walked in the spirit. The lusts of the flesh lost their hold upon her being. As the doctor proceeded with his inspiration, she became more and more intimately fused with his subliminal. Her soul seemed to dissolve in his spiritual nature, interpenetrated and overpoweringly attributed by the spirited of its Divine original.

When one stands in the Giant Forest of mighty sequoias, and follows their fluted trunks upward to the towering tops as high above him as the dome of the Capitol at Washington, and realizes that these trees are the oldest living things on the earth, antedating the most remote nations of antiquity, his spirit is thrilled with reverential emotions. So Alma Radford, standing in the presence of the eternal principles of morality — truth, purity, justice, neighbor love, God fear — as projected in the spiritual personality of a fellow-being to whom she had so mysteriously been introduced, was overwhelmed with adoring wonder.

Apprehension of the good, the beautiful, and the true, through their concrete expression in human mind and human character, inevitably begets a becoming awe — uplifts and cleanses the most depraved. Mrs. Radford slumbered in conflux with a personality so endowed. In the divine rapport, nothing germane to the subject of inspiration is hidden from either party to it. The earnestness and sincerity of the doctor were obvious. His intelligent and inflexible conformity to principle unnerved the patient; and the false objective ideals she had brought with her into subliminal life were burned out of her nature by the fires of her own superior luminary, kindled against her expectation and very will by the scorching words of Dr. Van Alstyne. He preached to her the gospel of self-reverence, self-help, and noble self-expression. As he continued, she shuddered. The vice within her begged pardon

of his virtue and fled its presence; and in the alchemy of the concluding suggestions she became radically and permanently transmuted:

“ You are now susceptible only to noble impressions and exalted interpretations. You are going to express womanliness in perfect degree — that combination of force and benignity and wisdom, of sympathy and self-sacrifice, linked inseparably with Christian principle, that will make you a worthy exponent of a God-conceived thought. You apprehend yourself as such a thought purposed for development and execution in a planetary career. You are dedicated to an exalted mission; you will discover it and commit yourself unreservedly to its achievement. You are lifted from low and sensual levels to lofty planes where nothing can either tempt you to wrong-doing or divert you from the righteous intention of discovering God’s will in respect to your individual course of conduct, and unflinchingly fulfilling it. Henceforth, you will pursue virtuous ends by virtuous means. Go forth, live down your unsavory reputation, and show society what things a woman who has found herself may be and dare and do.”

The doctor spoke as one inspired; and when he withdrew, the glorified countenance of the endormed woman expressed and pledged acceptance.

An hour later, the nurse awakened a being physically the same, but swayed by a purified, God-sculptured personality. And with the words that were to echo with increasing intensity through her earthly existence ringing in her soul, Alma Radford went forth into the world transfigured.

## CHAPTER XII

### MAGNHILD SOMNILOQUIST

*Till now I never truly knew myself,  
Nor by all principles and lectures read  
In chastity's cold school, was so instructed.*

— PHILIP MASSINGER'S "THE GUARDIAN"

*But he came forth conquering and to conquer.*

— REV. 6

MR. BLACKWOOD anxiously awaited in his study that evening the coming of Mrs. Radford, whom he had directed to report to him without fail. Despite his arrogant confidence in the success of their plan, a suspicion had begun to creep into his mind that it might possibly have miscarried, and he paced the floor impatiently against the arrival of his clever accomplice. Had she brought the quarry to earth, or been thwarted in her shrewd attempt? It would not be long before he knew.

The doctor was as curious to learn how his suggestions would affect the conduct of Mrs. Radford when she should report to Blackwood, and he rightly foredeemed an early conference at the Lexington Avenue residence. So he had telephoned Magnhild to come to his office at 7.30 and play the part of psychic detective again. She readily acceded to his request, and the event proved his calculations to be correct. Magnhild clairvoyante arrived at the meeting not a moment too early. No sooner was she endormed than the doctor began to ply her with eager questions.

"Magnhild, betake yourself to Mr. Blackwood's study again. Is that Mrs. Radford present?"

“No, but he is walking up and down impatiently, as if he expected some one. There — the front door bell has just sounded, and somebody is coming in with seeming reluctance, as if afraid. It is she! the woman who was here the other night. She is entering the room now. Her face wears a serious expression. She appears like a decent woman this evening. She has lost that bold cast of countenance, and the play of her features betokens an extraordinary change in her character.”

“Listen, Magnhild, and repeat the conversation carefully. Let no word of it escape you.”

“Yes, I know. Blackwood is accosting her. ‘Well, Alma Radford,’ he is saying, ‘why so late in coming? Why keep me so long on the anxious seat? Have you won your toss?’ and she is thorough-girt with his piercing eyes. ‘How has my Delilah succeeded? Have you shorn your Samson’s locks or found him Agonistes impervious to your steel? Or have you driven my counsels to the leeward, and substituted schemes less clever of your own? Woman! throw tongue, and tell me all.’”

“Don’t talk to me, Mr. Blackwood, as if I were a dog. Throw tongue, indeed! Let me be frank with you. I have lost my relish for this adventure. I have no legitimate claim to Dr. Van Alstyne’s property. Your suit is iniquitous. I willingly released my right of dower. Morally, I have no case. And I have found him incorruptible, scornful of my physical presentation, superior and chaste. I want to wash my hands of this whole business.”

“Why, you are jesting. A clever actress you!”

“No, I am not jesting this time. I am in dead earnest. I decline to be a party to this man’s humiliation.”

“Not jesting. You mean this?”

“Every word of it!”

“You fool! You nun! You deserve to be encloistered.



Alma Radford, you dare not leave me in the lurch, you shall not. You shall go back to Dr. Van Alstyne and lay siege anew to his virtue. Be astute as the Eve of Genesis; you flaunt a baleful beauty that might well have tempted the serpent himself. You have a second appointment?"

"I have."

"And you are operating under an assumed name?"

"I am."

"Then be true to your program. Next Saturday will be Christmas. Meet me here, and we will walk to his church together. The newspapers have given wide publicity to the case, and we shall be late so as to attract attention as we are shown to a pew. He sits well forward, and the chances are that he will not notice us until we go up to the altar."

"Go up to the altar! I can not be guilty of such sacrilege."

"You can and shall. Come off, silly woman! You will go with me. Dress in black. Don a widow's veil. Forget to rouge. Pencil your lower eyelids — and he will never recognize in you his recent patient. Will you accompany me?"

"Oh!" cried Magnhild aside, "Mr. Blackwood is looking straight through the lady with his satanic eyes, and she is all a-tremble, but does not answer. He leans toward her, 'Speak! Will you go?' he fairly hisses in her ear.

"She hesitates, and I believe she is afraid to defy him and is going to dissemble, for I hear her say in a timid voice, 'I will. It may do us both good,' and now he thunders out:

"'Hell! woman, none of your religious cant to me. I am going to play at communing with that churchful of fanatics on Christmas day, a pack of hypocrites who don't believe in the superstition any more than I, and you are

going to go through the motions with me. Hear? What is the matter with you? The other evening you were ready to plot and bedevil like a resourceful sister of the demimonde. To-night you are as demure as the penitent starveling of some gospel-mill.

“ ‘Wake up, Alma Radford! Don’t part with your birthright for any mess of palavering pottage. You have been eating out of that doctor’s hand. Go back and throw him down. I command you. When is your next appointment?’ ”

“ On Friday morning.”

“ Good. If you will only rouse his passions and burn up his scruples and get him in your arms, how humiliated he will feel when the revulsion comes on Christmas, when he faces his innumerable friends at St. Jude’s. Alma, for God’s sake, put in your best work.”

“ Mr. Blackwood, you are a devil incarnate, a thousand arch-fiends concentrate in one! ”

“ We all share that sentiment! ” strenuously broke in Rhoda.

“ Mrs. Radford’s soul,” resumed Magnhild, “ seems to waver between doubt and conviction of duty. That man all but neutralizes with his malicious overpowering magnetism the attributes that make up her better nature. But I have reason to believe her good genius will eventually triumph in this psychic chess-game, near as she seems to-night to hopeless check-mate. I sometimes see the future revealed. She is going to church on Christmas as she intimated, to ask for grace— not like Blackwood, to play the hypocrite. And what she asks for, she will get. I clearly read her destiny written in her personality. She fears Blackwood to-night. She will defy him ultimately.”

As Magnhild finished, the doctor said to Rhoda:

“ What I have learned this evening will prove of in-

valuable assistance to me in giving my suggestions to Mrs. Radford on Friday. It is a case of the good genius pitted against the evil, and I too believe that the good will prevail."

"I am sure of that," replied Rhoda; "let us wake Magnhild, and go out for a stroll in the crisp air. And, Doctor, we shall be present in the church on Saturday."

In his second treatment, which was in general confirmatory of the first, Dr. Van Alstyne sought to render Mrs. Radford resistant to Blackwood's domination. He bade her go to church the following day with Blackwood, and open her soul to the divine illapse, forgetful of the nefarious motive that she was seemingly abetting. Sincere petition would bring accession of strength, as prayers for spiritual blessings are answered absolutely.

At this treatment, the patient was powerless to try her wiles. In fact, she felt no inclination to. Like all subjects who have once experienced a grateful rapport, she welcomed a second opportunity of entering the relationship with a superior mind, and she passed readily into the uplifting sleep.

In the spirit inculcated by the doctor the morning before, fed and invigorated by meditation meanwhile, Mrs. Radford walked into St. Jude's that Christmas morning. The doctor sat in his pew alone, and entered heartily into the service, oblivious of all around him. He hardly believed that Mason Blackwood would dare to approach God's altar, but he was shortly undeceived. All derision for the sacredness of the eucharist, and puffed with conceit at his imagined adroitness, Blackwood strode pompously up the aisle to the communion table, with Mrs. Radford disguised in mourning following his lead. But Alma Radford approached the altar in different spirit. Twice she had looked into the mirror of her own soul, and twice had stood aghast at the sin-serving propensities she there beheld re-

flected. A feeling of intense regret, of spiritual heart-hunger, pervaded her being, and she knelt devoutly at the chancel rail as penitent as Mary of Magdala, as sky-aspiring as Mary of Bethany, to receive the same assurances of forgiveness and the same conveyances of grace from the same Saviour. But the sanctimonious Blackwood who dropped upon the cushion beside her with an air of assumed piety that his malignant heart belied, invoked the displeasure of Heaven. When the doctor caught glimpses of him, frenzied at the brazen-faced display of pharisaism, he rose to his feet with compressed lips and clenched fists, and was on the point of rushing forward to drag him from the altar and denounce him before the congregation for the hypocrite he was.

When Magnhild, sitting with Rhoda in a pew behind observed his agitation and inferred the cause, she divined her place and power in his mental government, and sent the message, Peace be still — and it brought the great calm to the troubled waters. The doctor felt the force of an irresistible control pervading his being, a control that exalted as well as soothed, a control that tied the tongue of his anger and tranquillized the ruffled surface of his soul. He could not approach the altar in a storm of passion. The condition of acceptance involved self-abasement, love and charity with neighbors. He must forgive then and there, and Magnhild's subliminal stealing into his consciousness prompted the revulsion that was acceptable to the Lord of the Supper. He could not sin while he was in her thoughts. Together the three worshippers knelt to receive the elements, rendered worthy by the complete expulsion of resentment from their hearts and by the disposition to commit for solution to the wisdom of Providence the difficult problems that confronted them.

At the conclusion of the service, many felicitations were

exchanged with companions of the Cross, and then the congregation broke up into little companies, each pursuing its separate way. When our friends had walked a square or two and the occasion seemed opportune, the doctor, in reply to something that was said by Rhoda derogatory to the blasphemous action of Blackwood, suggested the following policy:

“All the unfortunate experience of this forenoon is best forgotten, and the surest way for Magnhild and me to forget, and to realize the spiritual exaltation so compatible with this day of feast and gladness, is to go together into the subliminal sphere for an hour. And Miss Barrett, you will sit with us, and will also to a degree experience the *afflatus*. So after luncheon I will talk to you, Magnhild, of the divine art of poesy, and perhaps advance some thoughts not dwelt upon in your university course in the esthetics of literature. The theme is always cognate to our tastes and peculiarly tranquillizing.”

“Agreed. I love the rest, the regalement, the accessions of power, the exaltation these *séances* always mean to me. The creative communication is marvellous. Sometimes I seem to be in a border country where I realize dreamily what you say with my everyday consciousness, and while enjoying that apprehension, feel myself stirred with a mysterious puissance from behind that I can grasp and direct and make wholly mine. This potency opens my powers of comprehension, broadens and renders immeasurably sensitive my whole receptivity, endows me with creative gifts, and fills me with superhuman aspirations. Am I right, Dr. Van Alstyne?”

“You are, Magnhild. This happy juncture of the two states of consciousness, with its heartening revelations of inherent power and possibility, represents the nearest approach the human personality can make to the gate of Heaven while encumbered with a perishable body. It

speaks, too, reassuringly of the Great Afterward, where powers are limitless and effort is untrammelled."

"And why can I not use my lips while in that state with you? Why should you do all the talking? There may be comments I might wish to make, questions to ask."

"You are at liberty, Magnhild, to engage in conversation as the subject suggests. You have the power to speak when endormed. I may tell you that you have done the talking on two very important occasions. You need not be silent. I accord you full liberty to say what you please as a somnambule in rapport. Twice have you realized Byron's description of that

'Strange state of being, for 'tis still to be,  
Senseless to feel and with sealed eyes to see.'

"Twice have you conveyed to us in spoken words what you saw and heard a mile away."

"That may be all true, Doctor. I take your word for it, as I remember nothing of the circumstances. But when you have been giving me inspirations, have I ever interrupted? Have I ever joined in the conversation?"

"Never. You have been tacitly receptive, as my patients generally are. To-day, if you wish to question or express any sentiment as I offer you impulsions and sense your acceptance of them, there is nothing to prevent. It will go to prove the intimate nature of our spiritual relationship. The ordinary patient is, as a rule, wholly passive. Let us go out to luncheon now."

Later in the afternoon, the three friends returned to the doctor's office, anxious for the peace and the refreshment they knew the session would mean for each of them, and the doctor began:

"Now withdraw yourself, Magnhild, from the sense world, dispose your person comfortably on the couch as usual, and look into my eyes."

In a few minutes, Magnhild was with the doctor in purely cosmic life, she being active in that life exclusively — he more conspicuously active in the objective consciousness, yet speaking with closed eyes and sharing with her the experiences of the subjective or purely spiritual existence — an eloquent example of the co-existent reciprocally operative double life of ensouled body and bodiless spirit. And Magnhild, true to her predilections, immediately began to question him.

“You have taught me, my kind instructor, that poetry is beauty plus spirituality, but you have not told me what spirituality is.”

“Have I not, Magnhild? Well, to vary Drummond’s definition, I should say that true spirituality consists in seeing the divine essence in everything. The beginners of history thus saw God; hence in the natural development of a language or literature poetical composition was cultivated and brought to perfection before more practical ideas demanded for their conveyance the plainer garb of prose. So religious poetry is the oldest of all. Every literature has run practically the same course. We trace successively the birth of poetry; the gradual perfecting of prose; the ripening of simplicity into elegance; the perversion of elegance into affectation; the language and literature, losing the vigor of manhood, affected with the feebleness of age, and either succumbing at once to some great civil convulsion or perishing by a slow but no less certain living death. As with political, so with literary history:

This is the moral of all human tales;  
 ’Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,—  
 First freedom, and then glory; when that fails,  
 Wealth, vice, corruption, barbarism at last;  
 And History, with all its volumes vast,  
 Hath but one page.”

“What a beautiful thought, the moral of all human tales. A poet wrote that?”

“ Yes, Lord Byron himself.”

“ And what is a poet ? ”

“ I can give you John Lyly’s answer from his comedy *Endimion*: ‘ Dost thou know what a poet is? Why, fool, a poet is as much as one should say — a Poet.’ And Juvenal in his seventh Satire pronounces a poet to be a man above his fellows, such a one as I can not embody in words, but can only feel in my soul, the offspring of a mind free from solicitude, exempt from all that can embitter life, that courts the quiet of the woods, and loves to drink the fountains of the Aonides.”

“ The quiet of the woods! How I long for it, when the chattering swallows come again on rapid wing —

’Tis when the chattering swallows come  
To cheer our northland summer home,  
And once again the vocal air  
Echoes the loves of mated pair  
That daze us with their twisted flight  
To buzzing day-gnats deftly pight,  
Or chase of May flies o’er the lake;  
With mouthfuls of their wing’d intake,  
I watch them flit with noisy tongue  
To barn-built nests of twittering young.  
Oh! when the chattering swallows come,  
My Muse refuses to be dumb.

I love that glorious country when  
The first wild blossoms paint the glen,  
And brambles broider stony wall —  
Quintessence of the pastoral —  
And lovely wind-flowers would condole  
In many a wireless to the soul;  
When chlorophyl tints leaf and bud,  
And incense breathes from field and wood,  
Of blooms run idle through the days  
Of drowsy clouds and mountain haze —  
When the sweet breath of apple bloom  
Blends with the lilac’s spicy fume,  
And floral vials full of scents,



In the seer's vision, prayers of saints,  
 When the pine's inflorescent cone  
 Distills the smells of Lebanon,  
 And endless factors swell the bliss  
 Of a soul-spelling synthesis.  
 Then music such as art knows not  
 Bursts from each joyous feathered throat.  
 The vesper sparrow's raptured hymn  
 Implies the burning Seraphim —  
 The stolen notes of angel lyres,  
 A concrete of celestial choirs.  
 The red-breast mends his mellow strain  
 To charm the lingering day again —  
 Blythe nesting songs, the hallowed glee  
 Of one continuous Agapé.

'Thro' the long languid noon of spring,  
 When merry birds forget to sing,  
 And baby frogs have ceased to peep,  
 And sleepless breezes are asleep —  
 Then the weird spirit of the hills,  
 In the faint hush of dwindled rills,  
 Where my blue iris is aflower,  
 Moves on the glancing sunbeam o'er  
 The silence of the midday hour.  
 The soulful wild with bounteous dole  
 Calls soft to me: Keep young, dear soul!  
 Keep young, retain thy sprightly mirth,  
 Quicken thy loves and bless thy birth.  
 Behind the love-lilt of the bird  
 The still small voice of God is heard,  
 And in the sweet breath of the flower  
 A holy incense rises pure.  
 The joys of earth, so lavish given  
 Are promise-crammed with hopes of Heaven.  
 Bound then by love-spell cast above,  
 Confess with Nature, God is love.

Soul of the Wild! I hear thy call,  
 It breaks the gyves of worldly thrall,  
 Refines the fervent thoughts that rise,  
 And woos to commerce with the skies.

Come then, ye pilgrim swallows, come!  
 Ye sacred birds of croft and home.  
 Ye can not come too soon a day  
 To glad our laughing month of May.

“Don’t think that I am swallow-struck. You touched a chord that roused my muse when you spoke of the quiet of the woods and the fountains, and with me, I imagine, poetry is a representative art. I voice what I see; and pageants of pictures move before me like those in a photo-drama.”

“Why, Magnhild, a veritable poem in your sleep! You appall me. You are a rare improvisatrice, a very mistress of the stornello. You sing true poetry without pre-meditation. What genius slumbers in your nature! You are a painter, Magnhild, and your verse has movement too. To you the world is full of poetry as to Percival, whose words I well remember.

The air  
 Is living with its spirit, and the waves  
 Dance to the music of its melodies  
 And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is veiled  
 And mantled with its beauty; and the walls  
 That close the universe with crystal in  
 Are eloquent with voices that proclaim  
 The unseen glories of immensity.

You hear those voices, Magnhild. You breathe your own sweet spirit into everything, and in that spirit is born and dwells poetic beauty.”

“And that poetic susceptibility is linked to my belief in God, for it describes the correspondence of the natural with the spiritual. It transfigures the mere natural glancing from Heaven to earth, from earth to Heaven!”

“To go back to your question, Magnhild, What constitutes a poet? He who merits that name must be original and creative, must express his thoughts spontaneously and

rhythmically in an elevated and graceful style, and withal must be deeply emotional, true and serious — an exponent of the imaginative, harmonious, and unconscious activity of the soul? You were born a poet potential, Magnhild.”

“And you, my inspirer, have made me a poet actual. God gave me the power — not to be taught, not to be bought — to see the world through the atmosphere of poetic imagination. You have made me articulate.”

“Yes, Magnhild, and you can never be dumb now. Truth and seriousness will characterize your every creation. These two superiorities are the touchstones of all time, and in these virtues of poetry you are not wanting, neither in liquidness of movement so suggestive of spontaneity. You are born by nature, to quote Dr. Lluellin, nursed by art — nursed in technic and norms — and so you are equipped to make the most of your gift in the utterance of your congenital passion for unembellished truth. You have your answer to the question, What is a poet?”

“And tell me next, my teacher, is the poetical art superior to the others as a messenger of truth?”

“I so regard it. Its vehicle is language; words are its implements, and they are vastly more expressive than color, form, or musical sounds. No other art possesses the suggestiveness, range, and imaginative wealth of poetry. Sculpture, architecture and painting have been likened to frozen music, music suddenly arrested.

’Tis the poet’s gift  
To melt these frozen waters!

Let me illustrate for you. In Tennyson’s ‘Day Dream,’ when the slumbering beauty is kissed by her lover, the palace that has been asleep for a hundred summers is suddenly awakened, and these are the verses in which the poet describes the revival. I have read them and read them so often that I know them by heart:

A touch, a kiss! the charm was snapt  
 There rose a noise of striking clocks,  
 And feet that ran, and doors that clapt,  
 And barking dogs, and crowing cocks;  
 A fuller light illumined all,  
 A breeze through all the garden swept,  
 A sudden hubbub shook the hall  
 And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

The hedge broke in, the banner blew,  
 The butler drank, the steward scrawl'd.  
 The fire shot up, the martin flew,  
 The parrot screamed, the peacock squall'd.  
 The maid and page renewed their strife,  
 The palace bang'd, and buzzed and clakt,  
 And all the long-pent stream of life  
 Dashed downward in a cataract.

“Painting cannot do that. Here is movement, here the time element. The painter can only hint at the rush of events in such a scene in a series of pictures.”

“But there is something you thrust into that wonderful passage from Tennyson, my wise instructor, that mere poetry — I mean poetry on the page — does not possess.”

“And what is that, Magnhild?”

“That is *tone*, sound that speaks from soul to soul, the animating principle that oral delivery lends, the power of the human voice that aptly expresses with its modulations and accents the emotional content of the words. The words must be uttered to excite in others the emotions locked up in them. Thoughts must move, spoken words give them life. Is not your poetry all but expressionless without the voice? the outward indicator of the ever varying shades of feeling the poet intends to convey? Did not poetical composition antedate writing? Were not the earliest poems of adventure handed down by word of mouth for generations until some Homer *fitted* them together in epic form? Were not their noble words set to rude music

and chanted or sung to inspire passion, to impel to action on the part of men who could not even read language dead upon the parchment. The Vedic hymns are believed to have been recited a thousand years before they were committed to writing by people who regarded the use of the alphabet as impious. The life you tell me of in poetry depends entirely on the insight of the reader, and on his responsiveness to the spiritual message of the poet. And comparatively few there are who are gifted with the power of spiritual interpretation and so of sharing with the maker his poetic ecstasy. But when the maker's sentiments are clearly discerned and eloquently uttered, then the hearts of multitudes are touched, souls reel.

"Poiesis, creation alone, is a lifeless thing. What was fair Adam, made of clay, until God breathed into him a living, acting spirit after his own image?"

"Why, Magnhild, what are you driving at? I sit at your feet to learn."

"Listen. The histrionic art is greater than the art of modelling and fashioning imaginative concepts into concrete shapes, because it employs this art and all others in its sublime expressions that shake the very soul. All that I have read or felt or thought is now before me, and I have but to reach out my hand to grasp an appropriate backing for my theory. It was Campbell who wrote these lines, and they never will become threadbare, for the very essence of truth is in them:

His was the spell o'er hearts  
 Which only Acting lends,  
 The youngest of the sister Arts,  
 Where all their beauty blends;  
 For ill can Poetry express  
 Full many a tone of thought sublime,  
 And Painting, mute and motionless,  
 Steals but a glance of time.  
 But by the mighty actor brought,

Illusion's perfect triumphs come —  
Verse ceases to be airy thought,  
And Sculpture to be dumb."

"Magnhild, what are you aiming at? I marvel at your insight, at the breadth and the height and the truth of what you have access to. Dear being! cultivate the power to project what your subliminal sees, so that we may see it with you, and live more veritably and more constantly in the realm of the spiritual consciousness."

"Dr. Van Alstyne," broke in Rhoda, "this is the most amazing exhibition of mind power I have ever seen or ever imagined. Do you suppose that many persons can be projected, or can project themselves, into this extraordinary state of being, so comprehensive in its subliminal perception, so brilliant and original?"

"That question can not be answered categorically, Miss Barrett. There are no more perplexing phenomena to explain in the whole range of mental philosophy. Whereas the number of self-induced cases of intelligent sleep-talking are far-between, no estimate can be formed of the number of those who might be inspired to display these powers except by actual trial. As you have observed in Magnhild's excursions, there is no memory out of the state of what took place in it, although memory connects trains of consciousness in this state, so that when the patient lapses again into it he remembers all that occurred in former phases, and more than that, he recalls and has at command the events of his normal experience.

"And we have to exercise more care, Miss Barrett, in restoring one to objective consciousness from such a state, which is true somnambulism, a state of wonderful intellectual activity and exalted mind power. That activity is expressed along various lines. Somnambules write books and sermons and poems, paint pictures, carry on conversa-

tions intelligently, speak foreign languages correctly, submit to painful operations without manifesting the slightest sensibility, and perform the most difficult feats impossible to them in the ordinary waking consciousness. I have had opportunity to study a number of very interesting cases in my practice. The subjects talk rationally just as you have heard Magnhild do this afternoon, sip coffee, adjust their clothes, do their hair, and to an ordinary observer are to all appearances wide awake. But there is a certain subtle atmosphere of unreality about their doings, of absent-mindedness, that does not escape the notice of a practical psychologist. The awakening of such a patient implies imperative handling, a more determined summons than the usual *Well, you may wake up now*, perhaps accompanied with a slight shake of the sleeper." And the doctor gave point to his lesson by calling to Magnhild in a loud incisive tone: "Magnhild-awake-Come-back - to - life - and - be - yourself - again - Open - your - eyes - on - your - old - world - and - leave - the - world - of - sleep-and-shadow-behind-you."

And Magnhild, in response to this deliberate mandate, opened her eyes, restored to her normal personality.

"I want you to rest for a half hour, Magnhild," said the doctor, "and Miss Barrett and I will go into the reception-room so as not to disturb you by our talking."

"I am opposed, Miss Barrett," continued the doctor after they were comfortably seated in the waiting-room, "to the frequent repetition of what you have just witnessed, and what you remember Magnhild herself requested. Inspiration to a passive subject offered at intervals of a few days or a week and continued for a month or two, never injures. If done too often by an ill-prepared and inexperienced operator, it begets what is called the hypnotic habit, a propensity easily to pass into the state, sometimes merely at sight of the operator. Hence the induction of

these states and the administration of mental suggestions should be limited by law to reputable physicians, or at least to educated persons who have studied practical psychics and are governed exclusively by philanthropic motives. Repressive legislation is demanded in the United States for the protection of the public from the loathsome hypnotic displays of dime museums, from the disgusting parlor exhibitions so degrading to American manhood and womanhood, and so destructive of the subject's intellectual equilibrium, and from unprincipled so-called hypnotists who exercise their powers to gain their own selfish ends or to deprave their fellow-men.

“ I am convinced that only a few human beings are so constituted as to be in rapport with the majority of their race. Their sympathy must be genuine and thoroughly disinterested; they must be persons of the deepest feelings; they must be touched by that in life which is more precious than social ease, worldly distinction, business success, they must be impressible by the deeper springs of good in human nature; they must have insight into the darkest passions that convulse humanity; and, above all, they must ardently desire to elevate and purify the souls in their keeping.

“ This séance has done us all good, I know it has me. In the up-rush of the violent nerve storm that centred in this series of vicious assaults on my property and character you are familiar with, there came to share my subconscious life a spiritually minded personality. As the inspiration of this afternoon proceeded, Miss Barrett, I felt myself elevated above the plane of the material and the transient, placed out of reach of worry, thought and misgiving, and rendered incapable of irritation by the ingeniously contrived annoyances that had enraged me hitherto. I realized a potency within me that was in every way adequate to the occasion. I became insensible



to accusation and insult. I was made immune to the toxin of resentment. So cheering and uplifting is association with a pure soul. The inspiring suggestion blesses him that gives as well as him that takes.

“I shall not lose the uplifting effects of this unusual association. I feel now that I can dispassionately await, and without misgivings, what may be expected from the malignity of our enemy.”

“You may feel secure, dear Doctor,” said Magnhild, who had joined the two. “Something tells me that we shall be successful.”

## CHAPTER XIII

### PREEMPTED

*Over my spirit's depths there comes a change;  
Relieved from dark perplexity, I feel  
Free as a god — and all I owe to you.*

— GOETHE'S TASSO

*I go to prove my soul!  
I see my way as birds their trackless way.  
In some time, His good time, I shall arrive;  
He guides me, and the bird.*

— PARACELSUS

**R**EPEATED conjunction of spiritual parts begets in the personalities correlated in rapport a mutual like or dislike, which strengthens with each conflux. Dislike ripens into repulsion, so that rapport becomes ultimately impossible; for universally companionable as the pure spirit of man may be, there are rappings in which that spirit does not entirely rid itself of an objectionable coloring reflected from its own unworthy soul, and clearly perceptible to the commedded respondent. This may estrange either party to the confluence. The suggestionist may detect it in his patient, and lose interest forthwith. The patient may detect it in the suggestionist, and lose faith. Then all is lost. Conversely, where the psychic blending involves untrammelled spirit alone, an insunderable bond is forged between the two correlates, a transcendent affinity is established which expresses itself variously in planetary life as imperishable friendship, as emulative admiration, as reverence — in rare instances, as

love purified of its animal element, for exalted love is not subject to sexual impulse. Such affectionate feeling is developed in the spirit and imposed upon the heart, thus reversing the usual order of what befalls in tender passion. Ordinary human love is heart-born, and too seldom rises to the loftier level. But the love that is embryo in the spiritual develops there into an all-absorbing passion for its complement — a passion, not of this world, that lights us deep into Deity — a passion that sublimates, refines, and controls the quality of all intellectual, emotional, and volitional expression. Such love alone is perfect. The multitude know it not because they begin at the bottom of the ladder in the essentially animal, and are satisfied when they have climbed to rational levels only half way to the top. If men and women would cultivate the spiritual consciousness and cherish only the love that germinates therein, as undefiled as the reciprocal love that burns between the mother and the babe, society would purify itself, strained relations between married pairs and divorce would be unknown; the votaries of fashion, the exponents of socio-commercial love, would hide their heads in shame at the poet's question:

“Number thy lamps of love, and tell me now,  
 How many cans't thou relight at the stars  
 And blush not at their burning? One — one only —  
 Lit while your pulses by one heart kept time,  
 And fed with faithful fondness to thy grave,  
 Tho' sometimes with a hand stretched back from Heaven —  
 Steadfast thro' all things, near when most forgot,  
 And with its finger of unerring truth,  
 Pointing the lost way in thy darkest hour —  
 One lamp, thy mother's love, amid the stars  
 Shall lift its pure flame changeless, and before  
 The throne of God, burn through eternity,  
 Holy, as it was lit and lent thee here.”

Subliminal likings grow with each commingling, whether

it be to those who sit silently together in the gloaming or to those who are companions in the sleep of the subconscious, and these likings will in time mature into a spiritual love which is not passive but must be busy along elevated lines.

So it was through the fall and winter months with Magnhild and Dr. Van Alstyne. The spiritual attachment had expanded into an overmastering sense of a united destiny where, as Tennyson so aptly proclaims:

“ Each fulfills defect in each  
And always thought in thought, purpose in purpose, will in will  
they grow,  
The single, pure, and perfect animal,  
The two-celled heart, beating with one full stroke — Life.”

This had been with Magnhild and her spiritual lover a purely sub-conscious apprehension. In their work-a-day lives, tender passion had never been the subject of conversation, although its stimulating touch was everywhere apparent — in the doctor's accentuated devotion to his work professional and literary — in Magnhild's notable progress in her studies. Each blessed God that each had met in other His reflected image. Each recognized in the mutual kinship of their spirits an exalted telepathy that tied soul to soul and mind to mind in the primal duty of sharing equitably and fanning into flame whatever spark of the divine fire may have lodged in both or either. As yet no word had been spoken of the heart love that was stealthily developing into a deep rooted susceptibility. But this state of elevated communion could not go on in exclusiveness forever. The subliminal lovers were to find that there is no sanctuary like the consecrated home in the heart; for lasting platonic love between spiritual fiancés is unpicturable. Sooner or later there will come a descent, if the passion be genuine, into a grosser affiliation that is concrete in sense, yet implies ascendancy of the

essential attributes of love over mere animality. But once a tender feeling has asserted itself, it cannot be confined within the bounds of unselfish sympathy, but craves the intenser pleasure of the embrace, of sense contact, based on the evolved demands of the fundamental sense of touch wherefrom the superior senses have differentiated. Capacity for such tender feeling thus has its origin in our animal nature; but, as man is an intellectual and a spiritual animal, it does not tether his soul to the earth nor leave him a stranger to those lofty feelings that fit him to walk abreast of angels.

One day early in January, when Magnhild had called at the doctor's office on her way home from college, to ask his advice regarding her next term's work, Dr. Van Alstyne, inspired by a cogent impulse, spoke the first words of physio-psychic import.

"A week ago, Magnhild, I encouraged your talking while in rapport with me. Do you remember any of the things you said?"

"No, I can not say that I do. But I have always ascribed my progress in literary study and accomplishment to what you say to me, and do not remember that I ever answer or make comments as you talk. I feel an indescribable push, an out-reach, an aspiration, with adequacy behind it to make good. I sense an inner sufficiency."

"You told me the last time we were in cosmic relation that sometimes you seemed to hover dreamily in the objective consciousness while experiencing an intensely real existence elsewhere. You saw this life as dimly shadowed simultaneously with your impression of an effulgent world outside it, in which you lived and acted and enjoyed. Have you ever analyzed your feelings in that world, so that you can tell me what has given you the greatest pleasure in its atmosphere?"

“Let me shut my eyes and so draw nearer to the consciousness where I may find my answer. I wonder if my greatest pleasure is derived from perception of the immeasurable spiritual riches that inhere in my nature, as you unfold it to me. I wonder if it be my apprehension of the supremacy of mind over volition. Or is it the power emotion that renders these excursions into the subliminal realm so grateful, so exalting? As I abstract myself, I realize with an intensity of pleasure the limitless efficacy inherent in my being. But how can the mere possession of power give delight unless that power be exercised in some meritorious service? Even under those conditions its automatic application can not confer the highest satisfaction which involves the knowledge and commendation of a yoke-fellow, a collaborateur. If stars have souls, their never-ceasing circles through the heavens in fulfillment of their destinies, from nebulosities into suns and from suns back again into nebulosities, could not rejoice those souls were they not conscious of design in their creation, even if these eternal transformations be meant for nothing more than the contemplation of God’s divine eye. So are the joys of this psychic state inseparably coupled with an apprehension of oneness with a companion — of approval on the part of him who discovers to me these spiritual forces and attributes, and urges their exploitation.”

“And does the supreme pleasure, Magnhild, centre in my approbation alone? Is there not something deeper, intenser, more indispensable to the joy of living in this same companionship? Something that is beginning to tincture all expression and to cast an iris-hue over all accomplishment? Something that innervates the earth-life, that imparts tireless zeal, and points the way to lofty triumph — a reflex from the centre of animary percussion, from the spiritual anvil where are struck the blows that



love can flower but once in the life of woman. The poetess has beautifully designated it, the Aloe of her heart."

The passion of Mary Magdalene for Jesus has been humanized by skeptical thinkers, and Renan went so far as to declare it gave to the world a resurrected God. But we are assured that it was an unoccupied tomb into which Mary of Magdala peered at the break of that first Easter morning. When in the preceding time the contrite woman found her way into the catholic spirit of the Saviour that pulsed in universal love for all that had dwelt upon the earth or ever should thereafter dwell, she found a place reserved for her as a participant in that eternal all-embracing love, in common with the countless souls that had consideration there, but no specialized love winnowed for her alone — no possibility of requital from the only Begotten of the Father. So Mary, the love-touched Penitent, loved aright the God of love. There was no hallucination in her rapport.

Similarly with Alma Radford, who was becoming infatuated with the man that had transformed her. A fallen woman naturally turns in all but adoration to him who exhibits to her as a spiritual comrade the serene beauty of a chaste life, and says to her with forceful sincerity, "Sister in Christ, I do not condemn thee. Purify thy soul in the crucible of the spirit, and thou shalt keep thy body unpolluted." And so this servant of sin, under the pressure of a resistless impulsion, broke from her manacles to walk henceforth in the spirit, emancipated from the lusts of the flesh.

When she called at the office as Miss Throckmorton to complete her course of treatment and entered for the third time into converse with the pure spirit of Dr. Van Alstyne, flushed with a kindling passion in which the animal element predominated, she descried that the love



he bore his neighbor, that included on equal terms all the sufferers who came to him for relief, found its terminal in a universal expression. The great liking he bore unto many was solely ethico-rational, and she was of the many. But Mrs. Radford discovered more,—that there never could come from such a nature an animal response to a developing affection which took its source so conspicuously in the animal. Then was disclosed to her the fact that froze her soul into lasting chastity. Beside this charity for all in the doctor's nature, there lived to activate it a specialized love for one, a love born in the spiritual for a spiritual complement. Yet in that love, like the wilding flower blushing at the edge of the plenteous field, there glimmered a faintly perceptible physical feeling instilled by the God of Nature to cement the higher affections, and so to blend more harmoniously and indissolubly in one, two lives consecrated to each other.

Thus Alma Radford found the heart-love she aspired to, and hoped to separate from the massive feeling for man and focus in herself, preempted by a fair forerunner whose aura glowed like gold. She read her fate in the discernment of this attachment — to whom she knew not — but withal riveted with spiritual rivets. She apprehended a subliminal troth-pledge with another, a holy affiancing, and viewed herself revealed in all the superficiality and grossness of her attachment to the superman who was inspiring her. And then her world-sick soul recoiled in shame at her presumption.

The doctor discerned her unwonted perturbation, all unsuspecting of the cause, and while dispelling her embarrassment in the suggestions he forced home, he so revolutionized her objective nature that the ignoble infatuation took flight and she was born again. The love that was developing for the man who had saved her was transformed

into reverence, which, reinforced by the strenuous impulses, put God ineffaceably into her career and so assured her future. She went forth from the concluding treatment disenamoured, happy in the apprehension of her own richly endowed nature, to seek a worthy outlet for her energies, and to sin no more.

## CHAPTER XIV

### SOULS KNOW NO CONQUERORS

*The best laid schemes o' mice and men  
Gang aft agley.*

BURNS' 'TO A MOUSE

WHEN Mrs. Radford left Dr. Van Alstyne's office, she was not only disenamoured, but filled with a true interpretation of her duty and measurably equipped with nerve to discharge it. She had come to believe in herself, and so was prepared to make others believe in her. After long and prayerful consideration, she decided that the noblest service she could actively participate in was the Red Cross work in France, for France she knew and loved. So Alma Radford consecrated herself to the world's cause of humanity and justice, and made her preparations accordingly to go to the front of the great war. She signed for the Red Cross course in surgical dressings, and joined the educational classes in first aid, home nursing, and dietetics. In this way she responded to the suggestion to find a wholesome outlet for her energies. She seemed to be living as a new soul, in a moral atmosphere as well, which she could not breathe and stand committed to the detestable plot of Mason Blackwood. Her association with that man must end. Did she possess the courage to face him and end it?

For a number of days she had put off the inevitable interview. Although repeatedly summoned, she had always found a plausible excuse for evading an encounter she felt would strain her every nerve to the utmost. But there

was developing in her a moral vitality that subdued her fears. Knowing her duty, she did not shrink, but screwed her courage, now founded on virtue, to the sticking place, and waited on Blackwood.

"So you have come at last! Your delay in reporting augurs failure!" he hurled at her through fixed teeth.

"Yes, I have failed," Mrs. Radford retorted, "if failure consists in the deliberate abandonment of your scheme to injure an honest man; I shall not press the claim."

"So I inferred, my lady, from your actions, that such was your policy, but it won't work out," and Blackwood thrust the laughing devil into his sneer. "Believe a woman, an epitaph, or any other thing that's false — is an old saying. One can never count on a woman, even if she be a rapturist. Mark my words! This suit has been begun by me. It is based on the fact that your signature is wanting from the instrument by which your late husband conveyed this piece of property to Van Alstyne, and I shall go on with the proceedings with or without your cooperation."

"I defy you, Mr. Blackwood," broke in the roused woman, unquelled by the lawyer's threatening words. "I order you to stop these proceedings, and I shall swear, if necessary, in the court that I have instructed you as my attorney to discontinue this infamous suit. I shall testify that I signed in Paris a release of my dower right. I am no longer a party to your intrigue against a man who is as nearly perfect as God makes men, and who serves God in the highway as well as in the Temple, one of Nature's purest noblemen who has held out to me a helping hand and switched me from a character and a career that spelt destruction! No, my hand shall never be raised against my preserver!"

Livid with fury, Blackwood turned upon the woman:

"So you've hit the sawdust trail, have you? You jade!"

You hypocrite! You antitype of Britomart! So you found in that doctor's office a Magdalen asylum in which the muddy current of your passions has been clarified. What have you blabbed? Go, bellow this clap-trap to the damned! I suspected on Christmas day that you were more of the convert than the Pharisee. Now listen to me. If you do not keep away from the Court room on the day of the trial, I will blast your reputation in this town, for I am conversant with some of your amours and black-mails. I will put the law on you, hussy! I will land you behind bars!" and to emphasize his threat, Blackwood clutched her roughly by the arm and shook her.

Then the spirit of the woman broke barrier, and looking him straight in the face with flashing eyes, Mrs. Radford demanded, "Unhand me, sir. You are guilty of assault, and as a lawyer you know it; and more you know. If I press this charge against you, the jury will be on the woman's side, as it always is!" and Blackwood recoiled, astonished at his own temerity, and her ready acumen.

"So the worm will turn," he hissed.

"Yes, but this time you happen to have trodden on a worm with a soul! and that soul defies you to the utmost limit. I fear you not. Go, do your worst. Destroy my reputation, if you please, and if you can; spit your poison, snake that you are. Honor and virtue and the approbation of my own conscience are far more to me than what is thought of me! I shall live down any reputation I may have earned for wrongdoing. I have enlisted in the service of the Red Cross, and shall shortly sail, under an assumed name if I find it advisable, for France, the land I love, where my deeds shall give the lie to any ill report you may have famed. Again, I defy you. Dr. Van Alstyne shall not suffer because of my knavery. Such is my never-yielding purpose. As for your prison bars, they fright me not. Do me the justice to believe that I am not

your fool. Good evening, sir." And Alma Radford passed through the hallway into the street, followed by a driving sleet of profane abuse.

The winter dragged along with the delays usually incident to legal proceedings, involving several postponements of the case of Mrs. James Radford versus Dr. Reynier Van Alstyne. It was March. The doctor's attorneys were compelled to accept the flaw in his title, and had informed him that they saw no way of combatting the claim against him. The stubborn fact was there. The quit-claim deed that he had accepted from Mr. Radford did not contain the signature of the absentee wife, who now appears on the scene and institutes a suit to recover her thirds to which she seems legally entitled. The release of dower-right, which the doctor believed had been executed by her, was not in evidence. Perhaps the injured purchaser might proceed against the estate of the man who had apparently defrauded him, but where was the estate? Squandered by the extravagant widow! He might secure judgment against her to the amount of her claim, but it was all very problematical. Dr. Van Alstyne was virtually hopeless. He did not dream of a change of front in Alma Radford. He did not know that she had been so occupied with Red Cross work that she had neglected to carry out her intention of calling to divulge it. He thought of her only as a reclaimed *fille de joie*, but mercenary still. Yet ever in his mind was a muffled belief that something was going to occur that would turn the tide in his favor. Prescience, more or less limited, inheres in every human personality.

A few days before the time set finally for the trial, Magnhild broke in upon the doctor's leisure hour in a state of ill-suppressed excitement.

"Sit down, Magnhild," he entreated. "Why are you

so agitated? What is the matter? Tell me, my beloved!"

"Oh! Reynier, I awakened this morning with an indelible impression. I can not shake it off. It becomes more positive every hour. You must interpret it."

"Tell me all about it, then, and why you have for so many hours played privy counsellor to yourself!"

"For weeks, Reynier, I have cherished a presentiment that the missing waiver would be found. I became obsessed with the belief that my subliminal could be made to discover its whereabouts. Of this, I have said nothing to you or Rhoda, lest your hopes should be vainly aroused; but now, in the intensity of its presentation through a prophetic dream, I can no longer keep it from you. For many nights, as I was falling asleep, I suggested to myself that when I waked in the morning, I would see the missing paper in its hiding place — and this morning, Reynier, there came an abrupt response to my auto-suggestions in the shape of a startling vision. Before I had quite come back to my objective consciousness, in a state between sleeping and waking, I distinctly saw, folded in a book standing on a library shelf with other books around it, that release of Alma Radford's. It seems to be photographed on my brain. I feel as if I had only to reach out my hand, take down and open the book, and there would be your paper."

"What kind of a book is it, Magnhild?"

"It is a large quarto, bound in leather that has been repaired, and it bears the title Evelyn's Silva — but stop, I clearly read the title page, where, printed in red letters, is Silva, spelled with an i, or A Discourse of Forest Trees, by John Evelyn, Fellow of the Royal Society. The date is MDCCVI. And there is a strange signature at the top of the page, in a strikingly dainty hand. It is so

vivid that I can readily reproduce it. There — and Magnhild wrote on one of the doctor's prescription blanks:

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Godolphin". The signature is written in dark ink on a light background.

“Godolphin!” exclaimed the doctor. “Why, he was the Lord High Treasurer of England at the time your book was published. He once owned the volume, Magnhild; where is this book?”

“That is what I do not know. But wherever it is, I am sure that the paper we are in search of is shut up in it. Did the late Mr. Radford possess a library? If so, what became of it? Nothing more natural than that he should have put an important paper in one of his books for temporary safekeeping. And then his sudden death would explain why it was not placed on record.”

“Magnhild, your insight is miraculous. I have such faith in your psychic gifts that I shall follow up this clue most industriously. In the first place, I must ascertain what became of Mr. Radford's personal estate. My attorneys can do that for me. I will 'phone them at once. If it was disposed of at an auction sale, we must find the auctioneer, and if there were books, ascertain who bought them. Then we will follow the trail that leads to Evelyn's Silva.”

The next day, through the inquiries of his solicitors, Dr. Van Alstyne was placed in possession of the following facts:

The personal property of the late James Radford had been sold at auction by Silo & Co. The library had been bought undivided by a Mr. Elliman, that was all that was



known of the man, who paid for it in cash and attended personally to the removal of the books from the auction room. So there was no record of where they had gone.

"Elliman? Elliman? I have a patient by that name," mused the doctor as he read over the communication from his attorneys. Could it by any chance be my patient, Charles D. Elliman, who bought the library? He is a great book-worm and fancier of rare editions. I will call him up at once and inquire"—and the doctor could hardly contain himself as he snatched up the receiver and gave the operator the telephone number.

"Yes, this is Mr. Elliman, who is speaking?"

"This is Dr. Van Alstyne."

"Glad to hear your voice, my dear Doctor. What can I do for you?"

"I am on a strange mission, Mr. Elliman. Are you by any chance the Elliman that bought the library of the late James Radford from Silo & Co., the auctioneers?"

"Why, yes, I happen to be the lucky purchaser. I made an offer for the lot, and fortunately got it. It contains many valuable editions. But why do you ask?"

"It is a matter of great concern to me. You shall know my plight shortly. But first tell me, is there a book among those you bought at the auction sale entitled Evelyn's Silva?"

"Evelyn's Silva? Yes, I remember that title. Isn't the book a large quarto? I have not found time to catalogue the volumes as yet, nor have I even looked many of them over. There are some prizes among them. Why are you interested in that book?"

"Will you kindly find and open it, Mr. Elliman, and tell me if there be a legal instrument shut between the leaves, and if so what is its purport?"

"Yes, doctor, hold the wire a moment — Hallo! doctor. There is such a paper. I have brought it to the 'phone."

"For Heaven's sake, read it to me, Mr. Elliman," called the doctor excitedly.

"Why, doctor, you seem agitated. Why, the paper appears to concern you. Are you listening?"

"Am I listening? You could not drag me from the 'phone."

"It is of the nature of a release, it is dated Paris, May 1st. 1912, and this is what it reads:

TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS SHALL COME

ALMA RADFORD, of New York City, County and State of New York, wife of James Radford, of said City, County and State,

SEND GREETING:

KNOW YE, that the said ALMA RADFORD the party of the first part to these presents, for and in consideration of the sum of One dollar lawful money of the United States, to her in hand paid at or before the ensembling and delivery of these presents, by REYNIER VAN ALSTYNE of the City, County and State of New York, party of the second part, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, hath granted, remised, released, and for ever quit-claimed, and by these presents doth grant, remise, release, and for ever quit-claim, unto the said party of the second part, his heirs and assigns for ever, all the dower and thirds, right and title of dower and thirds, and all other right, title, interest, property, claim and demand whatsoever, in law and equity of her, the said party of the first part, of, in and to all and every the lands, tenements, and real estate, whereof the said James Radford was seized or possessed, at the time of his intermarriage with the said Alma Radford, or at any time since, wheresoever the same may lie and be situate, so that she the said party of the first part, her heirs, executors, administrators, or assigns, nor any other person or persons, for her, them, or any of them, shall not have, claim, challenge, or demand, or pretend to have, claim, challenge, or demand, any dower or thirds, or any other right, title, claim or demand whatsoever, of, in, or to the same, or any part or parcel thereof, in whosoever hands, seisin or possession, the same may or can be, and thereof and therefrom shall be utterly barred and excluded for ever by these presents.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the said party of the first part to these presents hath hereunto set her hand and seal, the first day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

Sealed and delivered in the

presence of:

Francois Berillon.

And it is duly signed and sworn to.”

“Thank God, thank God! Mr. Elliman, you have saved the day for us. I will come at once for the precious document.”

“What do you mean by ‘saved the day’? I too thank God, doctor, if it be in my power to make any return to you for all you have done for me. From what have I saved you?”

“Have you not read in the papers of the suit against me? Of the flaw in my title to this property — the missing signature of the wife on my deed? You have found the paper executed by her in Paris when the property was sold, the release of her dower-right. For God’s sake, don’t let the priceless paper go out of your hands until you pass it into mine.”

“Doctor, I’ll hurry over with it to your office. I’ll be there in ten minutes. I want to know how you suspected the presence of that paper in that book.”

“I will tell you all, and I beg you for obvious reasons to say nothing of the discovery”—and as he hung up the receiver, the doctor turned and looked into the blue eyes of Magnhild, who had stepped noiselessly into the office and had been standing by his side during his conversation with Mr. Elliman. What he read in those eyes need not be told. As he folded her in his arms, he devoutly whispered, “God bless you, my saviour! I have felt all along that God in some unlooked-for way would interpose.”

And Magnhild said, “I knew it.”

Later that afternoon, Miss Throckmorton was announced by the nurse. "Show her in at once," said the doctor. "I have time to hear what she has to say before our 6 o'clock engagement."

"Good afternoon, Miss Throckmorton. How can I be of service to you to-day?"

"Dr. Van Alstyne, to begin with, I am not Miss Throckmorton. I am Mrs. James Radford, in whose name an action has been begun against you for the recovery of my third interest in the property you purchased from my husband in 1912."

"Mrs. James Radford! Do you mean to tell me that you are Mrs. Radford? Why this masquerading? What motive could have led you to come to me under an assumed name — to come to me at all?"

"Dr. Van Alstyne, the whole thing was framed. I have come here to-day to have a heart to heart talk with you. Mason Blackwood, in a spirit of jealous hatred, had planned your ruin. I frankly confess my complicity in the plot. By the merest accident, while searching a title in the Register's office, he came across the deed my husband had given you and found my signature lacking. He saw his opportunity to harass you if he could find me. He did not know that I was in the country, or even living. An aptly worded personal in the *Herald* caught my eye. I went to his house to see what I could learn that would be to my advantage — to quote the language of the personal — and there I fell to his purpose. I well remembered that I had executed in Paris a release of my right of dower in that property, but the indenture had evidently not been recorded. So I took a chance of its being lost, and joined forces against you with the most vindictive and unprincipled man I have ever met.

"I came to your office with a lie in my mouth, and with the sinister purpose to assault your purity. My efforts

fell dead; and when you led me into the presence of spiritual truth, you made me fairly hate myself, and I came from the sleep a new woman to a new life. I am here to try to express to you a gratitude that is really unspeakable. Through your divine power I have come into my own. God reward you for what you have done for me. From my soul I thank you, and I most humbly implore your pardon for my participation in the plot to wrong you."

"Mrs. Radford, to forgive means to cherish no resentment for an injury, and as God is my witness, I hold no grudge against you. In all the effort that has been made for your deliverance from wrong thinking and wrongdoing, I am only the unworthy instrument of God's providence. Give Heaven the praise and the gratitude. You were sent to me to find out what you are reserved for, to obliterate the worldliness that stood in the way of your realizing it, and so the better to fulfill the purpose of your creation. I disclaim all title to any special feeling of obligation on your part. For after all, under the Christian interpretation of duty, my service to you implies palpably a negative virtue. I have only helped a sister in need to help herself."

"Noble, unselfish words! They incite a strange ecstasy that plays about my heart. Oh! Dr. Van Alstyne, happy the being who is accorded admission to the inner sanctuary of your affections and finds herself a solitary presence before the altar of a reciprocated spiritual love. To love you from a merely human point of view, would be presumptuous, irreverent in woman."

"Mrs. Radford, what can you mean? Explain yourself."

"I mean that I beheld in our subliminal conjunction what none else has ever detected — another entity inseparably intertwined with your spirit, inspiring your

every thought and aspiration, living for you, with you, in you — a presence disespoused from the essence of the earth, a power behind the throne. Permit me to invoke edenic joys upon this sacred unity. I have never in all my life felt as I now feel, so exalted, so inspired, in such an attitude of contempt for this world, its opinions and preferments. I am going to France as a Red Cross nurse, with what fortune I have left and knowledge I have gained, to do what I can for the suffering and distraught; but before I sail, I shall appear for you at the trial, not for Blackwood, and waive my right of dower in this property. I shall be in the court-room, veiled, the day after to-morrow, when the case is tried. I sail that afternoon on the *Chicago*, of the Compagnie Generale Transatlantique, but I shall see that justice is done before I leave the country. I shall save you, Dr. Van Alstyne. It is the only atonement I can make for the insult that I offered you, and for my quondam complicity in the plot of Mason Blackwood.”

“My dear Mrs. Radford, in psychic confluences, all my thoughts, all my accumulated knowledge, all that in me constitutes personality, is patent to the person in rapport. You have discerned aright. For some reason best known to yourself, you have selected from the thousand facts and attitudes in my mind, any of which you might have appropriated, that of my spiritual attachment to a woman who is the perfect exponent of sweetness, magnanimity, and moral excellence. I am not ashamed of it, and you occupy the position of a confidante. But why this perturbation?” as Mrs. Radford turned pale and trembled.

Then the heretofore unsuspected truth burst upon his consciousness. “God forbid that you have been exploring my subconscious being, in search of that celestial visitant that men call love! Your heart’s secret is writ upon your face.”

“You have said it. I have been incautious. Forgive

me, for I have conquered the misplaced affections of a distempered soul. I momentarily felt the passion, but never in all the warmth and rapture that characterizes its perfect expression in you. I stood rebuked. I have come to my senses. I am in need of no Leucadian promontory now, no lover's leap."

"Brave being, and sensible. Woman's love save one, finds in my soul no interchange. I love my patients, to quote from the *Idyls of the King*,

With all love, except the love  
Of man and woman when they love their best,  
Closest and sweetest.

"I can not express to you how much genuine pleasure this variation in your emotional and moral motions gives me, and I accept with profound gratitude your offer to renounce in court all claim to a dowry right. But perhaps that may be unnecessary," and the doctor handed his visitor the paper that Mr. Elliman had brought to him. "Within the hour, this has come into my possession. Do you recognize it? It was found in one of your husband's books."

"The hand of Heaven! This is the very instrument I executed in Paris. It has come to light at the psychological moment. Use this instead of me at the trial. It will hurt that monster more. But soft! I shall be present. You know not, as I do, the depth of Blackwood's malignity and his demoniacal resourcefulness. I shall see the case through. Goodbye,"— and Mrs. Radford took her departure, leaving the doctor in a maze of bewilderment.

The day of the trial dawned at last. The court opened. The case was called. Mason Blackwood had not seen Mrs. Radford since the stormy January interview. He reasoned that she was thoroughly intimidated despite her

spirited stand, and would not venture to oppose him in court.

After Blackwood had put in the plaintiff's case, which fortunately for him, did not require Mrs. Radford's presence, he said, "The plaintiff rests, your Honor."

Mr. Chrystie, the doctor's counsel, then arose:

"We propose to prove, your Honor, that Alma Radford, the wife of James Radford, deceased, living in Paris at the time of her husband's illness, there executed, when this property was sold, an instrument in which she waived her right of dower, which was forwarded to her husband in New York, and which we have good reason for believing was received before his death, but for some unknown cause was not recorded with the deed."

"I take exception to this statement," exclaimed Blackwood. "I am prepared to prove that no such release was ever signed by my client, the plaintiff in this case. I claim that no such waiver ever existed."

"What evidence have you, Mr. Chrystie, to support your statement?" inquired the judge. "Although this is somewhat irregular, I will go into this question now, as proof of such a document would dispose of the case."

"Merely this, your Honor, which I respectfully request you to examine," and the attorney handed the magistrate the paper that Magnhild had traced to the old book on forestry.

"Ah! ha, what is this?" remarked the judge, reading the document over most carefully. "It purports to be a release of dower right in the property now held by Dr. Van Alstyne, signed and duly acknowledged before the United States Consul at Paris, on May 1st, 1912, by one Alma Radford. Where did this come from, and why was it not presented before?"

"It was discovered only three days ago, your Honor,



by a strange chance, and we offer it here in evidence of the justice of our contention."

Thereupon Mr. Blackwood, surprised but not disconcerted, rose in a storm of fury.

"Let me see that paper! I denounce it as a forgery! I declare this to be a fraudulent signature. It is not the signature of my client. It represents a most clever attempt to trick this Court."

"And yet, Mr. Blackwood," said the judge calmly, examining the paper, "the instrument bears the marks of genuineness. A duly executed document creates the presumption that it is genuine. It certainly is not a recent production, for the paper is stained with age, and the creases indicate that it has been folded a long time. I shall admit it in evidence."

"All that, your Honor, can be accomplished by expert counterfeiters, and the defendant is not above recourse to the most unscrupulous deception."

"Are you prepared, Mr. Blackwood," interposed the judge, "to take the stand and testify under oath that this is not the signature of your client?"

"I certainly am."

"Swear this witness, Mr. Clerk."

"Are you familiar, Mr. Blackwood, with the signature of the plaintiff in this action?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"How many times have you seen her sign her name?"

"Times without number, your Honor."

"You are sure that this signature is not that of your client, Mrs. James Radford?"

"I am positive."

"By the way, where is your client?"

"My client is seriously ill and unable to be present."

"That will do, Mr. Blackwood."

"And now I demand from the defence," said Blackwood scoffingly as he stepped from the stand, "what proof they may have to offer that this is the signature of Alma Radford, the wife of James Radford, who gave a warranty deed to Reynier Van Alstyne."

"Has the defense any evidence to offer in favor of this signature's being that of Mrs. Radford?" queried the judge, turning to the doctor's advocate.

"It has, Mr. Justice, but it does not know it," spoke a woman in a clear determined voice, as she walked forward to the rail from a corner of the court-room where she had been sitting veiled and unobserved. "I am Alma Radford, and that signature is my own."

Bolts sometimes fall from clear skies. The sudden appearance on the scene of a woman who had just been pronounced too seriously ill to appear in court, who claimed to be the person that signed the document — and yet the woman in whose name the action had been begun — for the space of seconds turned into mutes the chief actors in the drama. Judge Thomas broke the silence:

"Madam, take the stand," and to the Clerk of the Court, "Swear this woman."

"Are you the widow of James Radford?"

"I am."

"Examine this signature. Is it yours?"

"It is."

"Where and when did you sign this paper?"

"At the United States Consulate in Paris, in May, 1912."

"Why in this case are you seemingly appearing against yourself? Are you not the plaintiff?"

"I was. I am such no longer. I was persuaded to begin this action to establish my dower-right by Mason Blackwood for the money he promised there was in it for me. My release of dower had never been recorded,

and he believed the paper to be irrecoverably lost. As time went on, I came to realize that I was involved in a nefarious blackmail scheme to extort money from Dr. Van Alstyne. I could not bring myself to that, and two months ago I directed Mr. Blackwood to discontinue this action which he had brought in my name, and discharged him as my attorney. How far he has complied with my directions, you are made aware this morning."

Frenzied by the aggressiveness of Mrs. Radford and the successive failures of his efforts, but still undismayed and resourceful in the face of assured defeat, Mason Blackwood leaped to his feet and fairly shouted, "This is the acme of effrontery! This perjured creature is not my client, Alma Radford, who is sick in bed in her apartment, but some woman the defence has trumped up to play this saintly part. Undoubtedly she signed this bogus paper. I ask for a decision against the defendant."

"*Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat,*" commented the judge. "Take the stand again, Mr. Blackwood, and answer the Court under oath. Do you solemnly swear that this woman standing at the rail, who declares herself to be Mrs. James Radford, is not Mrs. James Radford, the widow of the late James Radford who conveyed the property in question to Dr. Reynier Van Alstyne?"

"I most emphatically do. I never saw this woman before!"

"But I have," dryly declared the judge, "on one occasion when she was unaware of my surveillance. James Radford happened to be a personal friend of mine, and I know this woman to be his wife."

"As for you, Mr. Blackwood," continued the judge with withering self-possession, "the iniquity of your assault upon an honorable gentleman is perfectly apparent. In your madness, you would ravish justice herself. I shall turn you over to the District Attorney. It is emi-

nently proper that you should be indicted for perjury.”

Convulsed with the play of contending passions, Mason Blackwood staggered speechless to his seat.

That afternoon, on the deck of the French steamer *Chicago*, cleared for Bordeaux, two ladies and a gentleman bade godspeed to a heroic soul that had found its better self.

## CHAPTER XV.

### EPISODE III

#### THREE DAYS: FROM THE MEMOIRS OF A SUGGESTIONIST

*And these rays of Surya, Maker of Day, falling alike on the high-peaked mountains and the calyxes of the lotus flowers, are like the wish-trees in Indra's Paradise, granting wishes that extend beyond the range of thought. May this rising splendor of Surya to-day mow down your sins.*

— POEMS OF MAYURA, BY DR. G. PAYN QUACKENBOS

*"The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities."*

— ROM. 8:26

"REYNIER," said Magnhild one early April day to Dr. Van Alstyne, "will you not give me an insight into this wonderful practice of yours? I should like to see how you minister to the mind diseased and pluck the rooted sorrow from the heart. You know I have never witnessed any of your great work. I have always been the subject."

"I sympathize with your desire, my Magnhild, but how can it be gratified? My cases are all private cases, and it would be unethical for me to admit any one but my confidential nurse to these treatments."

"Then why can't I act as your office nurse for three days? I will put on Miss Rockwell's uniform, and walk in her ways, and keep the faith. I am sure she will be glad of a vacation."

"You certainly are ingenious, my clever help-fellow, and on that basis I think it can all be arranged. And we

will begin to-morrow? I have some very interesting cases on the calendar, and others may happen in. You will thus enjoy an unusual opportunity for studying the psychology and apprehending the possibilities of mental suggestion. I am so glad you thought of this, and can act as my office nurse for three whole days."

"Agreed, then, and at what time shall I report for duty to-morrow?"

"The first appointment is for ten o'clock, but you might better be here a little after nine. That will give you abundance of time to don your uniform and familiarize yourself with the lay of the land. I shall ask Miss Rockwell to be on hand to start you off properly. Buttons will attend the door. You receive the patients first in one of the waiting-rooms, ascertain their names and addresses, and announce them to me; and of course you will be present at the treatments. Miss Rockwell seldom comes in now, as it is an old story with her. I shall address you as Miss Witherspoon."

"Oh! dear, I am all eagerness to begin. I shall not be late to-morrow."

Magnhild had hardly got into her uniform the following morning before the bell sounded,

"There," said the doctor, "I have some interesting phobia cases. That may be one of them. You know what phobias are, I suppose."

"Not scientifically, perhaps."

"Well, they are persistent, unfounded, morbid fears, and I have several cases due this forenoon, some that I have not seen and some well along in their treatment. Imaginary troubles, you know are always greater than real ones; and they are possible because of some subtle deficiency in the normal phosphorus-bearing substance of the brain cells. I fancy the person who has just come in

is one of these cases. You go out, ask for the name, and ascertain the reason for the call."

Magnhild returned in a few moments with the report that the patient, a lady, had never seen nor corresponded with the doctor, but had been referred to him by a physician in Providence, and was suffering from fear of lightning.

"The very thing I want to show you, and it fits in antithetically with two other cases I expect later, as it has a physical explanation, which some phobias have not. Please bring the patient in."

"Good morning, Madam. Will you be seated and give me your name and address."

"Mrs. A. M. Bell, Providence, R. I."

"What is your age? Thirty-seven? Now tell me why you have come to consult me?"

"Dr. Van Alstyne, I have come to you to be cured of an inordinate dread of thunder and lightning. I am afraid of nothing else in that line, guns nor blasting, broadsides nor explosions, not even of contagion and death. But I can feel a storm coming on hours in advance, and the rumbling of distant thunder all but drives me out of my mind."

"You can feel an approaching weather disturbance? Tell me how. We doctors call your particular fright *astrophobia*."

"Indeed, an appropriate name, one of those 'words of learned length and thundering sound' I used to be told about in my English class at school. Well, no matter about that. There does seem to be something in the electrical conditions prevailing just before and during a thunder storm that affects me disagreeably. A cold perspiration breaks out on my skin, my whole body trembles, my heart palpitates. I'm afraid of being struck."

"And yet you know, do you not, that the danger of being struck by lightning is infinitesimal, the average annual number of deaths from that cause in a population of one hundred and ten million being only about 200?"

"I know all that, doctor, but I shiver inside at the thought, I sit and wriggle in agony if I see a cloud, and when the storm breaks, I thrust my fingers into my ears, run downstairs into a neighbor's apartment, jump into bed, and cover up my head, so that I can not see the glare of the lightning. I go all to pieces. Some years ago when I lived in my own house in a Vermont village, I had constructed an easy chair with glass legs as insulators, and at the first muttering of thunder I ran to the room where I kept the chair, closed the windows, pulled down the shades, took my seat in the chair, covered myself all over with a rubber mackintosh, and stayed there so protected by non-conductors till the storm had passed. Although passionately fond of the country, I decline all invitations to visit friends out of town. I might spend the summer on my cousin's yacht but for this dread. I am in deadly terror as the spring opens and I realize that I am nearer the season of storms. Under ordinary conditions I pass for a sensible woman."

"I suppose you follow the weather predictions very closely."

"Yes, I am forever picking up the paper to see what the weather will be, and in summer, after three clear days, I begin to expect a storm. I watch every cloud, I consult the weather forecasts in the newspapers night and morning. I live to dodge storms. I know I am not likely to be hurt, but I can not get rid of that awful fear, and I cry and take on in an ordinary sun shower like a hysterical woman. Life is torture."

"I am sure you suffer immeasurably. Do you know any cause, Mrs. Bell, for this phobia? Its origin is some-



times to be found in a narrow escape from lightning. Sometimes it is hereditary."

"I remember, doctor, that I was an exceedingly nervous and sensitive child, and was always afraid of lightning flashes. This fear was aggravated when a house near ours was struck one night, and I saw it burn to the ground. My mother was so terrified that during every storm for several years she was accustomed to wake me at night to hold her hand and listen to her expressions of terror. You asked me whether the fear was hereditary with me. I believe it must have been in a degree, and I am sure that I have transmitted it to my little girl, now twelve years old, who is afraid of everything, screams at sudden noises, and all but goes mad at the sound of loud music."

"The incident you relate, Mrs. Bell, unquestionably was a potent factor in the evolution of your fear; but apart from that we must reckon with the physical fact that your peculiarly sensitive neurons are affected by some magnetic disturbance in the ether preceding and accompanying violent commotions of the elements. You can be made to forget that incident, and be deadened to the disquieting cosmic vibrations. My nurse will prepare you for treatment."

"Miss Witherspoon, as this lady is extremely nervous, you might better give her a teaspoonful of passiflora, and then take her up into the quiet back room, and make her comfortable on the bed. I will be up presently."

When the patient had been put into the responsive sleep, the doctor offered the following pertinent suggestions:

"You are now clearly aware of the physical affection which underlies the panicky condition developed in your mind by approaching storms. You understand your trouble is proximately caused by your abnormal sensitiveness to those magnetic disturbances in the ether that are

peculiar to the advent of tempests. A physical state underlies your mental operations, and you will assert yourself in all the force, dignity and common sense of your nature, and end to-day your apprenticeship to this phobia. You control it, and by your decree there is nothing in the physical state of the atmosphere before or during a storm that can affect you hereafter. The material basis of your lightning dread is destroyed. It is impossible for your brain neurons to be affected unpleasantly by any quality in the meteorological conditions immediately preceding or accompanying a thunder storm. You are immune to such commotions of the ambient ether. So there is no more alarm when storms impend; there are no more hysterical manifestations, no consulting the papers to see what the weather is apt to be, no fear of the approach of spring. The whole thing is off your mind, killed in your constitution, and you are emancipated. Your will assumes control automatically, and you are going to take faithfully the capsules that I shall prescribe for you, which represent forced feeding for your impoverished brain and nerve organs. A richer protoplasm means an ameliorated power of transmission for will force, moral courage, and horse sense. You are done with this fear of thunder storms, and permanently done with it. And you will sleep awhile in apprehension of your release. Your lost nerve is recovered."

The doctor repeated the substance of these suggestions a number of times, and then withdrew from the room with Magnhild, leaving the patient asleep. In the reception-room downstairs, a gentleman who had an early appointment was waiting, and Magnhild ushered him into the office.

"Good morning, Mr. Washburne," said the doctor cordially. "Sit down and tell me how you have been since your last treatment a week ago."

“Why doctor, I am greatly improved. I think that imperative fear is about gone, and I am attending to my business, seldom giving it a thought.”

“Can you get through the day without washing your hands so often? This gentleman, Miss Witherspoon, had a morbid horror of dust and microbes. Such terror implies a massive pain rooted in apprehension of impending evil from which the subject eagerly seeks to escape. He used to busy himself from bed time until 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning dusting his clothing over and over again, sweeping the carpet under his bed, wiping off the mantel and book shelves repeatedly, brushing everything in sight, and fearing to retire lest he should be polluted by falling dust particles while he slept. During the day, his hands were incessantly in soap and water, he constantly manicured his fingernails from apprehension of infection, and he soiled fifty napkins daily in desperate efforts to wipe micro-organisms off the glassware, crockery, and door-knobs. His wife was unable to keep a servant in her employ, and his business had all but gone by the board. In cases like this, there is no physical reason for the preposterous fear as there was in the preceding instance; there is simply an imperative dominating notion on the part of the victims that they must not be contaminated. The phobia is distinctly psychic. Mr. Washburne laughs at it now, and knows it was all the horse play of an overtired brain. Put him in the front-room above, and I will give him his final treatment, for he graduates to-day. I shall be through in time for the lady who has the 11.30 appointment.”

The doctor shortly finished his concluding treatment, which consisted of a summary of his previous destructive suggestions, with an assurance against relapse in the future. On returning to his office, he took a letter from the file and said to Magnhild: “The lady who should be

here in about twenty minutes has written me a brief statement regarding her phobia — cynophobia or fear of dogs. I sometimes wish that more of our New York women might suffer acutely from that phobia, for I hate to see slavishly squandered on the pampered Pekinese or cockered Pomeranian, everywhere on the public streets and in the drawing-rooms, the fond attentions that are due to humanity alone.

“These cases of dog fear are usually ladies who have had some unpleasant experience with canines. A dog runs against them or jumps on them at a time of low vitality and high impressibility; aversion follows, which matures into fear. They come to regard it as much of a defilement to be touched by a person who has handled a dog as to come personally in contact with the dog itself, or even with the sidewalk it has trodden. I remember one patient who would not permit her husband to approach her for fear a dog might have brushed against him in the street. She was accustomed to sit in her chair apart, maintaining that the touch of a dog or of a person who had touched a dog would drive her crazy. In every other respect she was perfectly normal. There goes the electric bell. It is probably the patient a little ahead of time. Inquire if she be Mrs. P. W. Hamilton — that was the signature to this letter.”

Magnhild returned in a moment with the announcement that the new-comer was the lady in question, and the doctor opened his record book at a blank page to take the history.

“Is this Mrs. Hamilton from Baltimore?”

“It is, Dr. Van Alstyne. I wrote you very briefly about myself last week — about a fear that has for several years made my life miserable. I am afraid of dogs. My whole being revolves round that one central idea.”

"Tell me the history of your trouble Mrs. Hamilton. How and when did it begin?"

"About three years ago, a pet dog of mine contracted rabies and had to be killed. The shock of the thing developed in me a harassing dread of hydrophobia. The approach of a strange dog threw me into spasms of agony. I came to regard a scratch on my finger as the bite of a rabid animal. I imagined that my clothing, shoes, and gloves might have come in contact with saliva dripped from the jaws of a mad dog, and burned them up again and again on the strength of that fancy.

"While suffering from the throes of these mental pains, I happened to take up a medical book one day and there read that certain intestinal worms had their origin in the dog, and that the voided germs were scattered by the wind and so found their way into food. Since then I have suffered torture for fear I might be the innocent conveyer of the infection to my little boy. I am in a state of constant horror lest his shoes and clothes may be contaminated. I have surrounded the yard where he plays with a high wire netting fence so that no dog can come near him. I never touch my own shoes, for I believe them to be infected by walking on the floor or pavement. I cannot take off my skirts over my head, nor drop them and step through them, for I feel that they are polluted. My underwear and dresses are specially constructed, so that I can unbutton them in front from the neck down and throw them aside at the levels at which they are worn. At the sight of dog droppings in the street, I think of the worms and go promptly to pieces. Is there any remedy for me? Professor Munsterberg tried in vain to put me to sleep, and then told me that there was no help for me in psychotherapy."

"My dear Madam," said the doctor, "the failure of a

given suggestionist to effect your cure does not imply that you are incurable through psycho-dynamic influence. You are blessed with vast inherent potentialities which can certainly be made available through suggestion, and are adequate to the extirpation of this distressing phobia, with its basis of hypersensitiveness and its superstructure of baffling irrational persistency. Much of human suffering depends on disordered mind states. Owing to some obscure physical weakness, abnormal fatigability, or mental peculiarity, or all three, you are over impressionable. Your cure depends upon an intelligent application of the principles of mind control."

"Then, doctor, is there no physical cause for my trouble?"

"Remotely, perhaps, but not as in the case of cat hatred and horse asthma directly due to emanations from the skins of the animals in question, or as in fear of thunder storms provoked by subtile magnetic influences. Rather I should look to auto-intoxication of some insidious kind as physically explanatory of your discomfort, or at least of its persistence. Mental suggestion insuring an inflow of control, coupled with elimination, represents an eminently appropriate treatment. The balm for your hurt mind is to be found in the peaceful sleep that brings you into touch with supreme realities, exhibits to you your superiority to psychic suffering, and gives me opportunity to impel you to assert and exploit that superiority."

"Dr. Van Alstyne this talk has done me good already. You have given me so rational an explanation of my malady that you have almost reasoned me out of it. I am confident your suggestions will put it to flight and I am ready."

"Miss Witherspoon, you may wake Mrs. Bell now, and prepare that room for this lady. And please make

an appointment with Mrs. Bell for the day after to-morrow. How shall you wake her? Oh! I forgot that you were a novice. Miss Witherspoon began with me this morning, Mrs. Hamilton, and I have not shown her how to awaken a patient. You may remember, Miss Witherspoon, that I suggested to the lady upstairs that she would sleep until she was all slept out or was called by my office nurse. All you have to do is to go confidently into the room, address her by name, and bid her awaken. You will find that she will respond at once to your call"—and when Magnhild spoke the word, she sat upright and smiled.

The suggestions that stood out in incisive relief among those the doctor offered to Mrs. Hamilton, were:

"You are done with all unwillingness to come in contact with people lest they have been contaminated by the touch of a dog.

"It is impossible for you to dread taking a walk lest you convey poison to your child. You are aware now of the disastrous effect of your incessant worry in this direction upon your boy, who is already beginning to shun people. You must and will force yourself against this folly.

"You will avoid taking any of the precautions you have told me of, like washing your hands every time you touch your shoes, going around with slippers which you can remove without handling, crossing your feet, and when you imagine you have touched something suspicious after taking a bath, immediately taking another.

"A revulsion has set in, and you decline to be made a fool of any longer. You have ceased to regard yourself as a fear patient."

These and similar impulsions, were repeated forcefully from different angles of approach, until they were ingrained in the woman's consciousness.

When he returned to the office with Magnhild, the doctor said, "So much for phobias. They are very engaging psychoses, as we call them, which means morbid mental states. They belong to a large family, very interesting members of which are acrophobia (fear of heights), kreminophobia (fear of precipices), agoraphobia (fear of open places), potamophobia (fear of ponds and rivers), claustrophobia (fear of shut in areas). Then there is fear of society and crowds, and fear of solitude, and fear of fainting, and fear of doing wrong things, and most ludicrous of all, fear of being afraid! Oh! what fools we mortals be! How singular that the first patient, an unexpected stranger, should have presented so interesting a variety of morbid fear. It often happens so in my practice. Three or four patients, each suffering from the same unusual complaint, are under treatment at the same time. Who is out in the waiting-room?"

"A gentleman with a pretty little girl who can't walk. He asked me so pathetically whether I thought you could do anything to restore life to her withered limbs."

"I realize what is coming. The child is doubtless a victim of infantile paralysis, and I can do nothing for her. Do you amuse the little one, while I talk to the father apart."

After listening to the gentleman's story of sudden invasion, acute symptoms, followed by a chronic stage of incurable wasting paralysis, Dr. Van Alstyne said: "I regret, sir, to have to tell you that there is nothing in mental thereology that is applicable to the case of your little daughter. But there may be in mechano-therapy. So I am going to refer you to Dr. C——, the orthoepedic surgeon, who had a most valuable experience last summer with poliomyelitis. If anything can be done at this



junction, Dr. C—— will know, or he will give you safe and conservative advice.”

As the door closed on the disappointed man and his helpless little burden, the doctor remarked: “This is always my practice. If there is another physician who can do better for an applicant than I, that physician gets the patient. I aim to do all the good I can with the psychology I know. Where psychology does not apply, I frankly tell the patient, and send him where there is reasonable hope for relief. Now we will let those two patients sleep while we have a bit of luncheon; and after luncheon, I have an appointment with a woman violinist, and I will give you an insight into inspirational work — the evocation of aptitude or endowment from its subconscious hiding-place into the full light of everyday expression. It is an objective realization of the ideal revealed in spiritual feeling. It was through this inspirational treatment that we made you write the sonnets at Sunapee and do many similar extraordinary things this winter. The subject of this afternoon’s demonstration, Miss Shanna B. Arnitz, has been coming here at prescribed intervals for two months and has made miraculous progress in agility, grace and dexterity of fingers, and responded adequately to the instruction of Christian Kriens and Mr. Letz, for she has had the advantage of training at the hands of both these great teachers. Of course, she is possessed of exceptional talent, and I have succeeded in dispelling her self-consciousness and giving her faith in its culture. She is no longer nervous before an audience, feels under no strain or tension, does not care who is present, never thinks of herself as an object of scrutiny and never loses her head. Her playing is full of feeling,” the doctor went on during the luncheon hour, “and she is doing admirably the compositions of Kreut-

zer, Rodé, Sevcik, and the Bruch and other concertos. With her sense of rhythm and her insight into the spiritual scope of the masters whose compositions she renders, I am sure I can make her overcome easily and at once big technical difficulties such as occur in the Paganini caprices, so that by late spring she may possibly become measurably proficient in virtuoso technique. Her great ambition is to equal Maud Powell or Kathleen Parlow. Well, let us go back to the office, Miss Arnitz is always on time. There — the bell has sounded. If it be she, introduce yourself as a new nurse, and make her feel at ease. I will see her, in a few moments.”

When Miss Arnitz entered the doctor's office, he spoke in his usual encouraging manner: “Good morning, Miss Arnitz, I trust you are going to give me a good report.”

“Indeed I am, Dr. Van Alstyne. I have succeeded beyond my expectations, and I think Mr. Kriens is astonished at my progress. Of course, he doesn't know anything about my receiving mental suggestion from you.”

“It is best not to tell him, for his curiosity might confuse you and interfere with the rapidity of your development. Then he might not understand. Let him have the credit for all that is accomplished. Has he mentioned any points in which you are deficient or need to give special attention?”

“Yes, he has, and I am going to ask you to make me more responsive to the instruction of Christian Kriens. Give me more of Ysaye's masterly tone, of Elman's fire and energy, his virile strength that sweeps into the heart, of Carl Flesch's absolute perfection in intonation — it is tone that sways a cultivated audience. So don't forget, doctor, to impress upon me that seventy-five per cent. of the tone quality is due to the method of vibration. And pray make my every high note sweet. I am working on a program for next October, on Sarasati's Spanish dances,

especially the gypsy dance, the Zegeinerweisen, which requires quick bowing — a minuet by Beethoven, a sonata by Veracini, and the Chanson Meditation by Cottinet; and I am recklessly aspiring to the Caprice Viennois, the hardest ever — what do you think of that? and one of the big Mozart concertos, which must be played in very classical style, broadly and with perfect rhythm and intonation. What do you think of your pupil anyway, doctor?”

“You fairly take away my breath. You certainly have recovered from your diffidence and self-depreciation. I feel like repeating the question of the little boy who, when shown triplet sisters just presented to the family by his mother, wonderingly inquired, ‘Did any get away?’”

“Now don’t make fun of me, doctor. Remember, I owe my inspiration to you, and you have helped me so much, I am confident you can do more, can do all this. And one did get away from my enumeration, the Rondeau Capriccioso of Saint Saëns. Do you know it?”

“Indeed, I do; must I include that?”

“Yes, and be sure to give me the right tempo of the Zegeinerweisen, and make me play it fast enough. I have all the spring and summer to practice in, and am full of strength and ambition for the work.”

“I will attempt to evoke all that you ask, Miss Arnitz, and embody in my unity what you have hinted at regarding the other sonatas and concertos. Miss Witherspoon, will you take care of Miss Arnitz now, and prepare her for the psychic treatment I am to give her. I infer that you have awakened the other two ladies and dismissed them.”

“I have, Dr. Van Alstyne, and they both went away in cheerful spirit.”

When Miss Arnitz was ready and the doctor had induced a receptive state, he spoke to her as follows:

“ You have a great love for the violin, and almost anomalous talent, and you bid fair to be a leading woman performer in a year’s time. You will henceforth experience no difficulty in mastering rapid passages with your bow arm, and you will automatically concentrate on making your bow bounce on the strings, all wrist tension being obliterated. Your fingers have lost all tendency to overpress with the bow; your arm will never cramp or tire and become irregular in motion in special passages or quick legato bowings. Your right hand is extremely flexible and can change its positions quickly and smoothly, and also render excellent intonations in double stops, such as thirds, sixths, fourths and sevenths octaves, and in tenths and seconds. Your right hand also is now possessed of great facility for trills. Its vibrato is quick and short, as in the mode of Thibaud. Your double stops are in time. Your leggerio passages will be executed fluently, without the slightest roughness. Your sense of rhythm and time, and your fine interpretative faculty, are quickened, and you have the alert ear of Carl Flesch for all intervals, his absolutely perfect intonation, breadth, and sweep. You will affect the style of Kreisler, and the technique of Mischa Elman.

“ So all difficulty takes flight, and you are going to play as you have never played yet, with unwavering calmness and repose — never excited at the most intricate passages, never agitated and disabled when you realize how well you are performing, admitting no inadequacy, but always realizing yourself spontaneously in all the worth and dignity of your human nature, and all the panoply of your powers. You are a mistress of violin technique. You will play at once with passion, tenderness, and sustained feeling, devoid of mawkish sentimentalism, in tune with the infinite harmonies of the soul.

“ You are now ready to render the *Zegeinerweisen* in the

right tempo, and with quick bowing insuring the acceptable rapidity. You assume at once Ysaye's qualities of tone, especially its church-like attribute which spells you with thrilling reverence — and Elman's masculine strength — and the perfect intonation of Carl Flesch, which has so forcefully impressed you — responding accurately in it all to the instruction of your preceptors.

“And withal, you are at ease, natural, self-confident, cheerful — never frightened or confused — no fear that the string will go down or your fingers run away with you — superior to all nervousness. You will spontaneously retain your self-possession. Mark well, in all your playing, no perceptible soupçon of misgiving or apprehension.

“Life has a new look to you, a deeper, sweeter meaning than it ever had, and it is holding out to you to-day opportunities for happy and successful accomplishment that you will promptly embrace and make all your own. For your endowment is a trust to be exploited not only for your personal gratification and expansion, but for the esthetic refinement and the exaltation of others.”

The doctor went on in similar strain, repeating emphatically the main points in his psychic schooling, and after giving Miss Arnitz the suggestion when to awaken, returned to his office.

Magnhild had been deeply interested in the suggestions offered to Miss Arnitz, and was not slow to express her admiration.

“Dear Reynier, to me this is the most awe-inspiring line of your work, this calling forth into active useful expression a talent that might otherwise have lain hidden forever in the napkin of disuse if you had not discovered it and put it into circulation. How much light it throws on the nature of the mind stuff of which we are psychically made. Sometimes I think we are all equally endowed as spiritual beings, and we differ from one another in the

earth life by the amount and quality of attribute we bring over from the great cosmic life."

"There is no over-belief in this, Magnhild. It has long been my philosophy. And it is our duty to impel to expression on the part of every human neighbor those imbedded powers that are ultimately to prevail against the reign of sin and bring upon the earth millennial harmony. 'I said Ye are gods,' declared the psalmist, and some are. It is the old Adam in the man that keeps him from his godlike self—the old Adam of ignorance that withholds from him a knowledge of himself—the old Adam of self-conceit that leads him to interpret mediocrity as sublime puissance and causes his aspirations to centre in objective self-indulgence. He may indeed have tasted the fruit of the tree of knowledge, but he has not properly digested it and converted it into those intellectual and ethico-spiritual 'wrestling thews that throw the world.' He is earthly as yet, and comparatively impotent, because he does not recognize and use his immaterial powers. But his time is coming. We are at last crossing the threshold of the unseen and entering the promised land of limitless accomplishment.—There's the telephone! I'll answer it.—Yes, this is Dr. Van Alstyne's office. Who is it? Mr. Frank St. Pierre? I am the doctor. You wish to consult me this afternoon? Yes. I can see you at 4 o'clock. And begin your treatment then? All right, I will meet you at four. Good-bye.

"Now Magnhild, we have an hour; let us refresh ourselves with a stroll in the Park, and I will tell you more of what may be achieved in the way of summoning forth innate capacity."

"That will be delightful, Reynier. I am fascinated with this phase of your work. Have you ever treated an

actress or elicited literary gifts? Tell me, as we walk along."

"Yes, I have treated a number of prominent men and women of the stage; and not a few novelists and short-story writers owe their inspiration to the suggestions I have given and they have accepted. You know it is one thing to learn the precepts of rhetoric in a school or college course, so as to repeat them half understandingly and never think of writing in their spirit — and another and a very different thing to know them as living eternal principles of the human mind, impelling to intelligent creation.

"Suggestion matures inventive power, corrals the plots that are vague in the consciousness, and amplifies and unravels them in automatic obedience to the canons of narration. Feeling, spiritual life, is what it gives to the expression of ideas; and the ideas themselves it winnows from the countless multitudes of thought forms that cluster about the personality — the contents of the Cosmic Soul. And I encourage in such subjects the habit of spontaneous employment in sleep, when power and material are most in evidence."

"It seems miraculous."

"But it isn't. It is wholly in accordance with natural laws that we are just learning to interpret."

"And what can you do with an actress?"

"Remove her diffidence, stimulate her insight, inspire her imagination and power of assumption, make her feel and be her part, and awaken that automatic watchful faculty which in a purely feigned impersonation takes accurate cognizance of real surroundings that might either assist or mar the illusions. You know Fanny Kemble used to relate that this vigilant presence of mind never deserted her; that while, for instance, she was uttering

all that exquisite passionate poetry in Juliet's balcony scene, while she felt as if her own soul were on her lips and her color came and went with the intensity of the sentiment she was expressing, this subliminal faculty was ever on the lookout, preventing her from falling over her train; from setting fire to herself with the lamps placed close to her; from leaning upon the canvas balcony when she seemed to throw herself all but over it. In short, while the whole person of the actress appears to be merely following the mind in producing the desired effect and illusion upon the spectator, both the intellect and the senses are constantly engrossed in guarding against the smallest accidents that might militate against it.

“And opera singers can be made to sing with a voice velvety through the whole register, even, unwavering, clear, vibrant, flexible, resonant, full of warmth and color, with every register easy to reach, to high C, to D and E above high C, even to high G sharp (altissimo), and pianists play, after treatment, with unusual tone, brilliancy, strength, finish, and delicacy, with perfect pedalling and finger dexterity, with quickened visualizing powers, and the highest control of vitalization and devitalization.”

“It is not unusual for a young woman who has spent years and thousands on her music or voice to lose her head and fail utterly the first time she appears before an audience. The cure for such diffidence and self-distrust is to be found in emboldening suggestions.”

“I agree with you, Magnhild; the noblest work of the psychicist consists in impelling human beings to express the best that they are at their best in any exalted direction whether it be intellectual, moral, or in the exploitation of genius — unwonted creative faculty that links man with the Supreme Original. Marshall Juneau, referring to his military genius, said that Napoleon was one of those rare beings nature flings upon the earth with centuries



between them. Man is at last in a position to reduce the century intervals to decades. And is he not doing it? Study the progress of the human race since our Civil War, the all but supernatural consummations achieved, and you will be appalled by the thought of the unfigurable mass of multiform genius that must be clamoring for utterance through millions of human minds. Lanier's statement, that as the world is now constituted there are three thousand million common persons to a single genius, is an arraignment to-day. It need no longer be true. The ability exists in man to evoke the unappropriated aggregate of endowment, cosmically existing as abstract attribute, in personalized expression on the earth, in time. Pardon me, Magnhild, if I trench upon the transcendental. 'The Spirit within me constraineth me' to cross the threshold, the dividing line between the everyday waking and working mind and the unsearched realm of spirit beyond the region of sense."

"And Reynier, you have consecrated your life in generous effort to awaken in your fellow creatures a sense of the immense possibilities of man and to make them perfect even as the Father is perfect, for so we are enjoined — to open an approach to divine excellence. Even if you accomplish only a little, you are pointing the way to others who will come after, and God will bless you for it. I am anxious to get back to the office and see what our four o'clock case is."

Mr. St. Pierre was on time, and it transpired that he came to be cured of the drink habit, contracted while at college and developed by club life since his graduation. "He must be cured," his wife who accompanied him pleaded. Physical, mental, and economic bankruptcy was impending.

"Is your case a periodical one, Mr. St. Pierre?" inquired the doctor.

"It was, to begin with, Dr. Van Alstyne, but the intervals between my sprees have gradually shortened until I have become a practically continuous drinker."

"That is the general rule with men who begin to drink occasionally and as the time goes on, moderately as they describe it and therefore harmlessly. What are you drinking and how much daily?"

"Whiskey principally, but beer as well, or almost anything alcoholic that comes my way. And I suppose I take from a pint to a quart of whiskey every day — 12 to 15 drinks."

"Where do you get your whiskey, at your club or at the ordinary city bars?"

"Why, I run in for a drink whenever I feel like it, and anywhere that I happen to be."

"Do you know how unscrupulously the liquors and beers of this country are adulterated by saloon-keepers, who serve under such names poisonous potions many times as destructive to the brain and internal organs as is ethyl alcohol?"

"No, doctor, I have never thought of that, never investigated it. All I know is that some whiskey is better than other whiskey."

"Only one drink in a hundred sold as whiskey in the United States to-day is really whiskey! It is the practice of the liquor dealer, in his mad desire to get rich quick, to stock his cellar at a negligible outlay with casks of crude grain or potato spirit, innocent of pure alcohol. He then provides himself with a full line of laboratory-made essences, and in accordance with the instructions of a hand-book furnished by the essence manufacturer, proceeds to compound from the same barrel, by the addition of the prescribed quantity of the several essences, every kind of whiskey, rum, gin, wine, and brandy. The price of the amount of essence required to manufacture in this

way 160 gallons of whiskey varies from \$3 to \$4. Such are the frightful compounds of fusel oil and ethereal essences, so cleverly blended as to deceive the taste of connoisseurs, that are palmed off on cozened millions as legitimate and wholesome alcoholic drinks."

"Heavens! doctor, you astound me. Have I been drinking poison like that?"

"You have, and isn't it a wonder that the American people submit to such a gigantic fraud at the expense of their digestive organs, kidneys, nerves, and brains? And the beer offered them as a beverage is just as bad. Analysis shows it contains sulphurous acid and other adulterants with preservatives, that constitute it a kidney and liver irritant. And besides it is imperfectly matured. So, as you are taking it, alcohol is a tissue poison, producing slow degenerations manifested not only in physical disease but in dulled mental processes. Have you noticed any mental reduction? What about your concentration power, your memory, and your judgment?"

"Doctor," interposed Mrs. St. Pierre, "my husband is becoming forgetful, gloomy and moody, and often drowsy about the house, gruff and disagreeable half the time, extremely irritable at home, but unnaturally complacent outside, so that I call him a street angel but a house devil."

"How is his will power?"

"Very feeble, and I heard you ask about his judgment. It is seriously impaired."

"Do you admit all this, Mr. St. Pierre?"

"Yes, I guess she is right. I have muddled my business, people are beginning to distrust me. I can't concentrate for any length of time on anything, and worst of all, I have found myself entertaining false notions, so that I have been afraid of the 'wet brain' some of my pals talk about."

"Now let me ask you a crucial question. Do you smoke?"

"I do, from morning to night, and sometimes in the night."

"What do you smoke?"

"Cigarettes, and occasionally a pipe."

"How many cigarettes constitute your daily allowance?"

"Forty to fifty; sometimes more, for it has become mechanical to feel in my pocket for tobacco and paper to roll a cigarette, and I really can't think or talk of anything without first lighting one."

"Do you inhale the smoke?"

"What a question, doctor. Of course I do. Every whiff of it. What good would smoking be without inhalation?"

"But inhalation represents the abuse of tobacco. If you smoke three or four cigars a day, and that represents the limit of the sedative or cheering effect you can get out of tobacco, you bring the smoke into contact with a few square inches of mucous membrane in your mouth and pharynx. But remember, you have 725 million air cells in your lungs, and if you can imagine the air sac walls dissected out, joined together and laid on the ground, they would cover about 2,000 square feet with the most absorbent tissue in your body, designed by nature to appropriate the oxygen in the air. There's the difference between smoking a cigar like a gentleman and smoking a cigarette like an addict. The smoke is immediately diffused into the blood and hurried on its deadly errand in the circulation, until in a brief space of time every organ in your body is tobaccoconized."

"What an impeachment!"

"And do you know, Mr. St. Pierre, what that smoke contains?"

“Why, nicotin, I presume.”

“Yes, nicotin, to be sure, and it is the nicotin stimulation you are after. But remember that all artificial stimulations are followed by reactions, and in this case the reaction is accentuated by a miscellany of depressing poisons contained in the tobacco reek. Let me enumerate them — ammoniacal vapors that dry the throat and liquify the blood; carbon monoxid, or illuminating gas, that induces a drowsy, dizzy condition and disturbed heart action, for in minute percentages in the blood, it destroys the power of the red corpuscles to absorb oxygen and so figures conspicuously as a factor in all degenerative diseases; carbonic acid gas or choke-damp, prussic acid in composition, sulphuretted hydrogen; and irritant aldehydes — all virulent nerve-poisons. Of the aldehydes, the one known as furfural, found in inferior alcoholic drinks and computed by chemists to be fifty times as poisonous as alcohol, occurs in the smoke of cheap cigarettes, the smoke of a single Virginia cigarette containing as much furfural as 2 ounces of whiskey. And you may add to these an insanity-producing toxin called acrolein, resulting from the combustion of the paper wrapper.

“The real danger in smoking consists in the inhalation of these poisons, and the cigarette is the insidious promoter of inhalation and is thus the conspicuous exponent of tobacco perversion. The addict becomes listless, undependable, incapable of powers of attention and application, untruthful and dishonest. These demoralizing effects are cumulative; and when they reach in a person who has discovered an antidote in alcohol the point of intolerable depression, the subject breaks barrier in a periodic debauch.”

“Doctor, your indictment is scorching, and if true, unanswerable.”

“Every word of it is Gospel. I have read you quite a

lecture, and I am going to conclude it by expressing my astonishment that the government which in the enforcement of the Harrison law, is conducting a most meritorious campaign against drug taking, should have left unnoticed two flourishing addictions, twin vampires, that are doing infinitely more damage to the brains and physical constitutions of the people of the United States than all the drugs put many times together."

"Doctor, your lesson is an eye-opener to me."

"I am glad that it is, and what I am coming to is this. You can't be cured of your abnormal thirst for alcohol, which is visibly speeding you toward degeneracy, unless you consent to be cured at the same time of cigarette addiction, the palpable cause of your drink habit. I have investigated this subject for more than a decade and have treated 1500 cases of alcoholism by mental suggestion, having long ago convinced myself that the intoxication impulse is to be regarded as a psychological disorder and can not be combatted by physical measures alone — and 75 per cent. of my cases have owed their origin and existence to the abuse of tobacco. Will you authorize me to destroy the cigarette hankering and honestly mean it, for there must be no mental reservation. If so, and if you will carry out my instructions faithfully for a year, I can promise you lasting cure beyond a peradventure."

"Of course you will, Frank," broke in Mrs. St. Pierre, who had been an attentive listener to the doctor's lucid explanation of the trouble. "As it is, you are committing suicide on the installment plan."

"That is a very apt simile, Mrs. St. Pierre. Your husband is making his brain an arena of conflict for two contending poisons, tobacco which depresses and whiskey, its antidote, which bolsters — a physio-psychic see-saw — both destroyers of the brain. Does your husband understand the nature of my treatment?"

"He does thoroughly, for I have talked it to him for a year or more, and I believe he is sincere in his desire for cure and his intention to accept the treatment."

"Doctor," added Mr. St. Pierre, "I honestly am. I thought when you first spoke of cutting out cigarettes that if I renounced drink I had earned a right to the pleasure of smoking — that a double sacrifice was too much to ask of me — but you have convinced me of my plain duty, and I am man enough to stand up and take my medicine. I am satisfied that the course you suggest has right on its side, duty, expediency, and in my case is imperative."

"Good for you. Persistence in cigarette smoking is tantamount to inviting a relapse. I will give you something to take for a week that will prevent your feeling any physical let-down when the alcohol and tobacco are removed from your dietary. And then for two or three months you will add to each meal, in the form of a capsule, a little extra brain and nerve food to repair the damage done to the cells, which fortunately is reparable. At the termination of the treatment, you will find yourself a very different man, capable of doing your work intelligently, and happy as you have never yet been in all your relations."

"Thank God! Here is my hand on it, Dr. Van Alstyne. Take right hold of me."

When St. Pierre was asleep, the doctor pushed with his accustomed cogency these salient suggestions:

"You are done with alcoholic drink and all that it stands for; and all desire for whiskey, beer, or wine — all willingness to touch the stuff — is by your decree and in virtue of your all-sufficient control, destroyed, burned out of you root and branch, killed in your nature. And in place of the old appetite and craving, is developed in you a loathing and detestation for alcohol, a burning hatred that holds you forever against it. You abhor it, you

abominate it, you are intolerant of it. The very smell of it nauseates you, the taste of it would vomit you and make you seriously ill. So are you self-protected. It is impossible for you to carry to your lips with either hand the glass that contains any intoxicant. You no longer want it, you do not need it, you will not miss it, and it is impossible for you to suffer in any way from the nervous disturbances that usually wait upon the abandonment of alcoholic drink. On the contrary, you are the gainer along all lines. The physical, mental, moral, and economic bankruptcy that was impending is averted. You sense the presence of efficiency within you adequate to the enforcement of radical abstinence as the principle of your life; and you are insensible for the future to any such combination of desire and opportunity to gratify desire, of passion and allurements, as has usually constituted temptation. There is no time ahead of you when you will or can heed the bidding of enticement. You are going to keep the faith through life. The idea that better work can be done under the influence of alcohol is dispelled; the feeling that you have a right to use your person or property as a means of offending your neighbor or of causing your neighbor to offend through your example is stood abeigh; and a career of wholesome activities awaits you, of earnestness and sincerity, of intelligent persistence and honest shrewdness in the conduct of your business. Henceforth, you scorn recourse to alcoholic stimulants for any reasons; and you depend exclusively, under physical or mental strain on the units of energy legitimately manufactured out of nutritious food, non-intoxicating drinks, air, exercise and sleep.

“ Moreover, you are looking askance at any practice that might possibly revive in you a physical craving or necessity. Hence you are determined to cut out cigarettes and terminate the depressing and irritating effects that result



from inhalation. You take up this phase of your trouble without mental reservation. You are in earnest. The cigarette must go if you are to be secure in your position. You are facing a stubborn fact, and you will face it seriously, resolutely. You — unhesitatingly — ally — yourself — to — a — policy — of — reason — and — common-sense — and — renounce — the — use — of — tobacco — forever — without — any — ill-consequences — in — the — way — of — uncontrollable — hankering — and — nervous — unrest! You can not safely smoke in any form; for if you do, you will soon be smoking cigarettes again and in a short time as many as ever. Your system has learned to your peril the trick of offsetting tobacco depression with alcoholic exaltation. You frankly admit that you belong to a minority who can not play with fire without being burnt. The law of your action regarding these two destroyers of your efficiency is, and of necessity must be, Touch not, taste not, handle not. And you are wise enough to see it all and take a heroic stand to-day. You are no half-measure man. So do you rise and assert yourself in all the force and majesty of your manhood in domination of these two habits that were fast undermining your physical and mental constitution. You do not hesitate. Purpose that parleys is in danger of surrender. And you will never look back after the flesh-pots. You bid goodbye to the cigarette without retention of the slightest interest in it. It does not taste good to you any longer. It appeals to you no more. You are now permanently diverted from all tendency to destroy yourself by perverted and intemperate use of alcohol and tobacco.

“Again, I force home the undebatable decision: You are done with alcoholic drink and tobacco in all their forms. Your position is uncompromising and impregnable. You will never shift your ground, for you realize with an awful apprehension of your responsibility the danger that

the slightest relaxation would invite. It is impossible for you ever to want a drink of alcoholic nature, or ever to take such a drink. It is impossible for you to inhale tobacco smoke or to light a cigarette and place it between your lips. Your late foolhardy mode of living has passed from your remembrance as a hideous nightmare, and you are restored to your senses and are fast coming into your own.

“You will awaken at 6.30 convicted, efficient and happy.”

As the doctor concluded, he said to Mrs. St. Pierre, “I wish to repeat this treatment five times in the coming month. Your husband is suffering from a disease like the victims of morphine, heroin and cocaine, which is susceptible of cure by the same suggestional methods as apply to the dope fiend, provided the conditions of cure are accepted. He is in one sense a sick man and must be treated accordingly. While you are observant, be trustful and kind, and see that my recommendations are carried out faithfully.”

So ended the first day of Magnhild's trio.

#### THE SECOND DAY

The earliest patient to present herself the following morning was a Mrs. A. T. Kingsbury, accompanied by a trained nurse and with a letter from her physician, in which she was described as a confirmed neurasthenic. Dr. Van Alstyne was never without such cases, they were not novelties to him, but he was pleased to be able to exhibit to Magnhild the characteristic indications of nervous breakdown.

As soon as Mrs. Kingsbury had settled with a plump in the doctor's chair of inquiry, she pitched headlong into an enumeration and history of her symptoms, without giving

the physician a chance to ask a question or even to introduce himself :

“ Dr. Van Alstyne! I have suffered what God has called on no one else to suffer. I am utterly wretched and depressed — excruciating pains all over my body, teeth, tonsils, pelvic organs, neck, shoulder-blade, side, back, knee — notice my whey face — and sometimes there’s a snapping in my ear like a swarm of crickets — puzzled all the specialists — been curretted, operated on for appendicitis and found not to have appendicitis, an outrageous shame, awful the way I have been treated — they short-circuited my intestine — went to Rochester to see the Mayos — after a week of waiting, saw one of the doctors, was told no further operation was necessary. Then I went to lovely cheerful Dansville for a month and came home better. But my husband fell off a street car, and I’m in the pit of Hades again — bankrupt — can’t sleep, lie awake for hours and worry about nonsense, live on veronal — constant throbs here in my left side — and then I flush and my eyes give out. I cough, cough, cough all winter. Oh! I’m a drag — got everything to live for, yet life isn’t worth living — can’t face anything — have a horror of seeing my friends — drive them away from me. Everybody hates me. I take a morbid pleasure in tormenting my husband. I nag the family. I am out and out cussed — petulant, peacocky, fault-finding. I am ugly, irritable and cross at home; don’t love my husband and children any more; am out of touch with everything, society, music, art, literature, with the interests of my family. I can’t talk. I take my meals by myself. A cloud settles down on the house as soon as I enter. I am scared to death about this vacant feeling in my head lest I should go insane. Do you think I am going to lose my mind? I see faces and animals in my mirror. I

smell burning wood all the time. I act like a lunatic every Sunday. I feel as if I should fly to pieces. And dyspepsia! I almost forgot. My stars! I can't eat anything without agony — full of gas half the day — puffy! Oh! so bloated, doctor, and no appetite, and I've taken radium baths for it, the biggest humbug yet!

“Do not set me down as a figgig, full of dodrums and crotchets, for what I am telling you is stark naked truth. Am I labeled or libelled in that letter of introduction?”

“Madam, let me have a word.”

“Yes, ask me any question you want to. I believe some other personality has taken possession of me. I am unlike everybody. I am always thinking and doing the wrong thing. Now I want you to relieve me of these physical woes and of all my character defects. When you get me to sleep, do give me charity, forbearance, patience, composure. Oh! doctor, give me poise and make me cheerful and fit to live with. I realize that I am killing my husband and family. Do develop in me a home-making instinct, a housekeeping frame of mind, a power to adjust myself to existing conditions, to conquer this lamentable tendency to shirk responsibility.

“Help me to find my normal social environment. As it is, everything mocks me. You are my last resort. If you can't cure me, doctor, I shall end my torment with my own hand. I shall take poison, an overdose of something. I've made up my mind to it. I believe it is the right thing to do. You don't think it's wicked, do you?”

“Stop right there, Mrs. Kingsbury; let me do some of the talking. To begin with, are you a Christian believer?”

“Yes, I am a Roman Catholic.”

“A Roman Catholic, and you presume to talk to me in justification of suicide! How dare you thus set at

naught the teachings of the Church? How dare you thus defy her creed? Are you not constrained to believe in immortality? and should you take your life in challenge of God's plans for your adjustment on this planet to an eternal environment, you would be immediately conscious of a craven betrayal of your trust, and your anguish would be immeasurably greater than any you can possibly suffer in the flesh — recreant to the will of God, apostate! How dare you, a Catholic Christian, talk such impiety, such iniquity to me, or harbor in your mind such a profane thought?

“Be careful lest grace to repent be withheld from you, and you are given *carte blanche* by the divine fiat to go your own way, deemed unworthy of the condescension of the Infinite. You can not understand why this sickness is permitted to afflict you, you can only believe it is for some wise reason, a link in a chain of causes and effects righteously ordered, and leading somewhere for your good. Your disappointments may be God's appointments. You do not know what you are reserved for. Your duty is plain — to launch the forces God has given you for recuperation, and prepare yourself to take your place again on the firing line. Nothing is baser than to wish for death. Think of others who are patiently suffering woes in comparison with which yours are inconsiderable. You are not veritably submissive so long as you are willing to suffer only so much as you yourself deem best. The patience of unanswered prayer is the price of your restoration. Have you been with this to your Confessor?”

“No, I have not. I don't go to confession any more. It doesn't do me any good.”

“It does not do you any good because you will not allow it to. In the hands of a wise, sympathetic, orthodox churchman, it is capable of doing you unbounded good.”

Return, and be not backsliding to your religious covenant. In the conception of Heaven, you have not yet earned your grave.

“But you do not come to me for spiritual advice. Sit in this chair and let me look you over. I will note this lady’s reflexes, Miss Witherspoon, and then we will take her blood pressure. The patellar tendon responds beautifully, and so does the tendon Achilles at the ankle, and her pupils are normal both for accommodation and light. Madam,” continued the doctor, as he listened to her chest, “you have a perfect heart, your blood pressure is only 127, and if you behave yourself you can live and be happy for 30 years on that heart beat, you say you are 45?”

“That is my age, but I told you I did not want to live another day and suffer like this. Doctor, you are becoming decidedly vitriolic.”

“You misjudge me, Mrs. Kingsbury. I did not intend to be even sub-acid. Keep still for a few minutes, and let me talk reasonably to you. You are hipped on the subject of your own ailments. You are thought-sick. You are a self-tormentor. Your pains are psychical. In all this chatter about yourself, you are forever working beyond the fatigue point, uselessly expending energy. It is a crime to encourage a state of being persistently tired. Your insomnia is referable to the fact that you are too jaded to sleep. Your fatigue has been cumulative until you have practically exhausted your reserve fund of vitality. It will take a little time to reaccumulate enough nervous capital for you to live happily on.

“And you must exercise patience and faith while your cells are being built up, and attach no significance to bad days, for you are going to have bad days. The natural history of emergence from a condition like yours is unfortunately a history of causeless and unpreventable setbacks. But you have been a long time reducing yourself

to this state of nervous undertone, and you must allow a sufficiently long period for your extrication from it. So you will keep on, for months if necessary, doing the things that will get and keep you well. You must exploit the quality of adhesiveness. And the only door that is open to you is the door to restored health. You can't die and you can't go crazy." The doctor spoke with great force and earnestness.

"It is true that you suffer more than if you had an organic disease. Your sensitive nerves exaggerate impressions that others would hardly notice into lasting irritations or agonizing blows. While we are taking away this hypersensitiveness of the nerve organs by appropriate remedies such as forced feeding, elimination through the liver and kidneys and skin of toxins you are saturated with, exercise and diversion — we shall seek to change your mental attitude to a confident optimistic outlook by destroying your habit of self-centred thought and self-focussed conversation, rendering you indifferent to excitation by slight stimulations of nerve filaments, and making you responsive to the physical measures we shall adopt for your relief."

"And all the doctors have insisted that there is nothing the matter with me!"

"That is true, in one sense. There is nothing the matter with you that depends upon a lesion or a disease in any of your organs. But there is a great deal the matter with you functionally. Your nerves and brain cells are fagged and starved and undoubtedly poisoned. The nerves, they are the woman, in your case. We shall rest them and feed them, and as you have symptoms of intestinal poisoning which is invariably present in neurasthenia, disintoxicate them. I infer from what the doctors have told you that there is no specific blood infection, and shall acquaint myself by analysis with the chemistry of

your body and regulate your diet accordingly. And of course, I shall insist in my suggestions on the establishments of habits of sleep, and a habit of awaking in the morning regenerated, without tension or depression.

“Your condition depends on a faulty mental make-up and attitude, prolonged by a faulty nutrition which is both a cause and consequence. It is neither serious nor incurable, and what I am going to do is to substitute new and healthy mental processes for these perverted ones, and increase your capacity for happiness which must be sought in agreeable occupation. Improved mental conditions will restore your visceral tone. Hope and faith and courage will soon terminate the intestinal dilatation which is the result of continued worry and which favors the growth and absorption of putrefaction products, and give you a lively start on your journey back to health. And stop consulting any more physicians. Break the doctor habit.”

“Then you do not advise me to go to a sanatorium? I can ill afford that. I have spent so much already, and sanatoriums are notoriously expensive boarding-houses.”

“By no means. My friend Dr. Bishop once said that a patient should never be sent to a resort cure, if the strain on his purse or the sacrifice of his affairs is such, that he will worry all the time. Worry is your gorgon. Besides I want you kept in contact with normal and healthy people, and not in an atmosphere of patients given to morbid introspection and depression. That would only make you worse.”

“Oh! I am so glad that you think that way, Doctor; and I have a presentiment that you are going to straighten me out.”

After Miss Witherspoon had quieted the patient, removed a tight shoe and otherwise made her comfortable, the doctor talked to Mrs. Kingsbury for three quarters of



an hour along these lines of readjustment, laying particular stress on her suicidal propensity. When she left the house, her mood was cheerful and her future radiant.

A gentleman who had been waiting in the reception room for some time next entered the office. "How do you do, Mr. Haviland, how are you getting along after your third treatment?" was Dr. Van Alstyne's salutation to the new-comer.

"Better, much better, doctor, but my mind is not clear yet; a spot is left that resembles a raw sore. I get blue at times, and am afraid my trouble is coming back."

"Are you still annoyed by sounds?"

"Yes, to a certain extent. If I hear the wind blow, or the rattle of a mowing-machine, or the squeaks of my auto, or birds, or crickets, or katy-dids, or even a voice in a hotel or street-car, I sometimes imagine still that the Devil is making a noise to pester me. I know it is all balderdash, yet the thought haunts me at times. I can not disburden my mind."

"But you will in a short time. If I remember your case aright, you were reared in an unhappy home where Satan was held up as a scare-crow to the children, and you grew to adolescence in fear of a personal Devil."

"That's right, doctor, and did I tell you that there was some heredity about it. My grandfather was a hypochondriac, my mother and certain cousins were neurasthenic, and my aunt has been in the Hartford Retreat for years, believing herself to be in Limbo."

"Have you overworked?"

"I suppose I have. I have been obliged to apply myself perhaps beyond my powers of endurance."

"There you are. A hereditary diminution in capacity for sustained healthy mental effort coupled with a phenomenal susceptibility to exaggerated impression by memory

images that can not be blotted out of the consciousness. I want my nurse, Miss Witherspoon, to note that you are aware of being the dupe of a delusion."

"I am perfectly cognizant of the fact that I am not the plaything of the Devil, that the arch fiend is not busying himself to annoy me, and yet the thought seems to hover about. Do you think that I, a hard-headed business man, don't know better than to believe that buzzing flies are emissaries of the Devil, and to fear the approaching summer that will bring them in swarms, and yet such an absurdity will occur to me? But the doctor has almost laughed me out of the idea."

"Mr. Haviland has made a noteworthy distinction, in defining his mental state, between an obsession and a fixed deception. A delusion is a misconception or false belief, a mental imposture or error. If immovable, it becomes a pathological inaccuracy of judgment, and equivalents insanity. Thus there are delusions of the sane and delusions of the insane. The former are subvertible by mental suggestion, as are also imperative ideas, which are recognized as morbid by the subject, but cannot be dislodged by effort of will. A neurasthenic patient is usually open to persuasion, and may be argued into an admission that his fears or dominant conceptions are without foundation, and are to a certain extent controllable, although he may not be able to dispel them. An insane patient accepts his delusion as a reality, and cannot be persuaded that it is baseless, cannot be reasoned out of it. His power to weigh evidence is destroyed. Hence delusions are not in themselves proofs of insanity, but must be estimated in connection with other symptoms of brain defect or disease, before their significance is determinable. There are many aberrant mental states that cannot be classed as insanities. Take this by way of parenthesis.

"Mr. Haviland's imperative conception, revived after

the lapse of years through the tendency of a fagged brain to clutch at something to concentrate its distorted activities upon, and aggravated as he has intimated to me by a disappointment in love, is functional and is certain to be entirely displaced. Such influences may impel their subjects to do what they do not wish to. A young man who consulted me for fear of water and things associated with water, like ferryboats, due to his having seen a man drown when he was fifteen years old, could never properly take a bath, for as soon as his clothes were off an uncontrollable impulse seized him to jump out of the water and put them on again.

“In not a few instances, delusions are borrowed directly from persons who have them or from hearsay, or from newspaper accounts. In states of depressive disability, the brain appropriates some fortuitous thought, which keeps recurring until it assumes the poignant shape of a periodically repeated mental dagger-stroke. Incalculable psychic suffering owes its existence to the atrocity-mongering of the daily press. A lady who came to me once from the South, after reading a story of the death of a child caused by its swallowing with its food a fragment of a broken milk bottle, became possessed with the fear that a piece of glass would get into her baby’s milk and kill him, which fear kept intensifying until she refused to wear any clothes which she imagined had been near any particle of broken glass. Later her physician, when told that she had a fear of glass made the remark ‘Glass! What damned nonsense. If it had been needles, there would be some sense to it.’ Immediately she developed a fear of needles, and as time went on her fear of glass left her but her needles and steel pins became an ascendant obsession.

“Mr. Haviland has struck the key-note of the mental treatment in asking me to give vivid relief in his con-

sciousness to the conception that God does not radiate to Him the spirit of fear and suspicion, but rather of love and power and discipline, as St. Paul wrote to Timothy. He believes, and rightfully, if such a sentiment can be made to pervade his consciousness, he will stand in awe of the Devil no more. So I shall make this view the groundwork of my creative communication to him to-day. And as regards his love affair, I shall assume that as he can be comparatively happy without the girl who broke her engagement, it would be unwise for him to take any chance, through renewing the engagement, of being happy with her.

"Miss Witherspoon," said Dr. Van Alstyne, after his session with Mr. Haviland, "who are those people who have just come in? You have had an opportunity to confer with them."

"It is a young lady, with her brother, who says he has shaking palsy. He staggers about the room with his head and body bent forward, and his hands and arms in a tremble at times."

"At times, eh? Note that. Did you learn anything of his history?"

"Very little, beyond the fact that for several months he has been an inmate of a number of sanatoriums, where he received treatment for his nerves. His name is Adams."

After a brief preliminary conversation with the sister, Mr. Adams was requested to walk from the waiting-room into the office, while Dr. Van Alstyne critically studied his attitude and gait. He entered with a sudden running-forward motion characteristic of paralysis agitans, his hands and forearms atremble, but his fingers noticeably unbent, and when he reached the inquisitorial chair, as the doctor facetiously called it, he thrust out an ominously steady left hand and grasped the slatted back to keep

himself from losing his balance, for he had pitched too far forward in what was apparently a well-acted assumption of the gait of a paralytic. After he had dropped helplessly into the chair, Dr. Van Alstyne put a few leading questions, which the patient replied to in a weak high-pitched voice.

"What is your age, Mr. Adams?"

"Thirty."

"Yes, Miss Witherspoon," said the doctor, in carrying out a scheme to test the patient whom he had begun to suspect of feigning sickness, "I'll be there at once. Excuse me a moment, Mr. Adams, and while I see what my nurse wants, please write your name and address in my record book."

After pretending to answer an important telephone message, Dr. Van Alstyne returned to his patient and took up the case book to go on with the history.

"Your penmanship is very fair. You have not begun as yet to write with cramped imperfectly formed letters. That will come later. How long have you lived in sanatoriums?"

"About six months, doctor."

"Did you have any symptoms of shaking palsy before you began sanatorium life?"

"No, I went to a sanatorium because I couldn't sleep."

"Then all these advanced symptoms have developed in your case within the last half year? Marvellous progress you have made. Was it at the sanatorium that you learned so much about Parkinson's disease?"

"Learned about it? Parkinson's disease? What's that? What do you mean, doctor? I've got shaking palsy. I know I have the ailment, for there was an old man being treated there who had it and his symptoms were the same as mine." Meanwhile Mr. Adams kept up his tremor and head nodding, and appearance of rigidity

as well as he could, and piped his complaints, pleadingly and profusely.

The doctor stood it as long as he could, then finally broke in with caustic objurgation. "I do not think you have palsy, Mr. Adams."

"But I know better, doctor, I know all about the disease."

"Mr. Adams, to cut this interview short, you are an out-and-out malingerer. You have faked some of the symptoms quite cleverly, but you don't know it all. You are simulating an affection that runs its course in from three to a dozen years, and you could not possibly present these terminal symptoms at so early a stage of the game. You are too young to have worked and worried long enough to induce paralysis agitans, and you have suffered neither shock nor injury adequate to its inception. You seem to forget that the tremor does not remit while the subject is awake. My keen-eyed nurse noted periodical abatements in your tremor while you were sitting in the waiting-room. You can't deceive me. You do get tired of shamming all the time, don't you? and sometimes forget yourself; but Nature knows no let-up when vessels are congested in the spinal cord and cells are atrophied. Nature never forgets herself."

With that, the patient shuffled out into the waiting-room and fell sprawling on the floor, declaring that he was paralyzed and could not move hand or foot.

"Stay there then," said the doctor sarcastically, "and let my patients, as they come in, see what a fool an able bodied man can make of himself. With all his boasted knowledge of this form of palsy, Miss Witherspoon, he does not know that muscular paralysis never occurs."

"Mr. Adams, you are all but a criminal, preying in this way on the sympathies of your family and needlessly keeping them in a state of apprehension. I have un-

deceived your sister. There is nothing the matter with you but perversity and laziness. Pull yourself together like a man. Get back to your work. The only medicine befitting your case is a horse-whip!"

The patient did not wait for the doctor to administer the prescribed dose, but scrambled to his feet, and followed by his sister, ran down the front steps and jumped spryly into his taxi.

"Here's another kind of caper, Magnhild," explained the doctor, "that the brain will cut up. Factitious sickness is becoming more prevalent every day; and malingerers by the score are feigning injuries and affections to hoodwink physicians who examine on account of indemnity claims and especially to determine the status of pretensions to exemptions from military service. One has to keep his eyes and ears open. The general pose of this man Adams bore the ear-marks of dishonesty. His primary object is a morbid gratification he derives from being rated as an invalid by his family and the doctors he consults. Perhaps the shake-up I gave him will bring him to his senses."

Magnhild passed into the waiting-room to see if there were any new-comers, and shortly returned to report:

"There's a man out here with hay fever, doctor. But you must be tired after such exhausting treatments as you have been forced to give this forenoon. Do you want to see him before luncheon?"

"Yes, I'll see him, but perhaps not treat him until afternoon, if he has to be treated psychically. That's strange, that a patient should apply for treatment in April for a malady which depends for its cause on the presence in the atmosphere of the noxious pollens of certain grasses and plants, notably the common ragweed or ambrosia. They are disseminated by the wind, and when breathed into the nasal passages and intercepted by a hypersensi-

tive mucous membrane, provoke the distressing catarrhal symptoms in persons predisposed to the disease.

"I presume the patient wants to anticipate attacks that are due in the summer, or perhaps of June cold for which grass pollens are really responsible. Show him in and I will talk to him."

"Doctor, this is Mr. Carncross, who wishes to consult you about his hay fever tendency."

"I am at your service, Mr. Carncross. How long have you suffered from this form of catarrh and at what season of the year is it most annoying?"

"I belong to a family, doctor, in which a morbid sensitiveness of the nasal mucous membrane is hereditary, so I suppose I have always been subject to a rose cold. It gives me the most discomfort in the month of roses, and I want to forestall this if I can by some kind of mental treatment, for I have tried everything else known, except a recently bruted cure based on the fact that hay fever disappears with the first severe frost, and applied through the medium of a daily half hour in a dry freezer."

"Have you tried the Dunbar auto-toxin injections?"

"Yes, for two springs, but they don't pan out in my case. In other cases I know of, the serum treatment has given excellent results. Have you had much success, Doctor, in the treatment of hay fever by mental suggestion?"

"Yes, especially where there is a psychic element of fear or expectancy, for I can tell you of cases where violent seizures have been induced by the sight of the offending flowers in wax. But the mind may be brought into control independently of the sensibility to irritant substances in the atmosphere."

After luncheon, Dr. Van Alstyne suggested to Mr. Carncross that he was in control of the idiosyncratic state that rendered him so sensitive to the irritation of pollens



— that he was immune, no longer liable to the fullness in the head, the catarrhal secretion, and the systemic depression — and that he was without expectation of any further inflammation of the nasal mucous membrane of nose and eyes with its hypersecretion of salty fluids, that he had no fear of things that used to cause irritation in “the leafing-out time” of the year, that the approaching season of recurrence would be ignored. And the doctor insisted that the patient would respond to a tonic and local treatment he advised; would live regularly on a nutritious diet, would go into camp, for he was in the cavalry service, immune amid the usual vernal irritations and the dust stirred up by the mounted men — all without necessity of a change of climate to the sea-shore or to elevated regions.

“This is the way, Magnhild, I treat hay fever psychically, and I have had some brilliant results, although in some cases they are not lasting. In others, the cure is permanent, as it is in certain cases of spasmodic wry-neck of purely psychic origin. When the attention is distracted, the muscles cease to twitch.”

“How interesting it all is, and what a controlling part the mind plays in all the plights of life. It is after all not so much what a man is, as what he thinks he is, that determines his status in the physical and emotional world. I hear some one in the waiting-room.”

“See who it is, for it is a quarter of three and at three I have an appointment with a Mr. and Mrs. Stanton, and their son, who may fittingly be described as a bad boy.”

Magnhild returned in a moment to announce that the gentleman outside was Mr. Morgan Hegeman, who wished only to make a report and would not detain the doctor more than a few minutes.

“Doctor,” began Mr. Hegeman, “it has occurred to me that you might like to know the results of the last treat-

ment, the suggestions of which I wrote out and left with you. I suppose you gave them to me, but only remember your coming into the room: I did not hear you speak. The sleep lasted four hours, as you know, and I felt no different on that day. But the next, and the next, brought changes in my mind state, squarely in accord with the suggestions as I recall them, which, mainly, were to rid myself of the notion that fiction writing and article writing were two distinct and conflicting mental attributes; to be and act the gentleman and pay more attention to my clothing; to write a thousand words at *something* each day; and to be hopeful, optimistic and ambitious for the future.

“The first suggestion followed was, of course, the easiest — clothes. For the first time in my life I have bought two suits of clothes, three pairs of shoes, and a cane. I have not yet desired a flower in my button-hole or a watch on my wrist, and hardly expect to; but I have reprieved a magazine editor whom I had promised to thrash, and in a very gentlemanly manner have started a movement toward driving him out of the Authors’ League, where he has no business to be. So much for the suggestions to be a gentleman.

“The next to be taken up was the next easiest, to write letters when my head would not consider articles on fiction. So, I wrote to every person to whom I could possibly write on any pretext, and it has already produced a few valuable results.

“The writing habit has begun with the completion of an article ordered by the *Saturday Evening Post* four months ago, and which I had not been able to get at, because, as I thought, a story partly paid for at the same time by the *Popular Magazine* conflicted with it. I gathered my data, turned out the article in three days, and was gratified by editorial praise and a substantial check. Then I im-

mediately went at the *Popular* story and finished it quickly; and while I only delivered it Saturday, and do not yet know its fate, I think I did a good piece of work. I am now between stories, and trying to dope out one for the *Metropolitan Magazine*, asked for about a month ago.

"I find myself bound to the thousand words a day, and held to my typewriter until I have written them, or until midnight arrives. In the latter case, I can quit and go to sleep with the daily task unfinished, but am not content on the next day until I have made up the shortage. I have no clock in my studio, where I sleep, but when I guess that it is midnight I quit, go out for my bedtime lunch, and find that I have guessed rightly. To-day, with no story in my head, I wrote to my sister out West, and am writing to Miss F——. The two letters make up the thousand words, and unless a plot hits me before bed-time, I perhaps will do no more."

"This is a most gratifying report, Mr. Hegeman."

"And it is equally pleasing to me to be able to make it. For years I have been coming to you whenever it has been necessary to get up literary steam, and you always do the trick for me. In common with other authors I am acquainted with, I am subject to periodic intervals of sterility when everything comes to a stand-still and I can't write a line. You always fix me up, and set me going again. How you do it is a mystery to me, but you do it. Goodbye, now, until this installment of literary facility is used up."

As Mr. Hegeman passed out of the office, Dr. Van Alstyne remarked to Magnhild: "Writers exhaust themselves, experience infertile periods, run dry as it were for a while, and sometimes with fatal consequences, for publishers have no patience either with delay or impaired quality of product. A number of men and women writers, when such holdups come, are in the habit of applying to

me for the psychic relief that nullifies them. But this must be the Stantons and their boy"—as the front door bell sounded.

"Mr. Stanton?" inquired the doctor, as the new arrivals were seated in the office. "And your place of residence is Orange, I infer from the letter heading in your communication asking for this appointment."

"Yes, Dr. Van Alstyne, we live in Orange, and we have come on a very sad errand. Our only child, this young man here, Charles E. Stanton if you will take his name, and his age is eighteen, is doing everything a boy can do to fill our lives with anxiety and sorrow. He drinks to intoxication, gambles, smokes cigarettes all the time, consorts with vicious companions, and stole her jewels from one bad girl and pawned them to get money for liquor, but we hushed that up without publicity—in short, he has fallen into step with a thorough-paced 42nd Street and Broadway life, and has broken all the commandments except the one against murder."

"But," added the mother, "there are times when he sees the error of his ways and wishes to reform, and this is one of them. And when we told him about you and how you could help him to lead a better life, he consented to come to you and have his nature changed. He knows a case like his in which you have wrought a perfect cure. He has no scruples against the method to be pursued in bringing him to his senses. But I confess I have had, and am still in perplexity as to its orthodoxy. I am an Episcopalian, and I frankly ask you, are you not claiming to do in the way of regeneration what the Almighty has failed to accomplish in two redemptory dispensations? Is it right to subordinate the everyday life to the laws of God by mental suggestion?"

"My dear Mrs. Stanton, I too, am an Episcopalian, and I am sure that in the work I am permitted to do for the

amelioration of the human soul I should recoil in horror were I tempted to encroach upon the province of the Holy Ghost. Let me explain to you the difference, and so remove your hesitancy.

“Both in suggestional reforms and the reforms accompanying conversion, petition is made for outside aid and action is taken under outside influence. In each case, the ethical victory consists in the cumulative desire for betterment; and in each case recourse is had, under the stimulus of such desire to a stronger and richer personality. But the results consequent upon an influencing of a subliminal self by a human being and an influencing of a subliminal self by the Spirit of God differ vastly in degree — even by how much the Spirit of God is superior in purity, love, discrimination, and power, to the spirit of man. Apprehension of a depraved moral constitution must always lead a believer to sue for grace. But something more than prayer is needed. In the treatment of physical ailments, God helps those who help themselves, who avail themselves of doctors and nurses and of the agency of appropriate medicines. So in dealing with moral disease, where irresistible impulses drive unfortunates to the commission of crime or steep them in health-destroying vices, it were irreverent to trust to prayer alone, hoping for some special interposition of Providence in behalf of the moral leper. The psychic treatment which science has approved — and which is just as much a means, in God’s providence, as are drugs for preventing, curing, or alleviating physical disease — should be applied, viz., judicious mental suggestion, in the hope of re-establishing control, or creating it anew, by appeal to the all-capable spiritual self.”

“But what is thought of this Doctor, in high quarters, by the psychologists of the colleges?”

“It matters not what is thought of it by anybody, pro-

vided it has truth on its side. Too many of these men are merely playing with the wavelets that crumple the surface of the soul. They know nothing of the measureless depths. And from the theological viewpoint conscientious suggestion represents only a means for reaching the soul, which delights in a realization of its own power and responds sublimely to him who holds up before its vision that subliminal potency conferred on it by God as the means of accomplishing lofty purposes. Take note, Suggestion can not of itself regenerate. The efflux through which the soul-life is born again at the instigation of a human intermediary, flows primordially from God. Is not that good Episcopalian doctrine? We do not assume to regenerate the soul but merely to prompt an output of receptivity to what can regenerate it."

"Doctor, you are extremely convincing, but you are leading the way into deep waters."

"Not too deep, I am sure, to drown your belief in the inherent efficiency of the human machine, so cleverly illustrated at its maximum in the life history of Job, that one conspicuous embodiment of purely human feeling and faith and potency at their best. The same spiritual energy that gave Job his victory, is potential in every human unit. Now, Charles," said the doctor, turning to the youth, "I do not think it is irreverent in me to say that God gives you opportunity this afternoon to make it actual in your life, to make trial of an adequate strengthening and exalting remedy for your weakness and insufficiency — a character-transformer, and you know the only thing you can take with you into the next world is character. This is your sowing period. Sow wisely. Sow not the wind that is reaped as a whirlwind. You admit what your parents have told me about you?"

"Yes, Dr. Van Alstyne, and more! They have not told you half. I have listened as understandingly as I

can to what you have said, and am willing and ready to put myself in your hands."

"And go to sleep, so that I may talk to you, for the conveyance and adoption of my instigations depends upon your being in a receptive state?"

"Do I have to go to sleep? Mother, you didn't tell me that."

"I left it to the doctor, Charley, for I thought he could explain things better than I."

"I don't like the idea of losing consciousness. How will I know what will happen to me?"

"My boy, you have got to trust me and realize that I am your friend. I shall do nothing but talk to you, and you must become as negative and passive as you can, and relax, and believe that whatever I am going to say is for your good."

"And do you think you can cure me of my love for fast women and poker and champagne by talking to me in my sleep?"

"I have been the commissioned though undeserving agent of cure in cases worse than yours, through this instrumentality. Under the influence of tranquillizing and reclaiming suggestions, human wildcats from the reformatories have sheathed their claws; and untamed castaways, glowering with hate and ghastly in the crime of felons, have found their souls, and looking for the right through prison windows have made their way on probation through bride-well doors to happy marriages and useful service. You are not so depraved as these women. You have only forgotten yourself."

"And can I recover myself, Doctor, and live on the level?"

"Young man, you can and are going to. Who dares to say that passion and lust are stronger than the god in *you* — than God has manifested in his own image, your

own actively co-operating spiritual personality? God works out his scheme of love to man through instrumentalities clarified in the light of revealed science, which certifies a god in man. You are going to put that god upon his throne to-day in your own nature."

"And will I never go back?"

"You need never relapse. For when my suggestions come into collision with congenital or acquired wrong inclinations made stronger in the presence of opportunity to gratify them, this god-part of you, will if you permit it, spontaneously prevail. But you will stay away from the satyr dance and the gambling hell and the haunt of the drab. But tell me, where do you get the money to support this life of dissipation? You must find it somewhat expensive."

At this question, the three faces that peered into the doctor's were swept by three different expressions. The father looked stern, the mother looked guilty, the son looked abashed. And Mrs. Stanton broke the momentary silence.

"Doctor, I may as well own up. I am the blame-worthy party. I have over-indulged Charles since he was a little boy. I have stood between him and righteous punishment all his life. I have supplied means his father withheld, without inquiring into the questionable manner in which they were spent, and I now see how I have contributed to his present depraved state. But it was not in me to deny my only-born anything."

"Ah! Mrs. Stanton, how unfashionable responsibility has become at parental headquarters."

"And what about me?" chimed in the culprit, perceptibly won over by the doctor's manner and words. "The bunch that I run with have shown me ways of getting more coin. I have stolen my mother's jewels and furs and pawned them for money to squander in the Ten-



derloin. I am a common thief, Dr. Van Alstyne. Your kindness to me, the way you explain my trouble, has brought me to my senses, and I feel I must tell you everything. I have hocked suits of clothes ordered at expensive tailors, which I never put on, but father paid the bills. I have borrowed money right and left without intending ever to pay it back. I have pinched the last friend who would listen to my lies to blow-off these painted punks. I have forged checks many times to pay gambling debts, and my father had to make good to keep me out of jail. And many a night the chauffeur has brought me home drunk at 4 or 5 o'clock to disgrace the neighborhood and throw my mother into hysterics. Wasn't that going some?"

At this recital, the cheeks of Mrs. Stanton crimsoned and Mr. Stanton, to whom much of this was new, grew pale with anger. But the doctor, anticipating the storm that was about to burst —

"Now, Mr. and Mrs. Stanton, whatever your feelings may be, do not lose sight of the one prominent fact, the present attitude of your son as expressed in his regret for the past and his desire for amendment of life, which certainly demands your forgiveness and justifies a helping hand. Bygones must be bygones with you as well as with him. Charles, come along with me. Miss Wither-  
spoon will make you comfortable on the couch above, and if you have no objection, I shall ask your father and mother to be present while I am giving you suggestions. They are your best friends, after all."

"Do you ask me questions?"

"Indeed I do not. I do all the talking."

"Then come with us, Dad; and mother, let me kiss you before I go to sleep, for I have a strange feeling about me that I am going to wake up by-and-by a different boy."

Charles Stanton was uncommonly difficult to put to

sleep. His brain was unnaturally irritable and vigilant in consequence of the exciting life he had been leading and the alcoholic poisoning. To allay the congestion and quiet his nerves, the doctor directed Miss Witherspoon to give him a dose of bromide, and after nearly half an hour of effort on the physician's part, the boy passed into a receptive slumber.

The voice of the doctor, as he offered the appropriate suggestions, was low and unusually sympathetic, for he believed that transgressors by irresistible impulsive tendency, like Charles Stanton, were objects of divine pity rather than of divine wrath. And so he saw a brother in the evil-doer, and there was a warmth in what he said that made it vastly more than a cold injunction to abandon demoralizing practice or secret sin. There was an outpour of fellow-feeling that encouraged the offender to unbreast his short-comings.

But though tintured with sympathy, Dr. Van Alstyne's suggestions bristled with force and uncompromising antagonism to all infractions of the moral law. The subliminal training was intensive, and divided the sin from the sinner with strokes of discriminating insight. Only he who can hate the one and love the other is suitably equipped for suggestive work with the moral delinquent. And so the youth who was spending his spiritual marrow in the arms of enervating indulgences, the gull of honey-seed and wanton, the prey of trencher-mate and card-sharp, was tactfully brought to a realization of his whereabouts and inspired with determination and power to terminate once and forever his indentureship to crime, and go forth a pure, refined, honest, earnest, unselfish man — clothed and in his right mind.

As the doctor concluded, Mrs. Stanton rose to her feet and taking both his hands spoke through her tears:

“Dr. Van Alstyne, I have followed every sentence you

have uttered with desperate prayers that God will make it all come true. Oh! if it does, I can never be grateful enough to you. I shall never cease to pray for your happiness."

"What you have said, Doctor," added her husband, "is good pulpit stuff."

"Give God the praise, Mrs. Stanton, whatever betide," responded Dr. Van Alstyne, visibly affected. "Come down stairs with me to the office, you and Mr. Stanton, for there are some things for you to do that I must explain. With you as with your son, opportunity and obligation are inseparable. Encourage that boy and trust him. And under no circumstances are you to throw up the past either by way of reminder or reproach. You are to assume that your son is making a sincere effort at reform, and never exhibit the slightest misgiving as to his earnestness and ability to succeed. The veritable essence of Christian living consists, not so much in doing right as in honestly trying to do right. And if war should be declared against Germany, put the boy into a training camp, get him a commission and so make a man of him.

"Of course these suggestions will have to be repeated at intervals; and the brain, meanwhile, must be raised to a state of physical wholeness to permit the successful transmission of the new mental motions. I have proved in my practice the truth of Dr. Adler's convincing philosophy that character traits are reducible to terms of organic structure, and so defects of character depend measurably on organic inferiority. It behooves us to distinguish always between a bad soul and a bad cell. We must build up the cell before we can hope to rebuild the personality. Suggestion best avails when the brain is normal. Therefore I build the brain with an assimilable phosphoglycerate in cases of kleptomania, dishonesty, and other moral disability that come under my care."

As Mr. and Mrs. Stanton left the office, Magnhild led in a bright little girl, and at sight of her the doctor exclaimed delightedly, "Why Erminie, I'm so glad to see you. Where did you come from? Sit down, and tell me how you are coming on with those eye-lashes? Why they are long and drooping, and it's a pleasure to look at them now.

"This young lady, Miss Witherspoon, was the victim of a strange and unusual habit — that of pulling out her eye-lashes and the hairs of her eyebrows as soon as they were long enough to grasp. The habit is classified among the manias, and is called trichotillomania — a long name, isn't it, for a little bit of second-nature that destroys a woman's beauty so effectually? I think men are more apt to be affected than women, and those that are unwittingly pluck hairs from their beards and moustaches especially when absorbed in thought."

"And I have brought you my photo, Doctor," volunteered the little lady, "with the eye-brows and eye-winkers all grown in, and you can look at it once in awhile and think of the girl you saved from spoiling her face, and she will think of you every time she looks in the glass."

"Well Erminie, you don't know how happy you have made me this afternoon. And don't forget to run in occasionally and report. It always does me good to see you."

"Just one more case to-night, Doctor," announced Miss Witherspoon, "and if there are any more calls, I shall put them off until the morning."

"Well, what is this case?"

"I do not know what is the matter with him. It is a man about forty. I will bring him in and let you question him. Please step this way, sir."

"Dr. Van Alstyne, my name is Joslin. I am suffering from sugar diabetes, and have gone the rounds of patent

medicines, all kinds of dieting, and sham treatment here and abroad with little or no benefit, until I tried in Paris what is called there *hypnotisme*. In the hands of Dr. Berillon I made substantial gains, put on flesh and was better all around; but circumstances compelled my return to the States, and I have come to you to see if I could get some more of the only treatment that ever did me any good."

"Have you taken the fasting treatment? You know you can fast yourself sugar free."

"But will I keep free?"

"That remains to be seen. The observance of weekly fast days, however, is a step in the right direction. But if you benefited by psychic treatment in Paris, I should advise you to resume it. Within the past ten years, I have treated many cases of diabetes mellitus from the standpoint of medico-psychology — some with radical cure — some with lessened sugar and conspicuous gains in weight, all with a striking increase of energy, and a loss of the excessive thirst and craving for sweets so characteristic of the disease.

"Diabetes results from the non-combustion of sugars stored in the voluntary muscle tissue and the liver cells. Your organism does not care normally for the sugar you make and ingest. Either your sugar-holding or your sugar-burning function is impaired. In either case the control of your blood sugar is lost, and the excess in your blood is filtered through the kidneys. Life depends on the retention of this sugar in your body and its conversion into energy by a process of fermentation.

"Now, if your trouble is merely an error in metabolic activity, if there be no degeneration in the pancreas which is the organ that pours into the blood and lymph the enzyme that decomposes the sugar, then you are curable by mental suggestion. I am not ignorant of the fact that

there is a purely emotional form of diabetes, which does not mean necessarily permanent disturbance of the sugar-burning power. Since you have gained ground under Dr. Berillon, you have every reason to hope for favorable results from my suggestions. You do not appear to be specially emaciated, and I will have an analysis made to determine the present percentage of sugar, so that we may keep track of it."

The doctor looked at his engagement book and continued: "I can not reach your case for several days, Mr. Joslin. Miss Witherspoon, will you kindly make an appointment with this gentleman for treatment as early next week as our engagements will permit."

The end of the second day was reached. The waiting-room was cleared of patients. Magnhild Wetterstrand and Reynier Van Alstyne were alone in the gloaming, and as he took her in his arms and their lips met, a holy silence fell upon them — the silence that Maeterlinck pictured as the element in which great things fashion themselves together, that at length they may emerge full-formed and majestic into the daylight of life. Amid such silence, there ebbed and flowed between the complementary souls, under currents of communication that mere spoken words could neither set in motion, respond to, nor direct — under-currents that swept the correlated parties into the boundless ocean of purely spiritual amalgamation. Soul listened to soul bewitched through the mystery of a subliminal wireless telephony, and soul ascended with soul to celestial heights where angels dwell and love, each to see there symbolized and spontaneously set forth the ethereal quality of the fondness each bore the other. Bare vocables are woefully insufficient delineators of the massive feeling that floods these times of inscrutable stillness. And so the plighted pair spoke not a word as the shadows deepened, for the kisses of silence bespoke the activity

of blended souls awake and eloquent—souls without secret thought hidden from each other, souls animated with kindred aspirations, souls in absolute harmony. Without such silences, love would indeed lose its eternal essence and fragrance.

But the half hour of cosmic commixture was suddenly cut short by the entrance of the maid who came to light up for the evening, and as the time was later than usual, the doctor walked home with Magnhild.

“Do you think you can go through another day of these trying experiences, dear? I am afraid your sympathies are unduly excited and that you are making too heavy a draught on your vitality.”

“Indeed I can and I will, Reynier. I shall hold to my compact. I am learning and enjoying too much to want to change the program. I am a little tired, to be sure; but a good night’s sleep, after dinner with Rhoda, and an hour in her bracing company, will make me all over”—and Dr. Van Alstyne bade Magnhild a hurried adieu at the door of her apartment and hastened away to prepare for his evening calls.

#### THE THIRD DAY

Magnhild was up with the sun the following morning, eager for the contingencies of her third day, as an office nurse in a psychotherapeutic practice. The morning lowered and its forbidding clouds seemed to intimate the dumps that Meg was in. And the first case of the concluding day of Magnhild’s triduan experience, was strongly in alignment with the depressing meteoric conditions. I was a case of dementia praecox or premature mental decay, sometimes known as juvenile insanity, a condition which, peculiar to early life, is becoming noticeably prevalent and which accounts for from 20 to 30 per cent. of the inmates of asylums for the insane. A young mother,

happily married and with everything in her environment that makes life desirable, had broken down after the birth of her first child and for six months had exhibited unmistakable symptoms of the disease. Her parents had brought her from Kansas City, where ordinary means had failed to arrest the progress of the malady, to Dr. Van Alstyne for mental treatment.

Mrs. Noyes, her mother, described the history of her illness as follows:

“My daughter, Mrs. George Bates, Dr. Van Alstyne, has been subject from the time she became a woman to periods of depression and sadness. She liked to walk alone in the country, and sometimes she would become unduly excited; and I am sure too much study at school had something to do with it all, as she had a mania for speed at typewriting, and practiced on her Remington for hours everyday, and she was pursued by a fear that she would fail in her examinations. But when she (became engaged, all these symptoms passed away and she was apparently normal and happy. After the baby was born the stuporous state you now see her in came on. She refuses to speak, pays no attention when she is addressed, stays in the same position and stubbornly resents our interference when we try to move her and ask her to take nourishment, and this tiresome contrariness will sometimes give way to a habit of imitating what we say or do that is positively maddening.”

“Does she ever lose control of herself, Mrs. Noyes?”

“Yes, once or twice she has become unreasonably disturbed. On one occasion she imagined her tennis-racket to be a fly-spat and rushed about the house striking at flies with it; and there are days when she repeats by the hour collections of words that have no sense, until we are almost driven crazy.”

“Has she any hallucinations?”



"She is beginning to hear voices that call her vile names."

"Is she careless about her personal appearance?"

"Oh! doctor, there you hit hard. My sweet daughter who used to be so neat and tasteful about her dress doesn't care how she looks, and goes about slovenly, unkempt, even dirty. To get her to take a bath is a tragedy in the family."

"These are sad cases," said the doctor, after Mrs. Noyes had finished the pathetic rehearsal, during which Mrs. Bates stood like a statue staring into space, "and extremely difficult to manage. The patients are more than thought-sick, they are really brain-sick. Yet many are recoverable if the proper physio-psychic treatment be persisted in."

"What is the cause of this disease, doctor?"

"The cause! I wish I knew. It may be rooted in an inherited constitutional inferiority which matures under the pressure of mental strain or of poison bred in the system, or both, into an ill-understood progressive degeneration of the brain. Child-bearing is a recognized exciting cause of an onset; it represents both a drain and a singular susceptibility to specific toxic effects. There may be many contributing factors."

"And tell me, Dr. Van Alstyne, how would such a case naturally end if not properly dealt with?"

"The natural evolution is in the direction of a permanent state of delusional insanity, or of complete intellectual powder-post."

"God save my child from either fate!"

"Your daughter's relapse, Mrs. Noyes, after confinement, undoubtedly took its origin in the action of some poison generated before and during the puerperal state, on the brain substance; and we must and can arrest that action by eliminating the mischievous toxin, by resting

and repairing the damaged brain cells, and by appropriate mental treatment objective as well as subjective. In my experience, cases like your daughter's taken in time get well. So do not be disheartened."

"Thank God for the hope you hold out, doctor. What are we to do?"

"Faithfully follow my instructions. I shall push the expulsion of self-made poisons, for you mentioned in your letter that Mrs. Bates suffered from obstinate intestinal stasis; and I shall give her brain all the forced feeding it will stand."

"That seems so reasonable, doctor."

"And we can get rid of a great deal of poison through skin-transpiration, by the use of hot Epsom salt baths at bed time, and through the kidneys by drinking water between meals. And we shall emphasize the action of these combined instrumentalities by gentle exercise which, to begin with, you are likely to have to force. Mentally, in my suggestions, I shall endeavor to make the young lady submit gracefully to these measures for her cure, do what she is told without opposition, and destroy one after the other every untoward mental symptom you have enumerated. Through this system of simultaneous attack, I feel confident that in the course of a month or two we can effect a marked difference in her mentality, bring the smile back to her face, and prompt an interest in things outside herself. You must remember that the mind in the induced sleep is more rational, more reflective than in ordinary world life, nearer to the poet's 'fountain light of all our day,' and that my thoughts and feelings and mental tone are all transferred most vividly and accurately to the subject. The vision I see of her restoration to normal intellectual functioning will gradually force itself upon your daughter's view, until it fixes her future.

"Your position will be a trying one for the time being,

for you will be combatted in all that you do for your daughter's betterment; but if she is to be saved, you must persist undauntedly, and I believe you will be ultimately rewarded by the restoration of her reason which has temporarily abdicated its throne."

Dr. Van Alstyne wrote out the necessary directions for Mrs. Noyes, while the nurse and parents, after rendering the patient tractable with a mild hypnotic the doctor ordered, succeeded in persuading her to lie down and accept the treatment, which was shaped to the history as usual.

In the office, on the doctor's return, was a lady, Mrs. Audubon Robbins, from Bronxville, with her son Herbert, a youth of 15, who had been under treatment for a week because of his abnormal ways — pathological diffidence, reluctance to take his own part in the world, to go out to functions, to assert himself in school, and who, while very susceptible to other people's opinions, was exceedingly unpopular and never made friends.

"Well, Mrs. Robbins, how is Herbert doing? How are you, Herbert? Let us hear from headquarters."

"I suppose I am better. I don't hang my head in shame if anybody speaks to me in school. I can talk back. And I can understand my algebra better and remember it."

"And he doesn't hate you, doctor, as he did when we first called, and he is willing to take the medicine you prescribed. Herbert, go out into the waiting-room, I want to talk to Dr. Van Alstyne privately."

"When comparing Herbert with other boys," Mrs. Robbins went on, "I should place him on a higher plane than the majority; but it is really remarkable how many imperfections one can see when viewing him from a critical standpoint. He has a very strong will. One might say that he is stubborn; still, I have always thought that,

if properly directed, it is an excellent trait not to be too easily influenced by others. If that will is guided into the right channel, it will make an exceptional man of him. No one has ever been able to bribe him into doing that which he did not wish to do; and this has, no doubt, saved him from the cigarette and other habits. Therefore I do not wish his will broken, but directed.

“He has a great antipathy to medicine of any kind, and is extra-sensitive about allusions to his health. This is a good fault, as we have an example next door, in a lady who is a positive drug fiend. He said to me after leaving your office the other day, ‘You cannot make me take that oil and those capsules.’ I quietly told him that I did not intend to compel him to take them. I said: ‘Your father is giving you this opportunity at a sacrifice, as we are not wealthy. If you do not take advantage of it, that is your own loss. I shall not be with you always, but you can never get away from yourself, and it is up to you to be the kind of a man with whom you would care to associate throughout all eternity.’ About an hour later he told me he had taken the oil and I have had no trouble about the capsules.

“You asked if he slept well and, I believe, I said he did; by which I meant that he is not easily awakened. But, although a sound sleeper, he is very restless, tossing about and sometimes actually shouting in his sleep. He has only shown temper on one occasion during the past week. He flies up like gunpowder, sometimes for a very slight provocation, but it is all over in a minute. He is irritable and freaky.”

“What have you noticed regarding his studies? Is there any marked lack of interest and application?”

“The boy is naturally indolent and should apply himself more diligently to his studies. He learns quite readily and has a fairly good memory; but I should like his

mental faculties quickened, so that he will be able to grasp things easily and retain what he learns. He is too fond of reading, and wastes too much of his time in this way, to the neglect of his lessons. And then he is a quitter. He has a habit of commencing a study and then dropping it half-finished. I started him in the French language. He was getting along very nicely, when suddenly he gave it up. The same way with music and stenography.

“I want my son to be self-assertive, and manly in every respect. I want him to take the initiative and not have to be driven out into the world to cut his swath. I want him to take the place God intended he should fill and fill it acceptably. As it is, he is out of touch with things.

“Do not think Herbert has nothing to commend him, as I have only mentioned his imperfections and have placed nothing on the credit side of his account. Please have these points in mind when you treat him to-day.”

When Herbert was retired for his third treatment, the doctor delivered himself as follows to the mother: “Your boy is peculiar rather than defective. You have sized his case up correctly. He exhibits some predemential symptoms that should be looked after — you know what I mean, do you not? There is such a mental condition as *pre-dementia praecox*, the development of which may be aborted and the young patient restored to a normal state of mind. Your son’s is a case in point. The up-to-date specialist in nervous and mental diseases takes careful note, in this age of unnatural push and pull and pressure, of the slightest deviation in children from the usual modes of thought and action. Strain is one of the commonest traceable causes of youthful breakdown; and parents and teachers should be taught to take a serious view of symptoms that indicate mental fatigue as manifested in weakening powers of attention, mental languor, sensitiveness, petulance, and irritability — for they are likely, if not

checked, to be the precursors of grave aberration. So we must regard the danger signals when we find a child with changing character and habits, and as my friend Dr. Stanley Abbot puts it, unable to get on common ground with other children; absorbed in day dreams and fancies and resentful of being called out of them, sensitive to knocks and disappointments as slurs or injustices, nursing its grievances in its own breast; and when its chosen occupation is denied it, going off by itself with a sense of injury and not trying to take up another, but letting its mind dwell on unproductive fancies — such a child is more likely than others who are not odd and unaccountably queer to have dementia praecox. It will bear watching and enlightened endeavor to replace these traits with happier and healthier ones.”

“Here is Mrs. Bell, Dr. Van Alstyne,” announced Miss Witherspoon, “the lady you treated on Tuesday for fear of thunderstorms. You told her to come back this morning for a second séance.”

“Let me hear her report, while you awaken Mrs. Bates, and prepare the room for a confirmatory treatment. Good morning, Mrs. Bell, tell me all about your feelings in regard to storms. Are you as nervous as you were?”

“I have not felt nervous since I was here the day before yesterday; but then I do not know how I should feel if I were exposed to peals of thunder.”

“But how do you think you would feel? That is our only way of getting at it. Do you think you would go to pieces as you said you were in the habit of doing?”

“No, I really do not believe I should be quite so foolish. It seems to me I should be calmer and more self-possessed, if I saw evidences of a storm coming up.”

“That is what we want in the way of a beginning. I am sure now that as a result of the succeeding treatments, you will be entirely relieved of this phobia. Miss Wither-

spoon will now take you in hand, and I will follow you in a few minutes to give strength and progress to your present tendency."

Before the doctor had finished with Mrs. Bell, Mr. St. Pierre called to report that he had had no desire for liquor since his first treatment, but that he had found difficulty in abstaining from cigarettes and had broken over once or twice. The doctor hardly had time to repeat his suggestions to Mr. St. Pierre when the luncheon gong sounded, and half of Magnhild's third day as a nurse had lapsed.

"Doctor, my name is Lyman, Fletcher Lyman. I am thirty-five years old and I am a travelling salesman for a silk house here in New York. I've gone stale in my territory, I'm off my trolley, can't make good any more. The trouble is I got nutty over a girl — bats in my cupola — Doc, I'm on the skid, and the firm hates to cough up my expenses. I've got to hump myself or they won't come across much longer. I want you to help me jack up my job and give me the pep to tackle anything. I've heard you are a cracker-jack at this business"—were the first professional sentences that greeted the doctor's ears when he resumed work for the afternoon.

"In other words, Mr. Lyman, you wish to be made acquainted with the psychology of salesmanship and imbued with fresh push and enthusiasm in the automatic application of its principles?"

"Doc, cut out those big words and talk United States. I reckon you mean all right, only don't let me gum the game. I want to know how to handle the other feller so as to land him, and I want to be waked up to chase him. I'm getting pigeon-livered and would rather beat it than talk up my silk-patterns."

"You'll have to go to sleep before I can wake you up — pardon the double entendre, but the reference is to the

technic of my treatment. You know all about that, I suppose?"

"Sure I do, it's hypnotism."

"Then you know nothing about it, because it is not hypnotism."

"What is it, Doc?"

"To be as plain as I can, it is a call on powers that are hidden in your nature, but that you are not using where they are needed in your everyday business life. And this call can best be sounded when you are in a light sleep and do not know anything about it consciously. In sleep your mind comes very close to mine, and I can get you to do anything that is possible and proper."

"All right, Doc, proceed."

"One moment, Mr. Lyman. There is nothing a physician resents more than being called Doc. The abbreviation of his title smacks of an over freedom that is inconsistent with his dignity, and places both himself and patient at a disadvantage. I know you do not intend to be disrespectful, but the appellative with which you address me grates on my sensibilities."

"You mean, it gets your goat? Forget it, Dr. Van Alstyne. I talk to so many prospects with shaggy hair, long teeth, and low brows, that I am liable to loosen up too much with my short cuts in the company of wise guys. When you put me to sleep, this is what I want you to give me and I am stuck enough on myself to believe I can do it.

"I want to be active and hot, to get at my work early and chase myself all day. Keep me from putting things off, doctor, and getting discouraged, and above all knock out of me this bum don't care feeling that has taken hold of me. Make me see plainly what I want to show the other man, and talk about it so clearly that he will see it too. I want to be able to think quick as a flash and look my



man straight in the eye, and bring him to see things just as I see them without suspecting that I am trying to get round him. You know these people discount you at least 50 per cent. ? So I've got to talk to the point when I meet a live prospect. I must think big, and never suppose that what I think will not come true. And I don't want to be side-tracked by these chaps, and think afterwards of things I ought to have said but didn't say, to close a sale. Say, Doctor, can I do it? Is it worth trying? Can you clinch a nail in a boiled potato? Do you believe I'm a nut, past help?"

"No, I do not regard your case as hopeless. You have been a successful agent. You can be so again. There is such a science as business psychology and you can be made proficient in it. The underlying secret of success in salesmanship is faith in the merit of the article offered for sale — the absolute certainty that you are representing things truthfully. This faith begets enthusiasm, courage, and the will to present commodity or scheme in a way to convince your anticipated patron that it is to his advantage to accept what you have said and to act accordingly. To be an efficient agent, you must know how to approach a business man and dominate his mind, overrule his difference of opinion which he will always take pride in presenting, and make him see your proposition through your eyes."

"That's a corker."

"The game of business implies in the agent clearness, squareness, straight-forward dealing, and impelling or driving power — the power to compel the action you desire, without offending your 'prospect' as you call him, or lowering his faith in your worth, good judgment, and sincerity."

"What do you know about that? In a blink of good fortune believe me, I came here to-day to one who under-

stands just what I want." And the doctor showed his realization of what was requested in the following suggestions, which were authoritatively pushed home after the subject was endormed:

"You are no longer lazy and procrastinating, but intensely active, vigilant, eager to meet your correspondent with an easy magnetic flow of clear, simple, convincing language. But you are a good listener as well as a good talker, knowing when silence is golden, and when to express your opinions energetically and drive them home. You will henceforth adapt yourself to the varying moods of those you interview, anticipating their objections and pleasantly disposing of them. And you are an excellent judge of character and know just how to handle men and women, dominating every one you talk to, without offending or antagonizing, but in such a way that all will tacitly approve. And you will never lose your head, no matter how great the provocation. You are not influenceable when your position is assailed. When you know you're right, you cannot be talked out of it.

"You will sustain perfect control and exercise consummate tact, engaging interest, and conveying the impression that you are a man of resources and know what you are talking about. With all this, you are not too importunate nor at the same time inclined to let the conversation drag.

"Remember, you will look your conferee squarely in the face and present your case manfully, forgetting yourself and thinking of nothing but how to make your mission a success. And you will always remember at subsequent interviews the names, faces, dates, and subjects of colloquy at previous meetings.

"And then you will forego this slang — this brum-magem talk — and substitute for its shabby misfits a chaster and more precise English. The coarse speech of

the vulgar elements of society is convincing only to those elements.

"You are now equipped to impress your audiences and win your way to profitable orders. You have the ability to make a success of your business, and you are going to exploit it at once. You are very much alive now; full of push, grit, initiative, spur, incentive. Your temperamental and acquired defects have been and are hereafter displaced by earnestness, strength, and intelligent persistence. Your productivity is assured."

And so the doctor left Mr. Lyman, to quote his own argot, "put wise."

"Only one more case to-day, my patient Magnhild," said Dr. Van Alstyne, "and you will have completed your arduous apprenticeship."

"Anything but arduous, Reynier. You can not half understand how deeply absorbed I have been in your cases, and how what I have seen has opened my eyes to the wonderful possibilities that exist in mental suggestion for the relief of human suffering and the bringing out of the god in the man. I begin to believe in man limitless. I did hope that a case of kleptomania would come along, for I have long wanted to know more about that strange disease."

"Magnhild, you are reading my thoughts. The case that is coming next, due in half an hour, is one of kleptomania or pathological stealing. I have been saving it for you, as it is an unusually interesting example of a real moral disease. I believe you know what is in my mind."

"While we are waiting, 'phone to Rhoda and ask her to come round at six thirty or before and we will run through the Park in my car to the Plaza for dinner, and celebrate the completion of your engagement as a nurse with a theatre party in the evening."

"Oh! that will be charming."

"Fix it up then with Miss Barrett"—and by the time it was arranged, the case that Magnhild most wanted to see was in the waiting-room, a pleasant-looking young lady with light-fingered propensities. Her mother accompanied her and inquired nervously for the doctor. Magnhild responded in a reassuring manner, and accompanied the two ladies into the office to listen to the following story:

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Churchill," said the doctor, as the ladies walked in, "is this your daughter, the young woman you wrote to me about?"

"Yes, Dr. Van Alstyne, this is my daughter, Leonora Kennard Churchill, now nineteen years of age, who began in childhood, I think I told you in my letter, to take things. Leonora is untruthful as well, without judgment or even cleverness about her lying. She has no sense of responsibility, and is never remorseful or even mortified after one of her periodical outbreaks. They say she is a kleptomaniac."

"Now, Leonora," the doctor interrupted, "you know you and I have got to be very frank with each other, and you must believe that I am your sincere friend. Will you be square with me?"

"Yes, doctor."

"Tell me first, then, do you admit what your mother has just said about you?"

"I have to, doctor. It is all so."

"Do you realize that you are doing wrong in being untruthful and in sometimes taking what does not belong to you? And do you know what these two faults are likely to lead to? Did you ever take money?"

Leonora colored as she answered in the affirmative.

"Do you honestly want to be cured?"

"I believe you. You are too bright and clever a girl

to go on with this dangerous habit, and I am going to show you that you have the power in you to strengthen your character so that it will be impossible for you to steal or even to feel disposed to. I am going to make you hate theft and bring out a contrary instinct in you. And you can't lie out of the sin. Can you tell me why you falsify?"

"I can, doctor," broke in Mrs. Churchill. "She enjoys telling stories that attract attention to herself. She loves admiration, and she spins yarns and grossly exaggerates to obtain it. She likes to convey impressions of grandeur, and if she can confuse or embarrass the family, she is perfectly happy."

"That is pseudomania, and it is ordinarily the twin of kleptomania. They are apt to go together in these unstable characters."

"And, doctor, another thing. When people find her out and realize her tricks, she becomes bitter and hates them. She even hates her mother."

"You see, Leonora, we have something to do. I must make you shrink from romancing as much as from pilfering, and make it impossible for you to fabricate, or to love admiration so much that you will be tempted to tell thrilling stories in order to attract it. No embellishments in your narrations — no seeking to dazzle your acquaintances in this way — the craze for falsehood killed in your nature, and with this wanton fabling, the dislike for those who find you out and tell you so. They are really your best friends. And you are going to secure the love and sympathy you crave by an expression of true womanliness. Do you know there is no greater word in the English language than *womanliness* which means high feminine quality? And that means everything that is true and pure and unselfish and wise and strong and noble? How does all this sound to you, Miss Leonora?"

"That sounds like being made all over, and I honestly

wish to be changed, so that people will like me for my real self. Did mother write you that I am not conscious that I am telling an untruth at the time that I am telling it?"

"No, she did not; but that is often the case in pathological misrepresentation, and I am not at all surprised to hear you say this is so in your case. Mrs. Churchill, these imperative abnormal tendencies are, you see, of the subconscious mental life, and so demand a subconscious method of eradication. You have done right to bring your daughter here, for there is no other way to effect a moral reconstruction than through subliminal avenues of approach."

"Let me tell you, if you have a few minutes, of an extraordinary instance of pathological shop-lifting that has recently come under my observation. An estimable young woman, in consequence of a severe injury to her brain from a heavy window falling on the back of her head, developed in the course of three months serious concussion symptoms which gradually gave place to a condition of profound neurasthenia. While nervously out of balance, this patient observed one day in a department store at a popular summer resort a professional shop-lifter purloining a piece of silk underwear, and was immediately seized with an uncontrollable desire to do likewise. Despite an inward warning voice which said to her—'Ruby, you can not do this. You have been brought up differently. What would your dead father and mother say if they saw their spiritually trained daughter a common thief?'—she was constrained to listen to another voice that said—'You *must* take it'—ignoring the other that insisted—'You can't'—and appropriated a pair of silk stockings. But forced by an accusing conscience, the next morning she returned to the store and slipped back on the bargain counter the hose she had

taken the previous day, yet, as before enthralled by the clutch of some mysterious fascination, she was impelled to filch a second time. And these tactics of appropriating and returning articles were repeated daily for several weeks, until the victim of contending impulses, over which she had no control and for which she was in no way responsible, fell into the hands of officers of the law. Her significant first words as she was placed under arrest told the story of her mental agony, 'Oh! I am so glad, for now I shall no longer be forced to break the eighth commandment.' Expert testimony secured her release."

"Are such sudden and acute attacks of kleptomania common, Dr. Van Alstyne?" said Mrs. Churchill, greatly interested.

"No, they are rare, for they are induced by an abrupt revolt of an alternating phase of an otherwise cohering personality, the real agent of criminal suggestion — the same assault being rendered possible by a condition of brain undertone and unstable mental equilibrium."

"Then Leonora has not committed a crime, doctor? What does crime mean?"

"May I explain further. A thief steals deliberately, with malice aforethought. Your daughter steals impulsively and is no more accountable than is a girl for having a hysterical convulsion. Either consciously or subconsciously, the kleptomaniac recognizes the falsity of her conceptions and struggles against them, but fails to overcome their influence on her feelings and actions. Point is here given to the biblical injunction, Judge not; for we do not always know the pressure of subconscious irresistible impulses that may have driven the unfortunate subject, against the convictions and contentions of a most importunate will, to what the law recognizes as crime, nor dream of the bootless struggles that ended in surrender and heart-break. But the student of criminal psychology,

realizing that whereas crime implies purposed intention to break the moral law, large numbers of the criminal classes are mental defectives, makes allowance for any intellectual feebleness that permits its commission, and adjudges erratic violators of the rights of their fellowmen as proper subjects for treatment rather than for punishment by penalty."

After Miss Leonora had been treated along the lines so clearly indicated, and lay asleep, the doctor said to her mother: "A word with you aside, Mrs. Churchill. Is there not in your daughter's case an element of maternal domination? Have you not, since her childhood, suggested to Leonora, by your constantly expressed fears that she might fall and by the precautions with which you have surrounded her, the very acts that constitute the erl-king which is luring her to destruction? By such treatment of her case, have you not brought your daughter to believe that she is a hopeless thief? You have taken for granted that she is going to steal at every opportunity, and so have gone far toward developing a remotely inherited and comparatively feckless propensity to practice petty theft into a fixed conduct tendency that might find expression in a criminal career."

"Doctor, you certainly are a man of penetrating insight. I have tried to guard my daughter, but I confess I never before saw the powerful suggestion involved in the preventive measures I have taken for her safety."

"Take the other course, now. During this treatment, there must be no guardianship exercised, no suspicion boded. Treat Leonora as if she were dependable and honest. You have dominated her susceptibility in the wrong direction. Right about face! Mrs. Churchill, in depraved physical states, many a mother is to blame for the failure of a son or daughter to respond to the recuperative forces of nature. The ever-lasting Be careful — Don't



do this or you will suffer for it — You know you shouldn't do that — may convert a perfectly curable condition, through the power of depressing iconoclastic suggestions, into one of chronic invalidism and surrender. I am seeking to make your daughter fearlessly trust to her own resources and energize to the maximum of her spiritual powers of control and normal expression, now so imperfectly exploited. Will you accord me intelligent co-operation? I need not ask.

“There, that is enough of kleptomania. I will only add that these subjects are as a rule susceptible of permanent cure. This is our last case, Miss Witherspoon, and as you have been through a strenuous day, I want you to take off your uniform and go out for a walk.”

That evening, as the three sat together at dinner in the cheerful dining-room of the Plaza, the conversation naturally reverted to the recent experience of Magnhild, and Rhoda asked: “How is it, Magnhild? You have not said much about your three day course in medical psychology. Did you enjoy it? Did you get as much out of it as you expected?”

“Rhoda, I have never enjoyed such an insight into human nature and its ills in all the days of my life before. How can I suitably thank my preceptor? And I have not only enjoyed, I have learned broadly and deeply much relating to mental and moral troubles, the handling of wayward children, the excitation of musical and literary talent, the influence of the mind over metabolism, and in nervous disturbances — there, I am not going to talk shop any more to-night.”

“And Magnhild has been an apt apprentice,” continued the doctor; “I only fear I have pushed her too hard in my desire to show her in a characteristic variety of cases the applications of mental suggestion.”

“And you have done it, Reynier. You have given me a never-to-be-forgotten Three Days.”

**ADDENDUM:** The control that may be evoked through the brain over mental and moral expression by appeal to the spiritual part of the man is here made variously manifest. The cases cited in this chapter are veritable cases selected from the practice of the author, whose reports in the medical world have led many brother physicians, and unfortunately many who are not in any sense qualified, to take up the treatment of disease by suggestion. Failures are naturally manifold. Suggestive work can not be done perfunctorily, or hastily, or without thorough study of the patient by rational psycho-analysis and physical examination. It implies a transfusion of energy that few are capable of effecting and an expenditure of time that still fewer can afford to devote. Failure to receive aid or cure at the hands of a given operator is not to be construed as inability to be benefited by a properly equipped psychic, on whose very personality much depends.

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE CLAWS OF REMORSE

*Horror and doubt distract  
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir  
The hell within him.*

— PARADISE LOST

*Je le constate, mais je ne l'explique pas.*  
— LE MATIN (PARIS)

**B**EFORE the month of flowers had passed its high noon on the calendar, Rhoda Barrett called at the doctor's office with the intelligence that Mason Blackwood was critically ill. She had learned of the fact inadvertently from a college friend who lived in an adjoining house. After his humiliation in court, and during his prosecution for perjury, his health had visibly given way, and the vindictive man whose energy seemed inexhaustible in the fabrication and conduct of plans for the injury of his neighbor broke down under the weight of his many sins, into a sleepless, irresolute, conscience-stricken psychopath. And then pneumonia came in this state of enfeeblement and death stared him in the face. Mortification, disappointment and remorse were blent in the blow that had destroyed the constitution of a man whose past life argued a perversion of the normal propensity to make ourselves happy by making others happy first, into a monomania for the destruction of felicity in those already happy — a peremptory hatred of happiness.

Rhoda told her story to Dr. Van Alstyne and added, "Mr. Blackwood has expressed a desire to see you."

"What!"

"Yes, Mr. Blackwood wants to see you."

"Who told you this, Miss Barrett?"

"My collegemate in the seminar, Miss Ida Chapman, who lives next door to the dying man. Her mother has gone in several times to be of what assistance she could, and has heard him plead piteously for an interview with you. His physician asks you in this note to go to his bedside, and if there be anything in mental therapeutics that may smooth the passage of this sufferer out of the world, to apply it speedily, for his remaining hours are few. Will you go?"

"Miss Barrett, I'm astounded," ejaculated the doctor, "Mason Blackwood sending for me to comfort him in his distressing strait — a man who justly merits savage retribution at my hands, and in other states where lawless laws hold sway, would long ago have met with his deserts. How can I give consolation to such a serpent? How can I hide from my consciousness the slime of his trail? No, the revulsion unmans me. I can not launch the healing power against such overmastering odds."

"And yet you hold there is no limit to that power. Is it not strong enough to enforce forgiveness?"

"Forgiveness! I have forgiven in that I cherish no ill-will for the injury done me. I have fulfilled my whole duty under the moral law in holding no grudge."

"The *letter* of the law! Tell me, would you like to be forgiven above in that same negative spirit? Christian forgiveness implies reconciliation, restoration of harmony. It is not passive. It is supremely and generously active. Pardon me, Dr. Van Alstyne, for lecturing you on ethics. But pertinent action is an essential feature of genuine forgiveness. Such I believe would be the comment of Heaven on your irresolution. Christianity is a *do*, not a *don't*. Dare you then leave undone to-day what divine love calls upon you to do?"

The spots of fire that burned into the paleness of the doctor's cheeks in the intensity of his emotion gradually faded into the natural color of the face as the searching truth of Rhoda's words dislodged the spirit of bitterness from his soul. When forced to the crucial test of his own philosophy, when pushed into the limelight to prove or confute the validity of his own professions, were all his protestations to go by the board and the superstructure of his faith to totter and fall? It must not be. After a moment of mental conflict, his thoughtful eyes ingenuously sought those of his companion, and he said, as he took both Rhoda's hands in his own, "Miss Barrett, you are God's understudy. To forgive as you interpret it is indeed divine. God help my obtuseness and uncharity. I shall go in the early afternoon to Mr. Blackwood's home and do what I can to assure him of my forgiveness and alleviate his suffering." His better self had won.

The quality of suggestibility reaches its maximum of potentiality in the hour of death. For the mental state of the dying and the sleep of hypnosis are practically identical. At the moment of dissolution, the immaterial part of the man, when sincerely and fearlessly inspired, has power to render painless and happy the exit from earth life, to subordinate sensation to its authoritative appeal. There need be no death agony.

When Dr. Van Alstyn stepped into the sick room, he saw at once that the doleful sable would shortly tell its story. Mason Blackwood lay upon his bed panting as if in a vacuum from the shortness of breath incident to the concluding stage of pneumonia. Bowed by remorse, and withering under a sense of the direful sin of communing at God's altar in a spirit of derision — a sin that came shockingly near the unpardonable blasphemy — he had come to know the worm that dieth not and the fire that is not quenched in the tortures of an inexorable con-

science exacting its frightful penalty. Like Dr. Faustus in Marlowe's tragedy, with one bare hour to live, he would have called the spheres of Heaven to stand still and give him time to repent.

As the doctor approached, Mason Blackwood turned with eyes that spoke in their anguished gaze the life of crime, the future of bewilderment and fear. In whispers gasped at intervals from his blue lips, the physician learned of the agony that transfixed his soul—he had committed the sin without forgiveness in this world or the next. His scoffing participation in the Eucharist on Christmas Day had given shape to this relentless obsession, unremitting and unmitigable. The canker of a quenchless fear had eaten its way into the future of his peace. He was realizing that thought is damnation.

Dr. Van Alstyne bent with a look of enheartening sympathy and placed his hand upon the forehead of the dying man, fixing his gaze. In a few convincing home-felt words he dispelled the lingering doubt of the genuineness of his attitude, and answered the question of the asking eyes, Am I forgiven? And in a straightforward unravelling of Christ's denunciation proved to the satisfaction of the sufferer that the unpardonable blasphemy was that of those Jews who attributed the miracles of the Saviour to the power of Satan—He casteth out devils by Beelzebub. So Mr. Blackwood was assured that he had not committed the sin unpardonable. There was still time acceptably to rue the crimes of the lip, and the unlove of the neighbor, and the long life of wrong doing. And that repentance came as Dr. Van Alstyne spoke the reassuring words. The Divine Mind, in answer to a penitent sinner's holy prayer, spoke through the infirmities of a human soul. The dishonor done the Holy Spirit by irreverent swagger and profane action was thus atoned for. To garner the thought from a Hindoo moralist, "The

sandal-tree, at the moment of being cut down, had shed its perfume on the edge of the axe."

The look of despair writ on Mason Blackwood's features gave way to one of glimmering hope that in the dispensation of the fullness of times he might be one of those "all things gathered from the earth in Christ," (Eph. 1:10) even if an age of compensatory suffering were exacted for ultimate release.

The suggestion was then feelingly given that the respiration would cease to be labored and that the end would come painlessly and peacefully. In response, the drawn lineaments little by little relaxed, the agonized look forsook the eyes, the breathing became soft and hardly perceptible, and when the doctor withdrew, the patient was left at peace with his worn body and distraught soul to await a placid death.

Two hours later, as Dr. Van Alstyne sat alone in his office, looking over his afternoon's mail, suddenly Mason Blackwood stood before him, as if reflected in the air, a clear-cut shadowy immateriality — unmistakably Mason Blackwood to the very coloring of the clothes and hair — and in a hollow, tenuous voice uttered these words: "Forgiven, released from pain, farewell."

Then for a moment the contour became intensely radiant, to vanish as abruptly from the view as the fitful glitter of a shooting-star, and the doctor knew that his quondam persecutor was crossing the threshold of cosmic life, taking this means to apprise him of the departure.

But it was not Mason Blackwood Dr. Van Alstyne saw and heard. It was a picture of his figure, the audible substance of his voice, projected by a telepathic power inherent in humanity, which explains all spectral appearances. So the doctor's hair did not rise nor his heart momentarily stop its beat, for he understood the psychology of the apparition. He recognized the vision as a telepathic

impression received by his mind from the mind of the dying man. And he was thankful that he had followed the promptings of his higher nature and taken the sting from the death agony of a fellow being.

Lost in reverie, the doctor sat for many minutes motionless and silent. The spell was precipitately broken by the maid's announcement that Miss Barrett had called, and as Rhoda walked into the office, Dr. Van Alstyne rose and said, "Miss Barrett, Mason Blackwood is dead."

"Who could have 'phoned you, doctor? My errand here was to acquaint you with the news and to tell you of the last moments, how sweet and tranquil they were."

"I know it all. Nobody 'phoned me. Mason Blackwood reported the fact of his death about half an hour ago, in this office."

"Dr. Van Alstyne, have you gone mad? I called at the Lexington Avenue house to learn whether you had been there and to inquire the effect of your visit, and was present in the parlor when the death occurred, and I can swear that Mr. Blackwood never left his bed. Those who saw him die said they had never witnessed a happier ending. And I hurried right around to tell you all about it."

"But swifter than any human means of communication were the thought waves that brought to me the subtile projections of Blackwood's voice and image." And the doctor related to Rhoda what he had just seen and heard.

"Why doctor, you amaze me!" she protested. "You talk as if you believed in spectres and ghosts. Do you?"

"That depends on what you mean by spectres and ghosts. Of course, I do not believe in the popular ghost; but I must accept the conclusions of the Committee appointed by our London Society for Psychical Research to investigate such apparitions, and accept as possible and



as constantly occurring telepathic projections of visible, audible, and tactile impressions by dying persons.

“Our idolized Edison and Colonel J. J. Carty, the wizard of the air, have given us wireless telephony, still in the infancy of its development. Will they not make it possible some day for the one who talks to us through leagues of atmosphere without the aid of a conducting wire, to transmit with his voice a symbolic image, so that we may see as well as hear? I believe this also will be accomplished. The telepathic power will be further evolved, and psychology attain the Ultima Thule of its wildest dream.

“I have stated to you, Miss Barrett, the fact. My explanation may be far from convincing. After all, it may have been the astral body of Mason Blackwood that walked into my office, for it was surely something perceptible. It may have been an actual spiritual form like that in which the risen Christ appeared to his disciples, for we are promised in Scripture a post-human body. Who shall determine?”

“As to this latter theory, Dr. Van Alstyne, I am loath to accept it. You will pardon my incredulity, for I have always been slow to fly to the supernatural to account for what psychological science satisfactorily explains. If you really experienced a vision of Mason Blackwood, and I must believe you did, I prefer to fall back on the laws of psychics to make it clear.”

“So do I. And yet, Miss Barrett, Christianity, without a belief in the supernatural, would be a meaningless, foisonless superstition. It teaches us to believe that the universe palpitates with spirit life — ministering angels doing such service as is required for the heirs of salvation, unclean and wicked spirits of sub-celestial regions, seducing spirits suggesting doctrines of devils. You will

recall others mentioned in the Epistles. How far these immaterial forms are at liberty to impress the rods and cones of the human retina and so lend themselves under physiological law, to conversion into conformable stimuli for the optic nerve — how far it may lie in their power to make their presence known to mortals, and their influence felt through the medium of sound undulations that awaken response in the organ of Corti — is all, in our present defective capacity for interpretation, merely conjectural. As for myself, I can but give faith to the truth embodied in these two lines from the *Paradise Lost* —

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.”

## CHAPTER XVII

### THE SACRIFICE SUPREME

*The joyes of love, if they sholde ever laste  
Without afflyction or disquietnesse  
That worldly chaunces doe amonge them caste,  
Wolde bee on earthe too great a blessednesse.*

— THE FAERIE QUEENE

*O God, turn back thy universe and give me yesterday.*

— THE SILVER KING

THE course of neurasthenia never yet ran smooth. The natural history of emergence from its depths records a series of setbacks often without explanation, often arising from thoughtless or innocent waste of accumulating nervous energy. And when relapse impends, and abnormal sensitiveness characterizes the weakened brain, some alternating fraction of the personality will find opportunity to play dictator to the other mental faculties, and suggest conceptions that become as imperative and immovable as they are unreasonable.

Magnhild had passed through an intensive winter, involving serious draughts on her vitality; and, as is frequently the case in disease, a reaction came with the blossoms — low spirits with their tacit admissions of imperfection, undervaluation of self, overpowering sense of inadequacy and unfitness. And as the May lilies marked the close of the last month of spring, a demoralizing doubt forced its way into her mind. Was she physically fit to be the wife of the man she loved? Had she the right to burden him with an invalid partner who could be neither

helpmeet nor hearth mate; to handicap after her marriage, through bodily inability to serve him as an intelligent coadjutant, the output of his soul power in the great work he was doing for humanity? The conviction was gradually gaining ground that her nervous integrity was too critically impaired to justify the progress of her tender feeling toward its natural consummation. She was unworthy, unsuitable, disqualified for her high calling as a prospective wife and perhaps mother, by reason of an inherent tendency to break down under trivial pressure. The idea gathered force as the days wore on, until it was exaggerated into a belief that she was utterly inefficient and graceless.

During her three days of service in his office, and subsequently while seeking to divert her mind, the doctor had noticed with concern a fugitive preoccupation which he suspected Magnhild had thrust aside on more than one occasion and assumed a cheerfulness and interest that were foreign to her real state of feeling. And he had spoken to her once or twice of her declining energies.

But all his inquiries as to what might be the trouble elicited only the reply that it was nothing but a little temporary indisposition. Dr. Van Alstyne, however, was not imposed on by these evasions; and one afternoon while they were motoring together on the old Boston Post Road, his searching interrogatories were answered with tears, as Magnhild's pent-up wretchedness found voice.

"Oh! Reynier, you are right. I am far from well. The old symptoms of depression — the old doubts and fears and self-abasement — are returning. I have thought by day and lain awake brooding at night over the position I am placing you in, over my own unfitness to assume new responsibilities. I am confronting a direful reality. After these long months of trying to get well, interesting and informing my mind, following your instructions faith-

fully, living on your love, I find myself crossing the threshold of summer, with a lost hold and impending nervous wreck.

“The bright dream of happiness with you has dissolved into a nightmare of disappointment and despair. I see myself disabled, incompetent, dependent, anything but a helper to you, until I have come to consider marriage as little short of a crime. My heart tugs at its strings as I tell you this. But my love, God’s law, forbid me to risk the chance of proving a fatal obstacle to you in the great work you are pledged to. And the bitter knowledge that I was so obstructing would only plunge me deeper in this state of brain and nerve tension. To save you, I must make the sacrifice, even if it mean death for me. Take back your love, take back the jewel that symbolized our unity”—and Magnhild loosed the diamond circle from her finger—“it will be easier now than after we have gone farther along together.”

“Magnhild, I am stunned, confounded,” gasped the doctor as he ran the car into a convenient nook by the roadside. “What mean you? Is this your interpretation of love, our love? Is this the price you would put upon the holy affection you have kindled in my soul—the all-absorbing, all-exclusive passion for you? Do you hold it so lightly? Do you think it so gossamer, that you can blow it away with a word?”

“Oh! God, my Reynier, release me for your sake, for my sake?”

“Do you not apprehend, Magnhild, that you have linked your spirit indivisibly to mine, and only the two-edged sword of God can sunder them? Are we not blent in a minglement of lives like the streams of meeting rivers that run inseparable to the sea?”

“Once, once in a way, it seemed so, Reynier.”

“Magnhild, you have stepped out of the subliminal

realm into the worldly. You are the victim of a spiritual declension precipitated by the exaggerations of a fagged brain. You are talking about a principle, and ignoring a personality."

"Reynier, dearest, I am talking my duty, as I see it."

"Magnhild, you are premature. The supreme element in duty is the knowledge of what should be done. Are you sure you have decided aright? Think, Magnhild."

"I have thought, God knows how earnestly, by night and day, and the bitter cry has gone forth from the deep fastnesses of my soul. Will you not help me to overcome this love so fraught with peril to you? Do you not love me enough to take it out of my soul forever?"

"Take out of your soul a love pledged above in the spirit and sealed on earth in the body, holy and pure! Oh! Magnhild, you have lost your head. What are you asking of me? You shall not force me from you by any such subterfuge! I found you ill in the north country. I gave you all I could to save you, without loving you, until the look of your eyes and the words of your mouth the day we went up the brook together betrayed your secret. Then I gave you the love you had discovered to and in me, and then I plighted my soul; and at last mingled in holy confluence with yours the mighty spirit breathed by God as my very ego. I believed you lifted to the plane where nothing could encarnalize your love. You wish to take back the love you once gave? The woman who loves spiritually can take nothing back. Her love can not be reasoned down. I divine your feeling. You think it is expedient. You seem to fancy that you can reduce spiritual love to the level of a platonic attachment. That has never been done yet, Magnhild, and you can not do it if you have ever experienced the genuine apprehension which I call love, which stands not on debatable ground. But stop — perhaps I can make you renounce your fond-

ness for me, reverse your objective feeling toward me" — and the doctor choking with mental agitation, in his excitement took Magnhild's words literally and scaled the pinnacle of self-sacrificing abjuration in the proposition he passionately enunciated for her enfranchisement: "I have wiped out infatuations. I have poured balm into wounded hearts before, and you are very susceptible to my influence. I love you enough to take that love for me out of your soul, and then if need be die the death for you. What greater offering could a woman ask?"

"For the sake of Heaven, spare me, Reynier!"

"Do you realize, Magnhild, that this is the sublimation of love — to make the woman you love beyond the aggregate of all women, forget you and know you no more forever? The cure must be as radical as that. This night I will undo all that I have innocently and with the purest motives encouraged to grow up between us. You make it my duty. You will find me no slacker. I will do it if it costs me my life. When we return, give to Rhoda Barrett every letter I have ever written you, and my photograph that you have cherished, and anything else that may remind you of me — to be destroyed. Then, as you retire, take this trional powder to insure your slumber, and go to sleep in faith; and I will come later, and with God's help I will destroy every vestige of your love and the memory of it, so that you will awaken in the morning a free woman, just as if you had never known me. God make me equal to this immolation of my happiness! this destruction of the superhuman truth within you!

"O Heaven! but yesterday, the glorious morning of our love — yesterday, you were mine, sick or well, young or old, rich or poor, mean or mighty. To-day, I go forth to heart-break. Oh! God, give back my yesterday!"

And Heaven heard the prayer; for Magnhild, startled

from her spiritual swoon by this cry of agony, rallied to her reason:

"It can not be! It shall not be! My Reynier lost to me forever, lost to humanity! The spell of this obsession is broken! You have cured infatuations, Reynier, but this is not infatuation. This is love, God's truth. You can not wipe out God's truth. I see my sin — and you! you are the most magnanimous of souls to proffer this sovereign sacrifice to bring me peace. But it is impossible. This that burns in my being can not be extinguished, and I go on with life. Even you, with all your wondrous power and supreme self-abnegation, can not accomplish this. I have come to my spiritual senses, thank Heaven! Thank Heaven! And realize the wickedness, the impossibility of putting asunder two spirits God has joined. The Angel of the Lord has intervened as of old at Jehovah-jireh, and I have proved you. You may not make the sacrifice. No agony of the flesh, no torture of the mind shall ever again relax my spiritual control, unwavering now, staunch, steadfast."

In the ecstasy of the reaction the muscles of the doctor's throat tightened on his voice so that he was for an instant speechless, and his heart stood still in momentary spasm. Then nature recovered her sway, and he spoke again:

"Dear Magnhild, the revulsion from Heaven to Hell and back again from Hell to Heaven — all in an hour's time, has unnerved me."

She put her hand in his and kissed his forehead, and he knew that he was loved again and loved aright. And then his voice regained its volume.

"Ah! Magnhild, the clouds that threatened to make death-day of our love have rifted, forever rifted, and you have emerged into the sunshine of a clear apprehension. Spiritual love is not contingent on bodily evils or bodily



blessings. We love in the spirit, and it is impossible for either to obliterate the impress of that love in the flesh. To quench your love for me while you were in rapport would have implied a disingenuous suggestion on my part. It was not in my power to feign. In my willingness to serve you, I tried to make myself believe it was. But you would have detected the deception and revolted. You would have honored the motive, but rejected the suggestional prompting as out of harmony with your vision of the tender emotion. Our love is the life breath of the soul. It exhales the fragrance of the skies, and so it differs from every day living together for purposes of worldly gain and ambition, or carnal consorting after the manner of beasts in a lair, both distorted by constantly recurring strained relations and so easily dissoluble by divorce. To call such a kinship love is blasphemy."

They sat together long in silence, speeding homeward in the glow of the sunset, and in the silence they knew each other better—the silence the poet calls the sun of love that ripens the fruit of the soul. Then Magnhild spoke:

"God seems to have reserved this hour, Reynier, to unfold to us the transcendent meaning of the love He has brought us to, and to give us more convincing evidence of the existence and power of the spirit. An ethereal influence is abroad and about us, that exalts, enlightens, and empowers. A great inner event has taken place in the life of each of us. I have looked my misunderstanding squarely in the face and my sorrow has lost its sting. But will you tell me, Reynier, if you can, why should such a misconception of our love have, like an unclean spirit, taken possession of my mind during the last few weeks? Why should I, as you say, have lost the spiritual aroma of love amid the fears and frets of a temporal environment?"

“Magnhild, the flesh was weak, and so concerns of the flesh multiplied apace. You were simply passing through one of those periodic tumbles that characterize recovery from a nervous undertone. They always come, but do not last. You are better now. You will be well in a week. You need no other psychic treatment than the revelations of the afternoon. Your mind is relieved of its strain, and the reaction will be immediate.

“As for me, I prayed anon for yesterday in living, agonizing prayer. I now can pray with fear and trembling for to-day. O God! give me to-day, with fuller knowledge of thy will, and brighter light upon my opportunities and powers, with deeper faith in life’s futurities, in closer, tenderer fellowship with the spiritual excellence incarnate in my Magnhild. And do thou lackey her with Milton’s thousand liveried angels.”

“Magnhild,” said Rhoda, as they sat that evening quite by themselves, “there is a peculiar lustre in your eyes to-night, and a heightened flush on your cheeks, and your face wears an expression of perfect happiness in contrast with the lackadaisical air of the last few weeks. What has happened, Hild?”

“Much that is too sacred to repeat — and yet I long to tell you of my gladness. I have learned to-day to be happy. I have come to understand my happiness, and I know that it will abide with me always, because I share it with him I love.”

“Magnhild, tell me, what is love?”

“I will try to tell you, Rhoda — some day.”

## CHAPTER XVIII

### TRUE LOVE IS NOT CONTINGENT

*Oh! blame her not — when zephyrs wake,  
The aspen's trembling leaves must shake;  
When beams the sun through April's shower,  
It needs must bloom, the violet flower;  
And Love, howe'er the maiden strive,  
Must with reviving hope revive!*

— THE LORD OF THE ISLES

DR. VAN ALSTYNE sat in his office that evening lost in thought, until after the midnight hour. The lights were turned low, the sounds of the street had ceased, the atmosphere of the room had become somnific, and he drifted into a reverie wherefrom subliminal treasures might readily be gathered and clothed in the habiliments of sense. So in the calm that followed the storm of the afternoon, when his emotional nature was at flood tide in the waking dream, a sentiment selected from many subjective presentations took shape, to be born into the objective life as a sonnet, whose lines were plucked one by one from a subconscious repository and intertwined into a Petrarchan whole. For is not poetry, as Wordsworth taught, emotion recollected in tranquillity? It is the picture, the glowing memory image, not the reality. Poetry deals rather with representations of realities. It is a representative art.

The sonnet thus culled from the subliminal was addressed to Magnhild, and sheltered a gentle reproach behind the paramount truth that it embodied. It was entitled by its creator

## MY LOVE IS NOT CONTINGENT

and when committed to writing in the intervals of his abstraction, read as follows:

The love that God hath wakened in my soul  
For your sweet being hangs not on the plea  
For health of wearied frame, averred to me.  
With tearful eyes. You have the very whole  
Of all I am in consecrated thole  
Of changeless fealty midst life's shifting sea.  
It sips the honey nor disowns the bee;  
Its faith outvies the pangs of dearth and dole.  
Give us, kind Father, our love perfected —  
Thought, fancy, passion, purpose to inspire;  
Give of thy love our human love to leaven,  
A ripening germ by Trinal Spirit fed —  
Soul love, sense love, intense in its own fire,  
Transmuting life with alchemy of Heaven.

In his sonnet, Dr. Van Alstyne gave utterance to feeling that was universal; hence the relief its composition brought to his mind. His plea was the world's plea; his prayer, the world's prayer. And so poetry was to him an outlet alike for his heart-ache and his rapture.

As Magnhild read this sonnet of the night, she gave her psyche in full surrender to her higher personality, the supreme principle and essence of her being, and in her love walked by the spirit that quickeneth. Like Clare in "Festus," she loved with her soul, but that soul was activated by spiritual waves which caught their undulations at the heart of God. And so the sonnet that was written in the blood of such a soul found welcome with its joyful complement.

## CHAPTER XIX

### WHAT IS LOVE?

*We loved without transgressing virtue's bounds;  
We fixed the limits of our tenderest thoughts;  
Came to the verge of honour and there stopped.  
We warmed us by the fire, but were not scorched.  
If this be sin, angels might love with less,  
And mingle rays of minds less pure than ours.  
Our souls enjoyed; but to their holy feasts,  
Bodies, on both sides, were forbidden guests.*

— DRYDEN'S LOVE TRIUMPHANT

**I**N the days that followed, Magnhild naturally thought much about love, for there was Rhoda's question to be answered. Could she frame a definition? So one afternoon not long after, as her fiancé brought his runabout to a standstill in a secluded dingle near Van Cortlandt Park, the subject was broached.

"Reynier, Rhoda has asked me what love is. Do you think its constituent notions can be clearly comprehended and stated?"

"Let us try, Hild. In the first place do you believe that the relationship existing between us that we know as love was foreordained or only permitted? Were we predestinated to be lovers? God wills it, or lets it be — which?"

"I never believed in predestination, Reynier. God foreknows; He does not forecompel. We must be free agents, left to work out our destinies under the accepted laws of cause and effect; but God has so regulated cause and effect as to decide events, and so all things work to—

gether for good to them that love Him. Those in love with God are never fatalists. Recall the Greek pronoun, and you will infer with me that it is collective predestination to eternal life that is taught in that wonderful Eighth Chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and the salvation of a mass of believers, who are specified as *elect*, that is, separated from the hosts of those who reject of their own free wills the offers of grace, is undoubtedly the purpose of God."

"Magnhild, you have probed deeply into this, and your philosophy of life is sane and grounded on a beautiful faith. Then you believe that we were at liberty to choose the paths that led us together? But what constrained us to wait, in the face of previous opportunities to marry, for the love those converging paths have brought us to? There are no sign-boards on the road of life."

"True, Reynier; but the profounder the passional depths of the subconscious, the more arduous the task of finding a complement with whom mutual absorption would be congenial. Our earthly steps are spiritually directed. When we yield ourselves in the spirit, foreknown and foreapproved, to that God-love which shapes the planetary career toward the good of the Apostle's promise, we shall realize that blessed unity wherein we lose separate fates — in a perfect fusion."

"But what about those who love not the good, and are so evidently in contempt of its laws?"

"I can only repeat that the promise is made to those alone who love God, to them that are called according to His purpose."

"Then you think our own subliminals, in harmony with some principle of extra human guardianship and direction, arranged our meeting in the body?"

"Reynier, predestination, as taught in the Bible, does not take away man's free agency. Nothing happens by

chance. What brought me to Sunapee? I was on the point of going elsewhere when something impelled me to follow an opposite course at Rhoda's admonition, and go with her. The agent of insistence on a variation of my plan seemed like a silent voice spurring me on to a change of intent. I believe the hand of God was behind it all, fashioning in our subliminals a purpose yet to be revealed. And our happiness shall consist in the pursuit, to the best of our knowledge, of this Divine intent. I am sure we shall be blessed with continual advancement toward the consummation designed."

"Then, Magnhild, under this definition you are to be a determining influence in my life. I am reserved for something beyond what I have yet been permitted to accomplish; and we both, in the glory of a perfect love, shall turn in gratitude to the Giver of our happiness and power. *Our* power — for mine seems now so intricately mingled with yours. The cosmic inflow inundates my life through you; and the life of my love is endeavor — ceaseless, never satisfied endeavor — which can not be perfect unless it is shared. Lives there a man, Magnhild, who feels not quickening in his soul from the moment he loves? Does not love endow the lover with superior capacities for achievement?

"Through your love alone, Magnhild, is it possible for me to attain even an approach to impulse and expression. Such love cogently stimulates to worthy action, inspires at once the reason and the imagination, and lifts from flesh and sense to the divine. Its very essence is the longing for infinitude — the craving for the seemingly unattainable."

"You are beginning to appreciate it all, my lover, in its immeasurable outreach."

"Yes, Magnhild, and each party to this God-nurtured relationship conveys to the other that immaterial force

which that other requires for its highest self-assertion. Your love for me may thus be fraught with tremendous significance. Let no man or woman speak contemptuously of the coupling of beings predestinate of Heaven. I love your soul, my Magnhild, that is easy to say and to do; but I love something in you that is higher than your soul — I love the spirit which defies your soul — the divinity in your humanity.”

“There must be a purpose, then, my discerning lover, in our predevotion, beyond our individual happiness.”

“Perhaps, and yet God, I believe, intends each one of us to be happy. Why may not the design merely be to add our happiness to the aggregate of human happiness, and so intensify the sunshine of universal life? God has made laws, you know, to promote happiness.”

“Yes,” said Magnhild, “but true happiness can never be circumscribed by purely personal considerations. Those who are genuinely happy seek the happiness of others, and so accentuate their own. The aim of a noble life must be disengaged from purely individual interests. There is no selfish phase in happiness.”

“Magnhild, you have struck the key-note. There must be something in our destined lot that includes service.”

“There surely is, Reynier, and it becomes our duty to find it out. I can not help believing that much more than mutual happiness was involved in our meeting and the growth of our love. We are embodied thoughts of the Almighty, with destinies to fulfill; and we are made one mind in two bodies, themselves to be unified, according to God’s holy ordinance, in the embrace supreme intended to cement the higher affections, to deepen and quicken the rational and spiritual components of our love, and so add to our efficiency in the working out of God’s plan for us. The animal element in Christian love, while unconditionally subservient to the godhood of the spirit,



is thus in the Creator's scheme made contributory to the accomplishments of that spirit.

"In a perfect human conjunction, the pairing instinct, with sense pleasure as its primordial object, must exist side by side with spiritual love. A co-presence of the two elements is comprehended in a psychological unity. But body and spirit are molten in a synthesis marked by the spontaneous triumph of the superior personality over the animal in our nature — the domination of the spiritual over the sensual. In the light of this philosophy, the love embrace, the fusion of the attributes of sex, becomes a sacrament, and from the viewpoint of the Church marriage is so conceived. Christian believers can not, with the Troubadours, regard it as destructive of love."

"Magnhild, I bow my head in reverence to that dictum projected from your deep and richly gifted soul."

"To those, my betrothed, who stand upon this ideal plane in the evolution of the spiritual consciousness, love's consummation in the bodily union of marriage must ever be the outward and sensible factor in an inward progressive spiritual compatibility that ties the personalities involved in a unity of thought, purpose, and creative effort. So, whereas the higher love is not subject to physical impulse, nor born of it, no man should seek to idealize his wife exclusively from the ethico-spiritual standpoint. Flesh and blood have a qualified representation in the normal susceptibility.

"Reynier, I have studied this relationship for many months, and am recounting to you the substance of my conclusions. The possibilities of such essentially human love are limitless. Its universal achievement means the transfiguration of society — and that achievement is surely coming."

"Why, Magnhild, you speak like one inspired, beyond the ken of man or angel. In you I see united God and

the world. Verity, there is nothing in common with sensuality in this spiritual fondness between man and woman — an affection, my lovely counterpart, that has brought me nearer to the Divine — in which the exclusively human, in its purest strength and fragrance, is so overshadowed by the spiritual that, in my closest moments with you, I have hardly been aware of its existence. Instinctively such love expresses itself through some physical caress. But your person becomes holy. What is called the animal impulse, although present in terms of the body, is unrecognized in those supreme moments of the soul as a factor in the synthesis of joys. It plays the rôle of the dishonored guest without the wedding garment. Can you understand?

“Illuminated by what you have said, I will try to give focus to a conception of love that is taking shape in my consciousness”—and the doctor closed his eyes, and spoke slowly and deliberately as if reading from a tablet deep down in the primitive soul:

“Love is the incoming of God into the lives of two correlated human personalities, and the outgoing of those personalities so interpenetrated and inspired, not only in exalted service to their fellow men, but also in a sincere conjoint effort to fathom and fulfill the specific purpose of the Almighty in bringing them together and unfolding to them the veritable essence of the tender emotion as ordained by Him, at once spiritual, rational, and animal in its complex nature. Of such love is born that unselfishness, that long-suffering, that faith, which square with St. Paul’s eloquent portrayal of this virtue in the 13th chapter of his First Epistle to the Corinthians, and which have all but vanished from the world. Through such love only may man taste the fruits of highest happiness and attain the level of supreme accomplishment.

“There is, in epitome, the substance of our talk.”

“And you have expressed it, Reynier, far better than I could have done. I believe God Himself is satisfied in being loved with love as we have analyzed it, even if evolved from human littleness. And surely your definition ought to content the philosophical mind of Rhoda Barrett. But I am going a step farther, Reynier. I have read in ‘Romeo and Juliet’ that the heralds of love are thoughts, and another thought has been forcing itself on my attention as we have been talking — the conviction of a further psychological possibility. We loved before we ever met. Before we met in the body, we loved in the spirit.”

## CHAPTER XX

### OUR LOVE HAD ITS PRE-HISTORY

*There is a bond between us which dates before to-day —  
We are not strangers.*

— VANDERDECKEN

*Even so, when first I saw you, seemed it, Love,  
That among souls allied to mine was yet  
One nearer kindred than life hinted of.  
O born with me somewhere that men forget,  
And though in years of sight and sound unmet,  
Known for my soul's birth-partner well enough!*

— DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

WAS Dr. Henry Smith Williams right when he said in *The Science of Happiness*, "Let the universal experience of mankind suffice then to lead you to the belief that, however fervid your admiration for any particular individual of the opposite sex, there are countless others to whom you might be just as ardently attracted did chance throw them in your way"?

Or is it as Tennyson discerned

"Earlier than I know,  
Immersed in rich foreshadowing of the world,  
I lov'd the woman"?

Let Magnhild answer the question.

"Immaterialities can hold intercourse," continued Magnhild, "without the intermediary of brain and sense organs. I believe in telepathy, a mutual attraction existing between spiritual natures whereby they are enabled to commingle through an unrecognized energy of communication comparable to that by which wireless messages

are transmitted in the physical world through the medium of percipient antennæ and ethereal oscillations. In other words, I believe in subliminal conversation. Psychology admits the possibility of such correspondence, and proclaims telepathic interaction to be a property of the essence of all minds, although it fails to explain how wings are supplied to eager souls. We are surrounded by a world of spirit as real as the material world, some contend more so; and it is there that earthly destinies are determined and the problem of predestination solved through a power to penetrate the future inhering in each image of the Eternal. Our subliminals know the future possibilities of their own earth lives, and so they are left free as created copies of the free God, to direct the faltering and wayward footsteps of their own objective mates."

"Then, Magnhild, why don't they always do it, and earth become a paradise of virtue and happiness?"

"As I read the inspired Word, Reynier, this is the eventual plan."

"But you say we are the created copies of God, and that we possess in a measure His prevision. Why do we not then, as spirits, share his infallible judgment in cosmic life?"

"We do; but there is a bar to its expression in this life of probation, and that bar is the soul's unlove for God. The Apostle told the Romans that in this dispensation God worketh all things with those that love Him, for good — only for those that love Him. Such is the law of love, the fruit of the Spirit. God-love, spiritual harmony with God, constraining the works of the Spirit, is the price demanded by the Creator of human entities. This is the way I see it. Spirits are sorely tried by the unfaith, the unlove of their souls. But it will not always be so. With the promised dawn of millennial harmony, mankind will leaven the soul of the world, and

rule in an age of gold when death itself has died. But we are wandering from our theme."

"Yet the digression, Magnhild, is more than entertaining. I love to hear you talk of these subjects on which you have thought so deeply. To revert to our thesis, you believe that our spiritual complements began their earth love as a cosmic relationship which impelled us mysteriously to find each other out in the body?"

"That is what I am contending. When Rhoda took me to your cottage on the lake, lovely Vanéshu, it did not seem to me that we met as strangers."

"I am inclined to believe with you, Magnhild, that the spiritual part, apprehending the unrequited necessities of the bodily life and seeking to increase productivity in that life through co-operative companionship, is attracted to the complement that can effect its purpose. So color is given to the saying that matches are made in Heaven. What an engaging prehistory!"

"Yes, Reynier, but there is something more than earthly necessity and accomplishment in a spiritual relationship like this. There is an adaptation mutually recognized, a community of tastes and aspirations that determines a confluence of the immaterial elements, characterized by an expression of mutual regard and singleness of purpose in this world that men call love. You called me just now your lovely counterpart. I call you my very Self, for I can not conceive of myself as apart from you. Our life is single. O Reynier! If there be a sanctuary on this earth over which the angels of God may be believed fondly to linger, it is the sanctuary of a unity like this, consecrated to redemptory work in this generation of spiritual lassitude."

"Magnhild, you speak like a prophet of the olden time. I sit with reverence at your feet to listen and ponder. But is there not a providence in all this?"

“Unquestionably, but how? My interpretation of it is this: God has perfectly equipped our subliminal natures with attributes and faculties. He expects us to use both for our protection and development. How many are using them? Those who do use, and use aright, their God-given powers are not unprofitable servants. And so I imagine our cosmic parts are free to communicate outside of bodily limitations, and to select congenial marriage partners.”

“But apparently few do it, Magnhild.”

“Too true. Souls wilfully and wantonly repel in this life the kindly intervention of their own subliminals. This is quenching the spirit. We may well thank our God that we were permitted to find each other out and to love before we met in the body. Our love was spirit-born.”

“Do you think, Magnhild, that those who have once been our loved companions on earth and are now ex-carnate can bring about subliminal meetings, and so determine or modify earthly careers? encourage subliminal attachments with an eye to the needs of the flesh? May the dead in this way be the guardian angels of the living, directing with hands invisible, shaping the actions of the soul? Are we impressionable in this way? It were an animating thought.”

“Dear Reynier, our religion teaches us to believe in the communion of saints, in a Church unseen as well as a Church seen, whose members are mystically in fellowship. Do not Christians love objectively before they know one another? If they are true to the word of the Founder of their faith, they do. But the ground we are treading is holy ground, screened from mortal eyes by the Isis veil. Yet God, who supplieth the spirit, and the subliminal to whom attribute is supplied, are wiser than we who are earth-bound.”

“ But, Magnhild, suppose such a selection as you picture is made outside the body and such a concord is established, and the two-celled heart beats with its single stroke in this life, and then death comes to sunder the correlates, and one is left with mission unfulfilled, what say you is the law of life, and death and love in such a case? Why should death be permitted to cripple an endeavor we will assume to be making in the cause of righteousness? ”

“ Reynier, I can not so far explain death as to reconcile it to human aspirations, to human necessities. My faith intimates exalted occupation in another sphere where the one taken is required to fill a position of moment. Death is the end of the law of organized matter and the beginning of the gospel of spiritual promise. When it separates those who are committed seemingly to a single earthly destiny, sometimes the left soul withers, unable to do its work alone; sometimes, it seems to be upheld by a hand stretched back from cosmic realms, and strives to prove its love by following thus disabled along the chosen path; sometimes, the rôle is re-enacted, and another partner is sent to vitalize the consecrated life.”

“ In such an instance, Magnhild, who sends that other partner? ”

“ It may be some ministering spirit, for we are taught that serving spirits <sup>1</sup> wait upon those who believe. It may be some loved one who has gone before us, and who apprehends our exigencies.”

“ Do you entertain the idea that those who have crossed the divide may be constituted ministering spirits to such as are still invested with a body — the disembodied sent to the embodied? ”

“ I do, through subliminal communication, but not by spirit return through the machinery of the séance. My reason revolts against that.”

<sup>1</sup> Πνεύματα λειτουργικά.



“And what do you imagine, Magnhild, might be the attitude of a dead wife in respect to such a ministration to the earthly needs of her quondam husband? Would or could she, touched by the disqualification implied in her demise, deliberately search among the subliminals of cosmos for a worthy successor to herself in the partnership dissolved by her death?”

“Yes, I do, if she loves in full appreciation of love as the sovereign stimulus to endeavor. There is no jealousy in Heaven, Reynier. They neither marry nor are given in marriage over there, but are as the angels. And all we are told they do is that they love, and sing their love in all the fervor of souls transfigured into compatible elements of the spirit. But their love is comprehensive of occupation, for love knows not idleness. They of the other world, if aware of our weaknesses and necessities, would surely do all in their power to offer relief.”

“Do you believe that they ever give us tangible evidence of their guardianship?”

“Reynier, you have taught me to look into the unseen, and this is how I would answer your question: An incarnate being can, under psychological law, so impress a subliminal companion fractionally expressed in a human body, as indirectly to empower and impel that body to assume its voice momentarily, or apprehend a projected image of itself familiar to the percipient — all for the purpose of giving information of its nearness and approval and help, in the part it is playing to adjust an intent of Deity. I admit that this road from an intelligent sphere outside, through subliminal avenues of approach and circuitous earthly by-ways, to mankind, is seldom travelled. I know not why, for the way is surely open.”

“Magnhild, I will tell you why, from the lessons I am learning from your inspired lips. The essential to such intercommunication does not exist among the masses of

men, and that essential is spirituality. Spiritually minded men and women are exceptional. Unquestionably, a spiritual atmosphere is a *sine qua non* to the intercommunication of spirits. Perhaps it may be our mission to awaken in our humble way a limited number of our fellow-beings to a knowledge of their spiritual consciousness. If we succeed in enlightening a single soul, we shall not have lived in vain. God bless you, my Magnhild."

"And you, my Reynier. Tell me, have I not convinced you that back somewhere in the cycles of time, our spirits were united? As I grew into womanhood, I reached out after the perfect love. For many a year I sensed it afar, but found it not till I found in you the soul God set in unison with mine. In the beautiful metaphor of Muriel Strodé: Long ere the magnolia waved o'er my estate, I caught the scent of its redolence and heard the birds singing in its branches."

## CHAPTER XXI

### THE BREATH OF JUNE

*They come! the merry summer months of Beauty, Song and Flowers;  
They come! the gladsome months that bring thick leafiness to  
bowers.*

*And soft! mine ear upcaught a sound — from yonder wood it came!  
The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe his own glad name —  
Yes, it is he! the hermit bird, apart from all his kind,  
Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft western wind.*

— WILLIAM MOTHERWELL

IT is mid June at Sunapee. Music, fragrance, and color are doing their utmost to make a perfect day. The chattering swallows are again cleaving the air in crooked flight. The ruffed grouse is drumming his amours amid the leafy solitudes, and minstrels of parded breast thrill the copses with their love chants. Once more, the year's young foliage robes the mountains in emerald. Once more, the pink cyripediums rouge the holms; and the moon-daisies, first in flower of the chrysanthemum race, begin to don their snowy crowns on the borders of the hay field; and a medley of genial wild bloom, in sweet-scented chequer, enamels the pasture lands and the purlieus of the forests. The sky is without a cloud. All the glories of the jewelled springtime are bursting into the maturer passion of the summer. In a little Gothic chapel on the eastern shore, preparations are making for a bridal. Country folk are decorating the chancel with perfumed sprays of white bramble blossoms, for the Bishop of New Hampshire was to come in the afternoon to couple a man and woman in the holy estate of matrimony. Dr. Van Alstyne and Magnhild Wetterstrand were to stand

before the altar and authenticate the love that was born of the spirit in the solemn compact of marriage as sanctioned by the Church and formulated in the beautiful language of the Book of Common Prayer. They had come back to the scene of their discovered consecration to each other as a most fitting spot for their nuptial ceremony — back to the old trees, and the grey walls with their lacework of lichens, and the purling runnels sentinelled by crested iris, and the nights of the bright few stars — back where sylvan voices claimed kindred and seemed almost to call them by name. And Rhoda had come with them. What more appropriate place to dedicate to a single fate their beings and their fortunes?

They chose the hour of sundown. So as the last slanting rays stole through the clere-story windows and fell upon the holy table, Reynier Van Alstyne and Magnhild Wetterstrand kneeled with Rhoda Barrett at the chancel rail of the wayside chapel of St. Andrew's, to receive the sacrament; and then stood up before the Bishop to be joined of God.

Later, when the afterglow lost color in the gloaming and the hermit thrush in the pines was singing his goodnight anthem, the doctor and his bride stood together on the porch of Vanéshu, and as the soft moon rose behind them over the trees and looked down, with her dainty face, athwart the still waters of the lake, they watched the grey of the evening slowly become lustrous in all the witchery of clair-de-lune effects. At length he took her hand, and led her down the rustic steps to the landing on the shore, and handed her into the canoe that lay alongside. For a moment he stood still, regarding her with rapt veneration; then, as he stooped to take his place by her side, he looked long and fervently into her blue eyes, and whispered to her in translation the impassioned rhetoric of the Gita Govinda:

O angel of my hope! O my heart's home!  
Thou, thou hast been my blood, my breath, my being;  
The pearl to plunge for in the sea of life,  
The sight to strain for, past the bounds of seeing,  
The victory to win thro' longest strife —  
My Queen! my crownéd Mistress! my sphered Bride!

His paddle swept the illuminated waters, and in response to its strokes the canoe leaped into the moon-glade and sped away to the western shore where, in the doctor's car that was in waiting, they began their wedding journey, going forth joyously to essay those "greater things" forecast in the divine promise.