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WHO BUILDS?

A ROMANCE:

Completed in the month of Addar (which is the last half of February and the first half of March).

The "Protecting Deity of Addar—the Seven Great Gods."

The cosmogonic myth of Addar—"The return to the cultivation of the Earth after the cataclysm."

DEDICATED TO BROTHER BUILDERS
OF THE 32° AND 33°
OF ANCIENT SCOTTISH RITES
AND
TO BUILDERS YET MORE ANCIENT
THE WORLD THROUGHOUT.

WRITTEN AND FINISHED IN 1903.

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FORE-WORD.

"When I saw this, I wondered to see such great and noble things. And again I admired on account of these Virgins who were so handsome and delicate and who stood with such firmness and constancy, as if they could carry the whole Heaven."— *Hermes.*



"Yet all are born with the same portion of divinity within them, which we call soul. With much more than half of humanity the germ remains always a germ; always weighed down by the lymphatic, materialistic propensities of the husk — the body."

INTRODUCTION.

TO the question, "Who Builds?" this story essays to answer, "He or she builds who unflinchingly holds to the architectural design which is inspiringly set before him or her, by Indwelling Power."

For this Holy Spirit, this Indwelling Power, this Rara Avis, real and never forsaking, when IT has free course and is glorified by intelligent obedience, wins each individual soul to its best development: and, therefore, in-so-far, wins the Race on its upward way.

The philosophy of the story recognizes that step by step with these unfolding aspirations, each soul has to deal with the results of the deeds of 'the undead-self'—sometimes called 'karma,' sometimes 'inherited weakness' and sometimes 'the old Adam.' And this philosophy emphazises the fact that ignorance relative to the results of one's previous incarnation 'is not bliss'; nor is it 'folly to be wise' concerning the results of one's past lives. Because the awakening of such latent knowledges concerning the results of past-mental-and-moral-accumulations, not only renders one sympathetic with persons who are struggling up out of lower planes of development but secures the retention of childhood's alert longing for the next bit of needed Wisdom: awakening in the child's soul, subtle memories, in a way that brings him, with courageous gladness, to go on with the business of character building, in the spirit set forth in the hymn

> 'Thus far Life's Lord has led us on.
> 'Thus far Life's Power prolongs our days.
> 'And every evening shall make known
> 'Some fresh memorial of Life's Grace.'

The story emphasizes the fact that the average child of this epoch is born possessed of a mentality so highly vitalized by

the Spiritually-electrizing current of this Great Day, that, from the first, consciously or unconsciously, if unmeddled with, he or she takes up the continuous work of character-building, just as a person of high achievement, each morning takes up 'work' from where at slumber-time the night before it had been peacefully laid aside. It assumes that, an ego who is made conscious that his existence is foundationed on such and such passed experiences (good, bad, or indifferent) naturally turns, alertly receptive of The Supernal Influence, which, invited by heartfelt-childlike prayer, becomes—not only the attendant Instructor but—the *Con*structor of body, brain and being: as, working 'in and through' such a reverently intelligent recipient, It directs and concentrates that ego's thoughts on Virtue, Truth, Justice and Freedom.—Thus building (by use of this concentrated-Thought-food) cell on cell and tissue on tissue of brain and body: till, 'the whole man is renewed' seven fold: (time-given) with the result toward which St. Paul yearned, when he said, "That which is in part, shall be done away, being swallowed up in that which is to come."

The story opens at that crisis in the beginning of the Nineties when seen and unseen worlds, running together, came in like a flood on the souls of many other deluged mortals;—besides the five from whom, ordinary resources seemed suddenly taken away, by Archibald Landseer's practicalization of the theory, that, an act done with decisive regard to the ultimate end to be gained, but tends to the final construction of What-is-to-be. A theory which he held, therefore justifies a man in flinging in himself, or any one else, in order to bridge a chasm:—if the bridging of it, by any means secures the swifter attainment of a proposed-End.

Lamed often had had to meet Archibald's precipitant, ruthless tendencies, by her certainty that, in nature, no unnatural chasms exist: for that what seemed so, were but serviceable results, pointing to like serviceable *other* results; which required scientific scrutiny; *not* sacrilegious slaughter. But her sight of the fact, that failure could come only from a confused understanding of the thing to be done, was little less annoying to Landseer's precipitant-pugnacity than was her extreme alertness against either having a 'confused understanding of

the thing to be done,'—or, of submitting to the unnecessary-failures, that *result* from acting, while *under* a confused understanding of the thing to be done.

How terrible then, had been to her, the years in which she had lived amid misrepresenting-complications, her hold on the underlying facts of which, had but made her spiritually-scientific-scrutiny of these facts to appear to be more a matter of excessive self-reference and antagonism than a matter of her sight of facts vitally worthy of attention?

But with old-fashioned carelessness, she had vowed obedience to a man who demanded obedience from his wife:—just that: and a (to him) injurious self-effacement.

So, two equal forces had met. Inertia had set in. For to her, prosperity, to be of worth, included that which would enable her personally to build for posterity (as she knew she, by nature could, and therefore must build) by holding to that Integrity of Conscience which allies Individual Intelligence with that Omni-Science in which—Age after Age, there is no 'Variableness nor shadow of turning.' To possess more and more abundantly this conscious Union with Omni-Science so as to more and more empower her children with its Affluence—that, was her aim. But—two forces had met, causing her to lapse into that silence, which well befalls those, who wisely await the current of outer events: though even their silence comes to be misleading: as it then appears to be but part of 'the general conspiracy-of-silence' concerning the fundamental facts of the evolution of Humanity.

For years all that had remained for her, was, with courteous, discriminative-endurance, to do duty on the home-spot where—in time she might thus come to reign in joy. Her strength lay in the fact that she was possessed of this power of discriminative-endurance. It was her wealth. It was hers by Karma, and, by and through long lines of ancestry; belonging as she did to the opposition parties: who—whether Jehovists or Eloihimists: Brahmans or Vishnaites: Guelph or Ghibelline: Worshippers of Osiris or Isis: Protestants or Catholics—for thousands of years, had each inclined to make opposers walk the plank set for them, much as of old, pirates had made refractory prisoners, walk the plank whose end was in the sea.

But she had *ascended* from those ancestors up to cool, sci-

entific heights: from whence, now looking, she reviewed the ways trodden by those who possibly had had to fight for (or else be knocked off of) the little elevations whereon they wished to self-sovereignly Home themselves and their Mental-heirs and representatives: while seeking to attain to the practicalization of their Spiritual insights of 'the Possible';—though in doing it, they had to suffer hardship, even in the keeping of their foothold on the Rock of that mental-isolation: commonly incidental to the gaining of that Self-Sovereignty —without which nothing. And as had done some of her ancestors, so now did Lamed: as she stood on the 'rock of Ages': keeping firm-foot-hold on it; and firm head-and hand-hold on the children; as, philosophically studying their past, they too were thus prepared for this THEN, 'Oncoming Day of Disciplinary-Disaster.'

A day, to the arrival of which, she hopefully had looked forward: knowing that—if her courage did not fail her—she then would be able to use for the world *The Results* which she had brought out of the spiritual crisis through which she had passed. Revealing to younger-souls that the Elder Brother's Union with Real Spirit, had included a step up out of the possibility of further subjection to those mere animal magnetisms which are so antipathetic to the attainment of allegiance to The 'Angel of The Covenant'! The Angel who, through all those dark days, had 'talked to her of righteousness, of bountifulness, of chastity and of piety': and whose voice, 'hearing,' had caused her to listen: and listening, had enabled her to understand and to do, the Will of Wisdom.'

All this had come to Lamed (and in their degree) to the rest of the five, on whom sudden disaster seemed to have fallen at the opening of this story.

A story, the philosophy of which is supposed to show that, when womanhood shall be enabled unflinchingly to sustain Intellectual-Union with the 'Spirit-of-Spirits' (the breath-of-lives) then, the Affluence of this Spirit—as It is breathed forth in thoughts and acts of Virtue, Truth, Freedom and Justice-to-all,—will expedite in the Race, the Evolution of that *form* of Spirit, 'which is as the form of the Son of God: who walks through the midst of the Fire unhurt'!

The philosophy of the story further attempts to show, that

this will transpire not by the suspension of the Law of Fire: but—because of the administration of that Law by a cool Intellection which will not, by excess of Airless-Heat, smother the Fire to a darkling smudge: but which (as Aristotle suggests) will bring '*brains*, the wettest and coolest part of being,' to reign conjointly with the inspiration and respiration of Supernal Airs; so as to cool and calm the Fires of Life, in a way to keep steady the flame on the Hearth-stone where a self-poised manhood is homed and where children are born, who thus shall be as scientifically-protected from falling under the mental-malevolence of Mysticism, as they are, from falling into the degradation of Materialism.

EVELEEN LAURA MASON.

MID-WINTER, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THREE.

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WHO BUILDS?

CHAPTER I.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.*

ON Frantze at this crisis, life came in like a flood. And as flotsam, careening in the tide, smites the sight of one standing on a rock in the midst of wreckage, so he was smitten by the sight of himself, the oldest of the children: and of the roof for the stability of which he had been held accountable: and of the whirl of complications which had climaxed with the coming of the letter announcing Landseer's death on his arrival in England; and of Mrs. Landseer's closed door, which had excluded the children, as the house door held in Tama's hand and her words: "Madame's thanks, nothing is required," had excluded the assistance proffered by visitors.

He stood as if stunned by concussionary detonations sent forth from the conflicts of the unburiable-past; yet, a'strain and alert to grasp the relation of that past to the portentous announcement of the black-bordered letter; the virulence of which lay in the mystery it concealed, which was more portentous still.

The letter was dated September 3rd, 1890. A date near that which had been forecast as the time when the sun passing into new constellations, would be followed by events which would stagger the earth.

'*Flotsam is goods which lie floating on the surface of the sea when a ship is wrecked, in distinction from Jetsam, which is goods thrown into the sea when a ship is in danger of wreckage, for the purpose of lightening her, and which remains at sea without coming to land.'

The set time had come. But where now was he who had sought to concentrate public attention on portions of Hebrew history, 'the complications of which,' Mrs. Landseer had said, 'could be brutally reenacted if manœuverers devoted themselves to energizing murderous passions which, after decades of world-wide rapine and warfare, could then but be dealt with through the *individual* development of *fealty* to the unwritten law of Jurisprudence. Jurisprudence, which intuitively treats compulsory-law in the light of underlying principles and characteristic tendencies.'

"For," she had said, "jurisprudential-methods deal with the inherent dynamic-impetus which controls beings who are fully individualized."

Frantze remembered how Landseer was angered by this statement, which he called 'a mere bewildering and beriddleing of the simple fact that the thirty-years war, then on, would culminate in such a world-wide victory as would enthrone, world-wide, the Anglo-Saxon race: who then would command peace: and next would be ready to teach the philosophy of jurisprudence (as a New Education), the possession of which is to become omen and cognomen of Rulers.'

That had quite sounded like a noble outlook. Yet Frantze had wondered why Landseer and his theorists did not, rather hold to the business of cultivating world-wide this innate possession instead of planning to kill world-wide its innate possessors.

And now, a'halt before what seemed to him to be an arrest in the whole proceeding, he remembered the care with which Mrs. Landseer had emphasized the re-statement that this jurisprudential power and method of dealing with self and others is at-one with the latent (even when unrecognized and unutilized) *dynamic impulse* that controls Individuals, popularly and rightly called Conscience. Remembering, that Landseer received her repeated impressment of her idea as if a personal reflection on his ability were conveyed to him by the remark.

The statement had been, at least impressive enough to have sent the boy (with their fashion of following up a matter under discussion) to hunt up the word 'individual': so struck was he with Lamed's evident certainty that NOT to be

individual or individualized included some lack, which amounting to little less than a personal-deformity was a *to-be-rectified* personal calamity. He of course, discovered the word came from individu-us: and meant, 'not to be divided.'

And now as he thought of it, Individuality appealed to him as including a Self-Wholeness, the overwhelming sense of the Majesty of which, so enlivened his soul, that it gave him to taste and feel the dynamic-impetus of that torrent of Life, which Lamed had told him rendered a true Individual, at-one-with Omnipotent, Omniscient Omnipresence: filling him then, with the certainty that all the life that ever had been anywhere, was then there present. Therefore, present then and there was the life which was once embodied in form and features of him who had been known as Archibald Landseer.

With an old self-poise, which like jetsam was heaved up with the treasures of the moral-development of his unburiable-past, this child of sanctity, catching step, as with a longer stride and tightening grasp as on a larger hand, strode out, as if walking and talking again with him who, in recent unbalanced days, had cavilled at and then, had reclutched Mrs. Landseer's sight of the doings of that Omniscience, which, she claimed, filters down for the reception of those who are self-whole enough to receive, hold and not waste IT, because of having been taught, when energized by IT, to utilize IT in a better way than in that sickly form of *Wertherism* 'with its disabling moral lassitude, the only cure for which' (so Tennyson is reported to have said) 'is War.' A proposed war-cure for immorality, which Landseer now seemed to be declaring, achieved nothing but the dislodgement of millions from the body (as he had been dislodged), leaving these dislodged souls to await (as he was awaiting) the retaking up of their unfinished work, when and where in the course of time they best could find chance for re-embodiment: rending Frantze's nerves with the fury of the poor man's cry to know WHY he had been dislodged and WHY he had so foolhardily planned to have, decade on decade, hosts of other men thus dislodged by that warfare which, Landseer now seemed to be asserting, was in line with the lawless law of a NOT jurisprudential management: straining Frantze's inmost fibres

with cries against the blindness of not having lived on patiently while wisely aiding in the harmonizing of the lower forms of mere force by the power of that Intelligence, which makes for peace and purity. Then, as if deluged again in his old dream of attaining a world-wide public recognition and in his scorn of merely 'perfecting duty on the spot one stands on,' that tormented soul precipitated on Frantze, rehearsals of the two opposed ways in which a handful of humanity might be set up as world-wide leaders. Bedecking the possibilities of their prominence with a diablerie of phantasmagorial glory; and rehearsing the resultant divergences which he said 'must be quieted;' drowning the lad's good sense in the man's fury against restrictive agencies and fireing him up to kill and burn all opposers: that thus there might be secured to dominants, a chance to so govern the rest, as to evolve a god-like race which was to be built up by assuming a fore-ordained right to so subject the rest of the world as, thereafter, would result in 'the fathering' by the dominants, of a progeny to whom still later the world and all womanhood would belong.

As if with closed doors, Landseer as of old, seemed to be now drowning the boy's being in a smudge of pledged secrecy: flatteringly calling him, 'friend,' 'counsellor' and 'coadjutor,' throwing him into a psychic ferment: out of which death-dealing-daze he tore with the cry: "Cease Landseer. Get off the past! Live in the present. Leave me Now!" Re-garnering thus into himself the 'life *he had to live*': and ridding himself from subjection to the madness of the maddened.

Into this shattered silence soft shod Tama walked with uplifted hand whispering, "You'se right, Honey! Stand firm!" Then, "She lies like one dead! No word! No tear! Jus' t'inking: t'inking! An' what ole Tama's gwoin' ter do wif yer all, de Lawd only knows."

"But," said Frantze (gazing out over the intervale to the mountains while mastering the weird experiences through which he had passed, and gripping a new hold on the tangible existence which Tama's coming seemed, for him, to have re-substantiated) "*He does* know!"

"Good Lawd! So He do!" said Tama. "But I had 'most los' my hold on de secret of de Lawd 'bout dis whole t'ing.

What madame says, seems re'son'ble. But what she don't say, seems mebbe, re'son'bler. An' dat whole side am dar! An' what I want is ter git at it. Madame doesn't like dat letter 'bout—" She caught her breath, looking to see if the younger children were near. Then pulling Frantze out onto the little back porch, and shutting and holding the door, she added in a whisper, ". . . 'bout not habbin'—habbin'—what's left of him brought home hyah-h! I t'ink she's a'feared dos secret sciety men knows suffin. An' she's afeared"—

"Sho! Sho!" said Frantze, in Tama's lingo, "We won't none ob us get at de secret ob the Lawd in that way. 'De secret ob de Lord is with them that fear Him.' That's about the last thing Landseer said to me when he was talking about the 'Great Secret,' and holding me responsible for everything, in case he never came back," added Frantze, in a smothered tone. For the stately Tama had gathered his slight figure into her arms: and sitting on the settle with him rocked to and fro, pitifully conscious of his grand-poising of himself, just returned as she believed him to be from the border-land, a little more to the further side of which, she knew, was the limit-line. And saying as she cried and crooned over him: "Dat's so I'se jes' gwoin' on ter fear der wrong pusson. I oughten't! 'Cos I know well 'nuff dat 'merican scriptur: 'I will not fear what man can do to me.' 'Cos Massa Landseer tole it ter me 'stead of Koran: when he said so po'ful-like, 'it's no way ter go tossing on der sea of circumstances when dey go, confusin' round. 'Cause man mus' not let de changing circumstance ob dis yer passin' era shove him outen his proper 'lations ter his principles, but mus' either crowd back dose circumstances or utilize dem.'"

"Yes," said Frantze. "All the time lately, he talked about *that*, when we walked together so fast. And I promised I would do one or the other! And all these two days I've been thinking about it. Landseer said I must remember it; because I was a natural coward; and might have no help in making my way. And that he was just such a coward himself about fighting anybody or anything. He said, you understand, that though he liked to have his way, he was a coward about going against people. You understand he said that himself!" repeated Frantze curiously;—releasing himself from Tama's

arms, and standing off with hands on hips, as filling his lungs, gulping down a sob and looking through eyes which burned under what must not be tears, he said sharply; "Do you hear Tama? We are getting *daunted!* And Landseer said we must not be 'daunted by circumstances, for *however it may appear*, man is permanent, but circumstances are not.' And that we must either utilize circumstances or ignore them; and assume new ones, just as we would a new coat. And that's what I'm going to do. Only I don't quite understand yet, whether our circumstances (these conditions standing round us here) *can* be utilized. Or whether there is" (he sank his voice a little from the incisive eagerness of tone) adding, "*something to be ignored?* And whether, if there is some circumstance to be ignored we should assume—or really whether we *ought* to assume—anything different from the truth as it is?"

He held his head in his hand a minute under the intensity of his mental search; then stepped out with an extended stride as if he again had hold on Landseer's hand and together they were discussing these matters. For to his mind, Landseer seemed reiterating that a crisis like this, was like that in a game of chess, at the point when everything depended on the skill of the next move.

Suddenly he shortened his long stride, opening his closed hand as if letting go of a bigger one exclaiming,

"Landseer is *not* dead!"

A sharply expelled breath sounded from the window above the little porch, and the sight of a vanishing face met Tama's eyes. A look of understanding passed between her and Frantze, as he added, in tones which he meant should reach the chamber—

"Tama, I wonder whether, perhaps, Landseer himself felt so permanent that, as he could not utilize circumstances, perhaps he ignored them, and instead decided to assume the circumstances which would stand round him if he—if he—got out of his body you know!"

"O **my** great Lord!" cried Tama, upflinging herself, hands foremost toward the vaulted blue. "O my great Lord! What is de fac' ob dis yer case? What did dat man go doin' wif hisself dat day he los' his courage, 'cause de battle ob dis

life goes so hard? O Lord remember not 'gainst him any fool-way ob doin'. 'Cause you yourself can jes' ignore dat circumstance, an' Tama an' dis blessed chile will come right inter line, an' assume whateber circumstance, dat one-minit fool-act, plunged us all inter, dat day when he los' courage. Here, here Lord; I is your servant. Put it on ole Tama. I bow! I bow!"

And, with the incalculable agility of the desert people, she flung herself down again, with swift genuflexions, abandoning herself to worshipful obedience. And the torrent which swept through her, carried Frantze and all who heard along as in the rhythmic Arabic of the Koran she adjured him—

"Landseer, Landseer! Thou knowest it is he who created you of clay and then decreed the term of your lives. And the prefixed term is written; yet you doubt thereof! He is God of heaven and earth. He knoweth what you have kept secret, and what you publish, and knoweth what you deserve. There came not unto you any sign of the signs of the Lord, but you have retired from the same. You have gain-said the truth after it has come to you. But a message shall come unto you concerning that which you have mocked at. You shall be convinced of the truth before which you faltered, when you shall see the punishment which you shall suffer for faltering, both in this world and in the next:—when you shall see the glorious success of that which you have abandoned. For your generation shall be established on the earth in a manner wherein we have not established *you*." This, in the Arabic of the Koran. Then in her broken English she pleaded—

"O Lord of Heaven make him hear, and hearing make him understand that ancient word! And now, if there is a way to do it Lord, put Thy Power on this household; that we, every one may royally assume the circumstances which Landseer has thrust upon us by cowardly rushing uncalled into the unseen realm."

The silence and all that was in it held back breath while, with an insurgence indescribable she called three times on the name of Landseer; assuring him again that the Lord knew what he deserved for retiring from life's battles 'with no sign of the signs of the Lord, and for gainsaying the truth after

it had come to him, and for doubting and faltering in the way.' And that, though he had helpers still, not one of them should be his *servant;* for he, not being his own master, henceforth should master none. But waiting aside, he should be but a spectator of the work of those who now would bring jubilee to earth. Nor should he, by psychic intrusion, burden others with his Will and wishes, in the attempt to make them do *for* him what he had lacked courage to stay on the battle-field of life and do for himself.

"Cease Tama!"

It came like a command from the chair at the open window above the little balcony. But it only doubled Tama's sense of the dangers which a suicidal poltroon brings on family and community: causing her, with redoubled zeal to send 'the word' to the disembodied soul whom she felt, earth-bound, was shivering near, instead of following up the search into other-world-knowledge which he had forced an entrance there, in order to make. And like one who had the care of a derelect, who had plunged into mysteries mid which he could not now get his bearings, sonorously bell-like, on tolled her voice:—

"Landseer, you'se no more dead dan I is! So get you hol ob de fac'! An' clear away dese falsehoods 'bout Woman-nature dat poisons woman's heart 'gainst her crucifiers an' man's heart 'gainst her! Tell de trufe dat you know is at de foundation ob universal harmony; as yer said yerself ter Tama once; supposin' she wouldn't know de rest ob it. Landseer, lest yer want ter be dragged down ter hell,—quit lies!" she shouted, falling prone to the floor, dead spent by the expulsion of soul-force which her spirit's reach-out toward him had caused her.

At this original form of service to the dead, Geraldine and Ishtar, unseen, were present: listening in a sturdy, nature-faith that Landseer was as alive as ever though invisible. And Geraldine, whose affection for Mrs. Landseer was little realized by that brain-racked woman, felt a queer satisfaction in the fact, that the man, whose short-stays-at-home, "made trouble in the family," had been given to know that although he was now discounted by death, as a family-factor, he yet was expected to make things right for the mother.

Meanwhile, her keen soul was quickened by that last sulphurous-ejaculation.

About eight years before the opening of this story Frantze a waif on the world, had been brought to this family with a past, into which Landseer had gone a'prodding as he had tried to awaken the child's memory of what had occurred before he had fallen into the fever that, on his coming among them, had still held him in its shattering embrace.

There was much at stake concerning past affairs, the complications of which were intricate and almost unravelable.

But later, the child's antagonism against Landseer's unnerved impatience, had aroused in him a critical dissection of Landseer's contradictory statements: as, for instance, when, irritated at his inability to fashion his life according to his schemes, he once had said, "A Man had a right to get out of his body, when he had had enough of it"—while yet at another time he had said "As a man by suicide, got out of nothing *but* his body he by no means got rid of himself; and therefore, accomplished but little by the act. For on disembodiment, he had to take himself with him, the same as a traveller on disembarkment, finds he has taken with him what he *is;* and, therefore, on landing, meets with whatever his presence invites and incurs!"

Therefore, though for the first two days of facing the news contained in the black-bordered letter, Frantze had tended to fancy that there was a sort of heroism in getting out of a body which is a bore to dress, feed and house: yet, ever, there had come to him the assurance that a self-forced-departure from the body was not consistent with Landseer's general idea of a never-say-die-courage.

The day after Tama had administered her adjurations, Frantze with drooping head, hardly able to support the insight and outlook which animated his brain cells, sat indolently pulling the cat's ears through his fingers, while thinking of the scene that had preceded and precipitated Landseer's departure for England. For then, in Frantze's hearing he had said, as if covering a retreat:—

"Amy, I am driven about by contending circumstances. You cannot imagine what I endure. Amy, even now, if you

will sell this place I will wait till the business is transacted, and then we will go back to England and I will follow up the old Law-suit and place you as a conservator of a social order you love."

In surprise hardly controlled, she had answered "Who claims that I love any social order ever yet *practicalized* in all this disordered world? You know we came here to help practicalize *this* country's ideals. Archibald, what has come over you? Sell this house and travel? What, with babes who need home, shoes and food?"

And with a malediction against 'the grind of keeping the pot boiling, which makes a slave of a married man and life a beastly treadmill not fit for a horse' ashamed of himself and of the social muddle which loads down existence with all round causes for discontent; he ejaculated: "You talk too much! you're getting old!"

And facing all that this *really* meant of his untellable weariness of them all and of existence, she said mildly, "Old enough to kill, do you think? They ask that about calves!"

And he, to turn a joke on the horror of the question said, "You were a calf to marry me!" Then, with trembling hands covering his eyes he ejaculated, "It is a confusing crisis!"

And she, with that slow seriousness of well-grounded-conviction which is like sand in the eyes of one temperamented like Landseer, said, "It need not confuse us if we stick to the simple, rectifying Principle of Liberty to each and special privilege to none on which this country is foundationed! So far, you have done good work for the people: and, except for your excessive legal and travelling expenditures (things which you had decided to drop) all might go well. You meant never to ask anything of this country but the privilege of serving it simply from our home-centre; as any quiet workman might do."

Then had come an outburst from him, received with an arrest of her breath: as she now opened the way for him to do what he was longing to do, and what she now saw would best be done, in order that she might devote herself to her children, while giving him the liberty (as he called it) which he said was his necessity. Frantze had seen that it was with

unspeakable sympathy for Landseer's bursting nervousness that she answered:—

"Landseer, we are parting! You are going out to help forward a scheme for bettering the whole world in the bulk. Then why not you be the man to state what all wise men know but secrete: that man's *need* for peace-filled-energy can be met in a way harmless to woman and her children, if but men will leave woman to re-adjust social conditions as far as her gainment and retainment of her *self-possession* and home-proprietorship, will, unintrusively do it."

The lad had often heard them discuss the simple, scientific facts relative to the orderly evolution of what she called 'race-functional-possibilities': which Mrs. Landseer considered were co-natural to the well-born and well-bred who chose to utilize LIFE spiritizingly instead of dis (or ab-) using it insanely. Nevertheless, her words were met with a look which Archibald sent into her eyes: the sharpness of which struck (not into her soul but) on the Shield-of her Faith that he was not looking at her: and not even at Womanhood, *per se*, but at a bringer to him of burdens: which, when he had married he had not reckoned on: and his relations to which he did not now half understand: and to the carrying of which he had no intention of settling his shoulders.

These burdens, Frantze knew, were the children which, one after another, had appeared: ruining (as Landseer claimed) Mrs. Landseer's health and beauty: spoiling his plans and making him of but secondary importance: straining their modest competence into poverty: and turning his inspiriting wife into a sick-looking drudge, harder to endure than all the rest.

At the time, Frantze had not thought Landseer meant unkindness. He was but stating unpleasant facts, something of the brunt of which (coming on Frantze in those eight years) had not left him ignorant of the Cause, back of them. But he did not know (for he had seen little home-life outside of this house) that (as Lamed once had said) 'square shouldered men asked nothing better, than that the Mother of their children should give herself to the business of perfectly educating the children whom she brings into existence.' He noticed how critically Lamed had listened and waited at

that crisis: dispassionately looking at the Father of her children as if glad that his swift fire was transfused through their being: but conscious that, its fury would likely make them soon tend to become as insanely tired of everything they had ever seen, heard or thought of, as Landseer, suddenly and frequently became, when he had his frenzies, to 'get away, anywhere, only to be *gone*'! These things Frantze had heard talked over often enough to understand the full meaning of that moment: and to see how, though her limbs suddenly failed her under Landseer's maddened look of boredom, Mrs. Landseer yet, with the composure of self-control had sunken safely into a chair, instead of fainting on the floor.

The tragedy of that moment never to him lost its significance. He realized (though he could not have voiced it) that Lamed's clarity of thought which to her was a high corrective of irritation against Landseer's lack of spiritual-illumination—simply irritated him; keeping him chronically angry at her acceptance of the fact that the self-evolution which he was running up and down the Earth to accomplish, would more finely have come to him if he could have staid at home in that 'quietness and peace in which there is strength.'

For Landseer it was enough now, that she was to know he stood there ready to start that minute, or to postpone it a week if she would sell the place for what she could get, and pull up and go with him. All he wanted, was a simple yes or no.

But at her first word his next came hurtling forth as from a person harassed within an inch of life by 'the driving forces with which a Satan of Authority makes a pandemonium of a household that keeps that Satan in bondage.'

This, Mrs. Landseer comprehended and was not surprised. For she had long known that her relentless study of 'Life's great concern' (immortally apprehended from a scientific standpoint) rendered her far less pleasant to him than any amount of daily bickerings and quarrels made up with final concessions and emotional-pacifications, day after day, would have done. She knew she was not the kind of wife that would have been pleasantest, but also she knew, there were other questions to be considered. The point now was, she saw her efforts at mutuality were distinctly repugnant to him. He

wanted her to know it. She did know it. And knowing it beyond a peradventure, she said,

"Here let the matter rest. But before we part I will tell you, nothing less deserves to be undermined than does the 'Temple' which Masons of old planned to build."

"All the more reason I should fight for it," he said.

"Not by fighting but by working out each step of advancement, Masons upclimb!" she replied: awakening his response, that, for him freedom to breathe outside of conventionalities was a necessity. Then to squarely precipitate the crisis which they both knew had arrived, she said, "Do you find it hard 'to breathe' here?"—to which, he, seeing his way out of infuriatingly burdensome-circumstances, fetching his eyes close to hers, sped into her face the ejaculation, "Yes." Which she met with a friendly grip of the hand, as true and kindly as her question and voice had been:—while she said: "I honestly believe it, Landseer. And I give you liberty to breathe elsewhere, (where you will) with no thought of me or my children."

And he, chagrined at the tranquillity of this unheard of acquiescence, ejaculated "My Lord, Amy! Are YOU tired of ME?" fetching out her simple words, "As tired, Archibald, as you, for years have been of your burden!" And when he, panting between fury, amazement and the comfort of relief at getting off so easily, had said—'She could never understand him'; she had answered, "Better than that, Archibald: I comprehend you. And I comprehend my past-relations and my future *possible-form* of service to you. I still can be more *serviceable* than ever. But I can never be lovable, 'pleasant' or satisfactory! Because you want something I have not to give; and which Home cannot supply. You want freedom from Home-Responsibilities. While I, on the reverse, want opportunity to fulfil my *whole* responsibility to my home; which I cannot do while you are so miserably unsatisfied here. Therefore take your freedom! Whatever you do with it it is *your* business, not mine. But if you like, try to lay hold on the fact that, when the evil which men have done is summed up, the evil that is wrought by their *distrust* of woman's *natural-intelligent* goodness, will lead all the rest in its disastrous effect on the race."

And bowing courteously, she had left the room.

Thinking of all this now, Frantze wondered what better the marble-white lady could have done, than thus to have given Landseer a chance to do what he chose while she gallantly settled her shoulders to carry alone the burdens which he hated to share.

Well Frantze remembered the boyish alacrity with which, after a moment's dead halt, Landseer stirring about and picking up and bagging, some things and giving Tama some directions, took his departure with the air of being glad to go: yet full of wrath that she could *let* him go so easily: glancing back at the door through which she had departed as if he knew she really meant to do her *duty* all right : but as if he did not believe he had her heart and cared little for duty done in that case.

And the mighty significance of all these untellable things, had had hold on Frantze, when, as 'the Mountain looked on Marathon and Marathon looked on the sea,' his soul had looked into Tama's, and her's had looked into—what? Had it been a seething maelstrom? Had it been a boundless chaos? Whatever it was, he had no fear of what Tama had seen: though indefinitely he thought she had seen a soul that had attained a wished-for invisibility and a partial release from time and place: and which so, had become (as Landseer had said he supposed he would become, on exit from bodily-form) a dweller in a realm on the mere threshold of which Frantze had indefinitely supposed himself to be standing.

The power to develop the moralization of mental-processes which the philosophy of the Omnipotence of All-pervasive Life gives to the real possessor of that philosophy, is so far removed from the intellectual-stultification which comes from a religion based on Fear of the Unknown, that Frantze's inheritance of this power had already secured him in mental-processes which once for all certified him that a man need not be feared nor disrelished for having ventured to disembody himself however unadvised the act in itself, might be. But that such an one might need help from those (if any such there were) who might be spiritually able to help him without

becoming swamped in difficulties and conditions which had been on the way to vampyrize them all in a like form of wickedness. A form of wickedness, which Landseer, in his haughty sense of unimpregnable courage, had once called 'weakedness,' when he had said, 'however it might be for inane deserters, that for warriors there was no reprieve in Life's battle: because it was the business of every one to face circumstances, comprehend their significance and utilize them, while resisting the attempt of any soul (in the body or out) at overmastery, surely until that soul, had proven his ability to fully master self.'

Thus, one of Landseer's high assertions, like a boomerang, now served as a finishment of the case: and remained as the mental residuum which the seeth and bubble of the fire under these lives had left in the family *pot au feu.*

The stultifying horror and the (shall it be said?) self-reproach with which Landseer's act had whelmed the wife who had gathered courage so valiantly to give him the liberty he longed for, had in it an element of which only the Reader of hearts could balancingly have judged. An element concerning which Mrs. Landseer's three-days' ponderings, still left her unable to acquit or to condemn herself.

But now, the stultifying horror and self-reproach which had blinded her intelligence, was swept away, as clouds are sometimes swept away at the coming of a cold north wind.

Invigorated by this cold-calm, with hands clasped beyond her pillowed head, she reviewed things through which she had lived with (not patient acceptance but) the sturdy-endurance of a strong soul, dealing with a companion whose untrained-mercurialism was just short of genius. And criticalizingly now she thus inspected it.

He was her children's father and the imparter to them of that part of his temperament. She also recognized that it was her sight of the equilibrium between necessity and liberty which had assisted her to ascend those heights of self-abnegation up which the demands of Archibald's erratic nature had driven her. Because, before marriage he had promised her they would practically demonstrate the scientific unity of All-Creative-action, by *utilizing* ITS inspirations, instead of talking about the matter: and had induced her to purchase the

'Master's House' as a fitted environment mid which, (as occasion rose) to administer their ideas to what he called 'the villagers.' But his idea of 'villagers' and 'lower classes' did not accord with the idea which 'self-sovereign citizens' have of themselves nor of their relations to persons who assume too much patronage, however well meant.

So, as it takes thirty, fifty or a hundred and fifty years (as this nation is learning) to practicalize graphic statements concerning personal-Liberty, it had come to pass that the attempted verifications of his illusive statement and plans, mid the well-known seeming hindrances of this bread and butter-world, had caused Landseer to often hie to pastures new and scenes more blithesome, away from Lamed's cool insistence that of course, with patience, they could do whatever they could plan. For her power to pull on, mid ill-health and discouragements untellable, was not only incomprehensible, but an insupportable bore to him.

The very poise of temperament, which had at first attracted him, now angered him as against an assumption of ability to see and do what must be done:—making him feel as if brought face to face with a foe: for as he could not arouse 'the people's' enthusiasm over his writings and illusive plans, he lost hope of their practicalization; and was bored by her relentless courage and wished nothing better than that she, instead of obeying her own nature (and he told her so) should become submissive to his.

Fifteen or more years she had had of this, in a foreign land to which she had come under peculiar disadvantages where friends or relatives she had none.

Suddenly sitting bolt upright with luminous eyes looking through the air, she questioned, Had she now freedom to *utilize* characteristics out of which Archibald had tried to train her while accoutreing himself in them? Might Oh! would it be possible for the hope-enchanted Lamed Ariosto whom in maidenhood she had been, to now gather-up her personal-identity and BE and help her daughters to be, as far as in them lay,—what she believed (and they might find) the World needed Womanhood to become?

Lamed Ariosto-Rhoensteine was her name in that maidenhood. Though Archibald had significantly reduced it to the

soubriquet 'Amy': 'Lamed' being too much of a mouthful and too full of histrionic import, he had said.

She repeated her name in full: then using with it the marital-addition as a descriptive: thus "Lamed Ariosto-Rhoensteine: *Landseer.*" And at the sound of it, she saw herself as more than she had been before the time when, in girlhood she had met a crisis in life; and, leaving that incident, had crossed to this shore.

For now she knew she had indisputably become a Seer of the way which had been indistinctly visible to her imagination's utmost stretch. A land of duties, dangers, insights and foresights of 'invisible things,' the '*greatness of the way*' of which, should she try to record it, would seem but as the mirage before a dreamer of dreams.

She pulled toward her a little table on which lay a strongly-bound and padlocked-diary. She opened it at a distinctly new section: then entering the full date she wrote in handsome chirography,—"Lamed Ariosto; Landseer," as under other circumstances, had she taken that degree, she might have written "Lamed Ariosto; Doctor of Laws."

She could not have explained to herself just why she did this, nor why such a consciousness of self-ownership, rest and reprieve flowed through her being when it was done. But she threw herself back on her pillows (did this woman who had passed far down into the valley of the shadow of death) and rested from her labors; wondering if perhaps now her '*works* would follow' her? She rested. Oh what a rest. Only those who have felt it know the blessedness of that inexplicable Rest. So blissful it was that she wondered if it were a safe or right thing to feel so 'composed to unity.'

For there had come to her a sense as of a separation (not away from anything or anybody but) unto her best self, her angel. Not for years, if ever, had she known such an experience. She became conscious of an augmentation and enlargement of power as if now by individual extension she might do by herself, all that should be (but never had been) done for her children and the world anear.

As she rested there came to her a certitude that her husband had intrinsically valued her. But she turned away from the impression. It was far from intellectually-invigo-

rating. And, as if sharply addressing one who had entered the room, repeating Tama's words she said dismissingly:

"For you, not being your own Master, thenceforth therefore, shall wait aside, attentive to the workings of the Will of Universal Wisdom. Keeping in its currents: you will see victory arrive: you being but a spectator of the work of those who, by patient continuance in 'well-doing' bring jubilee to Earth. Thus be it with suicides and deserters of duty!"

Was this dismissal necessary? Certain it is, suicidal-passionists are among the 'undead-dead,' whose woeful will and wishes work misery in those who become victims of their obsession. And she had now her children to protect as well as herself. And her brain told her heart (*and with her brain-power she now told Archibald*) that he had chosen for himself the theatrically-passionate death of a suicide: instead of the rational-life-of-husband-and-father with her and her children; which kind of a life with them and her she had offered him: and in which she would life-long have given him, health, right-reason, prosperity and length-of-days: including participation in the spiritually-royal reconstruction of a world-wide brotherhood of Spirit-empowered, Self-sovereigns!

From all of which, she told him he had by suicide, for the present disbarred himself.

. . . . . .

Was it indeed, that by a patient continuance in well-doing until she saw the way to do better-than-well, she really had attained to that equilibrium between necessity and liberty, which enables one to throw off emotional-weights? Had she attained to the condition in which all requisite attention can be given to the REAL necessities of others, while righteously withdrawing oneself from a *too* dominatingly-destructive Intruder?

There came to Lamed a supposition that Archibald had in part, chosen retirement from the world, out of his weariness of her and her duties! Which duties were as irksome to him as they were full of promised triumph to her: allowing that she could have the right to a 'repose,' (or re-postulating) of all that she was or could make herself to become, on a level

where she would henceforth be (could she sustain her equilibrium there) invulnerable.

She felt an assurance that this, her hopeful outlook, was in true order: and that the untellable mystery known to Archibald was but at-one with her own knowledge of her own powers: and that it was related to his mystery as the solution of a problem is related to the problem; and that his secrecy regarding his Masonic mystery would as little bear common discussion as, a moment before, that which had occurred, unsummoned and undismissed, would have borne discussion. Should she call that magical experience, an illumination, electrically arrived and mystically vanished? To most persons, that would mean nothing if she did so name it. Should she call it 'the peace of God which passes understanding'? and which 'none but he who feels it knows'? She had so heard it called in hymnology by singers who perhaps knew it too.

Questioning and pondering, she rose and walked about, looking at common things, half wonderingly and inspectingly, as if she had come back to them from afar. Even taking up her thimble, and with one half of her brain, counting the indentatures worn by the pressure of her needles which had made many garments for many children as for years she had sewed and dumbly done duties which she had neither loved nor neglected: but heroically had done, as women of her calibre under dull dictation learn to do them: not with joy but perhaps with faithfulness; because of their innate sense of the dignified relation which their duty-doing bears to each successively pending crisis: and, their sense that by their duty-doing the world hangs sanely together, age on age. But looking at her thimble now, she told herself, a change had come. She need *bear* no more children, the sight of which *bored* her husband. She needed no longer repress her words before the fragmentary but ostentatious learning which held itself up away from women, considered well enough in the place assigned them by man; but whose proud ways and wonderments, should *there* be staid. She drew a quick breath; for with something of self reproach and alarm she discovered she had regained *herself in losing* her husband! "Husband," she then said aloud; "not husband! But an over-

mastering-master who would not master himself—and who has now gone to his own place and has left me to find mine!"

Had she gone mad? No, she had but recognized that she now had a chance to be natural and to do right as she understood it! Nothing worse, nothing more wicked filled her, than gladness that she had now a chance to be natural and to do right. And so, with arms thrown up over her head she felt again like the royal maid she had been when she had known no better than to sacrifice such maidenhood for—

But she told herself (and tried to tell him) she would cease thinking on what had come and gone since maidenhood. It was enough now, that surges of health poured into her veins by the mere permissive agency of the knowledge that she now had a right to be herself: and had a right to do for her and Landseer's children, all that now all alone, it was her duty to do: he having chosen to disembody and vanquish himself, as a factor or responsible-element in the family. She stated it definedly. Assuring him with the whole power of her mind, of his dissevered relations from affairs which he had so ruthlessly thrown off, for the purpose of exploring other worlds!

And she said this, facing the fact (and expecting him to face it) that she knew, when she had left the room that day, she had said, in her heart, "Yes: take your liberty: and leave me mine. Range the spheres of the Universe, if you must; but leave me unhampered in the self-sovereign sphere of HOME."

And it was in the bitterness of regret for this dissevering thought that she had mourned for the days which had so nearly cost her her life: while Landseer had deluged her with the memory of what, possibly, the power of that *thought-flash* might have impelled him to do.

The power of thought? She knew it well. And if more care were needed in every case of the future, that was one matter. But now (she mentally told Landseer) not regrets for imaginary results of a *not-wrong*-thought, but QUIET was needed for the Home of Lamed Ariosto Rhoensteine; Landseer; deliberately thus christening herself and her house as she

essayed to take up the duties which Landseer had chosen to throw off in order to take, what he liked better: namely, Liberty to range, not only the world but the Universe; if—if he had power.

This Tama now knew was the conclusion of the matter: at least (as she forebodingly told herself) until the next overwhelming return of the passional-atmosphere of that suicidal-presence.

And she declared 'it was time.' For pantry, and storehouse were empty: and visible resources they practically had none now sufficient for the growing needs of the family: owing, to the inroads so steadily made of late, on the funded principle of Lamed Ariosto Rhoensteine's patrimony.

So Tama said,—"Boy, when folks ask you what we hear from Europe and Mr. Landseer an' what we all does an' says in dis house, an' what dey can do ter help us, you jes' say 'nuffin, tanks' and den come right 'way home where you belongs."

Then she gave Frantze a list of groceries to order from the store, adding, "Go right 'long now, an' tell de grocery-man to charge it all, chile: tho' de Lawd only knows where de money's comin' from. Yis, you do jes's I say, 'cause now ole Tama an' de Lawd know all 'bout dis business. Tama don't know much, but dere's de Lawd, He knows all de res'. Fear nuffin chile, we is mighty rich still; yit I can't at dis partickerly minit lay my han' on de sum o' money necessary ter pay dat store-bill, dat's all. But what's money compared wif de confidence dat we an' de Lawd an' everybody else bime by will be sure ter make eberyting all right wid each odder, full measure, pressed down an' runnin' ober?

"So Honey, don't look shame-faced in dat way! Walk up jes' like allers an' say—'Sen' dese groceries right up ter Madame Landseer's house an' charge 'em up ter Massa Landseer's account.' For min' you, his 'counts wid *dis* earth ain't closed up yit. Now do as I say, honey, an' feel honerful 'bout it, 'cause I tell you Massa Landseer will see der way ter fulfill his obligations somehow or 'noder."

She caught her breath, poor soul, feeling much as people with good common sense do feel, when under this afflatus (called of old, the 'full assurance of grace') they lean on the

promises in a way which seems like obtaining goods on false pretenses according to all well accepted worldly theories of *meum et tu-um*. Then she added, with a high and mighty assumption, "Some people trus' de Lawd ter look after dere poverty an' debts; an' it's my opinion dat de Lawd is like de Centurion:—he says ter dis man, do dis; an' he doeth it. An' to anoder, do dat; 'an' ter Massa Landseer, 'owe no man anyting,' an' he oweth it to no man; an' I'se no idea dat Landseer will be gettin' carelesser now, jest when he's better fixed for fetchin' help outer de sanctuary, dan eber he was befo'. An'—an' dat's what I mean ter hab him understan' if he can heah *talk*."

The finish of this was like an explosive sent up to high heaven. For Tama herself did not know where piety might begin and honesty (common honesty) leave off, when hunger was near at hand and grocers almost as near: and when the pressure of this inimitable "assurance of grace" surging like a torrent through brain and being seemed ushering in heaven's triumphant march over the earth.

So at least Frantze thought as with a glance at her, he sped away and gave his message in a state bordering on moral delirium.

The grocer in response said:—"Oh, it is Tama, is it, who says I am to charge this to Mr. Landseer? Well, what does Mrs. Landseer say about it?"

"Thanks, nothing."

There was a little consultation, for there had a doubt sprung up as to whether Mr. Landseer had really died. They looked at Frantze. He was thinking that Landseer, who was (in his way) truth over all, would certainly fulfill his obligations to his family; and the thought gave his countenance such a fortified and altogether blessed expression, that the grocer felt suddenly convinced the law-suit had terminated well. For Tama's sense of affluence (not the 'penny to a p'und' kind) put on all the grocer's men the assurance that the Landseers were intrinsically and permanently rich people; and set them musing on the conundrum which in other years, Landseer, with his pockets full of money had asked them:—"What *is* money but a token of general confidence that somebody who has put out promises will keep them all and make

everything go right, while everybody continues exchanging services and commodities and values of all sorts with everybody else, all on the strength of those promises, which at last, become to be considered '*a circulating medium,*' as we say of real National bank-notes?"

Allusion was smilingly made to this well remembered conundrum, which one man there said, "Was as good as any of the financial conundrums just then extant at the Capitol."

So the words:—"Charge it all to Mr. Landseer's account," awoke memories of the fact that Mr. Landseer when he went away had left them (collectively and individually) in debt to him for things which make life livable. For the house on the hill had been a centre of the mental affluence mid which Mr. Landseer at inflated moments had his being.

With his head on his hand and his elbow resting on the counter, Frantze reviewed the company of men and women who used to come invited to look at pictures, statues and engravings of sacred art, illustrative of the intellectual design in life to which the Landseers wished to direct attention. For he was confident that there was a form of serviceable civility in which everybody could and would make everything right with everybody else through an exchange of personal serviceableness, transacted on a credit system, based on the generous honesty of a contracting community; be that community this nation, or the wide-world's citizenship.

But alas! The immediate needs of heavy hearts and hungry stomachs rendered intellectual faculties unresponsive to conditions which existed only in imagination's debatable land.

Frantze was thinking that nevertheless, something ought now to come of all these theories. And as his soul overflowed with memories the memories overflowing into the river of silence which filling the place attracted into the store passers by.

The next moment every one seemed talking about "the other man" who first took up his abode at the Rock-ledge and astonished the natives by buying that whole stretch of land on which to raise, not potatoes they said, but the might of man. He camped out there and boarded himself, and drank at the spring; while giving the tramps he loved something more practical than an average college education, win-

tering and summering with them in a way that helped them to know their own and each other's intrinsic value.

But one person said—"That man was only a common stone-cutter." Another disputed that; and said that he was a regular sculptor, working his design into the native rock with chisel and hammer, from the picture in his brain. And that he trained sculptors and filled them with strange theories as they worked, according to the principle that to find out who a man is, it must be first known what he can work at. And the minister there, said, "that this man lived with and for the men, dividing his substance with them, and then gave them a send-off with wages which he paid to them for letting him benefit them."

"Yes," continued the minister; "and when some fellows came up, who weren't good material for making a success as sculptors, he measured out the stretch of land necessary for a cellar and a sub-cellar and set them to cellar-making; teaching them more practical science about taking hold of a shovel so as to get the right leverage in the throw, than you would think could be in it. Then he gave them the secret of combining body, soul and spirit-power in the concentrated action of the moment, in a way that would fill a philosopher's sermon to tell. And it did fill many a good hour as he worked with them, alongside, himself doing in a marvellous way, all that he had said could be done. But there was a fellow there who was too shaky to make any sort of a throw; and as for concentrating his three-fold nature, he wasn't in it, and didn't know a three-fold nature was in him. What he did know was in him was pots and pints of liquor and tobacco poison; and what he knew was pretty well out of him was all physical force not to mention all spirit courage, except the dregs of it, which the spirit of alcohol gives. So Heem (for that's the name of the other man) laughed good naturedly at the poor wreck and showed him as plain as print the sort of disintegration of nerve-fibre and of brain-constructing-substance that was going on in his make-up. And next he had a delirium-tremens subject up at the Rock-ledge with a shovel in his hand, as an object lesson, to show how he managed it. Then the fellow I am telling you about understood it pretty well.

"Heem was an absolutely perfect man! I mean it! An absolute beauty! There never was a thing sculptured in marble or painted in picture, so beautiful, except of course, woman. And what made him so lithe, graceful, mighty and self-poised and full of self-conquest was—well—never mind all that! I am telling you how he dealt with a fellow who was too far gone to swing a shovel. But seeing the story is about myself it is long enough if it stops here."

They all pressed around the minister, and he said, "Yes, I'm the fellow, and Heem's the man who saved me; for when I got myself enough together to fling a shovel of dirt as fast, as far and finely as Heem did it, without strain or falter, he called me 'prime.' Then he let me cut stone with him for the cellar, while he told me what kind of stone-cutting they used to do in Egypt, and the size of the stones they lifted, and how they lifted them. Then the mysteries of the Temple of Solomon, which some of you know a thing or two about, came into the discussion and into my moral and physical construction. For he taught me how to *quarry* stone and how to fitly frame it together in upbuilding my manhood as well as in upbuilding a cellar out of the earth's depths. There are mysteries in it."

A man gave the minister a peculiar grip of the hand which seemed somehow related to the story. Then the grocer said,—"Well, it's a fact; this town has prospered and our best thought has prospered, just as 'The master's house' has prospered."

Then Frantze saw, for some reason, their place was called the 'Master's house.' Then he heard a man say:—"When Mr. Landseer came, he tried to do as much as Heem; but *he didn't go down into the quarry.* But he did his best with his learning, lectures and art illustrations. But there was real woman's wit in Heem's manner of doing these things! He didn't use books much; he had it all in his own head, and just talked it out. He *was* a college!"

"He was a wonder-man," said the minister. "No doubt in my mind about that."

"I don't care about Heem," said the grocer. "Landseer was the man for me. He gave the town more trade, more taxes, more consequence and standing than a thousand

queers like that Heem down in the diggings could give in a century."

"Doubted," said the minister.

"Not by me," said the grocer. "He gave a fellow an outlook at what a cultivation of brains in a person would result in; and added more style to the town than we are ever likely to get again, till this boy here shows what he is made of. I'm thinking we might charge up large credit to Mr. Landseer's account in this town, and not fetch him or the family into the town's debt for a while to come. I could, I know. Why I was a boor when I first used to try to understand him and Art, and the things of which he gave me a glimpse. I wish he were back. We could all give him more encouragement now, because we understand him better."

Then the grocer asked Frantze "if Mrs. Landseer meant to keep the house," adding,—"Tell Mrs. Landseer I know a man who'll buy it at a reasonable price; or if she wants to raise money on it, will take a mortgage on it."

"I know another," said some one else, with a merry look at the exuberant grocer.

"I know a third," said the minister, with the air of letting the grocer know competitors were in the field.

"Oh, the woods are full of them!" shouted a young fellow, choking with laughter at the grocer's dead halt; adding, "I say, Mr. Ralston, don't you be too previous for your own good."

And Frantze, confused and alarmed, hastened away home, quite overwhelmed in the gladsome volumes of back-history and floods of anticipation and kind memories which, deluging these men, seemed on the spot to have turned Mr. Landseer into the creditor, and these others into a ready-to pay up set of debtors. But, the talk of buying the house or of mortgaging it, brought in an element which filled Frantze with an assertive force, that it was not to be done. Which assertion had its rise in something quite beyond any practical knowledge he had as to the disastrous possibilities under which a mortgagee falls, when the mortgage-holder's grip tightens upon an estate! With blood hurtling like a race horse through his brain, he sprang over the ground, knowing nothing but the fact that Landseer would never have that

done if he were on the spot. For the House was more than a house;—even the unthinking men had called it 'the Master's House.'

"Tama, tell me everything that can be known, so that I can think of the best that can be done," said Frantze rushing in. "For they are all coming up to *mortgage* on this house!"

"Sacra-a-a!" screeched Tama with an abhorrent noise intended to scare the devil. "Sacra-a-a! Sacra-a-a!" And when, with a whitened-face, Frantze had sprung back, thinking the woman had now gone mad, she whispered, melodiously as ever,—"Dar, dar, chile! Don't neber say dat word, nor tink dat word 'gin. It's somfin' ter do wid de debbil; an' de debbils hab lots ter do wid it! Dis here, is *De Master's* house, an' you'll be a master han' at keepin' it up ter business somehow or odder; my ole bones tells me dat."

"Well, den your ole bones don't know nuffin 'bout it, Tama. I guess he's not a master hand nor a master anything else," said Geraldine thrusting her head out of a queer little high-up closet which was set in the wall and which had recently attracted her attention somehow in relation to the scripture which had assured Tama that the secret of the most High is with them that feared the Lord. For the random interpretations which authoritative-ignorance sometimes gives to Holy Scriptures, are only about as delirious as those which filled the little girl's head when she entered into this closet and shut the door, to listen to the secret of the Lord; which Tama declared was with them that feared the Lord. Geraldine by constitution and education objected to the fear of any-*body;* but in proportion as she fearlessly regarded everything and every-*body* so, an awesome reverence for Spirit of the Lord increased within her. She had heard Tama when she had said she was going on to fear the wrong person and that thenceforth, she would not fear what *man* could do unto her. And Geraldine had on the spot, embraced that part of Tama's creed. But there had been no consultation which Tama and Frantze had had, at which Geraldine had not been privily present shuddering, trembling and assisting as at the mystical triumphs of the communion of saints, entered upon without let or hindrance of church or state. But heaven forefend that saint in church or state

ever should get as wrathful as was now the rosy, handsome face peering out of the crack of the door of the high-up closet, as the little maid, cried out, in Tama's style,

"Sho! Your ole bones ain't nuffin to go by! Frantze is not anybody! He isn't a Landseer at all! I heard mother say, 'no*body* really knows who he is.' He's nothin' but an in'loper! I'm de oldes' chile."

"So you is," said Tama, "but you is nuffin but a girl an' girls ain't no good in property cases."

"Well, I guess girls are prob'ly, just as good as boys!"

"But there's reg'lar laws in the airth," said Tama solemnly.

"O you mean there are circumstances standin' round. And you think I'll stand back and make way for circumstances! I'm circumstances and I'M going to utilize myself. I'm the head of the family. I'll minister the 'state; and Tama, I'm Master Landseer. You shan't call him 'master Frantze.' He is not anything to do with anything! He's an in'loper. He don't belong here. I heard my Mother say so."

"Shame on you Missy Gel'dine, allus at doors an' gettin' into spy places. Dat's too low manners fer any chile."

"Spy-places are jus' circumstances stan'ing round. And I make them make way for me to hear what I want ter know. Besides it's yer own fau't, Tama. I see you listening at Mama's door yer own se'f," and with a fling back of the little closet door, she shuffled herself forward to the edge and dropped as lightly as a kitten; and making a grimace at Frantze, ran away to perfect another plan of which she had just thought.

Whatever shame she felt in listening, was heroically obliterated by her philosophy of the possible use of circumstances; and so, for the time, sustained her magnificently as she muttered to herself ' if Tama may listen to hear if mama be crying when mama don't want her to know whether she is or not, then, I will find out my truths by asking, and by listening and everyway else, too; so!"

CHAPTER II.

"FOR THERE ARE SET THRONES OF JUDGMENT."

THE next day, for the first time, Geraldine appeared in the grocer's store. With set mouth and chin drawn in and head a little to one side she stood like a beautiful wild thing brought to bay and ready for a fight. And then in a trumpet clear voice, she demanded "a barrel of flour sent up 'mediately and charged to the man of the house, Geraldine Landseer."

"Why of course" said the old fashioned grocer, with muffled laughter. "And if I were you I'd go ahead and take over that property business! You could do it if you got about it. Or, if the law hinders you, you just make a new one. You have twice the pluck of the pretty, yellow haired boy. Which is the oldest, you or him?"

With blacker eyes and redder cheeks, and tighter drawing in of neck and chin,—

"I'm prob'bly just as old as I choose to be. This year I don't *choose* to be *much* more than nine years old! How old are you?" said she, as on guard.

"George! but you have a tongue!" said the man.

"Well! You just dare to put a sacra-a-a—mortgage on my house and my father will give you a good fright in the lonely hours of the night,—and—"

Frantze, panting with his search for her, had caught her by the hand; revealing to her with his look of horror, that *she* was in the midst of a pack of boys and men, talking about home affairs; which, according to the Landseer perhaps, false code, was the most vulgar of doings. The minister who had come in, stopped near as she was saying to Frantze, "Well then: what business had Tama to 'scriminate 'gainst me for you?" Causing the minister to say "What queer children for people

of consequence!" with his hand on his beard scrutinizing them, as he added, "The boy is much more like Mr. Landseer in build and manner"—and then referring at length to Mrs. Landseer's way of repelling help: and going into the affair with an interfering, perfunctory way, quite as if these children, now that the father was gone, were fit subjects for machine-run-mission work!—All of which, these self-poised, high headed children appreciating then tarried, to hear further about. For it had been said that 'such work as Heem had done, was needed in the town now.' And then they heard that Heem had been in Keilhau, in Switzerland when Froebel was alive and there had learned his way of dealing with men quite as if they were but children. Then the minister said "It was up at the place on the hill (now called 'The Master's house') that Heem got together those discouraged men; and by his way of going into it, taught them to love work as God, the greatest of all workers, loves it! He helped a man to find himself: and therefore, to *know* himself as a 'wealth-creating energy.' He helped us to find in Mother Nature, our own *super*-sensuous nature. Those were his words too. I'm told Mr. Landseer had met him somewhere over on the other side. Landseer said he was a master workman and had travelled in far countries and could speak the Master's word." Franze noticed, at this remark, a bright man came up,—and that he and the minister grasped hands cordially: speaking together: and that then the minister said:—

"That's what's the case! So Landseer understood what the house meant, and he or Madame Landseer bought the place with its cellar and sub-cellar; and folks say, they meant to carry forward something quite tremendous in this new country (as he always called America) which he ought to have known better than to have called it; if he had reckoned our American Aztec and Toltec civilizations. But as the Landseers bought the house for such temple-uses and as it is Mrs. Landseer's now, with a clear title deed, it's a pity for her not to sell it out and —"

"Yes" said the grocer, "and turn it into a university, and have men lecture; for it is too extensive and expensive for a common dwelling house. It wouldn't be worth much to any one round here."

"I should hate to see it offered to you for $99,999.99 if I was wanting to buy it for $100,000," said the minister.

"O," said the grocer not to be outdone; "if you wait a year you may be finding a way to get it with the encumbrances," (nodding toward the children) "without money and without price."

"There's no particular wit in that speech"; said the minister with a sharp look at the children who, with uplifted heads and blazing eyes were listening, alert.

"What did those hateful things all mean?" demanded Geraldine as Frantze, with red face and tears bursting forth, pulled the children (for Ishtar had come) along the road to the hedge-enclosed precinct of the dear, dear home. Then, unable to stand, he flung himself forward under the hedge, calling out:—"Uncle Landseer you ought to be here! You ought to be here."

"I'll pay them for this" ejaculated Geraldine. "Hateful things! What did they mean?"

"You know" sobbed Frantze, "it says over the stone-lintel of our house, 'The workmen change, but the work goes on.' Uncle Landseer ought to have staid on earth and have helped Auntie to continue the work,—and *not*, change!" cried Frantze, getting up suddenly as if under an impulsion unmanageable.

"He isn't your uncle," cried Geraldine—glad to have something definite to fight. "Any way, I'm the man of the family and have four times the plug of yellow-haired boys."

"What's a plug?"

"That is!" A blow square in the stomach seated Frantze in the dust, while Geraldine speeding off, reached the first high gate of the high walled grounds and locked it after her; leaving Frantze to come round to the entrance two acres away.

This blow was but the last of those which had been falling upon him, as he heard those people talk. Besides, at the time he had had a sense that Mr. Landseer was near enough to him to hear whatever was said; and knew the agony with which this 'hale-fellow! Well-met,' style of talking over the Landseer affairs, had filled the tenacious soul of the now disembodied man, whom Frantze felt had immediately charged him never to let mortal know the last 'preposterous words of the abominable grocer, nor to let his own thoughts revert to them.' And

it had been the sense of this charge, which had swiftly decided him to now thrust aside that talk by telling Geraldine that though the workmen change, the work (whatever it was) must go on. And that they must all find a way to carry it forward, out of consideration for Landseer and justice to themselves and the rest of the world. But his plan of speech was overturned when Geraldine overturned him in the dust—not only of the highway, but of the humiliation in which she improved every opportunity for keeping him.

For a vague sense of shame was in his mind connected with the mystery of his coming into that family, where Geraldine seemed so greatly to hate having him dwell. He loved Geraldine with an admiration mingled with excessive horror that she could endure to be so frightfully rude to people.

"What did she do dat *for?*" said Ishtar,—a square-chinned, substantially quiet child, born final and fundamental in her aspirations and search. And at that, Frantze flung himself down again and cried as if his heart would break.

"Sho, sho!" said Ishtar in Tama's way. "You can't mos' always tell what will happen next. Come home!"

Then he pulled himself together and when once within their gates where he could luxuriate in a cry if he chose, the tempest was spent. But he said,—"There can't much happen noways, 'cos we are so dreadful por!"

"What is 'por?'"

"*Poor*, Ishtar!" said Frantze. Then wishing to retract, he added, "O, nothing, only they think we live in a fine place, and we ought to be doing fine deeds for others."

Just then Tama came striding down to get Frantze's version of Geraldine's excited story of the affair at the grocer's. The pith of which Frantze gave well enough for Tama to comprehend it more fully than he, as yet could. And hurrying them up to the house she put the two older ones out on the little back porch: telling them to stay there and keep still and let her think. Then taking Ishtar in her arms she took off the worn dusty little shoes; and seated in her great rocking chair with the large-eyed, listening child, went on with thinking, talking and prospecting the matter over, whether in prayer to the Lord or in counselling Landseer to a keener sense of his duty here: or, in holding consultation with the

little maid who listened, as from infancy she had listened to these outpourings—no one could have said.

The windows were open: and Frantze and Geraldine were listening too, as, spent with the excitement and new experiences they sat still on the old fashioned settle. Frantze, full of pitiful yearning to get at the 'whole of it.' And Geraldine, watching him, conscious of the fact that he had not reported her doings and more conscious of his unfailing goodness to her, suddenly flung her arms around his neck kissing him passionately. When—

"Ger-r-raldine!" sounded challengingly forth from the window above: with a roll of the british r which sent Frantze to Tama as if the 'dead had moved.' And Tama foolishly exclaiming, "What's the child done now?" seizing Geraldine, thrust her into the room, shutting and locking the door between kitchen and the porch, out on to which she took Ishtar:—telling them all to keep still. Which Geraldine contentedly did: as she rocked away in the large chair into which, Tama had 'plumped' her: as close beside the open window as Mrs. Landseer was, beside the window above the porch.

The splendors of the afternoon sun lay on the woods beyond the intervale. The woodland murmurs filled Frantze's senses as he sat thinking of Geraldine's last attack on him. But his heart swelled with pity at the memory of the tone in which Geraldine's name had been called out.

"Did you hear *how* she said it?" he asked Tama; who, bending over him, answered:—"Fear nuffin Honey; 'member you is a boy. An' boys have t'ings dere own way in *dis* worl'" she added with a strange accent:—then:—

"Cheer up Honey! 'cause fore Massa Landseer went away he said, last t'ing, 'If I come back no mo', an' de great hopes fail, sartin' shore Gel'dine mus' be dat boy's wife.' So you hab no cause ter feel cut down! De light's comin' on inter yer life jes' as fas' as yer can bear it. De trufe is as it is, an' now I'se tole yer jes' how 'tis." And Tama left him filled with contending emotions, arising from his sense of the tortured-tone in her voice, Geraldine's unprecedented caress and Mrs. Landseer's scorn of it, or of him or both, and Tama's last words.

Sequent on this revelation made by Tama, a self impor-

tance, founded in a sense of proprietorship in Geraldine, grew up in Frantze. He felt an added personal dignity founded on the fact that Landseer had, by his last words, made him practically the head of the family. But that very afternoon, Geraldine was missing and was discovered by Frantze entering a church where a wedding ceremony was proceeding. When they came out, Frantze had a general impression of the music and of the shimmering dress of the voluminously draped fair, large woman as she stood with the little gentleman at her side. But Geraldine with scarlet cheeks and angry eyes exclaimed:—

"Did you hear what that minister said? He said woman was made out of man's ribs! And he made that great woman promise to obey that little man, as the Lord! I heard him."

"Did he" said Frantze eagerly. "Well, that's right. Women must obey their husbands. That's the law!" And with a new light in his eyes he stood looking at her. Then said importantly:—

"I may as well tell you that—whether uncle Landseer is my uncle or not, I am now the man of the family. For about the last thing he said was, if he didn't come back or get the property, certainly you must be my wife. Then you'll have to vow that prayer to me, and—"

But he got no further; for she struck him across the mouth and was rods away, filling the air with shouts of derision.

It was a very rough wooing, and a rougher refusal. But a terse revelation of the growths which were burgeoning forth in these children.

The next day when Frantze told Tama "Geraldine ought to go to church and 'learn religion,'" she wisely had him explain why?—and then, hearing his jumbled account of the teachings which had so pleased him, she said—"Dat's no sense." And taking Ishtar and the boy, as if to escape the blundering world, went away with them into "the sanctuary not made with hands," down by the brook whose silvery gurglings could be heard before they reached the rock-ledge. Below the rocks, the trickling drops took form in a sedgy stream; and just at the very heart of the forest's silence they came upon a sleeping lakelet, full of the blossoms of white American water-lilies: "the glory" of which called a halt to steps,

yes, to very breath. Tama's head dropped upon her breast above her crossed hands. And as she did, so did the children, filled with the power of the silence of that golden-hearted wonder, whose circumference is purity and whose habitat is the limpid lakelet.

Suddenly the majestic stillness was riven; for Geraldine swinging down from the rock-ledge had grabbed a lily, tumbled into the water and out again, splashing mud on them all, the lily included, awakening the echoes with passionate shrieks.

"I hate lilies any way! Nasty things to grow in that filthy slime!" she cried, as Tama pulled off her shoes and mud-encased stockings, and shaking her up, ejaculated:

"Filthy slime! What you talkin' 'bout? Dat's mighty rich yairth! It make de lily-flor grow mighty fine. It's life for lily-buds when yer lef' it alone. Yer ain't no claim ter go blasphemin' down inter it, wif yer bad tempers spilin' t'ings. O, Lord, Lord! Why ain't massa Landseer here ter teach dese pore chillun? O my good Lawd, dere's lots ob tings nobody ain't teachin' dose chillun' what dey orter know! O, if massa Landseer was here ter talk holy trufes ter ye, Gel'dine, den ye'd neber dare talk no scan'dlous talk—not about lilies—an' de mystery ob lily-life Frantze—boy,—no how.

"I tell ye Gel'dine, yer pa lobed ebery inch ob dis groun'! Dat is mighty diggerfied ole mud roun' here. It is made ob de fus' fambly's o' ferns, ages long gone by. Dem ferns are de patricians ob nature. Dere's heaps ob ancient fern-juice drawn up inter dat peaceful lily. Dat's what makes it so calm an' steady-goin' like,—Gel'dine."

"I don't see no riches 'bout any of it; it's just filthy slime sticking my stockings all up! You go right up to the house and get me some clean ones Tama."

"No, yer don't hab no clean ones. You'll jes' set on dat rock or walk bare-foot till dose shoes an' stockin's dries. You're a nature-bad chile Gel'dine, 'cose you is. See dat lily all trampled in de mud an' all dis noise made inter dis sanctuary ob de grea-at God! All in one minit you ransack inter de peace ob God's growths, an' tramp an' ruin dat lily."

Ishtar was down on her knees with the crushed flower in her hand, looking from its muddy leaves to muddier Geraldine. She touched the clinging mud, smelling it, examining it.

"Do lily-flors grow in filthy slime Tama?" she asked, wanting to side with Geraldine, who had often the evidence of the senses to uphold her.

"Didn't I tell ye it warn't filthy slime? Didn't I tell yer 'twas holy life for lily-buds? Ishtar Honey, dat flor ain't 'gun ter git itself tergeder dis yere young summer. Deed an' deed no. It's ages ole, an' full ob de calm ob de great Jehovah. Massa Landseer knows all 'bout de lilies an' rocks an' mountains, an' he knows a heap more now even dan he did when he was on this earth in *plain* sight," said Tama, the shadows of the leaves flickering on her upturned, devout old face. "Yes chillun, dey is all like us, dese trees an' tings. It seems like Honey, de woods an' all dese pussons 'round heah knows jest 'bout eberything; an' de Lawd he knows de rest. So de knowledge is all dere between em—'ternal ages full ob it. An' oh, my great Lawd, heah dese chillun am, put down in de midst ob tings, new as babes an' iggronant; laws, how iggronant dey is!"

"Now see dat ole oak"; pointing, stocking in hand to the branches above them, and talking on while she stretched and tried to dry the now washed out garment.

Meanwhile, the heat of the rock which served so well to dry the little shoes, stockings and skirt, sent the bare-footed child to stand on the cool ground. But she found that too full of briers for comfort; and that set her thinking about the shoes, while listening to Tama's talk, as she continued:—

"I tell you only de one who fust saw dis oak when it was a little acun, knows how ole 'tis. I wasn't nowheres to mention in dose days, when prob'ly dis oak was talkin' away ter der ole ole win's jes' as 'tis now."

"Pho'," said Geraldine. "It isn't as old as our house. It took ages just to grow de stone ob our house; father said so."

"What is, 'grow de stone ob our house'?" said Ishtar.

"Come away chile, an' I'll show ye," said Tama.

"Tama, Tama, you've got to carry me! I can't walk on my bare feet!" shouted Geraldine.

"Dat's yer own fau't" said Tama, sturdily going on. Then Geraldine, with a pretense of sulking, threw herself down on the ground, till they were all out of sight; then taking her long garters she dexterously tied about her feet the hats which the

children had left on the rocks; and with much satisfaction in her plan was at length able to get around by another way, and climb the rock-ledge, where she lay peering over at the others with only her curly black head possibly to be seen.

Tama was just then rehearsing as best she could, Landseer's story of nature's limitless supply of those raw materials, which but need the addition of the intelligent services of men and women, in order that they may be transformed into every article of comfort and beauty, as well as into means of intellectual unfoldment of the individuality of the race. She was telling the way the house-builder had cut out of this ledge and forest, materials which, combined with skilled labor, now stood a house confessed. It was built into a permanency, protective of a higher and more invulnerable form of life—the human form of life.

The faculties developed in her past incarnations had lodged Mr. Landseer's thoughts in her mind. But her words failed her as she tried to tell these ideas; and in despair again, she swept the scene around and above her, crying mightily:—

"O my great Lawd! Here it all is jes' as it otter be; rocks, trees, yirth, flo'rs, house, books, time, eberyting in plenty—an' dese hungry chile-minds. But dere ain't no Massa Landseer here; an' de mother ob dem is broke to de heart at de wrongs dat he cowardly done."

The wind-tossed trees through which her eyes were penetrating, flung arms to and fro and up into the currents of the higher air as, if agonizing, they demanded that the secrets hid with them should be made known, and their speech be understood.

The breeze which had turned into a strong summer-wind, now becoming tempestuous suddenly seemed to be blowing from all points at once; rocking the tree-tops as if to release the trunks from their rooted depths, that, coming forth, they might more alarmingly assert their will to be used.

"See dem trees. See dem trees! Dey knows as well as I does dat dey has oder work to do for de chillun of man, dan ter stan' much longer crushing back de oder young ones dat they keep from growin'. 'Cause dese is grown dere full size, an' is strong an' perfec' to de heart; an' wants now ter be made inter some new form, ter be used for de advance ob knowledge.

"See dem trees! Dey can tell dere own story, an' you chillun can hear it if yer listen to dat roarin' an' cryin' as, ravished wif delight wif all dat is, dey want ter get outen dis yere forest an' come an' be used in de fambly. Dey want ter use demselves.

"Bress yer hearts chillun; trees don't no moah want ter stan' doin' nuffin wid demselves 'cept makin' more little trees, dan any sensible pusson wants ter! What trees want, when dey has come ter dere bestes' prime, an' when dey is 'bout as big as dey's eber gwine ter be—and der heart's sound an' de fibre is all full ob power an' virtue—what dey want den is," she stopped, and filling herself with the wisdom of heaven added,—"to fin' a new sort o' use for demselves: by havin' some one assist dem up outen dere mere vegetation. through constructin' dem into anoder form of life good for new uses."

"Gerry is like dose trees," said Frantze after a great pause, in which his spirituelle countenance seemed illumined. "She tosses and breezes about like the trees, that want to be used for great things. They don't want to stand unoccupied there. One day I heard the minister call us 'people of opportunity,'" he added; "and they are (some of them) saying the town grew, as the Master's house grew; but that town affairs are dead now that we took the place."

"'Tain't either," said Geraldine poking her head up over the point of the rock.

"I'm not dead since we took it," said Ishtar.

"O Honey, Honey! I a'most wish we all was, we'se so p'or'!" said Tama.

"What is p'or?"

"O nuffin much, only we're no use to any body. Your father is dead," said Frantze downright.

For Tama had given way and wept with cruel agony. And Geraldine pulling herself up over the rocks and shaking Tama exclaimed,—"I'm 'shamed of you Tama! Of course we can't be p'or when we own this house and these woods and plenty of books, and are the *Landseer-Ariostos!* We have a house to live in and we can eat berries and acorns."

"Yes, we is p'or!" said Tama faltering from her philosophy; "see dat chile's toes jes' outen her little shoes. An' I'm ashamed ter send fer anyting more on dat bill at dat store."

"O, well she can have my shoes and I'll wear hats," said Geraldine, exhibiting her foot-gear.

Then of course a general gale of laughter ensued; and in scolding Geraldine and straightening up the hats, Tama forgot her distress. And with all Frantze's talk about poverty it did not strike his mind that new hats would fail of coming to hand as often as wear and tear demanded.

Geraldine's next scheme for economy was to shut the gates, and keep everybody away and save everything up and then, to kill birds with stones and broil them with sticks and eat them with wild artichokes instead of potatoes. "And we have lots of cats always growing in the stable; and Frantze can catch one, and we can make nice little shoes for Ishtar out of the skin," she added triumphantly.

"Then can the cat wear my little red jacket to keep it warm?" said Ishtar, mindful of the comfort of the cat. "But what is, 'no use to nobody'?" she asked, puzzled over the combining of regret at being of no use to others with the scheme to shut the gates and keep every body away and save everything up for themselves.

And when, the next day Geraldine rushed in, exclaiming tragically "Are they not liars who say the Landseers are poor?" and when Mrs. Landseer with whitened face said mercilessly, "we are beggars!"—and Geraldine looking round at the things of beauty on every side, and out over the fair slope of lawn and garden, exclaimed,—"What are beggars?" receiving for an answer, "Things like us, hiding away to starve. What are you going to do about it?"—then, the answer sank into Ishtar's soul, as Geraldine said, "I shall do more, and make us all greater than the House-builder could."

And the silent, pondering Ishtar heard it all and would have remembered it, even if Lamed's words had not been further emphasized: coming as they had out of a moment's blackness-of-despair, at the *sight* of the mountain-load of complications with which man's *artificial* distrust, antagonism and consuming-desire for *ownership*, had netted-up woman's attempts (so thought Lamed at that crisis) to attain the best possible for self and family. So the dregs of the bitterness of her life-struggles (the least portion of which has yet been told) were in the moan with which she said, "You? You are only

a girl. And unless you can DO what I have only dreamed of doing, you must submit to the inhuman-distortion which is the lot of US — US all."

"I will kill myself first," shouted Geraldine, bringing from Mrs. Landseer's lips the opportune antidote, "*You* will never do such a low-lived act! *You* will be victor over adverse circumstances. WHY else were you born, I should like to know?

"Listen. The best any one now in this house will deserve, if they do such a reprehensible act, is to be carried down to the town dump and thrown in with other rubbish. If you get that notion, go down and look into the town dump! I think there is a disreputable old dog there and a forlorn old cat."

With open mouths and eyes distended with thoughts of—who can tell what possibilities? about one—who had gone, whither? when to come back?—a'halt they stood: till Geraldine with a shriek of longing love, sprang toward Mrs. Landseer with arms outstretched: but to be staid by her palm-raised, restraining hand: as in deathly pallor, she kept her consciousness of the presence and needs which (besides the presence and needs of these consuming children) must be also wisely dealt with by wife and mother.

"Oh! You do not love me," Geraldine whimpered with a sob: shrinking before the stern strained gaze.

Then Lamed's eyes had flashed (before her lips had uttered) the words, "LOVE you?" and Tama well understanding, snatched Geraldine to her heart, away from the sight of the soul-anguish; but not before it had brought out the wail "Oooooooo! She hates me! For WHAT does she hate me so?" And Lamed steadying herself to deal with the needs made visible to her by the child's distress, broke the moment's silence as came forth the prayer; "Oh Dear God! Save my girls from longing for Love where love is but ——" a word, smothered in Tama's bosom; as she, with the cry "Lamed!" throwing off Geraldine fetched that other distracted head, all sick and wounded with the batterings of spiritual-misapprehension, to rest where the child's had been. And Geraldine, more wild at the daring act of covering that mouth, than at being herself flung off so ruthlessly said, "Tame! Don't you *dare* to call my Mother, 'Lamed'! Mother is Madame!"—tugging to get that dear head on her little shoulder, though,

repulsed by the apparently half-crazed sufferer, she sent forth again, that rending wail, "Oh! She does *not* love me:" —wrenching Lamed's soul with morgue-like horrors from which (can it be believed) she was as unwilling to fly as she was, to succumb to their dread power.

The next instant with a mighty effort, uniting herself to save both the child and Landseer (who all his life with her, had as unreasonably sent forth that complaint) summoning herself, ('having done all things, to stand') she sprang to her feet and, throwing off the bands of death, in tones as deep as were her searchings and sufferings said,

"Geraldine! Grow not up longing for love! GIVE it if you have a sort worth giving: but ask none in return. Long only for, and USE Wisdom. It is constructive. It is Permanent."

"And *then* will you love me?" came again the hunger-cry; fetching from Lamed a gesture of the hand which Ishtar, seizing, arrested, answering instead, "Yes! Then Lamed will love you": pulling Geraldine into her dancing step and keeping time to a melody that fashioning itself in her soul, came forth in the words,

"Wisdom is permanent. Let's come and construct it. Yes: come and construct that permanent good!"—singing it with a *relish* for the *words*, such as no flavor she had ever tasted had ever aroused. For the quality of Wisdom and of Permanence had rung forth in her mother's adoring utterance of those words: as *qualities* of things and *ideals* do ring forth—not only in voices on earth but—in the thoughts of those Spirits-supernal in the realms from whence they filter downward, as they come on their way to those who, on Earth love *them*.

What gleam of Truth-subliminal was it, that, coming so, had welded together two sundered-principles: the clear cut distinctions between which, like the disfiguring scar of some old wound, had not yet healed in Lamed's heroically duty-doing, but love-lacking life?

All eyes were raised to hers when silence fell, as song and dance ended: and questions like these moved deep in the soul of each and all, including Lamed's own.

Meanwhile until the coming of the black-bordered-letter Ishtar had lived with the hush of absorption on her. For

till then, to this beryl-eyed maid, when the trees were gorgeous in Autumn glory it had been as if those golden hazes continuously were there. And when the moon had gone bounding through ether, calling out lambent stars and setting them curuscating the frosty air, then the winter's white presence had seemed to be to her, all of Life. But when the streams gurgling and flinging off winter's bonds had leaped forth: and the smell of cowslips had been in the air as Spring sent out an aura titillating her responsive senses as with odorous hints from the garden of Paradise, then Spring to her had been the ultima thule.

And when the lapsing months had brought again Summer's full guerdon overwhelming her with the delights of Lily-time, then such days had absorbed all else into themselves.

But since, into these idyllic states had come the black-bordered-letter bringing news of things unutterable and unguessable, which had vaporized for her, all that had before seemed solid and real.

Her state of subjectivity was now ended. She was awakened to a knowledge that there was a past: the works of which were to be reckoned with as a part of the now. And alert, her soul had arisen face to face with the Something before which her Mother had been almost 'daunted' (for Ishtar had not forgotten the words of that critical time) and with which, Geraldine, being a girl, 'could not cope': and under which, Frantze though a boy, had wept and Tama, Great Tama, had almost wished they were all dead.

And now, though it was Lily-time, she had forgotten all else in pondering, as to what this thing was which had so frightened them all! Was it the thing Frantze had called 'so po'r'? How did it look? Where did they use to keep it? What could it do to them? What could they do to IT?

On this invisible terror had she pondered a'halt and aghast: till now had come, that new song and the dance and hope, and the question which each eye had beheld in every other: but which none had spoken and none had answered. even in thought.

CHAPTER III.

JETSAM.

HIDDENLY Frantze had always worn a jewel which linking him up with the unknown past, was to Geraldine a fascinating object. Especially as, referring to it, Tama had one day said with reverence, "He is Bapte," as suggestive of environments whence friends would come, now that Landseer had forsaken his family. For, in that light she always spoke of his attempted escape from home-duties: but with an inflection, which was far from prohibitory of his still bringing them that 'help outen the Sanctury' on which the children knew, she still depended.

However, the result of it all was, Geraldine regarded Frantze, the Future and the Jewel with suspicious alertness.

Mid this state of things, one day Frantze came running out of breath to Tama, with two letters: one for Mrs. Landseer and one for himself. And Tama, taking Mrs. Landseer's, seemed less surprised than anxious to get him off to the whispering-oak with the other one: saying hastily,

"Bress de Lawd! An' now run you off wif yours: and don't bring none of Gel'dine's fussin' up here, for one or two hours: while I fix dis one wif Miss Amy."

He noticed Tama had had no doubt that the other was his: though it was addressed to 'Frantze Anueland: care of Mrs. Landseer.' It had been the keenest discomfort of his existence that he had not really known what his name was.

He had gone by the name, Van Neulandt. But at the sight of the other on the letter, forgotten things of an indistinct past, sprung confusedly to mind: putting history at-one with an atmosphere of romance identifying him with his beloved story of Charlemagne the scholar-soldier and his wonderful Mother, and making his brightest aspirations to

seem as but part of a half-remembered past now returning to the present, as a portion of that whole, which, he was sure, was his to have and to hold.

Grasping Ishtar's hand before breaking the seal he halted, silently looking into her great eyes: luxuriating in a pity for the boy whom he had been when, a few minutes before, he had not been sure of his name. With a staid solemnity and a newly imparted sense of his protective-power, he walked in accommodated-steps by little Ishtar's side, to the shadow of the whispering-oak. There they were greeted by an owl's cry, overhead: as from thence Geraldine came springing down, to read to him his letter. And he, with his mind fixed on his business of keeping 'Gel'dine and her fussin' up there fer an hour or two' gave her the letter, and threw himself down on the grass, partly in fatigue and partly in the delight of contentment at knowing his name, and of no longer being possibly considered 'an interloper.'

Geraldine, letter in hand, had forgotten to open it: arrested at the change which the serene abandonment of care had left on his handsome features, as now marble-white, face and brow shone forth in an emphasized perfection of refined calm.

Then in the hush, she read,—

*"*To Frantze Anueland.*

Years ago, and miles from here I stood your god-father. I have never forgotten my vow! But the point for you to consider now is—that, if you will test yourself by what I say, and apply my instruction to your life, you will prove your right to the jewel you wear, and to the name *Somurai Adonai.*

Have you ever inquired why you were born into the world? Listen and know. It is that you may bring your being into harmony with Universal law. This should be the easier for you, from the fact that for years you have been in close communion with nature. Already in hours of restlessness and pain when impatience would have impelled you to blundering haste, you have been led to read intelligently in Nature's old scripture the story she there tells of orderly creation. You know that like the flowers and trees you too, are a creation

* Partially sketched from a Masonic Letter to a Louveteau.

of Jehovah; but with this difference. You have an outward form which is daily renewed (made-new) by your inward spirit! You live as you choose. Flowers and trees live as a simpler, immutable law impels them.

During the eighty or one hundred years which you *ought* to live in this world, it is as necessary that your soul should be clothed upon by a body as that your body should be clothed with even more external garments. But remember, your soul (your united will and intelligence) is the real *you* while your body is but a responsive servant, ready to do your soul's bidding, whether those commands be royal or base born. And therefore, this body should never be disgraced by unworthy commands, but should ever be called to minister to the highest needs of the Presence which commands from within. But let it not surprise you if you have temptations to things not of the highest. For know, it is only by constantly making a free and intelligent choice of the right, the true and beautiful (instead of the disordered, false and ugly,) that you can create yourself a thinking man; and thus avoid lapsing into a mere animal with the 'mark of the beast in the forehead.'

'To choose the way that is right and to pursue it with invincible resolution; to resist temptations from without and from within; to be fearless under menace and frowns and to unfalteringly rely on the providence of God—*this* is the insignia of true nobility.'

'Neither renowned birth, name, wealth or fashion are essential to lady or gentleman. But true moral-stamina, frankness and consideration for others, with a cultivated intellect, fidelity and honor, *these* in themselves, are title deeds to royalty.'

'Next.—You can only be a student by resisting alluring pleasures and overcoming indolence. And it is expected of you that you will seek learning, not only to gratify ambition and for your own intellectual delights; but that you may be fitted to dignify and bless your family, society and the human race. Knowledge will also give you the power of amassing wealth which is of great use in the hands of the public spirited.

'Remember, out of work alone comes the blessings of life! Life's battle no craven spirit can conquer.'

Frantze Anueland you are a ward of the Free Masons. And as such, you are expected to have a profound interest in Government and public morality; and are expected to constantly educate the masses, and especially you are to teach them that work is a blessing, and idleness is a curse and is the parent of vice, disease and ruin to individual and country.

As often as you look on the jewel you have worn so long, let it remind you of your duty, by doing which, you can alone deserve to wear it. The Delta is a symbol of tri-unity which is the symbol of that perfect human development in which intelligence presides over the will and inspires it to do what is wisest and most goodly.

The wish of the best of our order is to purify the world and to disseminate the great Wisdom of the ages.

And yet, this, my attempt to give you this report of our purpose may be in vain; because as these divine things are hidden in symbols to prevent their being profaned by the vulgar, so also the *hidden glories* that are in the gifts common to all living things are only unfolded to those who so live, as to hear daily the Master's word, and who so work as to obtain Master's wages.

Child, there is as the Chinese tell, a 'Heaven and Earth League,' into which only the initiate can enter. Some persons seem to be born with an initiation into the source of things! These are born seers and they readily assume the offices of the wise. But such seers are only found among persons whose inwrought-purity-of-*being* makes it possible for them to apply the intellect to wisdom in such a way as to obtain a sight of things unseen by the gross! Such beings take hold on life in such a way that, from the first they are invincible.

Child, son of thy mother,—is that vigor of thought which seizes on the inheritance of the Ancients and enters into the 'Thian Ti Hwui' (the Heaven and Earth League of the Chinese): and which reads symbols and keeps from those thousand low idolatries that drown souls in perdition—is this purity of soul and consequent vigor of thought, yours? *Yours?* or am I beating the air? Who can tell? It rests with you to answer with your life. If you *will* enter into those divine mysteries, you will make life a thing of bliss instead of pain.

But you can do it only through the purification of thought and spirit from all stains of passion and selfish indulgence.

Waste no time in thinking of me. Test yourself sharply by those high standards, in so far as you can catch a glimpse of their meaning. For know, thou ward of Jehovah, this Arcana opens up but before him who, by applying the will to wisdom, builds within himself, a 'White World.'

I am your god-father,

JEROME KONNYGSCROWN."

Geraldine's face had been a study as breathlessly she read this oracular communication. All the way through the reading she had had a consciousness of Bulwer's story of "Zanoni" which they had read and re-read until the weird part of it was identified with Geraldine's every day life; founded and grounded as that was in Tama's philosophy and, *super-ordinary psychic* conditions. And now to Geraldine this letter, the letter-writer and Frantze were but *dramatis personæ* of an on-coming drama, in which she was determined to appear in no sub-part.

Fired fearsomly by this determination she turned tauntingly, on Frantze exclaiming, "Now then Mr. Glyndon what are you going to do with your miseries?"

"Miseries?" said Frantze. "All I know is, I only wish I could be all which that letter describes. I think it is truth, and I think it is splendid!"

"It is splendid and true! You are a god-child to the god-father! You can be it all!" said Ishtar in still adoration.

Breaking the silence of the arrest, with abated breath, "Do you know what this is all like? I can tell you. This man is the awful Mejnour and you are poor Glyndon," said Geraldine, quoting from Bulwer's Zanoni. "You will have to learn 'unlawful knowledges' far-away from 'happy rollickers.' I see, all that is before you! Old Mejnour will fix you up awful in relation to the Spheres. Ha-ha? And all this has come of your old jewel that you are so proud of! Yes sir! And there's a charred spot out there back of you: I see it. It looks like The Black man had walked on it. And he does walk there nights when it sulphurs lightning into the air. Tama said something like that, any way."

"Not quite!" said Frantze.

Geraldine snuffed the air, haughtily remarking, "She says lots of things to me that she wouldn't say to a yellow-haired boy what ain't got 'plug'!" and like a flash she struck an attitude that usually quieted Frantze, partly in horror at the access of rowdyism which it pictured and partly, because of his miserable sense of being an interloper in the family. But now, to Geraldine's amazement his laugh rang out full and free. *For Frantze now knew his name.*

"O may be that's all fun" said she. "But I tell you old Mejnour will take you out and—and incant you.

"I know he is one of the Eternal Brotherhood, for he says 'Arcana' in his letter. You had prob'ly 'a wise ancestor' like Glyndon; this Mejnour-man has hunted you up for it. But you needn't be so proud! You can't go through with the horrors!"—

And coming nearer with a frantic glaring of eyes she said, sepulchrally,—

"The old 'Dweller-r-r-r of the threshold' will haunt you into fits! And will say in a hear-r-rse voice, 'Keese me, my lover!'"

He sprang back, but gritting her teeth and trembling with the horrors of it all, "O," she said, "the Dweller-r-r-r looks charnel-houser than that! I could kill you with horribleness; and I am nothing but me. She? O, wait till you see her! I, just I, could if I chose, make you follow me about and bark like a dog."

"Quit that now," said Frantze.

"Here, don't dare to go away!" she growled theatrically. "If you do, when the clock strikes a lonely 'one,' I'll appear, and I'll make the air full of *larvae*, coming nearer with malignant eyes! Look, like these."

"Stop, stop that. You're a wicked thing! It's bad enough to be a—Brotherhood, when I didn't—"

"Ha-ha? But you have *got* to be. For didn't the D. of the T. (we know what) I won't speak the name—she might come if she heard my summons—say in a hear-r-se voice,—'Thou hast entered the immeasurable regions.' And he had; and the old 'Dweller of the Threshold' had got him. And she's got you. Everything shows it. There's no help; that is un*less*, you want me to fix it all for you."

"How could you?"

"I could do what Glyndon didn't know enough to do. He ought to have popped off that jar-cover and have let out some of the music-smelling essence; and have quaffed the 'volatile fluid'; and have bathed his temples in it. I've seen the volatile. They keep it in the beautiful green, red and blue jars in 'pothecary windows. I shall get some and turn it down her broad snake mouth. I have mesmering eyes myself. It was 'nounced of me by the psychologist when he picked me out for 'speriments on the platform that time at the town hall.'

"Of course I did not go up with that ravel! But I have that kind of eyes just the same! And it's a kind that's good in case of Dweller-rs."

"Is all dis de trufe as 'tis?" said Ishtar tranquilly.

"Deed an' deed it is! They are saving him up because of something they are going to do of him, with 'newts and fens and frogs.' O, I'm glad I'm not you!" said Geraldine hugging herself and rocking to and fro.

"Then what do you want to change places with me for?"

"O, change places with you! That's not wanting to *be* you," said Geraldine haughtily. "You are nothing but a boy."

That was turning the tables on him with a witness to it, and Frantze laughed merrily. Then he took out of his pocket a coarse burlesque on 'taking degrees in Masonry,' in which gridirons, spiked-barrels, boiling tar, death's heads and raging furnaces figured graphically.

Geraldine adopted the whole as a fact, but suddenly fancying the youth on the gridiron looked like Frantze, she faltered,—

"Did, did the fellows say all this was true?"

"True as guns," said Frantze. "I won't stand it, it's enough to kill a fellow."

"But you'll have to! Masons can't be Masons without working the *degrees*," said Geraldine; adding,—"But, but that must be 180 degrees fahrenheit on that gridiron; and they do have, certain-sure, to take *all* the 'degrees'! But, —but I'll tell you what makes it some easy. They elixir you up. They rarefy your atmosphere like Glyndon had to be done it to!" But her rosy cheeks had become colorless; and, too, this tumult of discordant ideas whelming Frantze's vision of rational attainment bewildered him.

"Read the beautiful letter that the god-father sent you, 'cause de trufe is as it is," said the calm Ishtar.

And Frantze, catching at Ishtar's support, went all through the letter, reading it aloud, and so filling the words with his own intellectual certitude of his own future achievement that, thus vivified, the letter seemed so very different a thing that Geraldine went to snatch it from him.

But Ishtar interposed; "Your twelvth birthday-letter hasn't yet come,—though it's comin' Honey, jes' as fas' as you can bear it."

Geraldine quieted, halted expectantly.

"Am I a ward of Jehovah?" said Ishtar then.

And Frantze curiously whispered, out of the lore Landseer had taught him,—"You are, more than I am! You are *Ishtar*, the goddess of the month of Ulul."

"What's Ulul?"

"It is the Assyrian name of the month which covers that period of the year known to us as the last half of August and the first half of September."

"You sound like my father!" said Geraldine eagerly.

"He said it to me, and I remember it; and it often seems as if he said things again in these days, Geraldine," said Frantze speaking with the greatest simplicity of that psychic condition which was as prenatally-natural to him, as it had been to the mother whom he could not in the least remember; unless one could properly say, he 'remembered' what was more accurately an occasional presence of something finer than a zephyr that fans, (not the cheek) but one's inmost spirit.

Then he said,— "Ulul is the month of the lilies of the annunciation, in this climate. And the sign in the zodiac of your birth-month is Virgo, the Virgin. You have no reason to ever fail of being a very substantially good girl Ishtar! Your father said it, and expects it of you."

"What is babdize?" said Ishtar composedly.

"She means 'baptize'" said Geraldine crossly; "like doing it with water."

"I know my water-lilies are 'bapte'!" said Ishtar taking Tama's word, and looking toward where these idyls of the Virgin goddess floated crisp and cool on the sparkling stream.

"Well, I don't care!" said Geraldine restlessly, returning to her certainty that Frantze had before him a 'labor' and a discipleship worse than gridiron or tar-and-feathering would picture, if he really meant to rise to the great work of Somurai Adonai. "You'll find, (whether that book is true or not) you'll find you haven't plug enough to get up into the 'Heaven and Earth League.' I bet you that's what the old Babel-builders were after. The sunday-school teacher talked about it one day; and I forget just how it was. But there were Shiners on the plains; so there must have been water there too. Like our brook where the little shiners swim about. Any way, just when they had gotten the tower built up, so that a little more, and they could have stepped right into heaven, along came some one, (prob'ly it was an angel I did'nt quite hear) and confused up their languages; and made them talk Dutch and English and American,—"

"More likely it was Hebrew, Scythian and Aztec," said Frantze learnedly.

"How do you know?"

"I don't know, neither do you."

"Well," she halted, "you can tell your story afterwards. I'm going to tell mine now. It was some many-kinds-of-languages any way. And all these languages were circumstances; and they stood confusing round. And the people couldn't understand each other. So when one man hollered 'mortar-r-r' the mortar man might have forgotten English or Scythian, (you can fix the language) and prob'ly it sounded like the builder wanted more bricks. And prob'ly it made confusin' circumstances to have too many bricks fetched up standin' round and no mortar to stick them with. And there it was;—nobody knew what any body wanted! And they all talked different words, and thought each other was crazy. And they punched each other you know Frantze, and they went off and left the Shiners."

"The Shiners," said Ishtar "were shining angels—in course."

"No they were not! They were little fishes. Any way I don't know sure, I didn't see for myself. I wasn't living then; not on 'Shiner's plain,' any way."

"I am sure that was all that prevented your seeing," said Frantze.

"Well, any way I know very well how we came to have a 'country 'tis of thee.' Natur'ly those who talked American just friended together; and left all the quarrelers and quarreling and came right away over here peaceably in the May Flower, to flee persecution according to the dictates of their own conscience." She turned on Frantze with this oratorical flourish, sure he could have nothing to offer after that. And with a howl of relish he rolled over, grabbing at the earth, in a perfect abandonment to the funny glories of the picture. For Landseer had drilled him in the brevities of American history; especially in the 'Declaration of Independence,' and in the Constitution of the United States of America as (to him) 'a perfect instrument of *documentary* Liberty.' An instrument almost adored by that Englishman, Archibald Landseer.

But Frantze had also been made quite as well acquainted with the burlesque performances of the old puritans, who persecuted others for undertaking to practice the liberty of conscience which the puritans preached. He did not enter into all this with Geraldine. And when he found his mirth hurt her, he told her, her story was a smart one and bridged the gulf of time splendidly. But that Babel-times were very very old, and did not hitch right on to the sailing of the May-Flower; though the May-Flower people's descendants, (George Washington and especially Jefferson and Jackson and the signers of the declaration) really did want to build a towe ing temple to Liberty.

"Well, prob'ly that teacher made a mistake. And prob'ly that was the *Signer's* plain, not Shiner!" said Geraldine. "I just almost know it was 'the Signer's plain.' Now I think of it, that was prob'ly where Jefferson lived and got an American start."

Another shout of mirth. Then—"Well, I'll tell you what Gerry. You're right in this! They were just the same sort of up-and-a-climbing fellows any way. Only Gerry, that Babel business really is ancient Sunday-school kind of wisdom. Landseer as much as told me so."

"Tama knows ancient wisdom," said Ishtar blissfully. "Tama's mother *Maie* teaches it to her in the night. Ishtar shall build a high house up to the moon and stars. Ishtar

shan't be confusin' tongues. Ishtar shall talk mother-Maie tongue, and not flee persecution. Ishtar shall have heaven- and earth legs, and go into the beautiful Ark-Canaan."

The peal of merriment sent a thrill through Ishtar. But her vision of the inmost truth, underlying all their bibles and babels was as good to her as anything yet offered. And with eyes very big and very dark, she looked from the merry-makers to the setting sun, and the rising moon and with a rapture-filled soul, she said in Tama's style,—"Dere's de ole, ole sun; and dere's de ole, ole moon, an' here's ole Assyrian Ishtar! We didn't none ob us 'gin ter git ourselves tergedder this young day!" and away she hurried homeward.

But following Geraldine's eyes, Frantze bounding to his feet, saw within that realm, a man! He had on a tourist's suit and carried a fishing pole, and was near the lily stream. Whether he was after the 'shiners' of which Geraldine talked, or was one of the 'signers' dear to Frantze's heart, or was one of Ishtar's shiners-angelic, was a point of concern to them all. But to Geraldine it was more of a point that whoever he was, he was an intruder. For by inheritance and training she was quick to detect and resent, intruders and intrusion. And—

"Get off my land" she whooped with all the power of her preternaturally heavy contralto voice; making the man look up and making Frantze clutch both girls by the hand and with them fly away homeward with might and main.

And Geraldine, on the principle that "he who fights and runs away may live to fight another day," flew forward till she reached the house-side of the last fence; and then, "as he who flies may fight again, which he can never do who's slain," she was able to mount that wall, and summoning the strength out of her very boots to howl, as against the echoes, —"Get off my land!" and then away she went to tell Tama that a man had come!

CHAPTER IV.

"Without Liberty there are few virtues. Despotism breeds pusillanimity and deepens the abyss of vice.—*American declaration of independence: first uttered in* 1766 *in the province of Louisiana.*"

NOT by accident had the new comer allowed himself to be seen by the river, when, under Tama's advice he had availed himself of circumstances much as Geraldine would have done had she had a chance at the Tower of Babel.

The reason Tama had seemed so little surprised at the coming of the letters was, she had at a previous interview, advised the writer of them to be at the Rock-ledge near the Whispering Oak: so as there to become acquainted with the children's minds.

Walking back to his hotel Jerome questioned how far the fancies deployed by the children's gibberish hinted at the average knowledge of the philosophy of religious-history: considering that the general lack of a real hold on spiritually-scientific-knowledge must be reckoned with as he took up the work for these children; with the possibility of which, his new glimpse of their mental grasp, prospectively delighted him.

Entering his hotel-room and throwing down his hat he drew up a chair and light-table to the evening fire; and swinging along his pen as if hard driven, wrote, saying:—

"*Dear Allierri:*

I have found the ward, and have written to him and to Mrs. Landseer."

Then followed a recital of the afternoon's experience. Then he went on with the letter.

"That meteoric-flash of recurrent light, with his prophetic-oratorical flourishes and his Wife and her treasures of symbolic-Art and glorification of the American Ideal (as set forth in that country's redoubtable independence of everything else)

seem to have bourgeoned forth in three astonishing children: who appear impervious to the sentiment of surprise! For they are so baptized in Nature's miracles that nothing but a more interior exhibition of the same miracle, carried on in their own spiritual-substance will set a level of achievement adequate to their alert aspirations and capacities. You may think this, an extreme statement, relative to children none of whom is much past twelve years. But I need not tell you, that the time has come when children are born old."

He halted: then;—"I find eight years ago, Frantze Aneuland was brought here by a young German-brother of our order: under conditions, hereafter to be told. In speaking the name, he called it Van Neulandt: leaving it (possibly) doubtful, as to whom he was. Of all that, more hereafter. Things have been complicated: and there have been troubles here: as where have there not?"

Pulling himself together for another start, he went on:—

"It is time I should show the world that persons might all be people of opportunity (as the pretty term goes here) if but they possessed land, and the knowledge of, *and the full use* of, their own faculties, broadly considered. And as just now my most direct responsibility is to my ward, (after the other duty of conveying the condolences of our order to the widow of our brother) I think I will stay in America for a bit: and— In fact I am curiously exhilarated, as if life had revealed some old roots which, revivified, would relate me and us all to things not buried or buriable.

"But probably every man in middle life has experienced the half shock of finding himself among the *remains* of people whom he used to know in youth (his own and theirs) and whom he finds look less like themselves than do the young troop about them, who press forward, challenging the earth and their elders, to give them standing room. Account for it as you will, Geraldine is the image of one who—but madness lies that way."

"You can guess the puzzle I am trying to solve.

"But outside of this, I am fancying to myself the business of making these young people apply themselves to the highest ideals of our great order; and to *the* principle of universal Order as cherished by Hermetic Religions throughout the

world. That is practically what Landseer had promised his wife he would open up the way to have done in America if she would marry him. But gossip says that things have not been nice.

"All intelligent persons see the preposterousness of the fact, that while leaders among men desire to give *men* every advantage for developing will and intelligence, they go about the business in such a way that, in the end, males are left as dependent on woman, as woman is on God!

"The result is, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, take it all in all, women are the bother of our lives. For there is always a fear among us as to what a woman *might* do if she had a chance. And it is this fear that has caused men in church and state to make irrational laws, which however carefully they are instituted for woman's subjection, have as yet, (in proportion to woman's subjection to man), but resulted in making man the slave of his *slave's* folly as woman in freedom would never have enslaved him to her Wisdom!—However—?—We all remember how (about twenty years ago) the Ariosto-Rhoenstein burst out on us, one day, declaring men all deserved worse than they ever got from women, in payment for their perfidious reversal of right relations.

"Those Rhoensteins were terrible women for truth-telling; and they got their pay for it at the hands of those who did not want the truth told. And they were many. It was like having judgment day let loose on us when, twice, this Rhoenstein, speaking out of her tremendous silence, poured forth wrath at social infamies. She was a terror to me when she spoke, and an enchantment too, one strange time. The point she made was that man is *mad* at his slavery to woman, and that he will never be *sane* until, by releasing her from subjection to him, he finds *his* freedom in *hers*.

"We are constantly having novels put out that exhibit, with sickening realism, the filthy froth which the flounderings of the old order in its death agony, flings to the surface. Every one seems to wonder how these disastrous conditions can be rectified. Some men say, that at best it is but a question of the consumption of woman by man, or man by woman. I should say, let *woe*-man give way before Man; only let us make quite sure which is the WOE-man and which is the *wise*-man—;

whose woe is ended and whose worthiness is most fully evolved.

"Let him that readeth understand.

"She is here, the ECCE-HOMO—who, strangely enougn married the 'Landseer beauty' as our set called him, instead of *me!* Yes, me! who better far understood her grasp of mind! For she, this man-hater, this Rhoenstein, this Lamed Ariosto:—*Landseer* (as she now signs her name) declared to me years ago, that no slavery existed so debasing, and battle-breeding as is sex-slavery." He stopped, and reading back, saw the confusion of ideas; but resumed, saying:—

("There! I will not change what I have said, though it looks crazy! But the Ecce-Homo part is a truth not concocted by me, and is by me only partially comprehended, even though I wrote it. The fact remains, so shall the writing.)

"Her declaration was, that it is absolute folly for men to fancy there ever can be a world-wide-Brotherhood until all men devoutly make way for world-wide-woman's resumption of the *virginal motherhood* prefigured and proclaimed as the *miracle* of *that* age in which it (perhaps) last occurred. She knew of the general attempt to mystify woman concerning the fact that she is, in every way, inherently the Man-builder, 'the Master Mason,' 'the Prince Adept of the Royal Secret,' and the spiritual attainer of the rest of the degrees even to the thirty-third which is attained only by those who, spiritualized and Blessed, walk the earth! She told me as much, one day, 'in order to keep me out of bondage to general brutality,' she said. She begged of me to teach the truth, that women, (if man would cease to violate the mother-potency and prerogative) would swiftly enable man to find in *himself* the image of HE–VA, and the 'Virgin-crown' and the 'Pearl of Sophia.' 'But,' said she, 'those lawless men who are marauding over society to-day, pacting together against woman's self-sovereignty and against a rightful-mother-worship, will never by such means, find (nor will they develop) the 'Book of Life' nor the image of 'Heva' within themselves.

"She bade me learn of the real bible and see the Truth that a *licentious* man is Cain: and is the incessant murderer of Abel:—the Bel-A which is the beautiful one who 'has attained.'

She said, instead of fighting over woman and with her, men should rather congratulate and love one another that God has revealed his mysteries so variously. And she said—that he who judges, contemns and condemns woman in a wicked way, is but an 'oppressor in Babel'—Abel or whatever it was.

"My head seems reeling as I recall the deluge of delight, yet dread and wrath which then filled me at her overwhelming visions of the blessings which will come to man through woman's pleasant redemption of him. And while I was half hating her for her assumptions, I (like the fool that I was) threw myself at her feet, begging her to teach me this better way, and be my own beloved wife. And she repulsed me with a stroke across the forehead for intruding my little self on universal matters of the final 'New order of the new Age.' Then the other one, coming in, with a trill of her laughter at 'the universal muddle' snatched at Lamed bidding her realize that any man would rather be dead and condemned by having a woman prettily fool him, than to have bliss and honors-divine as a result of having her *teach* him. And my soul, I believe it is so! For then that other one, lovingly made fun of me; and so enchanted me that death and destruction coming to me from *her* hands would have enchanted me too. Oh Lord! My soul shakes up my brain this minute as I think of it. For Lamed had metaphorically torn me to pieces merely because I fell headlong in love with her ideas and HER. And, simply because I wanted her to marry me and take spiritual possession of me and *do*, all the reconstructing things, which she was saying women ought to do for men's souls, she acted, as if I had insulted her: and raged like a lioness; declaring that she was not talking about persons, but about principles, and about what 'womanhood so-called' should do for manhood so-called. As if I could understand such illusive nonsense as that!

"Then the other one, in the sheerest human pity of me, (O my poor soul) put her arm around me and with her own little kerchief wiped away the scalding soul-sweat which that bad half hour had wrung out of my bewildered, love-deluged brain. And with her kiss on my eyes, pitying me, as an angel might she rebuked Lamed for 'Supposing the hot *stuff* men carried

for hearts could take hold of such bloodless-philosophies as delighted the Ariosto-kith-and kin! And what was I made of? She—I,—she gave me the very next week such heaven in our marital home as, (if she could have but put up with my furies and jealousy) might have left me happy till now.

"Of course our marriage astonished every body, because we all thought it was Landseer whom my elect wife had cared for. And then, suddenly Lamed's attempt to make Landseer win the Free Masons to proclaim the truth to womanhood resulted in his getting her to believe that if she would marry him he would leave her to be her own mistress in everything and sole manager of her own property and that they, together, would get away to America and there build up a centre for a scientific social state in which the best of everything which Masons and the universal-religions throughout the world had to offer, should be formulated by her with him; and a new condition begin; as begin it naturally should, under that American Constitution, whose preamble in the 1766 Louisiana-Republic and in the 1776 Massachusetts Bay colonies kept a'stir all the 18th century world! He was carried away, just as I was, and came to me enlivened with the 'Book' and the thought of the 'Indwelling Christ' which is in the Holy Spirit's temple, 'which Temple ye are' saith the apostle.

"And what did my love, my laughing love, who talks so little? She, with much healing kindliness of presence, tears, smiles and the tenderness of silence-too-wise-for-utterance, explained what? Why that of course we were all poor dear fellows; and that no one knew of any cure for our troubles but the growth which comes with time.

"But O, my shaking soul, why do I try on this day to look back on that delirious epoch? The Lord knows it was like a Pentecostal season! But the wrath of Lamed at the other one's affirmation of the-impossibility-in-the-nature-of-man, that men should take women for teachers in these things, was in Lamed's eyes that time when last I saw her. And she then uttered wrath against the kind one who was wise enough to always 'answer man according to his folly,' as she herself merrily boasted to me of doing.

"And like a priestess with her acolyte, proud Lamed went

away with Landseer, scorning *me* for my honest, stupid, bewildering and bewildered outcry for—what? I did not know. I think now it was for all that her (to me uncomprehended) *thought* had to offer; as she spoke of 'better ways' than the ways of the beast-rule which deluged society then and there, as it does now and here.

"But I was a big, roistering looking animal, six feet high and rugged; while Landseer was a pretty boy to look at; and for the rest, was neither special saint nor sinner above others.

"Possibly the saints, being taught by women, might catch bewildering results from the spiritual afflatus evolved from a misapprehended spiritual attraction; and might end in doing about as Landseer probably did. That is, instead of keeping at a pupil's reverent distance, they might slay themselves by trying to steady the ARK wherein rested the SHIKINAH! Pity it is—

"Ah, the vision is gone! My pen has stopped! My strange confessions such as they are, may stand. I hardly know what I have written. I shall copy these words from this letter, and in the future know perhaps *what* just now has revealed again these things concerning that delirious but pentecostal season.

"My repugnance to Mrs. Landseer's disrespect for me at the time of my too humble and too bewitched offer of myself to her, fills me with unpleasantness! I have not yet seen her. I am trembling like a leaf in a storm, but not with fear! My soul,—what does a man tremble like this for, when neither cannon nor crucifixion could so affright him to face them!

"I dread 'woman' as I do the fiend! The mystery that she is, is still the unknown quantity in the social problem. For if you kill her, you can't find her; and if you let her live, she eludes you. Do what you may to take out of her all that hypnotism, slaughter and slavery might be supposed to take out of her, she yet dies ALIVE AND STAYS SO! And she snaps her fingers back at you from the world where she reigns immortal,—while leaving you agape, looking after her, swear as you may."

. . . . . .

He had kicked the light, frame table over onto the hearth where he had been writing in a fury, climaxed in rage. But he snatched up his papers and then stood with the wrath of

his battling soul on his face; as next, he kicked the ink-bottle (which having tumbled, was gurgling its contents out on the hearth) into the fire; whither it bounded splutteringly through the flames to a stopping spot where it still poured forth its black stream, boiling and sizzling even worse than it had done from pen to paper, when it was trying to meet Konnyngs-crown's other demands on it.

Something like this he thought of; and with a good aim, he shot his pen, javelin-like, into the bubbling of the mess, as the boiling ink lay in its burning bed of coals.

Then he crossed the room and stood looking out of the window a while, with his hands in his pockets. Then, seating himself at an escritoire against the wall, he began writing again, several lines below where he had left off, quite coolly and with method:—

. . . . . : . : : . .

"The great hindrance to real educational advancement is, that men do not generally know that they are mere cases of arrested development. Nor that the archetypal man is as far above the average specimen as the average man is above a monkey.

"Allierri, I want you to understand I am intending to tremendously emphasize this matter. And whatever is done to me for my acts, I shall avow the Archetypal MAN in no uncertain terms, if my own limitations do not trip me up!

"I mean to easily and naturally unchain in these children (though it seems pretty nearly done already) that Spirit of Liberty, which by nature, is full of peace and purity. For with that universally done, the Goddess-Power will then find itself in right relations with the constructive work of this electrifying new epoch.

"Now then! I propose to settle myself on this spot if I can get permission. I have not seen the lady of this home yet. But town gossip speaks of her as a grand lady; yet reports, that she never sees anybody or cares for anything outside of the house. That is not what I should have expected of a woman who had the pluck to surprise her set by marrying a man who was supposed to be another woman's lover, and by then, running away with him to save him. Or, some of them

said,—she did it to separate herself and him from that 'Tarantula dance of madness' in which every one got bitten, and which ended by every one's marrying the wrong one, and then generally abusing and losing their best friends in the confusion. Such a time never was, before or since. And all because of the 'Tarantula' who, God bless her, never meant to bite any one.

"But madness lies that way.

"I must be doing hard work; for work is my salvation. I should certainly be ready for it. For I flatter myself, forty years of life have fused my controlled passions into power. I am tired of waiting for Great Bodies to slowly move through their circumlocution-office-methods of getting ready to raise money to call meetings to select committees who shall cautiously begin to admit the fact that, we will never have a true Humanity till women are free to be their virginal-natured selves; they being judge of their own needs and nature.

"Now you want to know what I would be at? Well, I want to sustain these children in the freedom they have had, instructing them from nature and 'the Word'; teaching them the development of the least evolved half (whichever in each may be least evolved) of their dual beings. For that will result in the scientific moralization of *each* dual soul's fair region. And this, in the end, would make self-sovereigns of all men, and give to each a crown above temporal renown. Thus, gods will walk the earth again!

"This science of the moralization of the whole being was rightly once considered *Education* pure and simple, without which there was nothing for time or eternity.

"I shall not expect to go into the matter far; only of course, if what I teach leads up to difficult questions, I shall answer them fully enough to open up before these children the conditions which must be established according to THE NEW ORDER OF THE NEW AGE.

"I shall begin by stating Sir Francis Bacon's fundamental principle. He said,—'In the moralization of the soul the Will must be procured to obey the Reason, not to invade it.' Then when I have cause to think that this immovable degree of rational control is attained, I shall explain that the body, soul and spirit of such an one is then just ready for an intelli-

gent self-adjustment to THE RULE OF A HIGHER ORDER OF LIFE!—and that this self-adjustment is the *opus magnum* in which 'a greater than I' must give sedulously sustained instruction.

"A very irreligious ruling idea has for five hundred years robbed Jehovah's name of the power of the mother there. And every device has been resorted to, in order to conceal from the populace that which, the wisest ecclesiastics have wanted Initiates to remember. This irreligious ruling idea has resulted in a consequent subjection of the Mother-Being to the *not* Mother-Power. And that has arrested the development of the unperfected class—that is, the male class, rawly considered.

"Is it that we fear an unseemly uprising of the half of the race whom we have subjected to our ignorant claim upon them? Our past experience in the singular forgivingness of those who have borne our sorrows and have age-long been crucified for our sins, should encourage us to believe that our public recognition of their power-to-do-right, will not tend to make them do wrong. Nor will a public announcement of our need of their help cause them all at once to deal harshly with those whom they, by nature *love* to help.

"I was energized wonderfully by my recent participation in the unique teachings given to these children by the grand Tama, whose Mother (some say) was brought to London from a temple in Africa sixty years ago, by one who thought that life with him would some how (?) christianize her.

"Certain rights and privileges inherent in the children of Masons have become dead letter with us. It would appear that not all Masons realize that their sons could and should early be received as baptized wards of the order, to become at the approach of puberty, LOUVETEAUX. Thence to enter on a training which, (if any man in the order today is fitted to give it) would make it possible for the progeny of all such youths to become like that 'Lion of the tribe of Judah,' that mystical being born in Nazareth.

"To that end, without waiting to hunt up possible Masonic hindrances to it, I am going ahead in my own way, to help young Anueland to get the full benefit of the principles which, in his future powerful relations to the world's work, he should

diffuse through society. It is time our noblest ideals were practicalized. To do this we must call to our aid the intelligence of maternity. What is more, unless we promptly stand to this task, we will be back on the times when men were beheaded for speaking the word Liberty, or uttering the term 'the rights of man.'

"All veiling forms and ceremonies *should* have become to the insight of the womanhood of such a Republic as this, simply as that 'covering' which Jehovah creates 'over all his glory.' And surely, when India, Egypt, Phœnicia and the Islands of the Sea are giving forth the mysteries known to them, it would ill become the United States of America to accede to the efforts of domineering spirits who are seeking to annihilate National freedom by prefixing to the Constitution a clause which will include compulsory religiousness, or a practical disbarment from citizenship. For this country to give in to a union of church and state, would be to give up that free thought, free speech, free press and free education which are sign and seal of self-sovereign citizenship.

"Oh well, and Oh well, what a letter is this. It is written in the touch and go fashion incident to the violence of that endurance which must belong to the thinker in these days, who enters the evolutionary surges now precipitated on this country.

"Never have the class of builders among which we proudly find ourselves, been retarders of progress. Let us then, acting up to the call of this age, announce that man cannot be self-sovereign as long as the bar-sinister of a spiritually-hampered motherhood mars his escutcheon.

I am, fraternally,

JEROME KONNYNGSCROWN.

"P.S. I hear nothing of the other child except uncertain reports of her death. J. K."

CHAPTER V.

Wisdom is Liberty and Liberty is Wisdom. Each with the other must abide,
For to be truly free, as God would have you be, Wisdom and Will must co-incide.

"YES, you is 'a ward,' a chile ob Ishtar": Tama was saying to the little namesake of that September goddess, as out on an upper balcony that overlooked a moonlighted scene, she rocked the child in her arms, while Jerome's letter was speeding to Allierri. Then in rhythmic monotones she told the story of the soul's ecstacy in that union with Divine Nature; which lifts it into kinship with influences which Tama wisely and briefly named, 'God': whose empowering invulnerability rushing then to multiform benefits, thrilled her as she said again, "Yes, you is a *ward ob* Jehobah. Dat's de same ting! Dat life am yours, an' de touch am light as de air dat lif's de chile's curls. But it's firm, mighty firm, see? Dat air am so light an' sof' dat you almost ferget it's dar! But 'tis dar, an yer breave it in an' lib in it, an' it's yer very bein'. 'Tis yer *substance*. For de substance ob de Mighty One is divided out ter yer; an' all dat yer are, am part an' parcel ob de Great Spirit. De trufe is at t'is chile; an' yer mus' go on ter fin' de myst'ries ob grace an' glory fer yer ownself. Folkses can't tell yer much; fer it comes powerful like t'ru de air an' common tings when yer a'watchin' an' a'waitin' fer der Bridegroom ob de soul."

"What are heben an' earth legs Tama?" queried Ishtar next.

"Dem legs Honey," said Tama with deliberation, "dem, mus' be de mighty high steppin' ob de soul inter dat knowledge dat de Grea-a-t Spirit hol's temptin' like far above your iggronance. Now dem stars, yer don't know much 'bout dem stars.

Yer hab ter hab Heaven an' Earth legs ter git all dey is tryin' ter 'lighten yer 'cernin' de majesty ob de Great Jehobah! Dat's a mighty fine 'spression, de 'Heaven an' Earth legs,' am. Dat's like enuf, as much as ter say, de powers dat angels stride roun' on, t'rough de myster'ous tings ob 'ternity."

"So dey are," said Ishtar taking a glance at her little limbs.

"O don't fret ober dese little legs. You'se bigger inside already dan you is outside."

"O so I am," said Ishtar; and with the white moon-beams about her, and white angels illumining her thoughts with light, Isthar fell asleep.

What engaging charm, what nameless presence was it that environed her, interpreting harmoniously all words, ways and wants; interposing itself between ears attuned to heaven's order and the cries of lo here! lo there! which distract and pervert those who are less further ascended.

Some question like this was in Jerome's mind in relation to that child as he mailed his letter. He now was determined to wait the answer to his proposal that Masons and all learned women and men should combine promptly to arouse all women to an understanding of *themselves;* and to a prompt assumption of their *inherent, mentally-maternal relation to all men* in order that, with this comprehension they should release in men those higher faculties which can be released only in proportion as men are better born and better bred by self-sovereign mothers of the race.

. . . . . .

Meanwhile Ishtar was keeping Frantze up to the certainty that "work was honorable and idleness a disgrace." So the next morning he began raking up the paths and chopping for Tama, the fallen timber which he fetched up from the forest.

But soon his zeal failed him, and then one morning he heard the hatchet going, and heard Ishtar saying:—"It is not like beggars! It is true nobility to choose the way that is right and to pursue it with invincible—not to give it up! Idleness is a turse," she said with a hard blow at the stick, which flew up, hitting her on the forehead.

"Now what do you think of Labor?" said Geraldine.

"It's a blessing if sticks do fly," said Ishtar; and while

Tama was binding up the bruise, Geraldine, very doubtful, sprung up onto her 'savin-tree-bough,' as she more metaphorically "got on her high horse" and rode away on a prospecting jaunt to realms of dreamland, where she found relief of mind in picturing forth the future. Frantze, in the same spirit, got out his journal book with the letter in it, and set about reforming his life very fast he supposed, as he flung himself down on the lawn, his face to the earth, half reading to Ishtar and half repeating the letter which he was committing to memory, while rhetorically inserting explanations.

"Ishtar," he said, reflecting on Landseer's recent act, "you *have* to have a body for your soul to act through, while you are on *this* earth you know! But your *soul* is *you!* Your soul can tell your body to do base-born commands, or royal. See me! My soul can tell my hands to pull up moss or write in my journal or—"

"—to chop wood for Tama"; put in Ishtar. "She 'clar's to goodness she has enough to do without choppin'."

"I am getting ready for Mr. Konnyngscrown. My life will be different from this, soon," said Frantze. "Besides, your hands don't *have* to do anything *your own* soul, don't tell them to do? So you, not your hands are to blame."

"It wasn't Tama's flo'r."

"What wasn't?"

She held up what she had had in her hand. And Frantze, glad to let go the wood-cutting subject, began a search into this case; at which Ishtar assisted, by remarking, contritely,

"Tama said, don't pick dat flo'r Honey, 'cause it's pretty ter grow 'side de do'. But I tol' my han's to pick dat fl'or: an' now pore Tama can't see it, while she's washin' de dishes. An' de fl'or is dead. Trufe is as it is Honey. I'm ter blame. I made my poor hands do de 'base-born deed!' I'm spoilin' my Heaven and Earth legs." And she flung herself to the earth in dismay too deep for words.

Frantze felt ashamed before her. But the tendency to improve the text was strong. And he said,—"I will pin the flower into my journal and write under it, 'Ishtar Landseer's flower which she made her hands pick away from poor Tama, who couldn't see any others very well; while Ishtar, aged seven years, had the woods full of them!'"

"Put it in! I shall never pick other people's flowers away from them any more," said she in utterance low and slow.

"I shall write in that vow too" he said scribbling away.

"Who are vows?"

"A vow is an it, not who. A vow is a live promise that you can never break. It would be the awfullest thing in the world for a girl to break a promise."

Ishtar faced the solemn moment, saying, "Put it in Honey. The trufe is as it is." And he wrote it oppressed by her gravity. Was it that he felt, one day he would have to take the consequences of his clerical assumptions?

He halted. "But you must not fear yourself little dear," he said, distressed at her pallor and something else undefined. "Your passions and appetites must be controlled and made a source of blessing to you."

"That's the god-father's letter. What are passions and appertypes?"

"Well, you know it was a passion and appetite to take Tama's only—O, don't cry; for that would be weakness."

With a gulp, down went the sob; and the tightly squeezed eyelids ought to have shut in the tear,—but—

"Look at that! They did tear, though I told them not to," she said, and her alert intellectual inspection of the proof of her own sorrow, and her eye's lack of obedience to her command, argued pretty well for the conquest her head would sustain over her heart in the time so fast on-coming.

"But they are dry and bright as diamonds now. Besides there would be no merit in overcoming selfishness if choosing the right did not make 'invincible resolution' spring up in you."

"You'll be invincible when Geraldine tempts you it is vulgar to labor, won't you?"

"Of course we must be 'calm amid the sorrows of life'; and unfalteringly rely on the Providence of God."

"What is Providence? Can't we go right ahead and fix things all right ourselves?" she said sharply, repelled by Frantze's condition as he stretched himself at length on the luxuriant moss, while Tama's hatchet sounded again.

"It's a great mystery, and marriage is a great mystery;

and man is the head of the church," he said, getting very preachy and very mixed.

"But what are Providences?" she persisted, tartly scrutinizing his airs.

"Well, providences are those things which happen right along, if men wait and women obey!"

"Punch him!" said Geraldine close upon them. Which fetched Frantze to his feet, quite done with his waiting business. For if things that 'happen right along' are providential, then Geraldine's interpositions might be classed at that dignified level. She had heard his lazy preachments; and there was a limit to her waiting.

They all now knew that the man whom they had seen with the fishing-rod was the writer of the letter and was soon to visit the house.

Frantze's keen sense of the solemnity of a vow had not escaped Geraldine's attention, and suddenly,—"I am the General now, and you must vow legions," said she.

"I wish you would go away!" said Frantze quailing.

"Well I shall not. I'm going to stand right here and say, will you vow? Will you vow? Will you vow legions, right over and over: and then get up early in the morning and the next day, and—"

"I just believe you will. I may as well vow allegiance first as last I suppose, for—"

"Honey, 'a vow is a live promise' which you must always keep," said Ishtar.

"So it is Ishtar. And I shan't vow!" said he, rallying at the support of his *aide de camp*. And Geraldine fell away under Ishtar's level-gaze; and muttering "two prigs"—next heard Ishtar quote the letter again, as a final rule of conduct for Frantze.

For the children were being acted upon by this letter as peoples of all religions have been, by revelations made from a source and teachings above their full comprehension; that is,—each one was affected according to his or her spiritual receptivity and love of practicalizing the noblest ideals attainable, or presented to inspection.

The next day they were at play in the attic, when Geraldine saw Mr. Konnyngscrown drive up. She quietly put the key

in the outside of the room door, and then, again administered the vow of allegiance; which Frantze refused to take.

Next, she and Ishtar were outside the locked door, and the key had gone into Geraldine's pocket as she ghostily whispered through the key-hole,—"Dead men tell no tales," and hurried Ishtar away with her.

After sending up his card, Mr. Konnyngscrown waited fifteen minutes, when the door opened and there appeared a stout boy, with black hair and oddly fitting clothes.

"Who is this?" he asked, suppressing his start and what might have been a cough.

"Likely: I'm yer Frantze Anueland!" came the answer, with an attempt at palliating the naughty fib.

"What, with that black hair?" said he merrily taking the little actor's hand.

But she pulled away, crying out—

"I don't care, you'll find Frantze can't stand it to be one of those Great Ones. He can't bear even to hear about the D of the T,—you know what—? So I said I'd be it for him. Please let me, even if I am only a girl, as you scornfully think."

"Why do you want this my child?" he asked, bewildered at the super-readiness of the little maid to learn and suffer instead of another.

"I want to be a Rosicrucian like in 'Zanoni,' and be fit to do, all Glyndon was too fond of 'happy rollickers' to be able to do."

"Why do you want that?" he said, already at a disadvantage: for he was laughing and she was in dead earnest. And his amusement turned her good purpose into a scheme of revenge on him and that enemy of woman (as her mother had said) 'the world.'

"To live and scorn *you*," said she.

"Good Lord!" said the man. Then catching himself up he more philosophically added,—interrogatively:—

"And then?"

"I'd smile a smile of scorn, till *Kings* came toothless, and Nations fell into their graves."

"And then?" (He was getting his lesson now.)

She stood off, suspecting a trap, and so, stood off further, eying him, but beyond reach. Then—"Oh no I wouldn't

either. You mean I'd have to die and go to the place of the bad like the Sunday-teacher said I would. But I would not let there be any such; I would blast away, the Bad-place with a Rosicrucian-something! Beside, Tama said there wasn't any! But she said another day, that I'd have to go there if I did not make less trouble!" Then clenching her little fist she thumped his knees, crying, "You've got to teach me. You would if I were a boy?"

"No, no! not if you were a king," said he, wondering if these knock-down arguments had become a feminine-trait here.

"King? Oh, king! I am better. I am the son, the child, of a Mason! I am a very unusual child." She watched him. "Very well, all right," she added, thinking of another story. "I will sell myself as the German Count did, and then Satan gave him all powers."

"Come then, tell me, what would you sell yourself for? What do you think would be a fair exchange for Geraldine Landseer? Look out now; because you can't take back a bargain."

Her head forward, her mouth open and eyes alert she whispered, ready to run, "Are you the devil?"

"No, but I wanted to hear what bargain you were going to make? For you see you own *yourself!* I doubt if you do know how valuable you are? Now you can do whatever you choose every day! But if you did, what you spoke of—Whew!"

"I don't do every day what I choose. If I did, I'd put people into chains to pay them off, and—defy them,—"

Then he stopped. He saw this was something much deeper than the naughtiness of a child, or common nonsense or bluster. It was ancestry; it was karma; it was,—what was it? It was a deep-seated sense of ancient wrong, defeat, unrequited insult, and a sense of soul-robbery. He covered his eyes, not to see those which looked into his, with depths of unutterable woe in their sombre shadows. Those eyes? He knew them well. And he said huskily,—"Dear child, freedom midst harmonious activity is joy. License to work evil to others brings a worse perdition than fires of coal could kindle."

She was brought to bay. Then she said stupidly, "I don't believe it. I won't either. No one shall ever make me suffer."

And at her wits' end she meditated the feasibility of successfully giving him a punch. But he looked very large and stout. And with a sudden quiet she said, confidentially,—

"Of course you're a great tell-tale! Of course you'll tell Frantze how I teased you? Oh, of course you will?" She was poised on one foot, waiting for an answer.

"Never! It shall be a profound secret between us," he said,—"That is, as far as I am concerned. Now take off those ugly clothes; and be a sweet,—"

That was the word too much.

"O, tell what you want to," she cried. "I won't bargain with you. You'll expect me to obey! What do you call that but selling me?"

"My Lord!" said the man again, quite as if, like Tama he found contact with Geraldine drove one to prayer.

But she was out at the window, and up by a way she knew to her room, where she found the pocket of her gown had been rifled of the key. Therefore she judged Frantze was released.

. . . . . .

There were marks of perturbation on her lofty countenance when Tama entered the room with Frantze and Ishtar, presenting them and making excuse for Mrs. Landseer whom she had been fifteen minutes persuading to come to the business in hand. Then she had had to find and release Frantze, and render both the children presentable.

And now, hands crossed on her breast, head bowed and eyes on the floor, reverential in attitude, she yet had given Mr. Konnynscrown a penetrating, swift gaze.

Mr. Konnyngscrown rubbed his hands twice sharply all over his head. But he was in for it he told himself,—wondering why he was. Certainly so far no one seemed particularly to want him. His large hand came down with a grip on his thigh, and his eyes fell sombrely on Ishtar.

"We have come to learn," she said.

They seemed a hungry set along that line; at least the two girls did.

Frantze still stood off silently. The man to him looked very bulky; and besides he hadn't risen from his chair when they entered, and had but nodded when Tama presented her ex-

planations of Mrs. Landseer's absence. Mr. Landseer would have arisen and have stood while receiving a message from a lady. More than that, often and often, Frantze had seen him arise before Tama.

"And you, Frantze Anueland? Are you as anxious as the little girls are for—learning?" said the man, with a strangely sweet light displacing the gloom, as his eyes had swiftly responded to Ishtar. When she had spoken he had held out his hand to her, with a quick fetching back of his head and chin from the left to the right, as if to say,—"Ah, we're friends sure and fast." And Ishtar's beautiful countenance had been squarely raised to his with what seemed to be a permanent good comradeship quite indescribable. But she stood straightly at his side, not leaning toward him, but with her hand in his, supportingly, rather than for support, as he, amused, perceived: while Frantze was saying in Mr. Landseer's good English and form,—impressed by his presence.

"Mr. Konnyngscrown I'm a much older fellow than these, my little sisters!" (emphasizing the last word.) "And as you very well know, my life stretches back, covering much more than the incidents which have made up our life in this town."

Konnyngscrown settling back, felt again the need to grasp himself by the knees. Then—

"I see," he remarked aloud. "And what you say is very true."

This time his hands went deep into his pockets, and he drew his feet back together under his chair. His mouth stretched back, till it looked like a straight gash across that part of his face; and his level brows loomed blackly down, like a pre-resonant thunder-cloud. But his eyes, suddenly lifted full of misery-controlled, met Frantze: who, springing forward, flinging his arm round the broad neck, cried:

"Mr. Konnyngscrown, Mr. Konnyngscrown! I mean also that I am glad of your help. For I am sure you have come to help me to carry out Mr. Landseer's wishes as far as—as aunt Lamed-Ariosto and—the rest, choose to have them carried out."

"You have said it all, boy," said Konnyngscrown paler than before, rising and standing away from under the arm; and walking a step away and back, before adding,—

"I have come here practically for just what you say. But the additional business is, I have come, as your *guardian* as well as god-father. And that gives you certain special claims on me. For if you regard the wishes of her who—who gave you birth, and of the 'order' of which you are a sub-member and ward, you will make what use of me you can for your own betterment, until you are of age."

"My father? My mother?" questioned Frantze with luminous joy.

"Let that point wait. I have said nothing I need take back. Tama, tell Mrs. Landseer again, it is fitting that I should see her. Tell her I shall not intrude; but that I intend to do my duty all around. Tell her I would like to do it in comfort, and with a sense that I am not an annoyance to her. But, if she so commands me I shall take 'the boy' and leave the country at once."

"I do not so command you," said Mrs. Landseer, sweeping in at that moment a sight for the children to behold. For they had not seen her dressed for dinner since a far away day.

She was a very handsome woman, tall and steady in eye and pose. Not now angry or doubtful as to her relation to this man nor to the part she should sustain.

Frantze rose immediately as his uncle would have done, and placing a chair stood then before her.

"Thank you, Frantze I will not sit. I have a few more words to say. Stay children. Tama remain.

"Mr. Konnyngscrown!"

"Madame?" He moved a chair toward her. But she had said she would not sit, and she slightly noticed the matter.

"In slowly crossing the next parlor I heard nearly all that was said. That has simplified matters. Have you any distinct request to make?"

"Yes Madame. I would like to rent, for such a price as you choose to set, and for as long as you choose to let it remain in my hands, a stretch of ground (just over the brow of the hill) the limits of which I will submit to you; whereon I will build a respectable house where I would live, taking Frantze to be homed there. With the further request that I may be allowed, (subject to your order to desist) to use so

much of the fertile plain just above the intervale, as may be necessary for a garden place. At any day you may bid me leave, and I go. You may ask what rental you see fit, and shall receive it every month."

"We need not be friends," said Mrs. Landseer, with a grave and passionless intonation; "but then, neither need we be fools. I shall use no ceremony in accepting this proposition; and quite as little in annulling it. Of course I don't know what your purposes are, but this stretch of land is my kingdom, Mr. Konnyngscrown."

"Truly so. And I shall be but your tenant at-will" he said. "The other formality is but a mere reception on your part, of this envelope with documents in which is all that is to be said and all that remains to be received from—the past. Allow me to withdraw!" and with color as heightened as Mrs. Landseer's he moved back as from a royal presence.

Frantze stood motionless. He saw Tama offer to assist Mrs. Landseer up stairs, to be but waved back as she proceeded to ascend the stair-case with that sweep of robe which follows the motions of lithe, long-limbed women.

"That," said Tama breathing fast and half whispering to Frantze, "brings a change."

"No, everything is as it was, only more apparent," said he. And in some way, what had seemed to be his "grand-fatherly," priggish fashion, had, under his certainty as to his name and his right to place and purpose in the world, become a simple dignity, wonderfully like Landseer's; yet quite Frantze's own way too.

It transpired that, with good sense, Mr. Konnyngscrown so far effaced himself, that when the new house finally came into being, it was so hidden by the crown of the hill that only the chimney top could be seen from Mrs. Landseer's window: giving token that the man who had come to help—was there, though the earth was between them.

He was particularly well satisfied with that plan which rendered it unnecessary for him to see, consult or consider Mrs. Landseer, so far as her elastic contract with him was concerned. For he felt more than ever that she was the exact type of woman that he disliked. But then, long since to him he told himself, all types were out of his range of interest.

He felt well off, that, as she tersely put it, they need not be friends; for he fancied that that would go far toward preventing their being fools. Whereas, as Mrs. Landseer thought over the tremendous purposes, history and romance in which they, too, were involved, she now, (seeing him with the children) thought possibly they might some time be friends; but was sure they would neither of them ever be fools according to any justifiable use of the term.

While waiting previous to presenting his purpose to Mrs. Landseer, Konnyngscrown had observed the legend carved in stone which met all eyes on entering that house.

Through it, not only Landseer, but 'The Master' seemed speaking to him, bidding him to not turn back from these rough ashlers, each of whom in this incarnation or another, must become a perfect building-stone, fitted to its place in the Temple Universal.

He knew that what men could work in stone, could be wrought in the more malleable spirit-substance, if but that carnality of sight which now sees stone but cannot see spirit, were intellectualized.

Perhaps not another such monument as this strange house could be found. Yet, in a way, every house is a tracery of the spirit of the worker who plans and rears (and who by occupying it) incessantly readjusts and constructs it. This he afterwards said to Tama, and she repeated it to Mrs. Landseer.

The walls of the house were formed of an inner surface of finished stone, the plain parts of which largely awaited such carvings upon them as the history-making power of the future occupants might inspire.

This at least was true of the rooms Mr. Konnyngscrown had seen. What was true of the others he did not know; but the family did, and that is another story.

It was on one of the slabs in the spacious Hall-room, that the (so-called) common stone-cutter, in first finding what he could work at, found himself to be a creator and sculptor in high relief, of things, which William Blake's pictures sketch as the NO THING out of 'which all things are made.' And as Jerome Konnyngscrown had had that sort of discipline which informs one of the fact that 'to know one's self,' rather than to be known to others, is the *sine qua non* of progress,

the phantasmagorial scenes there carved were vocal to his mind.

It was a potent house; that, no one knew better than did Mrs. Landseer. To the initiated, every part was vocal of skill, rescued and to be rescued from the stagnation which never settles except from an *individual's ignorance of his and her own purpose of being.*

"The workers change, but the work goes on," was the golden legend seen at the entrance to the house. And as Mr. Konnyngscrown that day, sat waiting 'the next thing,' Mr. Landseer's unsatisfied eyes had looked down on him from the portrait under which he had affixed his farewell word in the form of a verdict on himself. It was done as monks of old, illumined splendid texts. The words were:—"I wished, but was not able." But too, it was Landseer who, soon after becoming master of the house, had had carved opposite the large entrance, "Here we ask nothing of society but the privilege of serving it!"

Konnyngscrown saw it, the *house* as it was,—a house full of noble assumptions. Should assumptions be left to become *presumptions?* Should the flooding passions of greed and extravagance, ignorance and self-destruction now deluging the world, sweep these noble assumptions out of existence, and with them, as chips on the torrent, the six people so intimately connected with the halt here called against that devastating flood?

CHAPTER VI.

UNORDINATED VALUES, ORDINATED ACCORDING TO DIVINE ORDINATION.

JEROME KONNYNGSCROWN was born among men, not a few of whom had followed Schopenhauer's fashion of deifying the "will-to-live." His father had gloried in its crudities: and appreciating the power of early impressions, one day had given his son to understand that a great man was dying, a martyr to the will-to-live: (an anomalous statement even to the young ears that heard it) and then, with all the 'pomp and circumstance' of a pilgrimage to a shrine, he had taken his son to see and hear that man with the result that, among Jerome's earliest memories, was this visit to a vicinity where in the early sixties, Schopenhauer ('unhonored and unknown' except as the son of the authoress, Johanna Schopenhauer, daughter of Trosenor, a Senator of Danzig) awaited death amid a generation of shop-keepers which had come up about him at Frankfort on the Main.

The effect of this *mise-en-scène*, had been as powerful as his father had intended. But later, in Jerome's early twenties, an ingredient suddenly was added by the Ariosto-Rhoensteine (for by this name Lamed was early known in English circles) as set forth in the letter to Allierri. It was after that glimpse of the Ariosto's ideal of life had crossed his enlivened vision that Jerome had rebelled against Schopenhauer's exhibition of man as an inherent slave to the mere beast will-to-live. Though, at times, Jerome, himself was miserably hounded down by the feeling that he *had* to do at each step, what he finally did do, and that much had befallen him, which had befallen Schopenhauer when he was trying to rid himself of the business of finance, into which his father was urging him. Though, later in life he believed, he like Schopenhauer, had failed of

success in any calling because of his conviction that the philosophy of man-building (which he hoped he was yet to formulate) would be of more value to the world than would be limitless wealth if unbacked by the practicalization of his philosophy of supreme human development. But, with this maturing conviction of what he considered "his work," he now realized that like Schopenhauer, he had inherited from his father, a 'dread bordering on mania'; against which 'dread' he had constantly to struggle: but which on apparently trivial occasions, overcame him unmanageably; at times distorting his view of life with a suspicion, irritability and a vehement pride almost incapable of being united with Philosophical coolness, which, throwing him off of his line of march, made him forget the visions which had inspired him in beginning his great plans for the betterment of the race.

These conditions, which were filled with the blackness of darkness, he called, 'Schopenhauerized-States.' He fled from them, and fought against them, but unawares, succumbed to them.

At this time, however, his prevailing condition was one of consuming impatience to follow up the study which his mother, in dying, had commended to him as an object, the attainment of which in every sense, was in the line of the greatest wealth that time or eternity had to offer.

This morning he was on tension to discover what had come of the union between 'the Ariosto' (to whose teachings he had been willing to commit his soul) and 'that Archibald Landseer,' whose skill, it was said, lay in appropriating other persons' ideals, without himself adding anything to the stock of human knowledge.

Jerome wondered at that marriage from every point of view.

For without being overpoweringly in love with himself, he supposed he had reason to think that—smite him on the brow though she did, yet—the Ariosto-Rhoensteine's way of so spontaneously unfolding to him her prophecies, had singled him out as one whose appreciative interest in higher attainments had rendered him permanently attractive.

Had she then later, found Landseer more fit to practicalize her theories? Why then this town-talk of her seclusion and of the many children who had been birthed and buried,

in addition to the two who had lived? Jerome was sure that a style of parentage which included the burial of more than half of the children who were born, had had no part in her philosophy of life and parentage. Had she, in seclusion, furnished the ideas, while Landseer in public, had furnished their utterance?

Then he wondered if Landseer after 'getting away,' had discovered that what had fettered him, was not his wife; but that self-of-him from which he could get away only by voluntarily getting out of his nerve-strained body? And wondered whether, on getting out of it, he still found he had to deal with the LIFE which then as before was HIMSELF? And, in that case what did such an act on his part show?

Surely not the will-to-live, but rather the will to *cease* living. But *had* he ceased living?

These and other equally unmanageable questions had made Jerome's night so vigilant and restless, that at break of day he gave up the attempt to sleep; and after a cold plunge set out on a double-quick march to a wooded country road.

And now, in the solitude of the hour and the place, he threw himself face downward on the grass; clasping mother Earth to his heart as if in the conviction that it was her *business* to furnish for the living as good a rest as she is supposed to furnish to the tenantless tenement when it is released from all further demands, but such as the hungry denizen of the grass-world may make on it. He lay with face half propped on hand, thus protecting eyes, ears and nostrils from the intrusion of creeping things that came as inspectingly rushing to the fray, as if life had left the new-comer. And with an impulse to let them know the difference, he sent forth a strong puff of breath, which struck like a tornado on a denizen of the greenery, sweeping it out, he knew not whither; inadvertently punishing its curiosity concerning him and, at the same time, so far awakening his, concerning it, that he found himself realizing what a mighty fellow he was compared with that order of existence: and how overwhelming—if not destructive—was even the breath of his nostrils when brought to bear on these tiny other breathers.

Next, unconsciously he bethought him of a better *voluntary* use to make of his breath; and so essayed a fostering gale sent

out upon a little traveller who, assisted by it, went staggering, while yet pursuing his valiant way across a blade of grass. Then he experimented on a tiny fly, sending it however into a spider's web from which it emerged minus a leg that the spider's skill had amputated as he lay in ambush. Increasingly interested in administering the affairs of this domain, he next took in hand the business of healing what he had helped to mutilate; unconsciously now blending with his breath an intelligent, kindly purpose which, concentrated, sent a new power in—not only on the mite he was desirous of helping—but in on that Solar Plexus of nerves, that conjoining the six lesser plexii baptized his whole system with a thrill, the like of which had never before come to it. For this was a baptism (not 'of Water' not 'of Fire' but) 'of *The Spirit*' of that Life which, hitherto in its passion-alloyed-materialism had (not blessed but) harrassed him.

Then upsprung the sun and outburst from Jerome's lips and lungs an old English Hunting Song, bringing to the light-flooded glade, the salute:—

"At dawn Aurora gayly breaks in all her proud attire,
Majestic o'er the glassy lake, reflecting liquid fire.
All Nature smiles to usher in—"

He halted, repeating the words 'usher in, usher in'— a'wait for the next words to come to mind yet wonderfully well content to inbreathingly repeat the words, 'usher in, usher in'—while every nerve, responded to the gladsome gush of life with which the Sun of Righteousness and the sun of the visible day and 'Ushus, the Goddess of Morn', or other intermediate, had baptized him, brain and being.

What had fetched it? Was it that when, with discriminating purpose he life-givingly had dealt out his breath to atoms which he wished—not merely to inspect but—all brotherly to serve, was it that then a Higher Power measured out to *his* atomic-being 'a discreet degree' of life which filled him with as *new* an enlivenment as was that, with which his 'degree of Life' had deluged 'these little ones'? Had he thus proven the validity of the statement 'with what measure ye meet it shall be measured to you again'?

With this play of fancy, came another memory: startling

him with a reflection which he swept back, making room in his mind for the coming again of thc old roundelay:—

'All Nature smiles to usher in the blushing Queen of Morn
And huntsmen with the day begin to wind the mellow horn.
The mellow horn, the mellow, mellow horn:
The mellow horn, the mellow, mellow horn.
And Huntsmen with the day begin to wind the mellow horn,
And huntsmen with the day begin to wind the mellow horn
The mellow, mellow horn: the mellow, mellow horn':

until the breezes and singing birds bore their part with tones which were as mellow as those of the hunting horn whose quality it seemed impossible to repeat often enough for the full contentment of him who loved it so well. And blood, once a'bound for deer, was now a'bound to catch a glimpse of something lighter than the spirited Gazelle; picture as that is, of the Life-thrilling wonder known to young Elihu: and of which he spoke when, comforting the disappointed man, named Job, he explained to him,

' 'Tis Shaddai's Breath which gives me life.
'Tis Shaddai's Breath which gives Intelligence.'

A Gazelle-like picturing and presence which next moved the depths of Jerome's being with the lullaby-question,

'When Shaddai gives quiet who can disturb?'

. . . . . .

Springing to his feet as if repelling siren voices, half unwittingly he exclaimed 'It's my own Breath! My Own Breath!" resenting the vibrational-propulsions which had carried his soul beyond sight, time and space; and had mentally sent him a'staggering as his breath had sent the little insect a' staggering, while yet leaving him (as he critically realized) to recover and pursue his work of discriminating between what he had himself willed to do, and what that other Something, 'working in and through him,' seemed to be on the way to 'will and do of its own good pleasure.'

On guard against any encroachment of *anything* on his own "*Will*" (which his father had taught him was the man

per se) and on guard against the objectional psychic-control, so increasingly extant, and yet knowing himself to be half-enchanted with the almost intoxicating effluence of that Light-supernal that had irradiated his despondency, he now, swore aloud by all the great gods of the heathen that he would never involuntarily be brought to do anything which he had not first, voluntarily elected to do, in sight of all the facts of the case.

Bracing himself with a puffing out of his chest and a hollowing away of his elastically arched spinal-column and breathing up brainward big-lungs full of the morning air, he got self-centered enough to discover how far he had consciously 'Willed' participation in those sights, memories or ecstacies into which the coming of The Dawn, the rising of the sun and the singing of the birds had assisted in up-throwing him. Had he 'Willed' the awakening to memory of that hunter's song? The super-sense of which had sent his soul out into those spiritual-hunting grounds whence 'mighty Nimrods' of old, returned laden with such signal accumulations of spiritual booty as Earth scarce has seen since days when 'the sons of God took to themselves wives from the daughters of men'? With the result, that there were 'giants born in those days': moral and spiritual giants?

Astonished at this last access of prevision as to the possible, he asked from whence it had come?

Was it possible there was much for him to learn concerning the refined differentiation between voluntary and involuntary activities? Was it possible that the quality of voluntary activities, was fugitive and transitory?—was often of the sort that perishes with the using? And the other? Was there in that, an eternized permanence, coming like a shadow of a 'cooling rock in a thirsty land'? Easing the Dolor Cordis and bringing peace like a river?—filling the soul with serene certitudes which so utterly removed *Fear* as to make way for that Perfect Faith: which, being Intelligent is not foolhardy? and being bold, is not too Bold; yet bold enough to hold the *sense*-abilities steady, while enabling *them* to analyze differences with that *discrimination* which alone keeps the student from falling into hurtful snares?

These questions ascended one after another vaporizing the

quiet, on which now followed reverberations of those thunders of Sinai which again sent him to his feet alarmed at this 'feeling after God,' of whom scripture speaks as 'a consuming fire.' Shocked, perplexed, bereft, as if thrown down from rapturous heights where he had felt 'filled with the fulness of God,' he petulantly declared that he, like the wealth-stripped-Job, had 'no more profit from his righteousness than he would have had from sin.' And angry, weary and discouraged he threw himself down on the grass with a fierce indrawing of his breath which indrew with it, a tiny insect that he instantly expelled with a dislike altogether disproportioned to its size or power to hurt. But it stuck to his tongue. He had to remove it on the tip of his finger. He looked at its almost invisible remains: questioning, 'Had the *involuntary* indrawal of his breath made *him* the annihilator of that little life'? He fiercely told himself he had not annihilated life; for life was an un-annihilatable, omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient—what? Will-to-live? Oh, vastly more and other than a 'will-to-live': "It is Life, *per se*" he said, "high above (though inclusive of) all-wills: all Intelligence and all Individuated Thought: being not dominant over, but beneficently sovereign through all-that-is."

This statement belonged to the konnyngs (or knowledges) which of old in his hard-headed-studies he had committed to memory in that fixed and immovable German-fashion of memorizing-acquisitions which make the Germans to be kings of konnyngs or knowledges: barring out, though this memorizing-of traditions often does, that inflow of subtile-inspirations which comes from realms higher and as much more invulnerable than theirs, as theirs is higher than other average lack of philosophies. Of this he thought, and of his Mother's reference to that old Chaucerized-English part of the family name: a name and a family which stood so inflexibly by 'knowledge,' in distinction from *intuition*, inspiration or Wisdom *per se*, that it had given this son of that Father and this Mother, a domain of knowledge, on which, armed, to stand against the intrusion of superstitions and vagaries. But now with the Mother moving in him, he argumentatively went on to ask,

"But *is* it supposable that LIFE, on emerging from that speck of a body next passed into a just-then-born similar

form? Or, instead, had it wandered invisible; seeking another habitat; better fitted for the reception of the added-increase-of-experimental-knowledge which the engulfment in man's breath may have brought the midget?

Jerome realized he was not voluntarily grinding out these questions. Then was it, that his indrawal of Shaddai's breath, (even with his breath's engulfment of the Midget-form) riveting his mind on the chain of events had given him to see that though he had destroyed the microscopic-body and though in turn, 'worms should destroy his body' yet in the substantialized-flesh (which-is-yet-to-be-made-of-the-substantialized-breath-that-God-incessantly-divides-out-to-his-creatures), they all, (he, Landseer and even the midget), would finally evolve the power to 'see' that substantialized God, whose present-invisibility pertains (not to God nor to Shaddai but) to a Midget-like-humanity's non-visualized relation to THE SUBSTANCE, called Life?

Then once and forever he realized (as he hoped) that the six-foot long curiously wrought body, known as Jerome Konnyngscrown, was no more in the sight of Almightiness than should be the little midget in Konnyngscrown's sight. For all of the Life he could manage was in his body: the same as all of the Life the midget capacity could manage was in its little form. And that any one of a thousand accidents might expel the tenant from *his* body as easily as his breath's engulfment-of-the-midget-form, had expelled from thence its tenant.

The Light which his administration of affairs down in Grassland had thrown on denizens there, not only had shown him his relations to that Almighty-Breath which fills all forms of being, but further, had revealed to him, that the *development* of each form is limited only by the amount and quality of LIFE that the Ego (mite or man) becomes capacitated to utilize. Because, while the supply of Life is so limitless that 'the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain IT,' yet the supply which the Ego *may* receive is limited precisely by its *capacity* for containance (or continence). So that if we are 'straightened,' we are only 'straightened in ourselves,' as St. Paul long ago told us.

He shivered at the sight of these possibilities! Reaffirming

aloud (as a declaration of the natural right of a clear-minded man)—that "*Individual power depends upon the Individual's capacity for containance* (or *continence*) *of Life!*"

And with a devotion to the evolution of *such* capacity, he prayed (did Jerome Konnyngscrown in the solitude of Nature as men sometimes DO pray)—not for wealth, not for popularity, not for external honors or graces but—for an *endurance* of the strain and restrain of nervous-energies, which otherwise, would *pervert* the Power of upward impulsion.

Meanwhile, realizing that 'if a man does right, it is of no benefit to the Breath of Lives! If he does wrong it does not harm the Breath-of-Lives. But that the doing of wrong 'may injure and pertain to man: and to the Son of Man, his righteousness.' He knew this ideal was opposed to the *Jehveh* idea: and was inclusive of the teaching beloved of his mother that a man should do right simply because Right IS right. As any expectancy of reward would spoil the quality of the service: making a mercenary matter of it. Was it then, that the Jehveh ideal was cruel and the Je*ho*veh ideal was kind, and *more* than kind:—was on the road to being emotionally destructive?

Surely under this liberating view he had felt as if the breath of Life had as pleasurably sped him along as his breath had sped that insect pilgrim across the grass-blade when he had practically said to it "Fear not. Walk before my breath's impulsions."

But not yet daring to give way to this 'push,' he asked, "Is it possible that, to merely walk before the auspicious gale, sometimes breathed on our subconscious selves, would serviceably co-ordinate us with universal necessities? Mental, moral and spiritual? Is it possible that LIFE, Eternal LIFE, needing nothing and missing nothing, yet shows men their aside-steppings either to the right or the left of the straight path? And opes their ears to discipline: and warns them (with a breath) away from that which is not good? Lest they learn not knowledge? Was then *knowledge* the Highest wealth? And is then the worst possible destitution and the worst possible disaster, 'the Learning not of Knowledge'? Was it thus with Man? And was it thus with Midget? He asked again, Had there to the Midget-consciousness come an arrest of the

learning of knowledge, at its expulsion from Midget-form? Or, on the reverse, when the breath of man had engulfed the Midget in it, then had the midget-consciousness learned from its experience of that engulfer's power, a somewhat that had aided it on its way to become, time-given, as mighty a creature as was its engulfer?

Then: was it into such a vortex that he, fifteen years before, had been drawn by the breath of that Ariosto Rhoensteine?

And had that engulfing of him been done as involuntarily and unconsciously as was his engulfing of the Midget?

Her shock when he had fallen at her feet was but as great as his, when into his mouth the Midget had fallen: and her repulse of him was but as instantaneously automatic as had been the expulsion thence, when into his mouth he had drawn that little Midget-form. He, as angry at it for being killed as she, had been at him, for 'arresting Knowledge,' by his fall at her feet.

True: he, from that engulfment in her indrawn-breath, had arisen, as from a barphometic baptism into —What? A Newness of Life? No:—a newness of *expectancy* which had met the stroke, that had struck him back to find what he wanted,—not in another but—in himself: as before she had told him it must be found:

Yet unwilling to believe the outcome of these ratiocinations: he now but asked himself for the thousandth time what right or cause she had, or what excuse she could give, for such an unheard of act of rudeness.

Then thought he, 'No more cause than I had for engulfing the mite.' Now realizing that he had been simply thinking and breathing when the mite was engulfed in his breath as she had been simply thinking and breathing when he had fallen at her feet, self-succumbed to a Power as unwittingly sent forth by the one as by the other mere breather of The Creative-Life of God!

And that stroke? Was it automatically given to repel his intrusive subjection to a power outside of his own soul?

"Subjection?" questioned he, repellently. "She must have known it was but for a moment. But—then why did I take that farcical attitude at her feet? No! It was not 'but for a moment.' For as 'the Lord liveth' I believe I am there still!

But, I would not have been, if the very act by which she repulsed me had not attracted me and impressed her on my mind as never before anything was impressed."

And having got hold of this, he was all the angrier. For he declared, he had not been in the wrong: because, the overmastering-thrill he had felt, had like a sesame-seed capacitated his soul with the grace to perceive that she possessed what, if he could *gain* it, would have made him man.

Then uttered as at his memory's core came the words,

" 'Tis *Shaddai's* breath that made me man";—halting him, but yet, in effect, only transfusing him with a wish for union with—not Shaddai but—her from whose inspiration had come that etherealization of brain and being: the Source of which he still ascribed to the Maiden who, fortunately for him, better than he, had innately apprehended its Real Source; and his *real* needs and his individualizing-possibilities!

But of these facts even now he caught scarcely a glimpse. Nothing now actuated him but a self-protecting *hate* of the woman who (as he half surmised) willingly accepted that from him, rather than any other form of concentrated attention.

So he found himself back in his old-mire of Schopenhauerized-gloom! Then, disputatious-mortal that he was, rebelling against that theory of Life, he went over the reversive-questionings which his mother, in refuting Schopenhauer, had given, 'for his consideration,' namely—

Is Life a devouring horror? maintained by the instincts of hunger and pro-creation? Is love but a greed which leaves man to consume all on self and for self? And must the will-to-live include the incessant devouring of the weaker by the stronger and more predacious? And must this struggle only end in a dull resignation to life's miseries such as had settled on the death-struck Schopenhauer? And even then, had that man's devotion to the will-to-live but revealed to him that, when the devourer has devoured all else, he must then consume himself, ('consume himself' was the word) or ceasing to be a devourer, deny, by dying, the will-to-live?

Against this bulwark of reversionary questions Jerome had been wont to lean when 'the enemy came in like a flood.' And with an enlightening of soul he now called to mind the philosopher's latest words that—'For old people and the

middle aged the most necessary learning often proves to be the *unlearning* of things taught them in their childhood concerning this world of cause and effects.' And, *grateful* that what he had learned at his mother's side need never BE unlearned, and, also, *agreeing*, with Schopenhauer's latest regret over 'the lack of the naturalness in Education which thrusts in on children, artificialities of judgment to the ruin of all right order,' and also responsive to the philosopher's almost dying words, that 'these regrets would not be too late uttered if some one would find a way of training children to more fully follow their intuitions'—Jerome Konnyngscrown rose up in the beams of the now fully arisen Sun: filled with hopes which had arisen as high concerning the carrying out of the purpose with which he had come to America! Now realizing the fact that the educational basis already laid by the unrestrained browsing of these children amid something *more* than the mere libraries of that home was far from being a source of discouragement. For the children's haphazard way of putting together Bible-history and other ancient lore, added to their prying scrutiny of everything they ever heard, read or saw, was all but like the mental movements of the alertest citizens of the world at this epoch. And he decided to look after the children as far as Mrs. Landseer would accept his aid and then to search for the missing child at the thought of whom his mind reverted to Geraldine.

He started on the way but was stopped as if verbally assured that Mrs. Landseer was empowering her daughters to fulfill their part in this enspiritizing epoch by sustaining them in that perfect freedom which neither accepts not offers personal intrusion: a freedom in which alone they would learn to co-ordinate the faculties given them by their Creator.

Whence had come this? Of old he had had but one day's conversation with The Ariosto, and two brief sights of her since. True, in that one day, she had said, 'Trouble will cease when the world learns simply to ordinate unordinated-Values. Because in the Spiritual world (and so, all the way down) it is the nature of Ordinated-Value involuntarily to correlate the unordinated with itself. Because the ordinated, vibrates on so nice a beam as to attract to it other souls who are seeking 'Libration.'

And now across space, came to him thoughts neither of repulsion nor of attraction but of an intellectual assurance that the work he was seeking to do was dear to Mrs. Landseer, and was being done by her in the seclusion that was also dear and requisite to her for another decade.

Yet he felt repelled and vexed.

For he had no way of knowing that the once brilliant Ariosto having become the distressedly tired Mrs. Landseer could now no longer endure to talk about what, to her was so self evident a conclusion as to amount to a mere axiom easily to be acted on in home-life. Much less did he know that her need for quiet in which to rally from her life's fatigues repelled her from a man whose hurtling energies set the very air a'quiver about him.

The chief thing this rather-good man did know was, *he* was tired of trying to transact affairs through Tama's word-of-mouth. And what he further knew was, that now, regardless of everything, he meant to call that morning and put an end to Mrs. Landseer's sequestration.

He called.

He was met only by Tama.

This vexed him. And in trying to bring her to a knowledge of the critical condition of the Landseer affairs, he used the very term he had mentally rejected that morning: 'The will-to-live': thereby bringing out Tama's repudiating ejaculation;

"De Will ter lib? Dat's not much. De Beastes, hab *dat!* De Wisdom ter lib wisely and well, dat am de Law ob de House of Lamed Ariosto-Rhoensteine; Landseer!"

And as one who had at last heard a word for which he had waited he repeated the statement: and then, notebook in hand: wrote:

"The Law of the House of Lamed Ariosto Rhoensteine; Landseer is The Wisdom to live wisely and well? But to fulfill this Law: 'that the labor is'!" And taking off his hat to Tama with a new light in his eyes, he went his way, more than content with some outlook, now gained.

An hour later Mrs. Landseer received a letter containing a check for the year's rental of the land under consideration: "which (he wrote to say he would proceed to build upon and occupy: while occupying himself and the children (if Madame

so pleased) with the land: according to Froebel's invitation, 'Come! let us *play* with our children.' "

Though the letter was perhaps, bunglingly brief, Mrs. Landseer read it finally with trust partly in the substantial goodness of the Man, Jerome Konnyngscrown and partly, in the flexibility of conditions which left it feasible (if uncomfortable circumstances arose) to dismiss the tenant as by him agreed. This gave her ease. For she knew the narrowness of her limitations when it came to the endurance of the vibrations with which this personality kept the air a'buzzing around so nerve-strained a being as the endurance of the last fifteen years had created.

She had never met Konnyngscrown but one day until the occasion of the land-rentage proposition.

And she never wanted to see him again. The past did not admit of discussion: and as for the future, as far as she and her children were concerned, Work was its one business. The recent years had been too full of matters unexplainable to ordinary minds for her to care for contact outside of her narrow family, till nearly another decade should have passed. Any identification with even this good man, from society where the practicalization of the principles at the foundations of TRUE Being, are glossed over, she felt would include introducing into the home-circle a diverting influence, from which she meant to protect it until her ideals had become distinctly known to that circle: after which they should be at liberty to choose what they each individually saw fit.

Besides, just now she was chagrined that she, who believed in health to a degree that left her no mercy for herself if she ever failed of possessing it, was at times so over shattered by her over-draughts of 'endurance' that she *had* now to decide to *thrust away* anything that called for 'endurance'; over and above whatever her own family-duties necessitated. And she told herself, if Konnyngscrown could not understand this, he must avail himself of the privilege of misunderstanding: and therewith go his way. She did not deny to her self however, that there was a sense of comfort that some one from home (as she called England) had a little lifted the weight of isolation under which Landseer's death had left her. But on the other hand, she frankly told herself, the pleasantest thought

relative to the matter was, she could, at any moment, put an end to the business: though, she admitted, if it could be sustained at the remoteness which exists between a self-occupied proprietor and a self-occupied tenant, it would go far to secure her and her children in the continuance of a well equipped home, sufficiently apart from minds unequipped with that ideal of personal Liberty which—as far as she could see—did not even as yet, especially distinguish this far-famed land of that Goddess.

Early in the morning, there had shot through her mind the wish that, without talking over her theories with him, Konnyngscrown *could* realize that she proposed to practicalize just one of the ideals for which, fifteen years before she had been willing to work as long as life should last.

Her brain, like a snap shot caught and must have sent to him a picture of what existence would be, if unordinated-values were ordinated according to Divine Ordination. But what good? She had always done according to her best and (she believed) true sight of the facts of each case: yet nothing but a network of egregious misconstructions had accrued to misconstructing-minds. And these were not a few.

She hated to think (and it was likely she should soon so think) that society had little use for woman's more stalwart virtues. She knew she had once become tired to the point of doubting whether GOD cared to have Woman practicalize His characteristics. But even then, she had comforted herself with the thought that she did right not even to win HIS approbation: but out of a pure adoration for His characteristics, as she understood them. So after all, at best, it might be selfishness on her part! For she confessed she found exquisite pleasure in concurring in Wisdom's Way of Working on and Working ever. She LOVED work and loved Home. Glad she was to have one!

One day she had been looking out of the window, as she stopped her ever mending needle: thinking on this problem and on the drizzling-weather, inclined to find fault with it, as all white and weepful in that late spring-time, it went on (like herself) contributing its share to the final result: which, the Sun when it came forth, would make visible. How unfittingly worn and weary her nerve-system had become, and

how requisite it was that she should hold to the semi-seclusion that her work-rooms afforded, this reverie showed her.

They were not handsome rooms. They had never been Landseer's. Always they had been her place of retreat. In them her children had all been born. In them, some had died. In them she had had the experience which was connected with her Life's unravelled mystery and with Geraldine's.

Having thought her way straight through this rather gruesome and circuitous-route she found herself alone again with her certainty that her ideal was her darling. For fortunate or not, it was her temperament to wed herself to (not persons but) principles: ideal-principles, permanent-principles! Her ambition was not for power or place in the world but, to so relate her children to the indwelling power of the Principle-of-life that they would be able to formulate their ideal in action: without going through the heart-tearing which had attended her efforts in that direction.

Then she wrote an answer to Konnyngscrown's business proposition, enclosing a corrected appraisal of the rent of the land now occupied by him and returning to him Twenty dollars which she told him was over and above what was requisite.

This was the first money transaction in which she had taken free part for years. When the letter was gone, there came out on her gray face and in her figure that coloring and alertness which the impulsion of heart-beats accelerated by brain-created activity brings.

The spring was coming on and the house was well along in the building when walking with Ishtar one day, Konnyngscrown asked her, where was their garden. And she, benevolently sweeping the whole space, including the sky-garden above their heads, answered "Don't you see it all? Up there, we have different kinds of Moons growing. Sometimes they are round and sometimes they are like little silver-boats. And then there are different kinds of clouds almost every day. And stars! Oh! The stars! The stars! And strawberries grow out of the ground, with leaves like umbrellas. They are red, the strawberries and they have little bits of straw sticking over the outside of every one of them. Mother Maie

put those straws there, Tama says. But they are never on the outside of huckleberries. They are all packed together on the *inside* of huckleberries; and then they are not straws. Tama says they are seeds."

"But what do you do with your land?"

"Why we *walk* on it, and sometimes we lay our heads down on it and listen to it think. For it thinks love-fulness to all the roots of things growing there. And in the spring-time when the earth crowds the roots a little, the crocuses croak. And when the snow stays too long, they croak and cus' too! Frantze—"

"O Ishtar," cried he with a laugh—and a snap out of his tongue, and hunch of his shoulders at Mr. Konnyngscrown, as much as to say,—"now I've got it,—" while Ishtar continued,—

"They can't help it! When it gets very chilly and they get very hoarse, they become *croak* cusses; and they say (very barky) 'Let me up! Let me up! I want the sun! I want the sun!' But, but—Frantze isn't barky! He has a beautiful singing voice. He sings Longfellow's song of *Agassiz's* fiftieth birthday. Oh beautiful and wonderful it is. Part of it goes this way,—" she said shrilling forth divinely,—"'And he wandered away and away, with Nature the dear old nurse; and she sung to him night and day, the rhymes of the universe. And whenever the way seemed long, and his heart began to fail, she would sing a more wonderful song, and tell a more marvellous tale.'"

She stopped, herself as entranced with the words which she had just sent thrillingly into the air, as was Jerome. For the weird words set to more weird music, seemed calling him, to fetch out for these children everything that scientific lore and dramatic artifice together could offer, if he hoped to succeed in adding anything to their present impression of nature's powers to supply super-sensuous needs. He felt as if he were one of a congress assembled to consult over the question—"How to build with the Spirit-substance of which these children seemed but the continents."

Then Ishtar asked,—"What is that more wonderful song? What is that more marvellous tale? I wish I knew just what mother Earth says."

"Perhaps she says, 'knock and it shall be opened unto you,'" he answered. "At any rate we might try. Or—better yet, I know of a key, which, thrust in, would let out,—let's see,—how would you like to have it let out a whole clothes-basket full of—strawberries."

"With straws sticking in every one of them?" whispered Ishtar with rapture too deep for words. Then the memory of Frantze's Munchausenesque tales made her doubt and add:—"But I don't want any *Aladdins?* no Genii nor anything burstful like! Only just let's have at it, the godmother and the moon and stars, and us all; and people coming in from everywhere!"

"Very well, I like that," said Jerome. "But this unlocking business requires four things;—Time, and Personal Services and some kind of a medium-of-exchange and personal credits. We needn't hurry nor worry, but just plan right, and work, watch and discover and then work again. For always then, what we don't understand on Monday, we shall be pretty sure to know by the next Saturday night; and thus be ready for larger enterprises on the next Monday."

"Of course," said Ishtar. "'Cause it's prob'ly knowledge, held temptin' like above our ignorance. Tama thinks so too. Now for the key. Put it right into the lock," she said with as swift expectancy as if she saw it in his pocket.

Luckily Jerome had prepared himself for this divine impatience, which is far more a proof of faith in immanent Power than is the dawdling (so-called) 'patience' heretofore extolled; and which has been therefore cultivated because extolled; and (again) has been therefore needed because it has been cultivated.

"Where is the key? And what is it? Show it to me now," persisted she.

"It is intelligent labor! As to '*where* it is'? Oh, children are potentially full of it! For the vital substance in their veins and brains—if they reverently concentrate attention on the thing to be done—enables them to do perfectly everything which they can imagine clearly! Children and all heavenly places are full of it and always have been! For 'The Teacher,' when he walked this earth said, 'My Father worketh hitherto' (that is, from the beginningless-beginning) 'and

I *work*.' But of course in order to be able to understand how to work as the Great Worker works, every one must just develop his own inmost and utmost intelligence! And of course we must just concentrate all our power on the matter in hand."

"What is concentrate?"

"It is just what people commonly seem to know how not to do! In fact, they don't know *what* to concentrate; so we get a lot of bungling blunders instead of Intelligent Labor or teaching."

"Is the key lost? Oh, don't say so. Come, let us do the best we can!" said Ishtar, taking Jerome's hand encouragingly. "Put the key in this minute, and we will make a start. Then we will call and have people come in from everywhere."

"Very well," said Jerome. "But everywhere includes a long way off as well as near at hand. If we were on a summit of a mountain in Switzerland we would send out a *yodle* across to people on other mountain tops. Well, in a sense we are! Let's call this spot, the mountain-top of true vision! For I *could* send out a call from here and see if some other mountaineer who also has a vision of intelligent work, may happen to hear and answer the call."

Then the *yodle* of the Tyrolese, rang fairly over and through the town.

"They ought to hear that everywhere," said Mr. Konnyngscrown. "But everywhere must include the very spot we stand on, so here goes for another."

Then such a *yodle* rang forth that, behold, as in the magic of the artificial magician who prepares his effects before summoning the Genii, men came winding over the field, approaching from opposite points of a transverse line, two by two, fetching forward ploughs pulled each by two good horses.

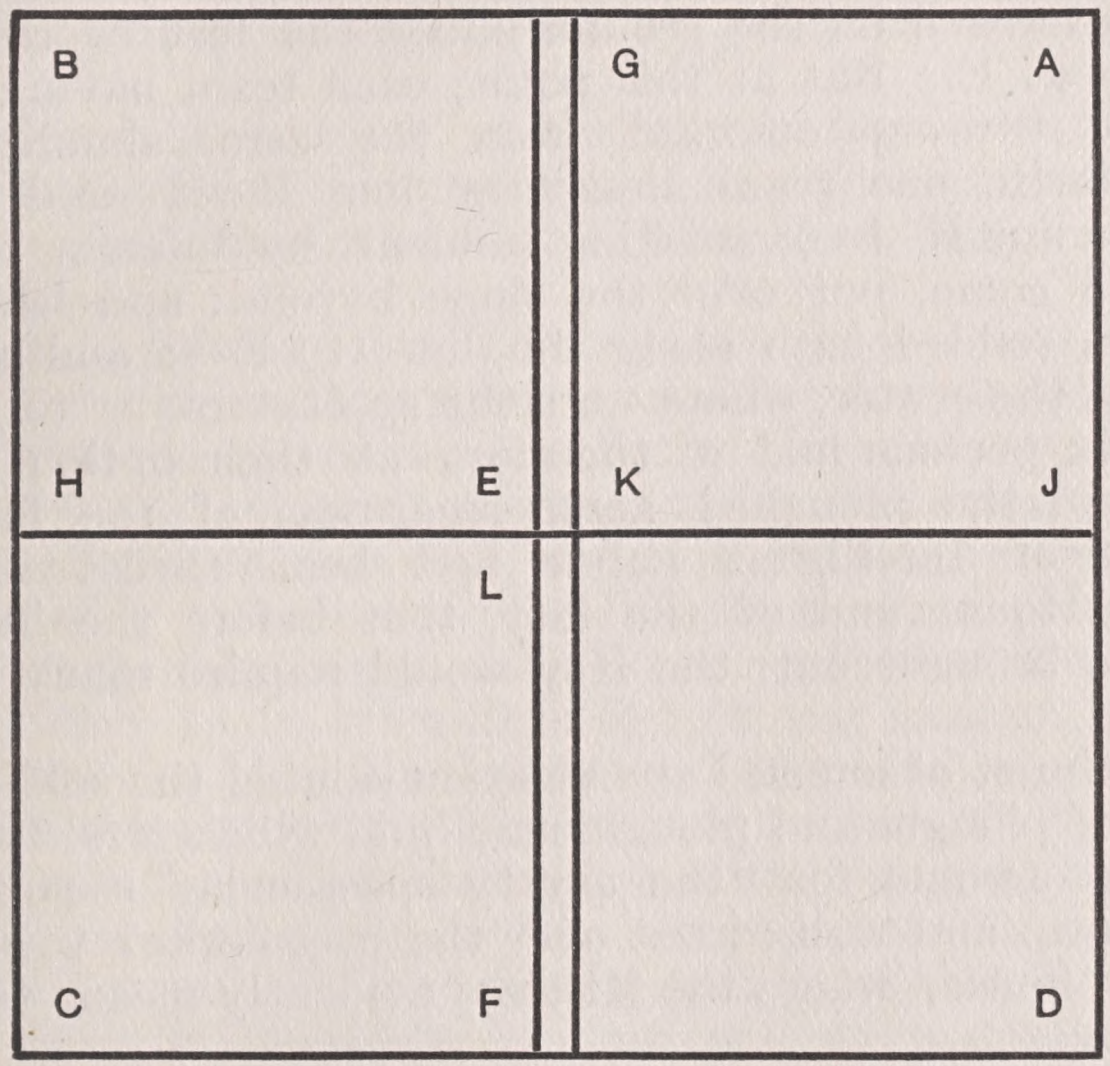
. . . . . .

With military precision they halted, one plough at the point A, and the other at the point C,—just as Mrs. Landseer, with Tama in turbaned array bringing for Lamed, a light chair, approached at the point in the imaginary vertical line G, toward which Mr. Konnyngscrown and the children, standing together at E, faced.

"Behold the key! Advance, Intelligent Labor, and unlock the door to the treasure cities of Pithom," cried this master cheerily. And again the *yodle* sounded forth, and at the last upward launch of its sky-ward note, the plough-share at point A and the plough-share at point C pierced the sods.

Then the horses and men advanced,—one plough-share turning the furrow from A to D, and the other from C to B.

The ploughmen saluting the spectators as they passed at E,



and then, going on to the end of the acre each there reset his plough for cutting the next furrow back; repeating these tactics again and again, till at last, each ploughman in cutting his furrow back, having approached within a few furrows' width of the vertical line G, F, halted there with statuesque effect.

It was a splendid acre, and the furrows which had now been turned, defined the measure of the square. Yet before this had been thus defined, imagination and geometrical calculation had been able to see this, that was now visible, as a yet-to-be part of the whole plain which an hour or so before, all unbroken, had lain there in the sun.

The horses were splendid animals; the holders of the ploughs were splendid men working with the best of hand ploughs and with perfect skill. The two groups of three persons each, standing there at the centre E, had been silent, as they had watched the sight of (not military but) agricultural tactics. So, when the horses, ploughs and men had reached points, at which one plough stood at L, just as the other plough had reached K, they were then so near together that, if they had passed each other again, in the act, they would have had to encroach on the ground under the feet of the group standing at E. But at this point, each team having halted, suddenly turning outward from the acre, simultaneously passed forth, one team along the line E—H—and another along the line K–J—, vanishing suddenly by different routes as they had come, out over the slope beyond: and leaving an unbroken sodded path along the line G—F—; and a sodded square at the center, where were the spectators.

The six persons had it therefore at their option to walk forth from the ploughed acre, regardless of the fact that the Key of Intelligent Labor had been thrust into the Treasure-House and of the fact, that before the Treasures could be brought out, the Key would require many another turn.

An outburst of amused appreciation saluted the soldierly departure of ploughs and ploughmen; 'mid which Mrs. Landseer, thanking Jerome for "the pretty spectacular scene," took Tama's arm and walked out over the greensward toward the 'master's house,' where the Mistress evidently meant to regain seclusion.

In her swift glance there was an honest liking for the work and the workers, but the hold-off effect of her words, were not disguised as she left the scene. That, Konnyngscrown perceived. If he had not, Geraldine's half scowl at him as she strode off close to Mrs. Landseer's side would have sufficiently emphasized the possibility that, for the rest of the play, he and Ishtar were likely to have the Key-turning-business to themselves.

His stride was somewhat lengthened and the pounce of his heel in the sod was emphasized, as with Frantze and Ishtar he went his way out through the other end of the green-path.

"I shall give it another turn: and just as many turns with people coming in from everywhere as there are new Mondays, new days and new ways," said Ishtar, putting her hand into his, and stretching out bravely with her little legs, trying to keep step with the long strides, partly representative of this man's long wrath at that woman. For of all the sorts of women he had ever seen, this woman was to him the most irritating and perplexing specimen. He was muttering unheard, when the grip of the friendly little hand warmed his heart. He clasped it tightly as he glanced back over his shoulder.

The spring had gone out of the proud step of the woman whose sufferings were as intense as her pride seemed to be and whose effort after a well-poised life had been her only transgression.

Tama was supporting her now while Geraldine's face was upraised in devotion to the white one above her, keenly reading there what she recorded as her future law of life.

Konnyngscrown was but tasting the fact that the *toil* with which a social magician and society-builder introduces the conditions of a more beautiful civilization while holding all preparations in abeyance to the dramatic effect of the result, was very likely to be misunderstood by the masses: if, even such a woman as Mrs. Landseer found it in her heart to but call this *tableau vivant*, 'a pretty spectacular scene.'

"To be sure," thought Konnyngscrown, "that was greater approval from her than lavish effusions, would be from a more civil woman!" Besides, he was not doing it for her. He was doing it to please himself, and to practicalize his theories, during the intolerable leisure which was thus made more tolerable. He told himself he wished to set forth graphically, the grace of redemption by work. And now he explained to Ishtar (perhaps as a reminder to himself) that high success is dependent on unfaltering devotion to the ideal! "Because, though you and I, for instance Ishtar, understand the beauty of work without having recourse to the 'pretty spectacular scene' for which Mrs. Landseer so kindly thanked me, yet, it is to be remembered that to the people, who have been deluged in drudgery, (and their parents and grandparents before them,) spectacular effects may convey swift

instruction concerning the real beauty which is in work beautifully done, external or internal.

"It is time to show, that the *dreary* methods of toil belong to a different epoch from this! If we choose, we can all glorify work; that is, we can fill it with glory and buoyancy by taking hold of it with an intelligent grip; empowered as we now are, by the aid of electrical contrivances."

He had further talk with her, which he was more than willing she should repeat to Mrs. Landseer; and this willingness to be reported echoed through his rather stilted words that day: and seemed to Ishtar as beautifully spectacular as the scene had seemed to Mrs. Landseer. But there was not much repeating nor discussing in that household, except what Tama originated. The children had a well grounded conviction that 'Lamed-Ariosto; *Landseer'* (as they now saw her signature appear) had a full view of the lay of the land concerning all purposes, without much bothering over lumbering words.

The next morning, through the house, rang Ishtar's voice, calling "Come Geraldine, come Tama, come all! Let's turn the key in the door of mother Maie's treasure-house! We are to call out,—'Cultivated strawberries!'"

"Oh—Oh—Oh! Hear the prig. You sound like Mr. Konnyngscrown," said Geraldine.

"He's a beautiful sounding man," said Ishtar tranquilly, but with conviction. "Come to the matin hour Geraldine. We are going to our orisons! Work is worship. 'Strawberries, strawberries, fine and perfect of their kind, come forth, come forth'! That is our song to-day."

"It is not a song; it is just common farming," said Geraldine, as one not to be duped. "With overalls and old hats! He isn't any body. He? He is only a little different and talks beautiful sounding words."

"No, no, he thinks intelligently and acts out his thoughts. He thinks, 'let be,' and it is!" said Frantze. "He says we must work with nature, not against her. But it will take lots of work for nearly two years before we get back much on that investment. Besides, Mr. Konnyngscrown says, a few weeks' neglect, now that we have put in the key will but let out a crop of weeds; and everything will look a hundred

times worse than as if we had left things quiet. That's always one of the consequences of undertaking great things instead of doing nothing. I think myself, this pretty green slope looked better than this ploughed land. Besides, strawberries are only twenty or twenty-five cents a box" said Frantze.

"Well, where's your twenty-five cents to get your box?" said Geraldine crisply.

"As for that, if I haven't the twenty-five cents I can go without the berries. So that it comes to the same thing," said Frantze with lazy resignation.

Geraldine had a vague sense that while life might not consist in the abundance of things which a man has or eats, neither did it consist in the multitude of things which he went without; especially if laziness, instead of personal abstemiousness was the cause of his going without. And she covered the ground well enough presently, by saying out of her generous impulses, —"But then, you don't have any to give away."

"All right! For if I can go without them, other people can,"—said Frantze jocosely, striking at the root of the argument used by false economists who would train men to live on a niggardly principle resultant on the stagnation of the abundant use of those joyous personal services which naturally called forth, would set in circulation for the good of the whole race, the various commodities with which Nature's treasure-house teems.

Ishtar looked at the disputants with superb repose, as she said conclusively, "No one should go without any of the things which the Treasure-house does not want in it. Mother Nature loves to 'put forth the guerdon,' which would else be a burden! Don't go without; go within and get it Geraldine! Come, let's get out those strawberries for mother, Geraldine," she added. And away they all went to that acre, which the plough had now christened 'garden': though the garden was but a prospective possibility, subject to the vicissitudes which neglect might fetch on it.

It does not require a very fertile imagination to perceive that there was a stir in the town over the coming of the new man and his new methods, relative to the new activities at the "Master's House."

The swiftness with which the land rental and house build-

ing was carried on and the simplicity with which the transfer of the boy had been accomplished, was a matter of large comment. Whether boys could be befriended without legal procedure, or whether such a portion of an estate could be practically transferred without consulting lawyers by the way, was a thing to speculate upon. Then too, what effect would it have on wages? And where would ordinary, good ploughmen, find themselves if a play-acting sort of a man were allowed to pick out and drill four handsome athletes whose brains concentrated the action of eye and hand, foot and will, as (like prize pitchers in a ball game) they ploughed that field? And what were men with starved down horses to do, if four such glorious Kentuckians as these, with such ploughs and tackle as that outfit showed, were picturesquely to *officiate* over an acre of soil which was richness itself; prepared for a lawn as it had been?

It was said those fellows had been paid something dreadful to contemplate; just doing that easy job dramatically, and looking handsome while they did it. For one reason or another, several persons felt badly aggrieved.

But when the word reached them circuitously from Mr. Konnyngscrown that he was on a summer vacation and was only playing with his old friend's children, the matter seemed a little unmanageable. For it was his own money he was putting into the play, and there were men who played worse games than that with their money, as was generally agreed. Then, too, thought the butchers and grocers and builders, 'if he is opening up a house he will be filling it up with guests; which will make it all right for us.' And the minister said of course he would contribute to the church, and give a lift on the schools; and naturally his guests would do something too. It did not occur to them that this man might have discovered that the increasing *push* of machine-run public-concerns, rather hindered people from attending to their private family business; and increasingly resulted in that neglect of the individual and family development which seemed increasingly to tend to fill insane asylums, criminal courts and hospitals while disintegrating Homes!

Certain it was, Mr. Konnyngscrown was moving forward with the alacrity of one who meant to solve for himself the

problem, 'how to build.' But he well knew, (as another educator has said) The law of all things is continuity; and that there are, and can be, no abrupt beginnings; no rude transitions and no todays not based on yesterdays.

The concentration of his interest in the work before him for the people in hand, made it to him, quite as if he were in a desert, as far as lack of conspicuous interest and association with the people of the town was concerned.

And there was abundant town comment on this fact. For the house was now up, furnished and occupied, and the two men-servants there, (brought from afar by Konnyngscrown) were accustomed to him, his ways and wants: and seemed like two wound-up clocks, which, being fetched and put in place, went on ticking, unobservant of changed location. So well arranged thus far, was Mr. Konnyngscrown's machinery.

. . . . . .

One day Geraldine sprang out on Ishtar exclaiming,—

"Now then Missie! Old Konnyngscrown is a magician; an alchemist. And never, at the peril of your life, do you go into that laboratory again. For I looked in there, quietly one day, and there he stood with a terrible blaze, green, blue, and red, curling up out of a saucer of water. And what do you think he had in it? A large old copper cent! And he was turning it into gold—*gold!* He is an alchemist. He has 'fled to these wilds away from justice'; and he puts you off with goody-goody talk about 'service to the age you live in.'"

"It was not water; it was aqua fortis (a water very strong) and it would burn the skin off an ignorant meddler. So the ignorant must be protected by the wise from meddling with what would hurt, if mismanaged!"

"Pah!"

"And the proof is, that *that* aqua fortis ate right into that copper cent, swallowing up into itself all the copper it could take in. And in the chemicalization—"

"Prig,"

—"the beautiful gases arose, and the fluid then left in the saucer was a solution called copperas."

"But," said Geraldine, "that was not anything. The water was just to throw away. It was done to change that cent

into a twenty-dollar gold piece. That is how he makes his money. That's what he get so rich at doing. He grabs after cents and *uses* them, to turn into twenty-dollar gold pieces! That's a crime. That's use-ury; and I heard him say himself that it was alchemy."

"Oh" answered Ishtar, "when he was showing me how to do it, he said, 'knowledge was a divine alchemy for turning suffering into ease, and sorrow into joy.'"

"Showing you how to do what, make gold?"

"No,—how to take a little of that prepared copperas in water and dip the end of a linen rag in it, and slough off that poor dog's proud flesh, and,—"

"You mean that proud dog's poor flesh! For I saw the horrid thing wagging and lapping your hand, as proud as a turkey cock at coming up to *our* house. And, his flesh was poor enough. Ugh! You've no business inviting such dogs up to the Landseer—"

"That is the Konnyngscrown-house. And the meanest and the finest creature in the world he says, shall be the better for that house. At any rate, after I *swiped* out all the proud flesh he laughed and said, 'Why should mortal flesh be proud?'—then afterwards the poor dog went away proud; but he didn't come proud. But he did, very proudly bring here the next day, just such another poor dog, and that dog belonged to lame old Peter Ramsey. And he said that there was a bright little cripple feller who would be that proud if he could have such treatment as the dogs had got. For,—but I must go away now," said Ishtar suddenly leaving Geraldine, for once, so confused at this complicated use of the word 'proud' that she didn't concern herself as to where Ishtar was going.

The question, "Why should mortal flesh be proud," bewildered her from every point of view. But if she had followed Ishtar and had assisted at her next function as a social healer, the poverty of the proud flesh there would have seemed pathetic.

"It's no use" said the old woman, when Ishtar tried to explain the mission on which Peter Ramsey's words had sent her. "The boy's just dyin' an' it would be a mercy too, poor lad."

"O no, he must not die, there is no good in that. He's not grown yet. His body is not a good servant. It moves slow, but he thinks fast, and—"

"Servant! He's no servant. He's me own little sister's child" (with untold tenderness she said it). "Shure I'd not be grindin' down that bit of a spalpeen."

"I mean that body—"

"He's not dead thin, that you should be callin' him a body!" exclaimed the proud old woman angrily. "You're the little Landseer girrul now ain't yer? You're a foine family, but moighty quare, some how! I do be wonderin' at ye comin' inter a person's house an' callin' the boy 'a body' 'cause he's that pale."

"Granny, she means roight, deed she does" said the boy. "It's a poor servant me body is. I'd rather be a corpse wid a wake over me then to stay in this body another year. So the little Landseer is wise enough in sayin' that."

"How old are you?" said Ishtar mystified.

"Eighteen years old. You may well be astonished; I have been worse than dead always, wid me helpless legs a'swingin' in the sun, an' with brawny fellows lookin' at me as they pass." Then with burning eyes fixed on her he whispered horribly,—"What did God do it to me *for?*"

With bated breath she halted. She had never seen disease till she saw the first neglected dog—then the other, and old Peter, and now this unsightly object. And this one wanted to know, "*What* God did it *for?*"

The condition and the question were out of the range of her knowledge, wise little nine year older though now she was. So, with a swift turn to the practical point of his present desires she said, all-motherly, "What is it that you want to do, Honey? I will gladly do it for you—or find a way for you to do it."

The tears, burning before near the surface of his eyes, welled over at the tone.

"No, no, it is not for the likes of you to do it. Look ye! I am born to do it; yet I am born so that I cannot do it. Yet I am born just right for doing it."

"Hoot, toot! Are ye crazy child? Talk sinse or they'll say that yer mind is worse than yer body."

"Then Granny they'll be fools for sayin' it. *Phwat* wou.d I be at all if I didn't think? *Phwat* else is left of me? Let the fellows beglorify themselves with their fine big bodies; but there's more of me than of them. For I'm reading and thinking all the days long. An' it's some of yer father's books little Landseer, that set me to see that I'm born just right for doin' what I can't yet git about to git done. If I'd had money I'd—"

"Hoots" cried the old woman. Then in Celtic she muttered angry threats about beggin' o' bad English blood; and he answered angrily in the same language, while Ishtar interposed—

"Peter Ramsey said he wouldn't take twenty dollars for his well leg. Let Mr. Konnyngscrown come and see you. He cured two dogs, and—"

"Hear that Granny!—she thinks he could cure another mangy cur; and"—

Again Ishtar interrupted gravely,—"And John, what you are born just right for doing you will certainly find a way to do." And with luminous eyes she added—"Did *my Landseer* lend you the books you love?"

"My Landseer" was a peculiar soubriquet in the mouth of the little daughter; and the old woman murmured, "It is proud flesh through and through."

"Oh, if it is proud flesh," said Ishtar, "it can be washed with strong waters and become as the flesh of a little child! Come John, Landseer has not forgotten you. He chooses you now for the cause. It says at the entrance to the Master's House you know, 'The workmen change, but the work goes on.' You are to be one of us. You shall have more books and—and have Mr. Jerome."

"I shall have more books, and Mr. Jerome," said John gazing after her. "She's the master's own image: and yet—She was a wee bit babe, in that great Tama's arms, when Peter took me to see the pictures of Stonehenge: and Landseer lecturing to us gawks on ancient Druidical works and civilizations. He was a good man and a useful. Granny, she says I'll be well! What will I be gettin' then for a leg-stiffener: and I wid bones no better than a jelly-fish.'

When John Elton with the needs of an almost frenzied soul fettered in a pain-racked body had asked Ishtar why God had made him as he was, he had poured into her soul wrath at the woes which had accumulated in the children of peasant mothers who had borne what could not be braved.

As an outcome of her questions concerning sufferings, she had hunted up accounts of the 'Peasants' war,' which Zschokke calls 'the terrible scream of oppressed Humanity:' and intuitively she had concluded that John had descended from the peasants whom (Konnyngscrown had told her) lived in times when Barons and Lords made havoc of righteous order among the daughters and brides of peasantry. Which last sentence, Tama had explained by saying, "Of course, unhappy mothers, have sick, deformed children."

In her further readings she came on the account of 'The League of Poor Conrad'—and her nimble mind, remembering Tama's words concerning 'The Heaven and Earth-League' of Chinese Spiritual-Philosophy asked, why THIS 'league' did not band in with the 'League of Poor Conrad,' and keep all such sorrowing ones from 'being crushed back with no abatement of grievances'?

And out of all this study and search, she asked at last, "WHO is that God who made John a mangy cur?"—to the astonishment of Konnyngscrown, who had not been privy to the rest of this research into the *cause* of the Miseries of Life.

And Konnyngscrown, risking all for Truth said, "It could not have been the 'very God.' I think it must have been the thing of which St. Paul spoke when he said of greedy-men 'their god is their stomach' which means everything gluttonous, in short, not Brain and Spirit."

"But—but nothing to do with Mother Maie" said Ishtar in eager questionings.

"Nothing," said Jerome. "For Maie, Eve, Madonna (call divine Motherhood what you choose) is Wisdom: and 'her paths are peace: and her ways are Pleasantness.'"

Just then a burly frog whose head was just a support for a mouth gashed across it and for a pair of goggle-eyes that seemed gazing abroad for something more to consume on itself, tumbled across the path! "There," said Jerome, "that

is an image of the kind of thing, which Paul says is worshipped by some, who fill the world with disease and miserable children. For bull froggery makes Mothers who have to obey, regardless of Reason or Right." To her next question: he halted before answering:— then said, "One way and another, no one very well knows *how* the matter got to be so bad or how to make it better. They say the coming little-Mother has now the work of setting things straight if she can find out how to do it, comfortably all round." Then, as if to turn it over to her full consideration he said, "There seems to be some misunderstanding. For Chrysostom (called, 'the silver-tongued-Chrysostom') spoke of woman as 'a necessary-evil'—'natural Temptation' 'a desirable Calamity'—'a deadly fascination' 'a painted ill.' He also called her (this silver tongued-man) 'a noxious animal' and 'the mouth of Hell.'"

At every turn Ishtar had drawn back till at the last, far apart from the speaker, with color surging again into her face, she sprang to him, exclaiming, "'Tis HATE of this beast-brutery that stiffens my Mother so pale: and roars fights into Geraldine": looking everywhere for a deliverer: then catching herself back, covering her eyes, she cried: "Where then was Maie, Minerva, Athene and all the Mother-genii? Why *did* they not send Serpents to eat the Froggy-things?"

'That, in a way, was just what they did do. The Serpentine-power of Wisdom, then as now, was at strife with Froggy-fashions. The Classics were full of stories of this strife, plain enough to those who can read as they run. The strife has always existed. Athene Minerva was in it."

With a sob of intense relief Ishtar gazed at the statue of that Goddess which stood near the house entrance, staff in hand: the sphynx-surmounted helmet on her head, and at her feet, the Serpent whose length encompassingly coiled about the steps already trod: as he raised jewelled-eyes to hers through whose fingers Jerome had passed a golden cord on which balanced the 'Compasses and the Square,' while above, descended a golden-eagle: bearing in his beak, the American Water-lily.

Involuntarily Ishtar kissed the sandalled feet with that devotion to the Ideal which controlled women of the Achaian

Republic and, that Egypt where at Sais, stood the veiled Isis, on whose pedestal is the legend:—"*I am all that is.*" And with clasped hands Ishtar exclaimed, "Tell me! Tell me! *How* did Athene help men! I will do so too."

And Jerome, plunging in, now that he had begun, said cheerily, "Homer tells us, 'she fed Achilles with Ambrosia!' And when Menelaus was having a very hard fight with Hector, he called out to her for help, and 'she was *glad* that he prayed to her first.' And she gave him strength in his shoulders and in his limbs: and she gave him courage—of what animal do you suppose?

"I am quoting from Ruskin" said Jerome, "who speaking of this said, 'Had it been Neptune or Mars, they would have given him the courage of a BULL or a lion. But Athene gave him the courage of the most fearless in-attack of all creatures: small or great. And very small it is: but incapable of terror. She gave him the courage of a Fly.'"

"A fly?" repeated Ishtar. "Well, I know myself that you can hardly frighten them away, when they are in good earnest."

"Hear what Ruskin says about it in 'The Queen of the Air.' He says, 'recent Science shows that a fly is a minute symbol of Athene's power: proving that the flight and breath are co-ordinated: and that its wings are actually the forcing-pumps whose strokes compel thoracic respiration: so that it breathes and flies simultaneously by the action of the same muscles: and therefore can breathe the more vigorously the faster it flies. While says Omerod, in his Natural history of wasps, the air vessels supplied by many pairs of lungs instead of one pair, traverse the organs of flight in far greater number than do the capillary blood-vessels of our system; and give enormous, untiring muscular activity: and a rapidity of action measured by thousands of strokes in a minute: and gives an ENDURANCE measured by miles and hours of flight.' Think of that, Ishtar. What an outfit for a fighter, is such courage, endurance and speed-of-blow as that? whether against mortal or Immortal foes. There is a subtile kind of fighting that man has to do in these days! And for it, they need Athene's gift of 'courage like a fly.'

"Hers was not the gift of brute-muscular strength: but of

the strength which befits the Temple-of-the-Spirit of Breath: which, of old, stood opposite the Mount of Justice."

"Is she alive still?" cried the little maid, with hand pressed to heart in adoration.

"She is (as much as ever she was) 'Queen of the Air,'" said Konnyngscrown, "and the make-up of the fly's mechanism is a symbol of hers—and, perhaps, of yours!"

"Oh come then! Let's have people come in from everywhere; and put in the Key of Intelligent Labor; and we will give them *courage* to *work*, which is a 'fight for bread.' I heard a man say so."

"They are coming right along," said Jerome, as through the door came the words, "The boy couldn't sleep the night: for thinking of what the little Landseer said. He wants ter know why God made him lame?" said Peter, advancing with the little cripple in his hard rolling cart: just as the ubiquitous frog tumbled across the path adorning the tale which Konnyngscrown at once told, while Ishtar went for a chair for the shrivelled form.

"The nerve-substance is lacking in your brain and brawn, John: so much so that, if, in your last incarnation, you had not gotten tired of your old destructive ways, and had not gotten very sick of them—you would not in this incarnation have gained admittance to the heart of the fine little mother, who consented to bear you! Whatever *has* been in the *past*—you were this time born with aspirations for better things. Now then, remember what David said, when he cried out, 'He restoreth my soul. My cup runneth over!' There's the science of it. When your cup of brain-substance is full: keep it there: and then it will run over like the oil on Aaron's beard, and permeate every nerve of your being.' So that if you *think* wise and righteous-THOUGHTS all the time, your thinking-processes (sometimes better called 'prayers') will build you up to be as fine as the *Thoughts* are."

Then taking John up in his arms, he carried him to the strawberry-plot, to more fully talk to him of the matter.

The Acre, divided into fourths, had three fourths been given to Ishtar, Frantze and Geraldine; while the last portion was called 'the mother's garden.' But the mother had not cared for too great familiarity with this business: and her inat-

tention to it had decided Geraldine against the affair. While Frantze, who had many concerns pressing on his attention in these days, still objected to working so hard for what 'only cost' this sum or that.

"A few more days and these fruit growths will be swamped in weeds," said Konnyngscrown, pointing toward a portion of the ground.

"You let my pig-weed alone Ishtar," said Geraldine. "It is my garden: and if I choose, I can pull up the berries and make way for the weeds. See here!" and she began trampling most viciously through the vines.

"Oh! little Miss!" said Peter with a gardener's tenderness for plants.

"They are hers," said Jerome.

"But surely not to destroy," said the gardener.

"To do with as she will," was the answer.

Then when no one interfered, Geraldine, fancying Konnyngscrown expected her to emphasize some theory, halted with head thrown back, looking out under long lashes nearly laid down over her eyes with a bewildering smile, impossible to describe.

He threw out his hands, staggered and fell.

The gardener and Frantze helped Jerome away: and as John, sitting in his chair heard Geraldine say, "What made him drop? What's the matter with you all?" he answered, "You are the matter,"—getting from the vanishing Ishtar the words, "No one speaks so to my sister: Geraldine Ariosto-Rhoensteine Landseer!"—as hand in hand with her, they left John, where lessons had come upon him, thick and fast.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ORDINATING OF SOME KINDS OF VALUE.

THE next year it was announced that Ishtar had cleared $225. from the berries grown on her portion of ground, over and above the wages of the berry-pickers and the cost of crates and baskets etc.

Geraldine did her best to find cause of discontent: but it was impossible to forget that over two years (about a fourth of Ishtar's life) had been given to the work.

The first year Konnyngscrown and she (Ishtar would have told you,) had had absolute regard to the requirements of the vines: and, not allowing a berry to mature, no strength had been dissipated in premature growths nor had weeds drained from the earth life-forces that could have been appropriated by the expected strawberry. Yet the fact remained that with Geraldine's neglected garden close to Ishtar's, the weeds therefrom had been exhaustive. And though, when she had expressed her wish to to 'take care of Geraldine's garden also,' she had been warned, that Law, as it rules over neighboring properties would count it intrusion for her to meddle with anything except what fell over the line, yet she pulled up weeds, saying, she did it to protect her own garden. And though she thus secured to Geraldine a row of developed fruit, still Jerome told her again, it would be considered a legal trespass on the land of another. And to her surprise that Law should be allowed to prevent one person from *doing good* to another, she was told, that the right of persons to use private judgment concerning private affairs is (according to the American constitution) inherent in the individual: but that the attainment of Individuality was a matter on which much hinged: awakening her question, "Have

I attained it?" To which Jerome answered, "That is for you to prove."

Then Geraldine, as one who would finish the discussion, came to the front, saying, "I *am* an individual. And I choose to *not have* strawberries." And precipitating what followed, Ishtar said very slowly and fierily:

"*I* choose to *have* strawberries! *I* should *like* to choose to own your land all away from you: so as to have a great many *more* strawberries," invoking Geraldine's reply, "But I might choose to own all yours away from you, so as to tear up your *berries* and plant *my* pigweed there instead," antagonistically directing her words toward Konnyngscrown as toward one, who was setting up a régime where only her Mother was to reign. And he, with a look at her of which he was not fully conscious, said,

"*But* the Arbiter of conditions appears to have chosen that while little persons are young and are getting on to grow wiser, they are not owners of land! Those who are supposed to be wiser, own and control it until little girls are eighteen years old and boys, are twenty-one. By that time, they average to have found out that 'choosing land away' from others, does not settle the case. But that this has to be settled by 'mutual agreement' and a legal transfer, made because of 'Value received.'"

Naturally enough the introduction of this antagonistic strain, greatly invigorated and intensified the interest of the search into the affair. As was evident by the new poise of Ishtar's head and the darkening of her eyes, as she asked,

"Did my mother receive value for transferring that land to me?"

Then came out the fact that it had not been transferred, might never be—but that the use of it permitted to her, had resulted in her receiving from it a value roughly estimated at the $225 gold dollars which Jerome had taken care to have handsomely piled up, illustrative of the consummation of one step in this '*kinder*' and strawberry gardening.

These pretty piles of little gold affairs, he called 'tokens' of the rough estimate of values received from Ishtar's two years' work; and went on to show that, beside this, her work had helped her helpers to receive similar tokens of the

other kind of value (called labor) which they had given her; without which she would have found it as difficult to have gotten her share of gold dollars, as would the basket and crate-makers to have gotten their share for making those baskets and crates, the receiving of which from them had helped her to nicely get her berries away to market.

"Yes! Yes!" said Ishtar, "and then, too, there were the wagon men and car men who gave me values and got in return, some money tokens! How nice it is to farm! We have such good times giving each other values. 'For values received' I *love* to pay."

"Hear her brag!" ejaculated Geraldine amazed at the outlook; adding, "But the land was not yours! So what right had you to pull strawberries out of my mother's land? And what are you going to do with all those dollars that you got out of my mother's land?"

"The dollars did not come out of the land; they came out of the United States mint; and miners got the gold to make them, out of the mines. Nothing but strawberries came out of the land. They are mine, though we all helped put them in and only *coaxed* them to come out we did not pull!"

"That is so" said Frantze. "The strawberries were new values *received* from Nature's treasure-house. Ishtar coaxed them out and circulated the business results of doing it. You and I, Geraldine, left them in and have circulated nothing."

Ishtar following the idea, ejaculated, "So many persons seem to be in it. I see, I only just barely and recently did a share and got a share. But who began it? I guess those plough-men began it when they ploughed that day so *hand-some!* long ago! No: it was not they; for some one first must have made the ploughs and harnesses; yes, and besides, somebody made the little plants grow and brought us those 'values'; for we could not have started a garden without them. I wonder if all the helpers have had their share, and who began it. Of course, it was the Great Worker, that 'worketh hitherto to will and to do of his good pleasure'; through every person and every-thing, helped some to make possible these strawberries, and these pretty gold affairs which I can now give in exchange for anything that anybody else chooses to give me in exchange for them."

"Who told you all that?" said Geraldine.

"Good Jerome," said Ishtar, "and besides, it's common sense; and mother says so and I say so. For value received I *love* to *pay*, but, I do not know that I have paid every one yet. Who began it?"

"Konnyngscrown thought it and planned it, and came way over from England and Germany to help fix it," said Frantze.

"No," said Geraldine, "Adam first thought it long, *long* ago."

"No," said Ishtar, "the Being who thought to make Adam, must have began it."

"Of course!" said Geraldine, looking victoriously at Jerome as at one, vanquished.

"Why are you so ugly to Konnyngscrown?" whispered the lad.

"Well, why does he look at me then in that tone" she muttered.

Frantze himself wondering, as he had often before, answered nothing, and Geraldine turning to Ishtar said:—

"What are you going to do with the money that you got for the strawberries which you and Adam and all those, got out of my mother's land?"

"It is taxes already! And those taxes were owed two months, and once there was a person who owed taxes, and other persons came and took away the house for values which the man that owned the house had received but had not paid for."

This climaxed it. For Geraldine never had forgotten the time when her mother had said, 'we are beggars,' and that beggars were things like them, hiding away to starve, and had asked her what she was going to do about it? The time when she had answered she was going to make them all great. She now saw she had not seized on the relation of this charming garden play to certain conditions which must be met in order to keep the Landseer family from being so small as to leave taxes unpaid; and so small, as to fail of freely giving back their share to keep up streets, schools and public health conditions for all concerned; especially (as her mother had recently said) for those who had not 'to their credit that accumulated faculty of skill, health and

energy, which is the *real* wealth of those who are inherently wealthy.'

This statement had brought them all to regard the accumulation of skilled-health and energy as the *wealth* which may be called 'personal-credits' in that it sets those who are possessors of that accumulation far above the reach of that carking care concerning little misadventures; the guarding against which, torments less truly self-composed wayfarers.

Geraldine accepted this as explanatory of the qualities and possessions inherent to the Landseers! But it did not divert her mind from the perplexities which '*that person*' (namely Konnyngscrown) cost her. "He acts as if he belonged here. Besides, think how he *fainted* that day? Of course, he has something to do with *trouble*," she whispered to Frantze. But she got no help from him or elsewhere. As a result, she settled her mind to doing as she chose, without consulting others.

Meanwhile Ishtar learned several facts concerning what seemed to her to be poverty of an easily removable sort. The motto carved in the lintel of the spacious entrance door, 'We ask nothing of society but to serve it' had assumptively related the house and her, as she thought, to general social usefulness; and to the particular fact, that there were several practically unoccupied rooms in that house.

For the last two years her plans had all been carried out by the assistance of her mother and Mr. Konnyngscrown. True, they did not work together, but she worked with each of them, and each of them, with her, as she acutely discovered. Now she stated to Konnyngscrown her plan of having Janet and another little berry picker and weeder, come and live at her house; so as to be on hand for help, "and so as to share 'the value' of *you*, Jerome dear; and of our library, and, our beautiful talks, and sunsets!

"For I tell you, if nobody is going to take care of the rest of the garden, I will take it over and begin fixing it for the autumn, so as to exchange four times as much value for four times as many helpers. And I will ask the gold mines, and United States mint-men to make me four times as many of those pretty dollars for my use next year. It would be better for Janet to live right by me, where she can read what it says

on the lintel of our 'Master's House,' and get used to it. I shall ask them to come today and begin."

Then Jerome had to remind her that she had no house, and that it was chiefly the privilege of those who, by their own exertions got the wherewithal to help others, to do so. But that even then, the question how to do it permanently, was not easily settled. Then he added to the facts which she already knew concerning the debit items, several other facts which brought her to see that, when she had paid out $125 for taxes, that then, the added cost of dressing, ploughing and planting the land and the interest on the money invested had caused, what she had supposed to be 'a balance on the credit side of the equation,' to dwindle beyond reckoning; showing her that, with the best of intentions it was not feasible to take on unmeasured expenses, before one had become self-supporting.

Yet even amid the sudden arrest of the enlargement of her ventures, the effect of paying out of her earnings the $125. for taxes was, to produce in her a keen sense of her relations to those whom she now held responsible for good civic government; causing her as she walked, to inspect the conditions of streets, sidewalks, firemen and of the police.

Finally as she could not remove Janet from her mother's uncomfortable home into Mrs. Landseer's more comfortable one, she called at the Selectmen's office to explain that Janet was her most faithful berry picker, and that as children took after their parents, she was almost sure that Janet's father was a man who would work well if the selectmen would give him work to do on the roads; and urged, that she wanted the father of her faithful Janet to do it so it would not come undone, in order that her next year's taxes should go toward fixing up roads and sewers over in 'Ireland-town.' Because if sick people kept poor, she wished to help make them rich by getting them well, and was sure they would be well quicker if the place were healthier. And further she urged that the people over there might use the unoccupied lands near their houses so that they could do as well with that land as she had done with her mother's land. The man laughing, replied, 'it costs too much to begin.' They would probably only make a mess of it. And when she told Jerome, he answered that

some people did not need land as much as enterprise. "There is garden room there now," said he. "Janet's brother John is sixteen years old. He thinks he cannot get work. You might lend him a spade for a season, *lend* it to him—and lend Janet some strawberry plants; *lend* them to her and see if they will sell their Time to themselves this season; and see if they will return the spade and plants after working at their land two years. Try and see what they will put into it and get out of it."

"I will," said Ishtar.

"But you will find it a tangle!" said Jerome. "Habit is a master. It is probable they will get discouraged, and that other children, dogs, cats and ravagers generally, will be too much for the courage of the would-be gardeners. But try it, for if you find a family there who can manage themselves in that community, you will find a style of helpers with grit and quality enough to trust later on, when you attempt co-operatively to home persons with you *en famille*. For that is a tremendous risk. Encroachment and a destructive form of selfishness, averages to be the returns measured out to the generous soul who attempts anything like that. Let them begin it then on their own ground and among their own set; and those who can accomplish anything there will be fit to trust where otherwise, the sight of *unprotected plenty* comes near crazing the covetous, into theft.

"Yes, it sounds hard Ishtar, but it is fact. Therefore when people do not do their duty to the soil, it seems better on general principles and for the best public good, that the land should fall into the hands of more *creditable* persons. That is, persons who latently possess the accumulative-faculty incident to a pre-existent practice of pure energy and persistence. Land usually does so fall; for the poverty of the poor, as your mother so critically says, is frequently their poorness of blood, brain and general constituency."

"My mother is right" said Ishtar. "But are the Landseers doing duty by this place?"

"A business man might say it did not pay for investment."

"What are investments?"

This, Jerome went on to answer; counting up ordinary items as reckoned in the money market, and then he added,—

"But there is here invested and is here at stake, one thing which some business men might forget to state; that is, all the happiness which your mother gets out of life. Her happiness is staked on the retaining and increasing of a specifically creative home for you all. And I think, is staked on a creditable carrying out of the motto carved over the lintel of the door."

"I guess no one would better touch my mother's property!" said Geraldine, white to the lips.

"Mr. Konnyngscrown will fix it for us," said Frantze comfortingly.

"Oh!" gasped Ishtar, "I thought I was going to tell everyone to come right in and engage with us to do wonders. What has happened to my brightness? Now I haven't any earth, and Janet has none. My Intelligence and Will got out of the earth $225 worth of value, and Frantze's intelligence and will left in his share, and so did Geraldine leave in hers, and my mother left in her share. But it is my mother's land, and I have none, and Janet has none, and the gladness is all gone. Is it not every one's duty that the soil should be tilled?"

"Some persons think so," said Jerome.

"Well, my mother won't till it, and these children won't, and Janet's father won't till his little piece, so I think it is for the public good that this land should fall. I would catch it gladly."

"That's what the world is pretty generally coming to think," said Jerome, charmed at her ratiocinations.

"If your mother chooses, you can pay her $24 a year for the rent of that quarter of an acre; and then have the profit of all you clear above your further investments."

"I would rather buy the whole acre for $300. I love land."

"It's vulgar to be moneying all the time," said Geraldine.

Nevertheless she watched with keen appreciation the result of the outworking of the principle of meum et tuum as applied to the relations of civilians; among whom Konnyngscrown reckoned Ishtar.

In the end, for her encouragement, a bill of sale of that acre was made out, transferring it to Ishtar for value received;

which value was in part the balance left over on that year's money transactions.

With amiable readiness the little girl let Mr. Konnyngscrown remit whatever balance might be due him, saying, "Because that will help me the sooner to help Janet; so that she can *hire* the little piece of land next her house and do, with her brother's help, as well as we did here last year."

It was interesting to see, how land-owning, that "firmest of social bonds," that most "potent of patriotic inspirations," laid hold on Ishtar. She felt wonderfully strengthened in her social relations when she found herself a land-holder. But in discussing the way to save the many children for whom this child now felt distinctively responsible, Ishtar said,—with passionate energy,—"If I were the All-Power, I'd make people choose right and not let them ruin their children so."

"Would you? To *make* them choose right would be to take all choice away from them! And to take choice away, would be to turn them into machines. It would not create them 'self-creators.' The constant exercise of choice makes character. Strength of Will comes from battling against everything which hinders one from carrying out the dictates of wisdom. It costs much every way to grow a soul. Its roots must be deep and far extended if its boughs are to be lofty, broad and beneficent. The tree of soul-life is like the elm tree which we had such work in uprooting when we put up this house on the spot where it stood,—and which, was as wholesome in its unseen depths as it was in its grand out-spreading visibility.''

. . . . . .

About this time Geraldine fell very ill with the wear and tear of her misoccupied nature. All the family, she, excepted, had defined purposes to fulfill. Mrs. Landseer's long nights were now blessed with holy sleep and her industrious days with swiftly carried out mental inspirations. There was however that about Geraldine's future which caused Mrs. Landseer to look at the child in the way which kept alert and alarmed her curiosity. This, added to the difference between Konnyngscrown's carriage toward her and toward Ishtar, as they companioned together, tended increasingly to isolate

Geraldine. Besides, Frantze had been away with Jerome on a trip connected with his taking the 'degree' of Louveteau; and that had privately stirred up Geraldine to stand alone, as if against others. For she had hunted up the word "Louveteau," in a French dictionary, discovering thus that it meant 'young wolf.' Which discovery reminded her of a ghastly Hartze-Mountain story, in which a were-wolf * figured, part of the time as man, and part of the time as a wolf whose agonies in struggling back to man-form and man-mind (after nights spent in wolfish fury and ravage) filled her with excruciating pity for Frantze; whom she imagined was now called upon to endure like wolfish experiences as he went through these metamorphic changes.

She read and reread the vivid story; understanding it so far as to agonize over it to the point of feeling that she must find some way to bear with Frantze his sufferings, as well as to share with him the honors of the attainment of what would (she was sure), result in making him to be more than man.

She realized that a marked change had passed over Frantze; big-brained, nerve-strained and rapidly ageing boy as he was now becoming. The impress made on him was one which aroused Geraldine, setting her eyes aflame with horror and ambition to participate in the spirit of self-sacrifice which, in very truth had been lighted in Frantze's being, never to be extinguished.

With head well set back on her handsome young shoulders, she became self-poised and antagonistic in appearance till with sudden outburst of caresses and hysterical outcries of heart-hunger, she flung herself into the arms of busy Tama, or poured out to Mrs. Landseer, unintelligible alarms, concerning which, when questioned, she could explain nothing. Disturbed and distressed as Mrs. Landseer was at this state of things, she yet had to leave the child (much as she herself had been left) to struggle through these mental growths and distresses while she read, and re-read books, like Bulwer's "Zanoni," and "A Very Strange Story"; and the stories in the World's Bibles portraying as they did, conflicts between outer and inner realms of character—such as those which the oft-

* A man turned into a wolf. "There be some that eat children and men; and eat none other flesh from the time that they be a' charmed with human flesh." M. S. Bodli 564.

quoted "Glyndon" passed through: stories of occult development, which had made so large a part of the Landseer children's tragedy plays, and were so large a part of their mental entertainment and pabulum.

To this transitional, brain-racking stress and strain, Konnyngscrown's propinquity contributed. For by this time, his every thought of Geraldine identified her with the very presence of a woman whose life had helped to make his a tragedy, as his life, had, hers. He thought he saw in Mrs. Landseer's manner toward Geraldine, that which was peculiar enough to warrant almost any conclusion relative to their relationship.

Geraldine had some hint of his thought about the matter, and she knew that he had questioned Tama about the date of her birth, but did not know that it was the same as that of the child for whom he was looking. To Geraldine it was enough that there were mysteries in the air; for she understood that these, were held temptingly above our ignorance for solution by our wits. Meanwhile Konnyngscrown was clinging to the fact that Lamed's old philosophy of a 'reasonable Christian service' included such a use of inherent power as actually results in converting a passional-man into a rational man: and, in due time, in refining these firmly-fashioned rational-faculties to that spiritized-quality of perception and reception, that makes a thus 'refined' being, really to be at-one-with-divine-power!

He doubted if all that greatly advanced attainment had yet been realized in that house: seeing there had been more children born than there were now living. And for his part, he considered the birthing of children for burial, should have had no part in the Ariosto-philosophy. He was becoming greatly irritated. Mrs. Landseer's excessive seclusion gave him to feel that Archibald's loss might have been very, very bitter to her. Yet, the never ceased-smart of that stroke across his brow, had (like the sword-stroke of a sovereign on a kneeling knight) now united him in a fealty to the giver of it; burdening him interiorly with ties, stronger than uttered vows always hint at. Ties, which among other things burdened him with a necessity to relieve his mind, by telling her that that stroke had but struck him up a road which he had

liked the better for being able to travel it without taking woman into consideration as an element of daily existence.

Yet at times he had fairly longed to punish her for striking him as he had kneeled.

But what could he do? He knew he before her serenity was but as an agent whom Free Masons in their fraternal way, had sent to do his best in the family of a deceased brother: where, also, was a young ward of their order. An agent, for whose help he believed Madame was and would be grateful if but he did not intrude on her need for isolation. That it was a real 'need' he believed. For he remembered his mother's nature. But seeing he was really helpful to the Lady of the House, why should his occasional attempted-presence be so rebuffed and he, banished to the necessity of dealing with matters by using Tama as a medium of communication with 'the Madame'?

He prodded the earth with his stick as he went bowling across the field: thinking of the time when he went up to London as new to the *discussion* of high philosophies as he was to the discussion (much less the practice) of the brutalisms stated in Bailey's '*Festus*': which taught that 'the safety of the higher passions lay in the exhaustion of the lower.' A philosophy of Life which (so his great Mother had taught him) resulted in diabolizing—instead of divinitizing—one's nature and the nature of one's progeny.

Glancing over the stretches of high land and the vales below, with his eyes coming back to the 'Master's House,' a stanza of Browning's 'Pauline' laid hold on him! And he told himself, if ever he should again converse with Lamed Ariosto-Rhoensteine-Landseer, as friend with friend, it would not be *his* lot to say of any part of his life,

> 'I had been spared this shame had I sat
> 'By thee forever from the first, in place
> 'Of my wild dreams of beauty and of good;
> 'Or with them, as an earnest of their truth.
> 'No thought nor hope having been shut from thee,
> 'No vague wish unexplained, no wandering aim
> 'Sent back to bind on fancy's wings and seek
> 'Some strange, fair world where it might be law.
> 'But doubting nothing, had been led by *thee*
> 'Through youth, and saved, as one at length awaked,
> 'Who has slept through a peril. Ah!
> Vain, Vain!'

Then he wondered if Mrs. Landseer's mind could have become stultified, as so many minds by misery do become. Was it that she, but in *youth* had been:—

> 'Full of those dreams which vainly grand
> 'Haunt the young mind. Proud visions of mankind
> 'Of men to gods exalted and refined,'

and did she now but consider them to be

> '*False* views like that horizon's vain deceit,
> 'Where heaven and earth alas! but seem to meet?'

He had not thought the mortal man lived who could have turned the Ariosto-Rhoensteine Prophetess, into a mere patcher of family clothes; when society at large needed so much more valuable patching. Or was it that while she patched she was intelligently wishing-forward that now adjustable conflict; the rights and wrongs of which had filled with romanticism the blood of both sides of her family, when, as Guelph in Germanic Confederations, and as Ghibelline in Verona they had of old, met—hand to hand and brain to brain—to fight it out? For if Browning was right, the fight was over 'two principles which each lives fitly, by its representative.'

Bored and restless, with hurrying steps Konnyngscrown wondered what he had come to this dull town *for*. Then he told himself the dullness was the best part of it. Because he would have sought stillness somewhere in any case; quoting,—

> ' . . . . . naught
> 'But the still life that I led apart once more,
> 'Which left me free to seek soul's delights,
> 'Could e'er have brought me thus far back to peace."

Then he said to himself,

"It is for the sake of children of two brother masons that I came here. Mrs. Landseer is right. With them, my business begins and ends. The need of the world at this human crisis is my only concern."

Yet as he neared the end of the house he became again angered at the treatment he was getting; and, with a thud of his stick, he ejaculated, "Blessed be a Good Forget!" which the needle-swinger, over his head, heard: and, thinking 'No

form of forget can be blessed'—looked full into the eyes which at that moment he raised upward.

And he? He felt as if she purposely had taken him at a disadvantage and, waiting in ambush, had stolen a chance to look into his soul. And there came over him a frenzied dread of the help he needed. Help (which he knew or thought he knew) could come to him only from one who contained within self the 'sexual contrast' which he believed the real Human nature in its highest refinement does contain.

His knowledge of the last secret which mystics hold, led him to ask whether, this woman had hold on that source of '*authoritative-Intelligence,*' which invests the Spiritual Androgyne with an infallibility, known only to an ego who has become sovereign of the Innerving Faculty?

Then, with wrath at her (he knew not why or whence) he went bowling along into the forest glades, till he was suddenly halted by the sight of Ishtar asleep with her head on a book which rested on Geraldine's knees. With finger on lip peremptorily she, silencing him, arrested his advance. With mock obedience, he seated himself on a fallen-tree trunk, while feeling as perplexed and dissatisfied with his past Work as he was conscious of being unprepared for any wiser movement! And why? Why "exactly" (he told himself) "because of the unsolved element of the problem which element Geraldine, in all probability, represents."

The air was filled with the fragrance of the pines whose feathery tops breathed a lullaby to every living thing. The lazy chirp of the sun-filled birds alone broke the stillness.

He decided to get from Geraldine the information regarding herself which her elders would not give. He was eager in his wish, and his look was eager and magnetic; and his thought, "She can tell and she *shall* tell"—transferred to her as he looked at Geraldine formulated itself in her mind "*He* can tell me what I want to know and he *shall* do it." And easing Ishtar's head to the ground she approached slowly, curiously halting. Then she came nearer, trembling with the forces of her *intellectualized-will-to-know* that which, did she know it, would enable her to 'utilize present circumstances' or show her if she must assume new ones as the command to do, had come down to the young Landseers.

Her purpose was as defined as these words present it. Her red lips pouted in a petulant, combative expression, and her Ino-like eyes full of powerful intentions glowed forth under the shag of curly black hair which fell across her forehead boy-fashion. The set of her head as she came steadily on seemed full of the forces of past lives and deeds which enspiritizing the man, made his purpose rebound upon himself. Till now, not *that* forest scene, but another, in another land rolled out before him; and, coming to meet him (he a youth and she, 'the Rhododendron of Trebizond') a vision of the past advanced with Geraldine into the present.

He was conscious that Ishtar had arisen and had moved homeward. That, he mentally saw while he was emotionally deluged in this flowing together of past and present scenes.

"'The Rhododendron of Trebizond whose flowers bees feed on and whose honey drives men mad'!" he said, unwittingly repeating what he had thought at the time which this scene reflected.

"Bees sting," said Geraldine swiftly.

"But only in self-defense as busy workers who sacrifice themselves for the public good, must do, or be *consumed*. But sacrificial service must not count costs too closely, nor mind the stings of the crazy masses?" he incoherently added, pulling himself together.

"Is Frantze going to do it for the crazy masses? Is he to have bees feed on him, you know?"

"Who can tell what he can or will do! Sacrificial love is made of firmer stuff."

"Say that again," she cried, down on her knees, beside the tree trunk, catching the words almost before they were fairly uttered. "You are disappointed in Frantze. I know more than he does. I am full of firmer stuff! O, you know it; you know it! Let me be what he can't? Let me be your slave; but give me knowledge! Give me a chance for utilizing my circumstances!"

She clasped his knees. He pushed her away, trying to disengage himself. But, taking no rebuff, she flung her arms about his neck, and like a wild creature clinging to a last hope of life, cried, "Take me, teach me! I am to do wonders! Teach me, O teach me."

He rose to his feet,—struggling against her and himself; exclaiming,—"Let me go! Do you want me to hurt you?"—pushing her away as her mother had once done. And with the uncomprehending look of a dazed soul, her strained, hopeless eyes fixed on his, she stood aside uttering a weird moan.

Trembling, he fell back, catching at the tree-trunk for a seat. She was on her knees before him, pressing close to keep him from leaving her with questions unanswered; and, hating to be so hated, she kissed him, as she had kissed Frantze, hungry for soul support.

Had he flung her to that distance? or had she jumped back from his cry,—"It *is* the Rhododendron which drives men mad!"

The look, the voice, the words were with her but the man had sped away.

Baffled, broken hearted, full of chagrin which she could not analyze, she flung herself on the ground, tearing at it, alone in the woods whose mighty branches were now tossing wildly on every side.

The long threatening storm-clouds were rolling up, phalanx on phalanx across the heavens. The sultry air gave way before the tempest which now crashed through pines whose swaying branches back upflung the descending torrent which they met, maddened, as it and the wind hurtled upon them. This external conflict but faintly pictured the storm within the cosmos, Geraldine. She sprang to her feet, intent on making that man suffer, as he, by ignoring her ability had made her suffer today—"Yes and always," she told herself.

She saw she had some advantage over him; and she had wished to use that advantage for *his* advantage. But he would not help her to use it. Very well then, she would know what *was* this vantage ground which, possessed by her gave her some power over the recesses of his soul! And then she would see what she would do with it. Something about her puzzled, perhaps alarmed him. Something about him puzzled her; and she thought it would be but simple and fair for each to explain self to the other.

Geraldine was not contra-natural: but natural; and she intuitively expected Jerome to act naturally and simply and thus explain to her all that puzzled her in his manner. He had

not explained, but instead had run away from her as if he feared her; which fear-presence introduced a contra-natural, nay, a super-natural element, signifying to her the nearness of something *uncanny*. He had thwarted her desire to know all about everything; and had stolen Frantze away and was teaching even Ishtar, more than he had taught her. And now he had run away from her. She would follow him and find out everything!

On that impulse she ran, never slackening her speed till she reached the other house.

She had but entered the library in the storm-darkened shadows when she heard Mr. Konnyngscrown and Frantze come into the room.

She sprang aside into the bay-window; and hidden in the folds of its heavy curtains she had but caught Frantze's words of reply—as if to a rebuke—"I cannot help doing as Geraldine wants,"—when there came an outburst, was it from Jerome? Did he call Frantze a pitiful whelp of a cur, a cowardly weakling? Could it be of her Jerome was speaking so white and wild?—"Neither child nor devil" he said:—"His own lost love come back to look out of those eyes at the wreck she had made! Not yet buriable beyond the power of doing more damnable deeds? Too lost for heaven, too beautiful for hell!" She was his, he had said. (How? Where?) "She had ruined him and dozens of others" he raved.

She clutched at the window curtain, stuffing it between her clenched teeth, while her straining sense caught at fragments of ideas with which she could not cope.

"You idler, cowering and whining before temptation!" the man burst forth again, whether talking to himself, Frantze or others, who could tell? "You craven cur, throwing yourself under feet that you scorn for stepping on you when you are there!"

He seized Frantze by the clothes and raising him aloft, held him there at arms' length, shaking him in the air, as with the suppressed passion of years he looked at him as at one who was but too slight to crush, while,

"O my love! My lost love!" came the cry as, of a broken heart. And Geraldine shivered under the agony of it. While

Frantze, pendent, but critical though bewildered, tensely listened as—

"Why shall *she* not give me back life for lost life? I believe she is mine! Before high heaven I believe she is mine! Yet I wait, I wait on my knees, watching what she may become of— Oh, my love; my love where are you, and where—?"

A flash lit up his face; and Geraldine quailed at the sight of the agony; as frenzied with incongruous doubt and dread, he revolved possibilities, and then burst forth again—

"O, that there should be no power to avert *seen* evil! I am crippled. I do not know my ground. And you, foolish boy are free to ruin your fate, as she pulls you this way and that, by—not so much as a word, or a wish, but by—what? What accursed charm is it that robs fools like you of power to find self-balance?

"She will do it; she is fated to do it! She'll have your soul's blood! All you could give her of care and of worship would never satisfy her restless nature. Bolts and bars will never keep that creature, full of the fires of heaven and hell as she is—from working out her destiny! The Divine Spirit will not rob souls of choice! And you are doomed to choose, every step of the way. But you do not see the ghastly horror on the threshold before you!"

They were gone; and Geraldine left alone with her terrors dashed out into the darkness and struggled on through it and the storm, till gaining an unused entrance she crept up that stairway to her own room drenched with rain, and trembling with a chill as of death.

Dread of Frantze, whose life she was fated to drain; fear of, and a thrilling horror for Jerome because of his loathing of her as of some unburiable horror something malignant before which the strong man quailed and wailed, overcame her. What was the wreck she had wrought, and when and where? Was she once in the grave? and was she now neither living nor dead?

A flash of lightning filled the room, and Geraldine standing in the doorway, saw a horrid face with maniac eyes and reeking locks looking at her. It was,—it was the Dweller on the Threshold! The Horror come back to do more damnable deeds! Palsied she waited;—would it come again? Another

flash—! A thunder peal! It was there more livid than before; a horrible thing, fit neither for heaven nor hell. It was the Dweller on the Threshold and she told herself it was Geraldine Ariosto Landseer; and its kiss and her kiss were loathly things to drive men mad!

With the courage of the conscience-free and the persistence of the critically superstitious she still strained her eyes—determined madly, if, but once again she saw it she would believe herself to be a doomed, poison-breathing thing, with its heart-cry—"Kiss me my lover!" Would it come? *Would* it come? Her loud heart-throb drummed out the seconds as they passed. It would not come. She was not that horrible thing, because of which Jerome feared and fainted. Ay! A flash—! The presence! It was there, and it was she!

Then a shriek went up amid the noise of a crash, as if the eternal arches had fallen.

The barn and two trees near by were struck by lightning, and in the alarm of danger every one discovered that no one else knew where Geraldine was. And search discovered her insensible, fallen at the entrance of her room, face forward toward the cheval glass opposite the door.

For days she seemed to be on the verge of insanity. It was evident to everyone that Jerome Konnyngscrown was identified with her ravings. Pity for him, and terror of him and of Frantze, with a determination to know the full facts of this whole matter, filled her utterances during the dementia of the fever which followed.

"She doesn't rave because she's feverish. She's feverish because she raves," said Ishtar one day after watching Geraldine. "And she raves because she hates to have Konnyngscrown here, and because she has nothing to do and is no help to any one. Let me read you my American bible-book" (as they singularly enough called James of Scotland's limited version) said Ishtar, turning suddenly to Geraldine who, strangely quieted was listening to what Ishtar had said, and waiting for what she would now read.

"'And behold a man of the company cried, saying, Master, I beseech Thee heal my child; for he is my only child. And

lo a spirit taketh him' (be still Gerry and see how peacefully this ends) 'taketh him, that he foameth again, and bruiseth him, that he hardly departeth out of him. And I besought thy disciples to cast him out, but they could not.' O listen Gerry, listen to this wonderful thing. If you cry out so you can't hear," said Ishtar interrupting herself, and laying one hand on the hot temples, while, too, she held the throbbing wrist as she read on,—'Jesus answered and said,—"O faithless generation how long shall I be with you. Bring thy son hither." And while he was yet a coming he threw him down and tear him,'"

"Who? Who threw who down?" said Geraldine combatively.

"The evil spirit threw the boy down. The evil spirit always throws people down in the dirt, Gerry. He did it before the boy came near to Jesus. And now listen,—'and Jesus rebuked the unclean spirit and healed the child, and delivered him to his father. And they were all astonished at the mighty power of God.' That is because they were so little acquainted with God" said Ishtar. "I should be much astonished if that power were not mightier than the power of an *unclean spirit.*"

"But," said Geraldine, breaking in then with a shriek of self-fear. "How came the devil *there?*" She was up on her elbow looking about and thinking of the words, the name, Jerome's pallid face, and her own encounter with the sight of herself which the lightning flash made more horrible, and with a terror on the verge of madness she shrieked, "I didn't know any one but me had devils, or was devils! Oh! Oh! Oh! If the Lord owns everything I should think he might get up new girls without using over old devils!"

"Why Geraldine tell me, what *do* you think a devil is?" said Ishtar.

"Things like me" she said. "Unburiable! That can't stay in the grav-e!" she shrieked.

"I don't know what you can be thinking about" said Ishtar. "I only know it is not a nice word. And you can't get any good out of it, fix it as you will. DEVIL. See, if you take the head off,—the first letter, it is EVIL. And if you decapitate it again it is VIL, (or vile) and if you take the first letter off of that, all that is left if IL, (or ill)."

"Just like me" said Geraldine shrieking. "You can't fix me any way but what I am left something frightful, and then here I am ILL." And she fell into a paroxysm of terror.

Then Tama took the child into her large embrace, and rocking to and fro with her on her bosom, petted and soothed her and got out of her the whole story of all that had happened first and last, the afternoon and night of the storm. And at last, thought she had convinced the child that she had been frightened by her own shadow.

"No, no, I have seen it. It is I; I am it." And with painful detail she gave the story of what she was sure was 'the Dweller on the Threshold'— the hideous spectre thing which she was sure had looked in at the window on her, with the glare of the lightning in its face.

And Tama, and Mrs. Landseer and Ishtar showed her how, as she stood that night in her drenched white gown, clinging wet hair and terror-paled face, the flash of lightning had illumined her, throwing her reflection on the mirror opposite the doorway; so that the more perplexed she got, the more frightful she looked:—and afraid of her own shadow, she had fallen down insensible.

But at this she only shrieked again, "If it is my shadow, I look that way; and that dead thing is I, and I am it, and Konnyngscrown says so!"

Mrs. Landseer heard this with a horrible comprehension of it all. The story of the encounter in the woods and of Konnyngscrown's terror and retreat and his subsequent, incoherent talk with Frantze in the listening Geraldine's presence, was full to her of dire significance. She was herself so much shaken up by it, that after a consultation with Tama, Geraldine, through her sickness, was left chiefly in Tama's now very tender care.

Ishtar heard Tama one day say to Mrs. Landseer, "Lamed, Missis, dear Missis; have it all out plain and square with Mr. Konnyngscrown. Tell him all yer know, and he will tell yer all yer want ter know, fair and square! An' it'll be better all 'round 'specially for Gel'dine." But both children heard the answer (as Lamed meant they should) "It cannot be done! I know the complications! I'm the judge of the matter. She must get through the next years at *home* here as best she can. *She* being judge!"

And so things remained. Jerome's wild outburst in the library when he had held Frantze like a wisp in the air calling him the whelp of a cur, and all the rest of the mad harangue,—had not gone for nothing with that tender and intensely spirited boy. And when Geraldine, after her startling illness had turned from Frantze in abhorrence or alarm, or both, the boy's cup of unhappiness seemed too full to carry.

Frantze heard of comments made in the town over the conditions of things at the two houses.

For over three years now, Konnyngscrown had sustained Frantze in freedom to choose his own way in everything. For Konnyngscrown had carried himself toward Frantze like a good comrade, neither forcing opinions on him nor controlling his conduct. Meanwhile giving him, who had so long had little or no spending money, plenty of it, that he might use it according to his judgment. Meanwhile he knew Frantze had fallen in with some of the worst boys of the place; and Mr. Konnyngscrown had been waiting for developments.

He was sitting one evening before the grate-fire thinking of these things, when—

"Here I am, all that's left of me, and that is the whole quantity too much!" said Frantze bursting into the room, his face red and the hair damp on his forehead. "I've done with you, Konnyngscrown and all your notions. A cowardly weakling am I? Whining over temptation am I? I don't whine any more old man, I'm just going ahead with the best of them! And you're going to take it out of me and fix it up with Geraldine are you? I'll publish you, broad and far! What are *you* doing in the Landseer family any way? I'm the head of this family and I'll let you know Geraldine is to be my wife. I suppose you know why she is raving as she is, about you? I tell you she is to be my wife. That was fixed by a better man than you are, and he wants you to get out of this! He's had enough of you in his home. Have you shaken me in the air long enough, you big, mean giant of a bully? Get up on your feet. I don't strike a man when he's down. Up with you and I'll pay off old scores and start in on a new account!" exclaimed the slender bit of a boy madness, seizing the man's great shoulder and breathing fumes of brandy in his face.

"When the brandy goes in, the hidden real man comes forth

in self-exhibit, it is said," thought Konnyngscrown. So he let Frantze talk on, doing nothing to divert him from turning his emotional nature and his logic concerning the matter all out fully; till the boy lunged onto a sofa and fell asleep. Presently Konnyngscrown covered him warmly and then turning out the lights left him to sleep for the night.

It was early day-break when he heard Frantze arouse and go to the bath, whence came the sound of out-pouring faucets and the splashing of water in the tub.

When they met at breakfast there was something of shame in Frantze's manner but more of purpose than Konnyngscrown had ever seen. Matters had transpired in the last few days that had brought the man of forty-five and the boy of sixteen together, not now as pupil and teacher but as man and man, when both meet on a lower plane than either had yet surmised the other ever occupied.

Frantze felt assured that more ruffianism than he really ever possessed, had come out of his seething brain in that hour of temporary madness. More than that, he was perplexed at the antagonism to this man that had arisen up within him. But he told himself that after the revealment of the volcanic fires which had so suddenly burst through the verdure crowned summit of this man's life, there would never now be any certainty as to what might next occur.

So, after breakfast was silently eaten, he said, rising and leading the way—

"Now tell me about my father, Konnyngscrown."

"You are his reflection," was the prompt and quiet answer.

"And,—and—what did he do?"

"He saw the right, and admired it."

"What else?"

"He yielded like a craven—no Frantze, like an average weakling, to a mighty passion, and let it carry him away."

With a sickening fear Frantze sprang to his feet.

"And she— the woman? Tell me she was not my mother?"'

"No, no" said Konnyngscrown thickly, as if smothered by his quickly beating heart. "Hear me; then you will know all! She was, my—wife!"

In a moment Frantze's soul was filled with all that this avowal meant. Was it to the patient redemption of the

son and image of the man who had done this dastardly thing, that Konnyngscrown had settled himself in this far away land?

Frantze's head went down on the study table, while contending thoughts filled the pregnant silence.

Then, long after, as if the other side of the matter could bear no words, he turned to the side which could, saying in a low voice,—"So far, the worst act I have ever done was done yesterday. Harry Grove got some of us down to see a steamer start yesterday; and the fellows took beer at a place near. And it was so vile looking I couldn't. They stumped me to take brandy, and mixed a glass full of something and down I tossed it. The next thing I seem to know as plain as day was, that all they wanted was my money; and I pulled out my pocket-book and threw it at them, and while they scrambled for it, I ran and never stopped until I got to the depot. There was a girl there with eyes like Ishtar's and I felt that she had seen me drink with those fellows. And I was ashamed. And when I had been in the cars a while I began to get very angry at you. And when I got home I told all I knew. And that which I have now told is the worst about the matter. For the rest, you ought not to let me have so much money. These fellows follow me up for my money. They never so much as called after me when I flung down my pocket-book."

"Why should they?" said Mr. Konnyngscrown. "What more could they want of you? Do you suppose they want your high principle as a Louveteau? Or the protecting guard that is encamped about thee, O ward of Jehovah? Or your high womanly intuitions, or poetic sentiment? They wanted your weakness and your money; and you yielded them both without a struggle."

"I did not lay down all my Will," said Frantze "I kept enough to run with, and that was something of a fight," he said, turning the point with his naturally sweet temper.

"O, when did the fight come in?" said Mr. Konnyngscrown. "As I understand it, you gave up everything they wanted. It seems to me it was just luck that they didn't call you back. What I have against you is, that you seem to be at every one's mercy. There doesn't seem to be anything to you only your singular beauty," said Konnyngscrown scowling at the upturned lashes, tender mouth, fair clear face and blue eyes which

looked forth so beatifically and wisely from under his beautifully-domed brow.

His long lithe limbs and his every motion were instinct with a bright, bird-like life that was good to look upon. His head was at one side a little; and he, the supposed culprit was regarding Konnyngscrown meditatively. But then, passing over what he was about to say, he gently remarked,—

"What ought he, my father have done, instead of yielding to this power of love which you think is so mighty?"

He asked this with eyes like those which sweet Sir Galahad had fixed on one whom he felt, knew all passion-struggles.

"Does this thing which you say is wrong, really bear the average man away? And how and when is love right? Love should some how be a very right thing when the father of a daughter demands of a young man that he shall give it to a mighty war-like maiden such as Geraldine. Where does my wrong come in in loving Geraldine as I love her?"

Konnyngscrown was staggered. Where indeed was there a wrong in that? And yet, pausing, he said with uncertainty.

"Here at least is a good test. Love is human, and then is divine. Passion is animal, and then is devilish. They are as far apart as are their sources, heaven and hell. Hear this: —love seeks the best and permanent good of the loved one. Passion craves self-indulgence."

Frantze listened and pondered, looking meditatively at Mr. Konnyngscrown with his head on his hand. Then said gravely, "Now *you* listen to *me*. What you tell me may be of use at some future time, but you don't in the least rightly understand us children here, any of us. But none the less I'll tell you this. I am practically the brother of these two little girls. They are left in my care by Landseer. And whatever claims you may have on me, and whatever claims I have on you, (as you say) over and above and through it all, I am the head of the Landseer-Ariosto family under aunt Lamed's permission. And I am Geraldine's affianced husband now, as far as my sense of duty to her is concerned. Though she is, of course, to do as she chooses about it all."

"Good heavens! What do you mean, you baby-boy?" ejaculated Konnyngscrown.

"Oh, if that's your kind of talk"—said Frantze, fierily now, "you may go back where you came from and tell your Masonic brothers that this sore in your heart is too deep to make any dealings between you and the son of the man whom you hate, possible! But now remember this. I'm Geraldine's protector, and the man who stands there behind you, bears me out in protecting her against you even, if it comes to that."

Konnyngscrown had jumped up and looked behind him. "Are you crazy" he said, sitting down again, ashamed and trembling. Then, with a thick voice and sweat of agony on his face, he said:—"You don't know what you are talking about! Oh, horrible! Were ever such complications known?"

"Why don't you tell me the whole story," said Frantze after a pause.

"I can't. I don't know it myself. I mean, it is too horrible. Take my word. Depend on my reasons. Give up all thoughts of Geraldine in that relation!"

"Why give up? and give her up to *whom?*" said Frantze with a strange look.

And Konnyngscrown pallid, left his chair, but paused at the door, as Frantze cried out like one in authority,—

"It makes no difference what the complications are; your best way out of them will be found through telling us the whole story! For if Landseer knows the facts of the case *I'll* know them. But, listen to this:—if you don't deal with me squarely now, at once,—I'll find out from Landseer's *mind* the whole facts of the case; and you'll get no help from me no matter what my silence may cost you of suffering at a time when you would be glad of knowledge. Mind, I mean it."

Konnyngscrown held the door, staring at the boy in amazed wonder at the change which the last three or four years had wrought in him. "What's come over ye?" he said trembling.

"I know who I *am*" said Frantze. "I know my place in this family and my relation to this great epoch. In short, I know my business in an all round sort of a way. I never have been a fool; but I was for several years frightened and disabled, because I thought there was some thing wrong in my family, that is,—in my birth as people say."

"What do you think now?" said Konnyngscrown wild; "perhaps you think—you think well of your father?"

"What do I think? I think, in fact I know he was my father,—and it will be time enough for me to judge him more when I know him better! I know my name; I know my lineage—as people call it all. I know my mother was the sainted wife whom my father adored, whatever else he did or didn't do! I will hold myself out of it (as you cannot) and will withhold judgment until I know how to render justice."

"Are you mad?"

"No I am not. Neither will you make me so. I'm old, that's all. I was born old in the concern for the results of past work. I was shocked and strained for the first nine years of my life, misdoubted at for the next three or four; and, since knowing you I have had enough turned in on my mind, of one sort and another, to make me forty years old today!"

He paused, then said proudly and quite as if explaining himself to himself,—"I am Landseer's friend. That is the thing. I am glad, (and he is more glad than he can tell me) that I was so wonderfully well able to stand by him and give him the right kind of a pull, (Tama and I, and then Mrs. Landseer, (no Lamed-Ariosto: Landseer) especially aiding us! We all gave him a pull together, that has half rectified his wrong you see, and now he helps us!"

"Are you crazy? Are you mad?"

"That remark may become monotonous; and if you have nothing better to say, it shows me that what I have to say is too good for you to follow!"

"Do you mean that you talk to Land—"

"If you don't know what I mean, and what we live for in this house, then your enlightenment must be a thing of time, and of 'the purification of the outer and inner vision' which you recommended to me in my 'twelfth birth-day letter,' as Ishtar calls it."

"Oh! When I wrote you about the ideals of the Free-Masons?"

"I don't know anything about the *ideal* part. I only know you gave a very good thing in that letter; and the letter is to all of us, a mere good, common sense, practical view of a decent life! We all have supposed that you not only formu-

lated the theory of life, but yourself had fashioned your theories into character. I don't know now whether you have or not. I don't know but what it is like some preacher's form of speech, concerning how he wants other people to fashion *their* lives. You would better read it again. It might give you some idea of how good a sermon you preached possibly by accident!"

"What's the matter with you?"

In the midst of Frantze's radiantly blue eyes there was at times an opal flame which was really as red as the reddest spot that burns in an opal. And this burned there now. It was a flame, not of anger, but the lambent fire of Parousia, and marked the presence of *Guidance* by Truth Absolute! A spark perhaps of the flaming pillar which of old went before the wilderness-wanderers, leading them to walk into the Red sea, assured that it would divide before them, if the thing to be done or attained was at the other side of its waters.

Konnyngscrown knew something of the altar on which the mother of Frantze had laid him; and theoretically he knew of the altar on which, as the descendant of three Free-masons, father, grand-father and great-grand-father, he had been offered. But the conviction that through this sort of heredity and through past Karmic-results, Frantze had attained to a certified ease and affluence of character, had not yet fully taken hold on this man's tempest-tossed nature.

"I don't know what you're all at?" he said at last, distressed.

With a meditative survey of him, square steady and kindly enough, Frantze replied,—"But we know: and we are friendly to you. And now good-morning to you, Konnyngscrown till we meet again."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE INORDINATES.

BY the time Geraldine had reached her seventeenth year Mr. Konnyngscrown was chronically irritated at her power over Frantze. The petulant expression of her cupid bow of a mouth was reflected back by the clouds of trouble in her dusky eyes, as they, looking forward as with a wild appeal for help, called to arms the sympathies of all who cared for her; and these were many.

Frantze seemed not to be accomplishing very defined results as a student. His intensely blue eyes look pre-occupied and grave, as if always arranging unadaptable antagonisms, and fitting together elaborations of world-wide history, with which his seer-like mind seethed.

Although he was a hard reader, and an indefatigable worker along original lines of research, he was gaining no university honors in especial, nor was he preparing for professional work, as Konnyngscrown would have told you. But he travelled over the country a good bit, and knew Daniel Heem, as he betimes said, with brightening eyes.

Meanwhile a reserve seemed growing up between him and Konnyngscrown; bewildered as he was over complications which Frantze seemed absolutely to ignore. And with an effort to pull Frantze up to a level important, but not clearly defined even by Konnyngscrown himself, he said one morning on the way to the depot:—

"The point is, like old Mejnour, I wish to separate you from whatever tempts you from the path of that special development which you, with your temperament must get hold on, if you are to stand against the opposing influences which would deluge you with antagonisms: crazing to your brain

if instead, you cannot make them calming to your whole being.

"Frantze, look at that steam-engine. In the economical use of steam (if not yet in the use of electricity) we are a century ahead of the point yet attained in the scientific-use of the nerve-current which either racks or upbuilds humanity.

"When James Watt discovered how to save the three-fourths-waste of steam-power which that enginery generated, and when he managed it so as to bring it all to bear on the uses at stake (during the 25 years extension of the patent extended to him, the year previous to the declaration of American Independence) that man practically opened up roads by sea and land: and led up to the time when now, steam-run-machinery captures the electric-current, that, tying up the world into a speaking acquaintance: gives us to live amid contrivances which annihilate time and space.

"With the result that—with this inflow upon us of the wide-world's wants and woes and wonders, we shall be crazed by this embarrassment of riches unless the young now learn how to utilize the three-fourths-waste of vital energy that is now thrown away in desires for they-know-not-what: which rack the race with covetousness and sadness: productive of conditions more disastrous to Intellectual-Vision than a daily old fashioned 'blood-letting' would be."

Jerome had made a great effort to say this. He had written it out and learned it by heart so as to do the thing at his best, for this boy. And now he stopped and waited looking at him uneasily: as, bounding along with his springy strides, with a simply polite response he said, "Yes. Once long long ago, Mrs. Landseer told me the reason some persons became fools and criminals was they wasted instead of conserving the nerve brain-substance which is Wisdom's Building Material. Landseer gave me words afterwards which I did not like. No teaching is suited to boys concerning themselves and sisters but what is suited to girls, concerning themselves and their brothers. We children know that we have to carry on within ourselves the battle of the Ariosto-Rhoensteines: and were born of the conflict of the ages."

"The Deuce you were!" ejaculated Jerome at a dead halt.

"—and when the Ariosto-quality (the Ghibellines) comes into conflict with the Rhoensteine's Guelph—"

Frantze paused and, raising his hat, with another bow to Jerome turning, sprung over the wall,—under which, once he had thrown himself down in woeful alarms at influences of which now he so calmly spoke.

Looking beyond his fast-flying figure, Jerome saw Geraldine climbing the rise to the crest where stood the whispering oak: her arms full of books and papers going off up there, for a good study-time. An exclamation escaped his lips: nothing less than a square English "'damn!"

It fell into Ishtar's ears as she came round the curve, and Konnyngscrown, meeting her look and trying to dignify the expletive, said, "Women are the curse of young men's lives." Then struck back by her white-faced horror: he added, "I mean—"

"You mean what you said," she interposed "'and what I have seen you LOOK at Geraldine: and what was taught in the pulpit last Sunday: that 'woman brought sin into the World.' It is False. We never did it." And with firm steps she strode homeward: leaving him, thrown into a heap of confusion at the outcome of his splendid attempt to teach Frantze, things which he had had to get along without being taught: and boiling with bewilderment that the sight of that boy and Geraldine together should put him into such a plight, down he went rooting among his old miseries though outwardly unmoved, as he strode along with nails pressed into the palms of his hands furious, that out of his sub-human nature such conditions at times would boil up. While gripped into his heart were the fang-like words of an old Brahmin: 'If there were no women there would be no lust': to which, responsive through his soul's flaming chambers rang the soundless howl, "I believe it. For if I do not believe that, what am I to believe about this infernal torment called 'Life' and the Mother of it?"

Then, "I am an ugly brute, to make the best of me!" he muttered as he went down deeper for a fight with himself, into the depths of that hate-filled darkness which his attacks of Schopenhauerized-reasonings, always included.

On Jerome's return from the city he found a letter from

Frantze, stating that he wished at once to marry Geraldine if she would consent. With a humility born of horror at hidden complications Konnyngscrown sought Mrs. Landseer's aid. Not being able to see her, he begged Tama to explain the necessity of the case. For a finality Tama said with the intense respect that she felt for this brave, brave battler: "Sartin' shu', you is a mighty wise, fine man. Der don't seem ter be but one oder any wiser den you is. You know mos' ebery-ting. But de Lawd, he knows de rest. Now couldn't yer jes' risk it, an' trus' de whole ob dem a lettle while to der Lawd? You is watchin' Gel'dine mighty sharp wif dose eyes an' thorts ob yourn: allers a'looking fer de debil in her. An' shur' 'nuf, if ye call on him an' seek him, (he's like de Lawd in dat,) he *kin* be found. Now ye mightn't know it Massa Konnyngscrown, but you is got dat girl under *suspec';* an' no woman chile livin' ain't er goin' ter stan' dat from no man, young er old. Don't yer fret yer soul, not a bit Honey; but yer've done nigh all yer kin fer Gel'dine; an' you've done a good deal of good too I reckin."

"I've done nothing! And she's ruining Frantze."

"Neber min' Frantze, Honey. De man is allers as safe wif de woman as de woman is wif de man, let 'em be who dey will, bofe of 'em. Fear nuffin, de truf is as 'tis."

Tama bowed, and as if dismissed Jerome had gone away, incensed and alarmed. And presently concluding he was sick, in three hours he had arranged his affairs at the other house and had started south with brief adieus and no explanations.

For an hour or two it seemed as if the spring of things had snapped. But Geraldine and Ishtar, with renewed energy then settled to their tasks, heartily seconded by Lamed and Tama, both of whom liked for a while to possess the situation.

At about this time Frantze was taking a scientific course at the University in the adjoining city, perhaps as much—so as to go back and forth with Ishtar as for any other defined object; for as they went and came together, they talked like two old philosophers who had become poets of this new era. But often though Frantze led up to it, Ishtar would not discuss Geraldine.

Not only the whole acre of land had gone over to Ishtar's ownership, but under her direction every available foot of land on the estate was in high cultivation.

She had also bought some land back of the Landseer estate, and had allowed Johnny Elton to put up there an eight-roomed house with a steam-laundry: according to the ambition of his independent, young grandmother; who now, happily did for several families, the never-finished-washing with which other leisurely (?) Tamas afflicted other homes beside Ishtar's.

Here John's grandma employed the help of some of Ishtar's protégés; and it would hardly be believed how many homes (among the served and the servers) were benefitted by the expenditure of the time and thought used in co-operatively arranging this plan. And with this young grandma independently occupied and happy, John found himself dwelling in a scholastic atmosphere, free to scientifically cultivate the earth, himself and others.

So there was getting to be a large number of people coming in from everywhere, and coming to stay as co-workers with Ishtar's up-building purposes, all of which moved on in that steady manner which seemed to betide whatever Ishtar put her hand to.

To separate herself from commercial activity, Geraldine got an old table and chair from the lumber room and with a kerosene stove and a penitential collection of four or five things to use in eating, and with a hard out-fitted iron-bedstead and her load of books and papers, she betook herself to the seclusion of the telescope room in the eastern tower.

This was after Frantze had expressed his readiness to marry if she would accept him and, Mr. Landseer's wishes.

His was not an emotional proffer, but a distinctly duty-doing transaction by which he laid the matter in Geraldine's hands. For he had an interior assurance that they were wise and honorable.

He had not concealed the wrath and alarm with which Jerome had warned him against the step; and when Geraldine said in no uncertain tones,—"He may mind his own business if he has any! *I* am no part of it, and I shall do as I please,"—Frantze had gravely waited to know her wish, that he might proceed to make arrangements to meet it.

This direct acquiescence had startled Geraldine, and she had immediately disappeared to the before mentioned solitude, there to try to tell her fortune with the aid of Lilly's old astrological work with the use of the telescope that the attic extension had been constructed to accommodate.

This attic observatory had a movable device overhead that let in the sky, and was, by association and general effect, an exalted and sufficiently ghostly place for Geraldine's gruesome state of mind. It offered her what she most thoroughly enjoyed: that was a place of retreat where she could be left to think things through from start to finish.

She had an inherited genius for mysticism: and thought she possessed methods with which to get at otherwise unattainable knowledges the desire for which consumed her. She knew a little about Landseer's way of erecting a plan of the Heavens: for the casting of a horoscope: which, in the presence of Geraldine, he had done for the last two children.

And now, thought this courageous, diligent and kind-souled, but perplexed young maiden, "If I can rightly accomplish this, I shall then be able to outwit Fate: and protect Frantze and myself as well as Jerome Konnyngscrown and all others concerned, from whatever the 'sinister aspects of the planets' *may* have prearranged."

With some very near idea of what she purposed, all the family left the 'whimsey maid' to carry out her notions uninterrupted. Her own room was easily accessible from Tama's kitchen; so she was not likely to suffer for food, even though, for a season, she did not appear at the family table. They were all very good to her since she had passed through that nearly fatal illness, the mysteries of which, not only she but, they all expected yet to solve.

In due time, Geraldine—carefully dressed and radiant with that glow which is on a little child's face after it has slept away an outburst of anger and rage at things it cannot manage,—descended, meeting Ishtar: who, smiled welcome with no reference to the seclusion or the results of it.

Geraldine triumphant and self-assured, led the way to the sun-set-rock: where, in time, she proceeded to inform Ishtar, that she had proved, she could live on five-dollars a month

for oat-meal and milk and a dollar more for a little room, 'such as the Telescope-attic': and so had now "faced Poverty": wearing holes in her shoes and, '*wrappers*': thus meeting the 'first Terror' from 'The Dweller of the Threshold, etc.'

Ishtar took all this solemnly enough: and Geraldine with a long breath began "After poverty— O! O!" arrested in her story at the approach of Frantze, who somewhat doubtfully though swiftly came across lots to meet them. Geraldine gave him her hand, unaffectedly glad to see him, and sorry for her hatefulness to him; saying vindictively "now that person is gone, we will have a little peace and forget all nonsense," managing to tell Frantze these things, in a way that distinctly included Frantze's proposal of marriage in the 'nonsense-part' of it: which inclusion (as she scrutinizingly perceived) he quite readily accepted.

Then for a while the beauty of the evening, the gladness of the meeting and the sense of relief that "all was now as natural as when they were children," filled heart and eyes, as she lifted to him those dusky orbs, full of a wistfulness that it might always stay this way.

Mid this condition of things Frantze walked on with them in that half-restrained courtly way, with which right manly, he met Geraldine's moods.

When this amiable acceptance of things began to seem monotonous, Geraldine explained to her companions, (with her perennial pleasure in surprising) that she now went three times a week to read Greek with "Mr. Kavanagh, a village minister"; assigning in justification, that as she did not want to hear him preach, she certainly had a right to whatever knowledge he had of Greek; and that she had asked him for it on given terms: "I said, 'I want it, because I am poor, ignorant and need teaching.' Yes, that's what I sorrowfully told him!" she said, her sweet, tight-set little teeth gleaming under her short upper-lip as she laughed at her own impudence, while her sombre eyes seemed but to be contemplating the atrocious affair from afar.

Frantze, whelmed in her double atmosphere of fun-mixed-solemnity exclaimed, "Geraldine, you are not now a child! How dare you do such unconventional things? Let me help you? I will coach you and then you can go to college and

carry all before you. I wish you would Geraldine; why don't you go with Ishtar?"

"I shall go to no *make-believe* old girls' college. I'll go equally to the first university in the *world!* And cope with *man*, or to none at all!"

And then, two or three minutes after that, she fell to quarreling with Frantze about nothing; unless (as she told herself) it was so as to not have her plans inwrought with his. For after all, she did pity Konnyngscrown; but yet, she pitied Frantze more and was bound to protect him against Konnyngscrown's prophecy. Then she told herself she would shun Frantze if she were dangerous to him; and she would follow up that law-suit—but then, what could she do. She, only a girl, and with no money, nor anything. There was nothing apparently but the estate, and Konnyngscrown and Ishtar; and 'the personal services of the glorious company of workers' (as Ishtar said): whose services, plus the soil and Ishtar's and Konnyngscrown generalship were making the place not only remunerative to the owners, but beautiful and proportionally profitable according to the efforts of those, who cooperated with the owners.

As Geraldine often had told herself she now also told Frantze and Ishtar, that she would have no part or lot in this kind of democratic undertaking. But that there was one thing she *could* do. She could go on the stage if she chose. But she wouldn't do that, nor take any steps in any direction until she was sure what was *Fate*. Not that she wanted to concur with fate! She wanted to *thwart* fate. Yet she didn't see any goodness in being stupid; and never going anywhere or doing anything. All she had ever done in her life, was to go up to the rock-chair by the oak on the sunset-hill, or down to the brook; and from there back to the house with her books—and—and 'avoid injuring any body,' or being like that 'Rhododendron whose honey drives men mad.' Yes, that was what Konnyngscrown had called her. And she would yet know what he meant by it. She was sure he knew or feared something about her of which her mother either knew too, or didn't know and was afraid to inquire about. And it seemed to Geraldine (for she had thought on it years now) that which *ever* of these different things was

true of her past history (or of the 'Rhododendron's' history) was worse than either of the other ways would have been.

One day after this talk, almost crazed with thinking over herself and her affairs, brain-weary she fell asleep sitting with her books in the hollow of the rock with the dancing shadows of the trees playing over her. And there, with the tears yet on her lashes Frantze found her slumbering. He threw himself down at a little distance, almost weeping as he thought of the enchaining raspingness of the complications which any degree of artificiality puts on existence.

Suddenly Geraldine awakening, said petulantly as if out of her dreams, "I never have any peace or comfort."

Instantly he was on his feet, nearing her, as he said, huskily,

"Geraldine! Talk this out to me all fair and square! If Konnyngscrown bothers you, he will go away: and if I do, I too will go out of your way. But I'll tell you! I have come today with a dog cart and I want you to,—to—O, Geraldine will you take a drive with me?"

"No, I will not!" said Geraldine passionately. For she, as well as others knew little of Frantze's affairs as a ward of this god-father Konnyngscrown and of the order; and she could learn no more than enough to make her feel that, if he were not rich, he certainly was placing himself in poor relations somehow to the future by his dallying way of neither steadfastly preparing for a profession or anything else. For though this was a family that did not much interfere with one another's affairs, yet, each one felt concerned to sustain a certain financial independence, and that a financial independence should be sustained by the others.

Frantze looked at her curiously. "You didn't use to treat me so Geraldine," he said at last.

And then she wanted to know when she hadn't treated him so? and so drew him on till they were quarreling like two children; he rocking to and fro on the ground as he sat limberly doubled up, hugging his knees and biting a bit of grass—not particularly distressed much less hurt or chagrined but rather, one would say, chiefly meditative, kind and concerned to find their way out of the bother of this thing in particular, and many other things in general, which made existence something of a bore just then.

"I wish I had never seen Mr. Konnyngscrown," she said suddenly. And then Frantze roused up and wanted to know what she meant; and how she was annoyed? Then with a memory of Geraldine's fright at the time of her sickness, and of his own not agreeable share in that whole transaction, he lapsed into silence, feeling there was not much that could be said.

And with the ring-curls of sleep about her forehead and the nape of her white throat, tired and bored, she began bringing the blame of her discontent and of all things in general on Frantze; making herself so unmanageable that he said presently:

"You are the ugliest girl I ever saw."

"That's what I aim to be," she said.

"Well, you don't succeed very well then. On the contrary you are the charmingest girl that ever found it hard work to behave like a woman and to come up square to business. If you only would be good, and not change round so?"

"Well, I won't change any more," she said softly. At this, Frantze threw himself at her feet gratefully, but she added, "I'll be as ugly as sin right along steady."

This brought from him an ejaculation which made Geraldine laugh like one, imp-possessed. And while he lay face downwards on the grass pondering, she sprang out of her entrenchment in the rock and was over the hills and far away.

Frantze did not hurry after her this time. But when she glanced back he hurried up, and they chatted blithely and with unbroken good fellowship all the way home.

The soft air, the lovely sunset and the bright hues of the dark, bright and tender face,—in short, the sweet healthful young life everywhere about and within them was a very pleasant thing to them both. It was all simple, health-giving and ennobling in all its particulars except for the element of *artificiality* which the *artificial* and complex dealings of others had thrust into the affair.

He tried to avoid the breakers that were always in their wake, and yet a bantering quarrel was forced on by Geraldine as they reached home. For she was vexed by her certainty that he felt an ownership of her, and so finally she left him in anger.

This was the quality of their intercourse that summer. Any one could see that there was no great enthusiasm in Frantze's wooing if wooing it could be called. His serene patience seldom lapsed, though sometimes there was a hard strain put on his endurance. And this day, just as Geraldine left him,—he heard Ishtar's glorious voice shrilling forth up in the acre:—

"So he wandered away and away
With nature, the dear old nurse;
Who sung to him night and day,
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song;
Or tell a more marvellous tale.''

And at the finishing of the line he was up among the vines, joining his clear young voice with hers; and as Ishtar sang, "But she keeps him still a child," he as happy as a child to be with her without having to fear breakers ahead,—partly called out and partly sang,—

"That's just it! She (being translated) means Ishtar the goddess, 'keeps him still a child' as she pothers over her plants!"

"O there you are," said she as he came up the path between the beds. "Now look at that, Frantze; see the berries how they grow on your quarter of an acre, year by year. I have kept a separate account of all that I have raised there. So that when you get to be a bankrupt old beggar-man I shall use the interest of it to buy you flannels and hot broth."

"What? *Et tu, Brute?* Chaffing a fellow?" he said, contentedly seating himself on the border. And she, wondering as she and everybody else always wondered, how he could so patiently bear with Geraldine's ways: and knowing well how many people were attracted toward him and would be but too glad to win him away into their more or less questionable use of time,—yielded, when he asked her to sit and talk a little while. But there was one subject which she would never discuss which was in the minds of both—Geraldine's perplexities and ways and manners toward Frantze.

She was supporting in her hand her dimpled chin, which told a story of possibilities different from those revealed by

her high-topped head and cool beryl-eyes; and as Frantze saw it and thought it, he called out, "Well, well! Clytie! I declare! Clytie herself!" He usually called her Minerva, or the 'dear old nurse' and sometimes mother Maie; or 'The goddess.' But at the moment, 'Clytie' sounded delightfully idle and sunny and irresponsible; and besides, altogether removed her from the tremendous pull of duty-doing, which loomed up ever increasingly as each activity made way for more and greater ones. There was in the dining-room a bust of Clytie, as she rises out of the corolla of a sun-flower; with her lovely head bent toward the sun-god as he comes and goes in the diurnal sweep of his chariot-wheels across the sky.

The color swept over Ishtar's face: and, in this moment of pleasant idleness, this fellow (does any one know why young people find pleasure in these little ways and manners?) began to delicately stick a blade of grass a little way into the sea-shell-pink ear which had grown pinker: and began seriously trying to cover, with his finger, the dimple in her chin; declaring he *had* to because a mosquito was just making across the field, (sensible fellow) to bite right into it. This interrupted 'the noble theme' which was about to advance from the pearly-walled citadel behind the rosy lips of this 'Clytie.' And Frantze then, to keep her from rising and because he was already too full of the serious questions of the new epoch to be able to afford the stress on his nerves which every meeting with Geraldine really cost,—asked Ishtar 'what he could do for Geraldine to make her happier?'—getting at his question awkwardly, because he knew she did not wish him to touch it at all.

In swift self-defense, (for to defend Geraldine was but a nearer form of defending herself,) she said keenly, (having in mind Konnyngscrown's words, 'Young women are the curse of young men's lives') "There's nothing needed of all that! Geraldine is happy in her own way. She is happy studying about twelve hours a day, and is faring like an ascetic absorbed in books relative to high attainment, as she calls it. She is an heroic woman by nature. She loves to accomplish victories that cost effort. She, like all we women at this *fin-de-siècle* feel the great pressure of the great need of protection against this

psychic crisis. And even those of us who do not really comprehend ourselves (thanks to false teachings in relation to ourselves) still feel the 'call to arms' which is in the air. Our higher faculties are aroused to battle against the recent, suddenly arranged scheme for crushing back *real* womanhood. Geraldine loves to accomplish victories that cost effort! She does not care for easy conquests:" Ishtar said, conscious only of the meanness of teachings summed up in the detestable assertion—"Young women are the curse of young men's lives."

For she considered, these sorts of ill-conditioned teachings were put forth by saintly men of a sultry kind and that they had gone far to establish that 'war of the sexes' which the same sultry saints next hope to crush out, by now, more fully than ever, enslaving woman! Never considering the self-evident fact, that, if woman's influence over man is overwhelmingly strong, then of course, nothing is necessary for the uplifting of man, but that all women should be allowed to ascend to their own natural level (intellectual, moral and physical) that, standing thereon, they may legitimately exercise that influence *there*. And so uplift the race!

This was Ishtar's inherent thought of the matter! And so, she gathered herself up to the business of releasing Frantze from unnecessary sentimentality over Geraldine's imaginary dependence on him for happiness.

The talk was not a very easy one either; because Ishtar felt sure that Frantze was an uncommonly good, honorable fellow; who (between Konnyngscrown's demands on him and Landseer's clearly stated wish concerning him and Geraldine: and Geraldine's way of dealing with him, added to his own interior tendencies) had not a very easy task before him. She hardly knew how to get at the matter for several reasons; and so she always wished he would leave it out of their conversations. And now, feeling that it was a little weak of him (in the midst of the easy idleness which he seemed to think it right to enjoy) to take her business-filled time for sentimentalizing, she suddenly decided that if she chose to drudge and overwork herself to a degree which takes much off of feminine gowning and graces, she did not wish this fastidiously-beautiful-Frantze to be dallying round as a spectator of the fact! She could not altogether account for her own irritation. as she said,—

"Did you ever make an effort of any kind, Frantze?"

"One or two possibly!" said the splendid fellow with a white line about his mouth as he gave her a quick glance.

"I don't see what about!" said Ishtar. "You have all the privileges and advantages which load down man's table; and I say it's a shame for a girl like Geraldine to be like 'the dogs' which but 'pick up the crumbs that fall from' there. I would not blame women at all, if they all sunk down into invalidism, insanity and infidelity. For they never, with any imaginable effort could succeed in being as vilely idiotic as some blasphemous teachers tell you young fellows they are. I am getting angry at it all! What is your business in life Frantze? If you have any, go about it and leave us alone. Take Konnyngscrown away and go with him!"

Frantze had sprung to his feet. For in all his life he had never heard anything like this from *Ishtar*. He looked at her sharply, scrutinizingly: and, coloring, with that swift, vivid flush which used to vex him, said,—

"Is it a profession you want me to take? Why should I? There are more doctors now than there *ought* to be sick persons. And there are more preachers than there are pulpits. And more lawyers than there need be law." He said it lightly, but with his heart in his eyes as he waited before her, "I get more benefit from watching your ways of managing your little estate, with your outlying tenantry (so I call them) than I should get out of —,

"What is it in *work* that delights your soul so constantly Ishtar? Do you really like it?" he said, interrupting himself.

"Yes, I do! When I'm left alone to mind my own business, without being bothered with lazy boys."

"O, it's only lazy boys that you dislike. Who are your industrious boys?"

"You know well enough who they are. But what I am telling you is, that I do rejoice in the work of my hands. And so does the Lord. The Bible says so. And I believe *all* the bibles, and I like these simple, plain, right things. And I won't be bothered. I love to create new conditions; and I'm bound to try some experiments. I'm earthy. I love the touch and the smell of the earth; and love the million little sounds as well as I did when I really believed that the cro-

cuses croaked and 'cussed' too when winter stayed too long. As for the mournful crow all dressed in black, who flew over the field before the flowers could get through the frozen ground, I thought him really part and parcel with the little kept-down crocuses who couldn't get up out of their frost-bound beds! I had such faith in you in those days that I felt sure that the crocuses had some very sore throats to contend with, and that a crow was for them expressing the fact most hoarsely, as it flew just then cawing above our heads, while you were telling me that tirradidle about the frost-bound and buried flowers. In fact, there is a sense in which 'most any statement that any one could make would, in that sense be true."

"Whew! Then, suppose I should say, hoarseness isn't hoarse, or sickness isn't sick," said he, not much caring what he said if he could keep Ishtar radiant as she was now, though with a perilous sort of flush which included a trembling round her mouth that he had never seen there since she pushed back with her fingers the tears that would come out, when she told her eyes not to tear, the day, long ago, when, trying to be invincible, she vowed her vow against picking other people's flowers.

"If you *did* say sickness wasn't sick, I should say you were right," she said. "For what we call sickness is only a healthful outcry of the system, as it repels conditions which are inimical to right order."

"And then I suppose sadness isn't sad?"

"Of course it isn't!" said she, trembling and angry at him. "Sadness is resolution growing up and pricking through the courage which gets lax a little, when people are lazy. Now go Frantze."

"Well I will. Just tell me one thing. Who am I? What is my real relation to Geraldine?"

"You're the coming man in relation to everything if you choose so to will and work," she said with a swift look at him. For his soul's distress had sent a thrill into hers, unknown to it before and unrecognized now by her.

"Clytie!" he whispered, swept away suddenly,—"I'd like to catch you up and run out to the carriage and drive off with you away from all these ancient-struggles, ever renewed! And—and spend my time in—in *keeping* you the lazy-looking,

lovely girl that your mouth and chin say you are. I would. I just would like to, Clytie. It's work, work with you. You are getting knuckles; yours are not the perfect hands that Geraldine's are."

Was she trembling? Frantze asked himself, startled at the illuminant, white sheen which had swiftly spread over her face. It was not pallor; it was no stopping of heart-throbs. It was a *concussion* of vibrations as rapid as those of a cricket on the hearth when wings make music.

"They are the hands I always meant them to be; the hands that give," she said very low. "And the knuckles are the sign of the *clutch* I have had to keep on my determination to *do* what I *think*."

"O, but you would make a Lady Bountiful for any man—yes, *people* to worship. You should be at the head of a sovereignty where,—" He caught himself up.

"I am there!" she said sharply. "At one-mind with those only *real* aristocrats who best serve the greatest number and ask *least* for self in return."

"Ishtar," he said suddenly, leaning toward her, as if determined to take an irrevocable step; "I should be perfectly blameless if—if I told you all of it. At least, if—if I explained *'most* everything to you! I was of course made a Louveteau in virtue of my birth as son, (and in my case, grandson and great-grandson) of Masons of high degree. They vowed for me; as in the case of infant baptism. And then having gotten me so far, they carried me right along, with my acquiescence of course; only, in a way you see, there was nothing else for me to do, any more than there is in the case of the baptized baby when it, getting older, is told to prepare for first communion. It all comes easy, natural and self-elected in a way. Because when heredity is kept pure, and the training is inspirational and undeviating, the tendency is somewhere in the blood or *Karma* I suppose. The same probably as it is in yours and Geraldine's. So you see, whatever common sense, lofty-character-evolving-ideals you may have,—they, very possibly, are not above the truest aspirations of this (as far as I know) (*nearly*) *the* noblest body of men known to the world in every age,—Free Masons! I always mentally reserve one other class, who in training, aspiration and inherited pur-

poses stand second to no other, whatever may be brought to bear."

Ishtar was silent. She had watched every word, feeling sure however, that he would not say a word which under vows, he ought not say. Ready to stop him if she thought he approached too near a trespass, she remarked, "Yet I still press *this* point. Wealth is serviceable in the hands of those who would achieve fine results. In short Frantze, why don't you attend to some sort of business and not be dependent on any man, no matter if he is fifty times a god-father? Now I have said it, and if you choose, you can answer as plainly as I have asked."

"No, I cannot, not even if I choose, and I can't choose. There are such things as irrevocable steps. I have taken one, and am in allegiance to the Masonic ideal; which, as near as *I* understand, in its *highest* aspirations is at one with the aspiration of that other order into which my mother had me baptized at birth. Now Ishtar my Goddess, trust me against even the evidence of your own eyes."

"Well, let me see," she said, trying to adjust herself to the complications of that peculiar case. "Oh, do you yourself, regret this Masonic relationship?"

"Not as I understand its high and scholarly aspiration. If it had been possible for me to have known at birth, (and perhaps I did) all that is idealistically included in the baptism and the rights of *Louveteau* and in advanced degrees, even to the 33rd, I would with avidity have acceded to the will and wisdom of those who proceeded for me in this matter. Putting me into this training was my father's work and was, in a way, my inheritance. My intellect commends this Magnum Opus. But Ishtar, I am the son of my *mother* as well; and into her Church I was born and received by baptism.

"Ishtar, no woman has cause to be jealous of the aspirations of a 'Master-workman' who so works as to gain master's wages; and wins a way to 'travel into *far* countries'!"

"Jealous is an ugly word," said Ishtar. "But Frantze, are you Guelph or Ghibelline? Or you may be both, for you no—I mean *we* are Ariosto and Rhoensteine. I am critical, not jealous."

"Oh, *you* could not be that. From the day of reading my

guardian's letter, you have been at-one with the spirit of it all. But I wish—in fact, Aunt Lamed is very critical about Free-masonry. Could anything be done about it?"

"Well yes, that is—Free-masons could make a better *revelation* of their skill at society building. For, of course it is necessary, that people who assume to possess wisdom in building society of an order not known to the masses, should let their 'work' show their skill and quality. This brings me to prod away at the fact that it is not to your credit for you to be so seemingly purposeless and financially dependent on another man even if he were a hundred times your guardian. Now this is the third try I have made at telling you so, and I think it is my last."

"Come now Ishtar, how do you know but that I have taken the vow of poverty?" said Frantze after pondering, with heart's affection in his eyes as he looked at this friend indeed.

Ishtar laughed aloud merrily at this. "There is another thing that you may have done with all the truth imaginable. That is, you may have taken, or may have to take 'the poor man's oath.' Now that's a term I heard somewhere in my childhood in relation to something. And it has to do with my needing to get ready those flannels and that hot-broth for my on-coming old beggar-man."

"It is not nice to be 'moneying' all the time, as Geraldine used to say."

"Yet there is no one who frets herself so dreadfully about money or rather the lack of it," said Ishtar.

"However," said Frantze, fagging away at Ishtar now,—"she has the handsome hands, while yours look,—as if they worked very roughly-hard when they were very little."

"And yours and Gerry's look as if they never did a thing, little or large!" interposed Ishtar. Then,—"So things look as they are—and—and that is *always* right. But it is a fact, my right hand especially is singularly ugly—and—and your æsthetic gaze has to meet it," she said flushing.

"Those are not tears!" He did not utter it in words, but his eyes and actions as he sprang toward her said it all. Then, like one half wild,—

"Aren't 'these larks Pip'? Aren't they just? You heavenliest of maidens, Minerva, Clytie, all in one! Come, come.

Hear that horse champing his bits; and the moon coming up over the hills. Come goddess maid." With fun and enticingness in his femininely lovely face, his arm went around her, and lifting her bodily he had kissed her twice in the mouth before, freeing her hand, she had fetched him a ringing slap on the cheek.

He put her down.

They stood looking at each other. Neither of them angry, but both were trembling, flushed and mazed. And in the midst of that moment Frantze saw Geraldine coming up in the twilight of the vanishing sun and rising moon.

"All right Ishtar! Never you mind! This is our business," said Frantze hastily rubbing his face, and stroking his soft mustache in perplexity. Ishtar curiously shrank up suddenly, almost beside him; confused and afraid of Geraldine. Frantze looked keenly at her; and with a sudden resolution—grasped her hand with a grip. And the moon rolled sumptuously up over the hills, flaming its brightest beam on the shy, enchanted face raised for an instant to his.

Then,—"Let go," she said, and he did; while his glad eyes intelligently searched hers. Then, he caught his breath as he whispered, "Jove! I've done it. Now never you mind! This is our affair!"

Just what he meant he didn't know himself. But Geraldine was there, and whether she heard or not was never told. She came straight on after an instant's halt, such as one might make in striking a foot against a stone, and then,—

"I want some strawberries too," she said quietly and cordially. "Frantze, pick me a dozen on stems, right out of the 'beggar-man's patch.'"

"They don't belong to me, yet. Not till I am crying for broth!" he answered, picking away, all the same: glad to know for a certainty by this remark, that Geraldine—true to her traditions, had lost not much of the scene, phantasmagorial though it already seemed to him, except for the smart on his cheek, and that mystical thump of the heart which had not yet abated.

CHAPTER IX.

'For this cause the Lord sent his Angel who is over the beast, Hegrin: and stopped his mouth that he should not devour thee.'—*Hermas.*

THAT year was bringing Frantze the reputation of being a bright, woman-like fellow who kept up in college without much study: a companionable fellow but not 'chummy' nor convivial and far away from being a 'dig': neither was he condemned for being too good. But reputation, of course is one thing and character, frequently, is quite another.

The fact was, whether on foot or on horseback, at home or out and about on the wheel, he was not only an incessant student, but was in the enjoyment of what Goethe calls, 'unexpected gifts from above.' For he was living amid increasing sights and insights concerning the relations of things, seen and unseen, permanent and mutable; which coming by influx, filled him with those inspirations, 'the soul of which is certainty.'

With the result that he had become a storage-battery of intellectualized-forces which disrelated him from certain men and methods which tend to veil all reference to the *Real Man's* possibilities in mere symbolic art: or in something like 'songs without words.'

But how far he was from the ordinary diremption of himself from the feminine-creative-latency within his own being, he electrically had been given to know, when, for his too-unbalanced act, as Diana-like a being as himself had smitten him on the cheek.

Into all this he was studying as one early morn he rode through the bosky-ways, with a paper in hand that had been given him by a (not-too-well-known) teacher of the Cabalistic-sense of 'Old-Testament' and other Hebraic-literature. A paper which in itself, was one key to the story of Character-building as sketched at in the book of the Genesis of that business.

This is the paper.

1) אָדָם Adam man, Inferior earthly man

2) אֱנוֹשׁ Enos (Enosh) " afflicted "

3) גֶּבֶר Gueber " strong "

4) אִישׁ Ish " Superior "

Wherever "Ish" is mentioned in the O. T. Scriptures, It is always in connection with the highest category of men. On the other hand אדם, the first category, always represents a man in his inferior state, the genus homo, ~~to Ish~~ the next degree above the בהמה "b'hemah" cattle &c

With it he had sought the silence of the forest in the express purpose of finding his place in the category of the evolutionary steps taken by the four-fold-man whose different degrees of attainment, step by step, must be evolved by every Mother's son of us.

For Frantze had come to a stage at which he needed to account to himself for the native repugnance felt by him to much, pertaining to the conditions of the Adamic-men who are Hebraically listed as next above 'B'hemah, or cattle.' Men to whom he had been made to feel unrelated as to quality or use or as to the pleasures, practises or purposes which, by them were accepted as good form, good times and good living.

According to the bit of paper, next above 'the inferior, earthy man' came 'Enosh, the afflicted man,' who 'was acquainted with' (not animal jollity but) 'grief.' And whose features were 'marred' as the features of the Adamic-creature never were or could be marred: because, while buried in the mental-oblivion-of-animalism, 'that kind' knows not the stress and strain of the divinitizing-discontent which—time given—sets in and pulls even B'hemah up to the Enosh-like-level of those who 'walk and talk with God as a man walks and talks with his friend.'

"But" thought Frantze "when *there*, poor B'hemah will have lost jollity and have gained (?) 'affliction' of the sort, to-be-sure, which will 'work out a far more exceeding weight of glory': but it will be a '*weight*,' not a lightsome 'glory': and he will have gained a countenance marred as never was or could be, the countenance of that Adamic-man, whose chubby, childlike emptiness of expression, shows little of that insatiable 'hunger' which gnaws at the vitals of Enosh; 'a hunger not for bread but for hearing the Word of God.'

Tying his horse, Frantze stood with his arm thrown over its neck for a moment. Then he moved back a little, giving room, while unconsciously listening to the pleasant sound, as the beautiful creature's white teeth pulled at the lush grass; satisfied to the full, as he ate there, close to the heart of nature. And Frantze wondered at the increased capacity-for misery and anguish which is so much in evidence as the accompaniment of each upstep in the unfoldment of the in-

dividual, if not, the race. For his study of Life had to do with 'work' which took hold on every nerve and sinew of his four-fold-being: as now he searched to find his 'own place' amid the gifts and graces of supreme, creative action.

But so tired was he, that the sight of the serene comfort of the contented horse held him wondering at the fact, that whatever he was struggling toward, he still remained, probably, more at-one with the afflictions of Enosh than with the status of Him who, even during his crucifixion between two malefactors, was more intensely inspective of *their* needs and sufferings than he was concerned for the outcome of the crisis which, having *aireated* his suffering into Strength yet left him with but the hard business of rebutting the sympathy of that host of Angels, who, at hand, were ready to ultra-naturally-make-manifest to his torturers and maligners, the perfectness of his purity, the greatness of his goodness and the Might of his meekness! A help, which he must rebut; regardless of what befell him or what others bethought of him while engaging all his powers in the bettering of his *abusers:* who only by this sacrificial-instruction could themselves learn to *endure* (and if need be, to die-enduring) while leaving the judicial case VEILED in ignominy with other God-knowledges, concerning the victories of every upmounting VICTOR.

This great truth Frantze realized fully. But none the less, he demanded a good riddance of the world from ever-increased suffering: and personally questioned, "WHAT of this suffering have *I* shuffled off (or what must I shuffle off) before I can attain the degree of evolution that places one in the category with Gueber, The Strong Man?"

Strong men in plenty he knew there now were, of the sort that kick, whoop and jump: being more active in muscle than in mind or morals. But his question related to the gaining of a different-kind-of-strength. A kind which he could hope to gain only, as he laid aside that 'sadness,' and afflictive-darkness of Soul—which, in itself, is the *bête noire* of those, who have not perfectingly brought to bear on each outward action,—those Spiritual Aspirations which *co-ordinatingly rebuild both body and soul.* He told himself, if this sketchy paper was to be depended upon as a record of the

advancement in 'the distinct degrees' of attainment (of which Swedenborg also tells) it gave reason to suppose that, in the refashioning of the powers and functions of the 'Superior-Man,' 'Ish' must have stood forth, not only as the continent of all that the God-companioning Enosh had attained but as the EMPHASIS of the fact that, IN *the arising* from sufferings and 'groanings that could not BE uttered,' Ish had received a Strength which was as the Strength of The Eternal. A Strength, which in strong Agony (not in feeble wails of rebellion against agony) had been received into a Mind that was competent to fashion a-before-NOT perfected body into those superior, finished conditions which had then enabled the possessors of them to stand, self-sovereign, amid the swirl of the Universal-strife after that 'completeness' toward which the whole Creation yearns!

"If this is a summing up of the matter," thought he, "where in the category, stand I? Was I born afflicted? Or are my brain-dissecting-'sufferings' but the resonance and reflection of tones and states which filled her, whose eyes first met mine? What (according to Konnyngscrown) must have been my mother's sufferings? Was I so much-a-part-and-parcel-with what SHE passed through that, from the first, it brought to me such a touch of Spirit on soul, that my little tenement sufficed to but slightly bar my spirit's exit?" questioned Frantze, as now he sat with knees doubled-up to his chin under his clasped-hands, biting at a leaf of grass while his eyes followed the motions and sounds of the happily-feeding white horse: identifying the picture of him with the thoughts that next he tried to put in words: as he summed up explicitly, the problem, as to HOW an animal-man, having emerged out of primal, inorganic-conditions, follows on, stage after stage, attaining at last that spiritualized state which brings him, who has thus attained, that double-sight, double-hearing and double-brain-action which includes a transcendent unifying of the whole Being.

And in answer now writing, he began his statement by first quoting from one of his teachers who had said, "Evolution (once an hypothesis but now an established doctrine of the scientific-world) is based on the law of organic-progress, not only as related to the development of life's substantial-forms—"

(he stopped: and collecting his own thoughts, added therefrom—"now on earth: but as relates to the development of invisible, immortal man."

Then he proceeded to state his present belief, partly collected from teachings collegiate that "the evolution of the simple into the complex through the processes of continual differentiation, is the same, even when it impinges on conditions which Archangels desire to look into."

He saw (or thought he saw) this law of organic-progress had distinct relations to the wide-spread view of antiquity, regarding the sexual-unity of the perfect pre-historic-MAN. But that this indestructible unity was possessed only by the Supreme-type of creatively-established-living-souls: called 'The Superior MAN' or *Ish-type.* Which type, is sustained by the inbreathed-breath of contrasted forces, that, incessantly working together (as do the fly's breath-pumping-wings) permeate the body with a recreational-force that steadily educes the spiritization of substance and form. Thus giving to the Ish-type, an individuality as 'distinctive in its singleness as it is all-pervasively Eloihimistic in its Universality.'

This, the Ancients taught: and of this, Frantze experimentally knew that, when he was identified with the inflow of this afflatus (or mentally electrizing-current) he possessed a means and mode of mediation between his individuality and his universality that so wafted him outside of himself as to enable him to behold himself as from afar.

Of this (shall we say) personal appanage (?) he had become conscious when, on his twelfth-birth-day he had felt himself to be looking at himself, as at Jetsam which had floated in from the wreckage of his other lives. A time when, in the 'singleness of his individual-power,' he definedly chose to gather himself together for The Life *he had to live!* And on this purposeful form of self-poise every year since he had kept his hold. Therefore, his experience of these matters gave him to believe, there were living, persons not a few, who, by thus devoutly-inbreathing-the-breath-of lives,' scientifically tended toward a soulful refinement and enlightenment, atom by atom, of body and brain.

Some of the Adamic-fellows in college had given Frantze

the name, 'The pretty Miss Aneuland: tall and slender.' But when without real drill, he had more than once proven his ability to lay-out muscular fellows, and now and then, had done some very good things in games of ball, base and foot,—he usually kept out of it saying he was too old for it: and looking so fair and genial as he said it with that strength 'which is the strength of ten,' that he was no worse snubbed for it than he could afford to be, considering the occupations and aspirations which urged him on.

Some men who were struggling through the plane of Enosh to that of Gueber, musing at him wonderingly, said: 'Not so much dude as darling.' For this lithe and lovely flexibility of powers is not so exceptional in this great day as it was before the Mother of Men, nearing self-sovereignty, at birth were endowing with it, their sons.

This peculiarity-of-endowment and the future use of it, were in Frantze's mind: relative, now, to the episode in the garden, and his ejaculations, "Jove! I've done it! All right, Ishtar! Never you mind! This is our affair!" And now a queer recognition had come to him of the fact that he did not really know what he had *meant* by his words: sharp-cut and defined though they had sounded. But he felt assured they meant all right by him as they went out on the air, which had wafted them (he felt sure) up to Heaven's throne: where he would willingly meet them, when called upon! Being good words, he was glad they had said themselves.

Since their utterance Ishtar had tacitly avoided him.

None the less he knew that the act and his appeal to Jove and the goddess-maid had left his heart and hers quivering full of inextinguishable laughter. He did not go on and try to explain them away by saying that they were almost brother and sister. For he had never forgotten the surging wrath in Lamed's voice when she had rebuked Geraldine: nor that even in Ishtar's babyhood there had been allowed no fondling of the little maid by the boy whom Landseer had sharply told, was neither brother, kith nor kin and was not to forget it. And until that time, he never had.

And though these (Archibald's forth-thundered) restrictions had had no small part in the exaggerating of his sense of loneliness, affliction and unaccountable-shame which, all

unmerited had made earliest boyhood so hard, yet the observed-restrictions had graced that episode with the newness of the-heretofore-unknown.

"Jove! I have done it! Never you mind Ishtar! This is our affair!" had finished all.

It was an irrevocable deed, which (though subconsciously he had long been 'ware of) in fullness of time had launched itself into space.

Now thought he, "So much for that. But how about the matter of my relation to Landseer's orders? And, too, how about my secret-hope that (failing me Geraldine's acceptance of me as her Knight-for-life) I would *keep* to a celibate life, and work for this difficult era as a man, untrammelled by marriage and family-ties and not in bonds to Hegrin, can work?"

Frantze's head dropped on his doubled-up-knees as he sat thinking in the silence broken still but by the sound of the lush grass as it was pulled at by the teeth of that self-satisfying horse.

Pondering, he told himself "Something has befallen, the purport of which differentiates my order of existence from the pulse-throbs of Adam and Enosh: and allies me to that Vigor of God, which guides and creates Ish, new every morning and fresh every evening. The Great Mother knows whence it comes and in what it is so different from the thing commonly called 'love.'

"Have I made this discovery or has it made me? It is the last which has taken place," he said: "And it has made me to be—not Ishtar's lover in an ordinary-sense of the term. Though it has made me to become perfectly glad and satisfied through heart, brain and nerve and sinew."

Yet something in it still mystified him now, as it had done since the sun in setting and the moon in rising simultaneously had flooded those eyes of Ishtar with cross-lights, as they looked steadily into his, that millennial five-sixtieth of a minute!

For he had wanted nothing which he had not. He did not 'want' Ish! For a want includes an unsupplied-need with a wearisome sense of lack. He lacked nothing. He had all. For at that minute, as if by a salutary exchange of potent-

thought, there came across space a swift rushing-together of their intellectualized-Beings: as both, listening alert, had heard in their souls, the words,—'Be not ashamed. But receive Strength into your mind through the commands that I am about to deliver unto thee. For this cause' (was it that they might receive strength into their minds?) 'the Lord has sent his Angel which is over the beast whose name is Hegrin: and stopped his mouth that he should not devour *thee.*'

"O miracle of Grace!" cried this born-mystic, trained Louveteau and son of Adonai.

For to him, these words of Hermas had come like the sound of mighty rushing waters: bearing him and them on together (he was sure of it) into the being of Ish: so that at that moment he needed no one to assure him that Ishtar, with him, had received the assurance,—'If therefore you shall prepare yourselves" (who? Ishtar and he? who else if not?) 'you may escape Hegrin the beast: (loved of Adamic-men but) the inimicable terror of struggling, fleeing Enosh, yet whom, held well in leash, is the might of strong Gueber and the comrade and servant of Ish, the Superior-Man, The 'Angel who is *over* the beast whose name is Hegrin.' "

With the thought, there came before him the memory of the statue of Una and her Lion: and he exclaimed, "Ish, Ish, my Ishtar! Now I know all. I ask nothing. My vow may be performed unto the Lord-of-Life; whom with you I will serve all the days of my life: without complaint or question and without lack, want, weariness or any such thing."

And this was how Frantze got an answer that day, when he sought to find his place in the four-fold category of the evolving-Man, and, seeking to learn 'If the bounding Vigor in his nerves, differed from that of the average youth,' received for answer, 'Life is the same LIFE in all veins. Neither is there originated a new species in these days, when manly maidens and maidenly-men are prophesying, seeing visions and dreaming dreams concerning marriages which shall be like the Kingdom of Heaven. Marriages possibly to be sustained at the new level at which the new man and the new maid may live at a plane-of-blessedness which fadeth not away.'

It seemed to Frantze that he had that morning lived through ages, in which the laborious incarnations of his ego had passed in review before him, since all so early, he had come into the woods on his white horse, as Saxon-youth of old, might have journeyed forth into field of prowess.

For no mystical forest, pictured by England's once poet Laureate in his allegories of youth astray mid love's labyrinthine bewilderments:—nay: not even wonders wild told of Spenser's fairy Queen could outdo the sights (invisibly) seen: the deeds effectuated, the victories gained and the peace-restored:—all of which had had their part in the mazy-morn, spent by this young Knight on the bosky-mountain-road of a Massachusetts town in that last decade of the twentieth century.

Nor was he alone in it all. For not so far away was Ishtar: quite as poised, purposeful and self-contained as was he: while busying herself in that way of which some one has said, "Woman is bonniest of a', when she is doing what must be done."

CHAPTER X.

THE RATIONALIZATION AND THE DIVINITIZATION OF LATENT FACULTIES.

IN those days, without haste and without waste Ishtar worked on incessantly. And as she went among her 'industrial friends' she came in frequent contact with the Rev. Kavanagh, (he of the Greek-lesson episode) for whose company to and from the city, Frantze said, he saw no necessity.

But he was more enlightened than pleased when Ishtar answered,

"You mistake him as he mistakes you. For to him, you are the exact pattern of the man whom he would call 'a cumberer of the ground.'"

"Quite so," said Frantze "as he to me is the exact pattern of the would-be-ruler who would like to issue the command 'cut him down.' He does his best at it every time I speak. He considers me *de trop*. That, too is my opinion of him. Every one sees Ishtar, he is hard hit."

To which Ishtar had composedly answered, "That, was settled a year ago. But I told him though I could never be his wife we could go on working in the same world just the same."

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Frantze with a straightening of his neckcords that pulled his fist-nerves into a position significant of the chill in his tone as he continued dispassionately: "You know it is his theory that woman should accomplish her work through man, in a self-effacing way: inspiring him (if she is able) what to do and say: then, of course, man will do as he likes about all that! He talks as if he were a trust-company with the capitalized-religions of the world in his grip. As for your idea about 'working together in the same world,' that to him means, that sooner or later he will see to

it that he becomes the 'world' in and for which you will work. His nature is nothing if not passionally emotional. His voice is unctuous, and if you give him, what he greatly lacks (that is *ideas*, and electrical language to clothe them in) you will be an all-round help for his all-round needs!

"He has already gotten you into a 'mush of concessions,' so that you now are a better Calvinist than he is. A mush of concessions is never a valuable affirmation of anything, do you think?"

"That depends," said Ishtar. "The word concede means 'the vacating of a holding (be it of opinion or whatever) in virtue of taking possession of a more beneficent and enlarged holding.' And my point is, a talent for *such* 'concession' is a requisite outfit for a lover of our national constitution, which is founded on 'equal rights to all and special privileges to none.'"

"But what I'm telling you is," said Frantze persistently, "*that* man wants your help and means to have it."

"I am giving it to him!" said Ishtar. "He is antagonizing what he calls 'a combine for a world-wide creedalism.' He is writing a sermon to show why Luther, Hume, Diderot, Comte, Mill, Chalmers, Priestley, Helvetius, Hobbes, Spinoza, Hamilton etc. etc.—did not succeed. He says he upholds Calvin because Calvin does not make God accountable for sin; though he does not explain WHO is accountable for it if it exists: and if the Creator of all things did not create *it*. He asserts, this is a God-governed Universe: yet he spurs men up, as if they were ordained to go a'murdering those who up and down the earth do not *worship* according to a theory of salvation which this minister says, he does not understand nor accept even as far as he does understand it. Though he neither wishes to leave the Presbyterian-pulpit nor preach Calvinism there: nor will he remain in the pulpit unless he *can* preach, what the Presbyters pay him to preach and that is Calvinism. I asked him whether his difficulties were not identical with Calvin's own, who said of himself, 'By nature *sub rusticus* I sought some hiding-place for study but was not allowed it.' Reminding him that Calvin, by persistently seeking it, at least found so much of time and quiet, that, at the age of twenty-five he had written in

Latin for the learned world to read, his 'System of Salvation' which, with his 'Institutes' set forth I think a good showing of the natural evolution of soul: in so rational a manner that any spiritually-minded scientific person (whatever his creed, nationality or language) need not object to its *inner-sense*. But the Rev. Kavanagh cannot yet get at the 'inner sense.' Because he does not realize that the service which the body gives in compliance with Spirit's invigorating demands, so far from wearing out the body, vitalizes every nerve of brain and being. Neither seems he to comprehend that the Fire of *Grace*, has nothing to do with the *fire of desire!* Nor did he accept the idea that, if the flame of devotion to principle never dies down then the whole man, soul and body will be refined as gold is refined in a crucible, when the dross is burned away and nothing remains which fire can feed upon! Nor did he accept the idea, that the *body* of such a soul may become like the *body* of Jesus: when, spiritized through and through after crucifixion, he ascended to where he *was*, before Mary had mystically mothered him.

"He could not see that it was no more reasonable that water, in its rightly adapted machine should, under right conditions be converted into steam-power, than that Life, in a rightly adapted bodily machine, should, under right conditions be converted into God-power. He declared this could not be accomplished in a thousand years:—not seeming to consider the fact that even then, we had time enough, as the Eternal years of God are ours. But only ejaculating 'A man converted to God-power, as water, in a rightly adapted machine, under right conditions is converted to steam-power? What a stupendous idea': adding, 'if some saintly men did intimate something like that it was not the business of a woman to be getting out such ideas on her own account: and that if I wanted instruction I should marry a husband and make a home for him and learn of him what I needed to know. I told him we had a home made already, which was the abiding place of students (and of studious-practicalizers) of the philosophy 'how to really follow Jesus in his regeneration, baptism, crucifixion, resurrection and ascension.' For that we (and our forebears) really expected to be vitalized and eternized by the power of the 'indwelling Spirit'; simply through doing

the 'Will of Wisdom' in that single-hearted manner, bidden us in Paul's mandate when he so simply put it: 'Let' (that is do not hinder) 'let the Mind be in you that is in Christ.' For could we so 'let' it be, then that Mind, being infallible (if we could and would let it be in us) would make us infallible. For Mind does the body make and the whole being."

"Oh! that leads to assumption," said Frantze, startled.

"Yes, 'the assumption of the Virgin' including as that literally does, an ascension out of all fleshly bondage into a verifying of the Spiritualities. It includes nothing less than the very assumption of self-harmonizing creative-power which the early christians had attained when of it, to them, Jesus said, 'All power is given you in heaven and earth.'"

"And under right conditions the same power is given us now as freely as is the air. But some persons do not know how to breathe air: nor how to breathe the breath of God."

Hesitating Frantze said, "But the danger is, when persons think themselves to be on that plane, often they find themselves too unspiritual to sustain themselves (or let the Divine sustain them) in doing what their vision of Truth's demands, may have impelled them to undertake. Then low psychic-influences, coming from the nether-world, sometimes impel such bewildered visionaries to dominate others. And too late, they find this desire 'is very wild and very hard to tame, and that its wildness consumes men.'

"We often forget that in order to utilize the afflatus of-Spirit we must 'stand aside in the coming battle and let the self that is greater than the self fight for us'."

"Yes," said Ishtar, "I tried to speak to him of that: but he only the more begged me to be his wife and help him to infallibility."

"Good, modest little man!" said Frantze. "He wants only Ishtar and infallibility."

"I told him," she continued, "that for me to be his wife would do no good. For, with his disposition he would not accept from a *wife*, one suggestion or criticism. And that as the gift of God is not a matter of traffic, if I tried to restrain or constrain *It* in order to meet exterior demands, that that would 'grieve the Spirit' and It would flee away. I said 'I tell you this for the sake of the woman whom later, you are to marry;

and for the children to whom you will be father, and for the congregations to whom you may preach a hundred times a year during the next thirty-five years. And I told him that now, having expended upon *me* his unmuffled anger, the wife-that-is-to-be would get a better chance to speak discriminatingly and so would rid her soul and her children's souls of that furtive mental attitude which, burdening frightened women, distorts and ruins them and their frightened children!

"He looked at me as if he wished to marry me so as to annihilate me for being me; saying 'The world is a'rack and a'rave with greed for dominance. And as for woman, she claims more for herself than was claimed for the Almighty. For it was merely said of Him that He repented Him that He had made man. While woman, now-a-days has the air of thinking she can better the job. And he told me, When I found myself so full of smartness, I would better get off of my pinnacle and go and marry a good man; and then, when an access of such smartness came on, I could pass it over to my husband to utilize."

"Didn't I tell you so?" said Frantze. He drew a long breath, snapping his boots with his cane, looking once and again critically at her.

He saw her walking with deliberate, ground-covering steps, her hands clasped lightly before her and her face luminous with a revery out of which she said:

"I conceded that the terms 'conviction, conversion and sanctification,' could as well be used by us (except for one point) as could our personally-selected terms, 'The rationalization and divinitization of latent faculties,' and that, the exception taken to the other is, that Calvin apparently held that the *change* from animalism to a full spiritization of the whole man must be accomplished in one life (or incarnation) else, failing that, the man, dying, would do so with no hope of redemption from everlasting fires."

"But," said Frantze, "if I correctly remember, you conceded something about that fire."

"Yes, it was that we had no reason to wish to escape that fire, because that fire is *Life!* Everlasting Life!"

"Did Kavanagh understand your meaning? Did he make a recession?"

"No, but he said—"

"Said what?"

"Said, I 'beat the Dutch!' So now you have heard it all."

Frantze declared she did. But that evidently if people *cared* to go into such discussions with every sort of a fellow, of course, such a general keeping of 'open court' would tend to cultivate discrimination concerning mixed up statements. "Whereas, if but one man's statement, now here and now there, was supposed to pre-empt a claim on all that the great God knows about Himself, and if, then this 'system' is set up Juggernaut-like as a 'Body of Divinity,' probably the *body*-part will soon become so much in evidence that the soul and spirit of the matter will get fleshed over, out of all recognition." Adding;

"And really Ishtar, Calvin's brevities as set forth by you, concerning heaven and hell (with your idea of Calvin's scheme for winning one and escaping the other), would be good for men who are so much in love with their bodies that they can't or won't think, but will only feel! For on such a man the fear of being burned in fire through all eternity might take such a hold that such a man might want to get rid of beast-likeness for fear of beast-pain. And that is none too much or too crude a statement for the use of such understandings. For in fact, no fire of caloric *can* cause such pangs as do the fires which brutishness lights for the soul, as it always finds out, when it wakes to find itself astray amid unordinated desires."

"Though to our minds" Ishtar interposed "in such Calvinistic-brevities, the matter of 'punishment' is given as confusingly-conspicuous a prominence as is the talk about 'forgiveness.' Regardless of the fact that through all realms of being, orderly Evolutionary Life simply 'works on': neither punishing nor forgiving but, with Omniscient-Wisdom securing to the Ego at each stage of development, the outworking of that *God-potency* which creates the remission (or 'sending back') of restrictive bodily-incompetence, which, otherwise retards the motions of the enlarged and dignifying inflow of interior affluence.

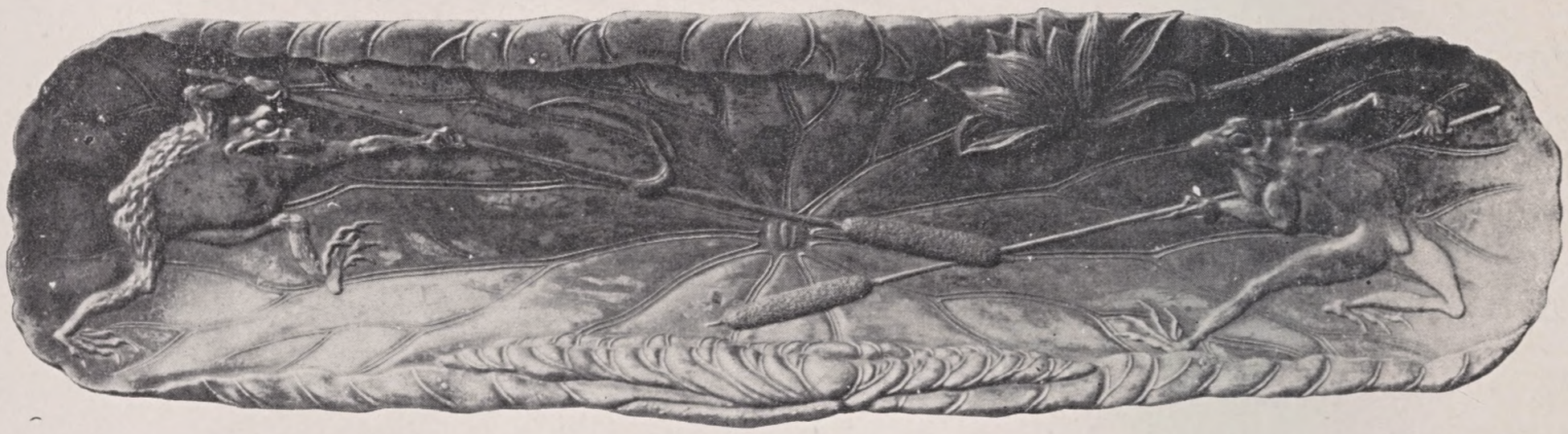
"For instance, nature does not have to forgive a polliwog for not being a frog, but, in time, secures a remission (or send-

ing back) of polliwog-limitations through arousing the polliwog's desire for the output of its latent travelling abilities or legs: with the result, it takes its next step on the way to stand in time a frog possessed of ability to live on land as well as water, and to fill the air with cries of Jug-er-r-r-r-rum! Juger-r-r-rum!

"This abatement of frog limitations well enough illustrates the fact that every creature meets in its path a passable upstep; the taking of which includes in its degree, exactly that ordination of un-ordinated desires of which Mother says, the reason we are so slow in accepting information concerning upsteps which are before us is, because at every plane each climber holds onto the step-last-taken quite as if it were the last to be taken. And that while the instincts of hunger and such things, impel lesser forms to 'put-along-upward-or-die,' yet we, who are in greater and more-variously-capacitated bodies, are artificially hampered with man-managed-restrictions, which stultify our natural use of Right-Reason. A God-given Right-Reason which exercised, would enable us to meet our ever-increasingly-spiritual-needs, as the polliwogs' use of God-given-instinct all sufficingly enables them to meet their needs, such as they are.

"This, my mother told me the day when I asked her in my child-way why (if the tad-poles and polliwogs could put forth legs and all the traveling-accoutrements to which the needs of on-coming bullfrogery impelled them) *I* could not sprout some more arms and hands so that I could do for my Mother, all the things I could then think of how to do. She told me about some mind-wings and mind-machinery that were all *latent* in me: and which of course I would 'sprout' bye and bye. And after that when Geraldine that day called ancient-fern-life 'filthy slime,' then 'Nature the dear old nurse' seemed to take me in hand; so that I more than half realized that when frogs came back, putting on so much new form (though they had departed from their old legless fashion and instead, bye and bye got to have four of them on which to squat, hop and 'wander away') they were not 'sinners,' even though they had acquired new-traveling-accoutrements: and had gone to regions which (though beyond polliwog-realms) were not out of the reach of birds who (not squat and hop, but)

hop, fight and fly. And one day, down by the lily-stream my Father seemed saying so: laughing over it with a bird which was singing forth a heart full of fun: while, scooping down, he whistled, 'Up with you, Ishtar: fly!' Making me know that my Mother's real wings of Faith were good ones too: and that on them we could follow my Father to where there were abilities and capacities as much grander than *we* had, as ours were greater than the ability of frogs. And that my Mother's 'wings of faith in-the-end-to-be-gained' as my father journeys on in his never-say-die-courage, was a 'capacity' and an 'ability' as far beyond the conditions of some purblind condemners of



him as their capacity was beyond mere frog-fights etc. The pull on my father was so strong that Frantze, he could hardly help going! My mother realized it. And now, I and my Mother and Father together, understand each other, as perhaps neither separate from the other two, could do. And so I say, I expect and will have the ultimate-woman born so that she (all of them) shall come and lift men as we do my father who wants to come again and be—" she stopped self-repressed: and Frantze, thinking he knew-not-what, said

"Blessed Demoiselle: you have excellent reason for choosing the term 'the *remission* of sin,' understanding the word 'sin' to mean in all the scales, 'lack of supreme-development.' Your ornithological basis favors an exaltedly natural, evolutionary thesis. But did you tell Kavanagh about all this?"

"I told him of course we children learned the relation of

bull-froggery to other forms of being: and that, so as to be perfectly fair to the frogs, I used to hunt in the lily pond for traces of the frog's ancestry."

"I think you said too much to Kavanagh," said Frantze.

"Not so very much" said Ishtar, "considering I began when I was seven years old, when first I met him at Johnny Elton's. He knew long ago, about how I had seen polliwogs at a stage where they could only put forth two feet and just paddle with them in the water a little, not getting on much faster than the others did by simply wriggling the long tail that was attached to their headless body or bodiless-head, which ever it was. I think it was the first. But more lately I told him that I would like to see the Scientific-theory of the *remission of limitations* applied on evolutionary-principles, so that every child in the United States, by the use of Webster's or Worcester's dictionary, could understand it if only they had been taught to use a dictionary for the finding out what unslang-talking persons were talking about.

"For allowing polliwog and frog etc., to exhibit the evolutionary steps taken down below, every child, with a little assistance would, by analogy, come to a commonsense idea of the evolution of loftiest-Spirit powers: the output of which, thus might be more rationally and precisely comprehended than by the usual talk of 'sanctification *à la* Calvin."

"Heredity might thus be so interestingly and intellectualizingly dealt with that (doing away with the fascinations of mystery) its study would send to the bogs, the manners and tendencies of the frogs.

"Perhaps something of the highest aspirations of even the frog is set forth in what is (otherwise) the *grotesque* of a Jap-



anese piece of imagery: which you know is on a pen-dish used at one of the writing-tables at home.

"You remember that there a frog sits with one hand on his knee and with a lotus-bud held to his heart in the other, while contemplating at a distance, quite worshipfully, a full-blown lotus, the lily of the Japanese.

"To be sure, it is but the lily pad upon which he ventures to seat himself. And fortunate, too, seeing that it is the *Heart of the lotus-blossom* which the idealizing Vishnaites of India assign as the fitting water-chariot for Vishnu: as therein she rides, free a'float 'twixt sun and wave, with Siva, the son of her god, at her breast."

Almost meaningless are these recorded words, lacking as they needs must 'The Light' which, trembling alike in tone and feature, brought from Frantze the startled, breathless ejaculation,

"My goddess Maid! Forget frogs and bogs. Attend to me! For I am breaking my head to get a scientific-evolutionary theory in form, to put before the millions of children: not, however, beginning down in the mud-world, but in realms above (not below) where say you and I and other ordinarily decent-persons, of course dwell and expect all others, naturally *to* dwell!

"I want it to start at a level where they shall have already climbed up out of bodily servitude into that *anticipation*-of-the-spiritual-self-sovereignty that is *natural* to us. Why not? In fact, those other sorts of detestable things are all just ready to die out. Why not forget (and have children forget) that there are frogs or bogs or beasts or 'sins' or limitations?"

"They can't be forgotten. They still are part of the problem," said Ishtar. "And as to 'getting rid of them' the only way to bring that about, is for us (you and I and everybody) to cease cultivating froggyness or boggyness, in ourselves."

"But I want you to formulate a system—"

"Never a 'system' " said Ishtar,

"—which will keep children from floundering in the muck and mire in which the *cultivation* of animal hungers now drowns their spiritual-perceptions."

"The cultivation would cease, *au naturel*": said Ishtar, "if free-play were given to the mother-potency! Mother-

hood might be the Result of that coming of 'The-Breath-of-Lives' which, as inbreathed by *Mary*, made her to *be* a mother.

As if through all ages and climes this mystic matter had not been accepted as creed by historic hierarchies, Frantze looked at her, wondering if she did expect that the "glorious things" spoken by prophets, priests, seers and saviours, were now a possibly-near, evolutionary-upstep into conditions, in which without servitude, sin or pain, humanity would be born of spirit by Spirit and for the coming of now-to-be-prepared-for spirits of the type foreshadowed in Jesus and his finished work.

He repeated in mazed thought 'the inbreathed Breath-of-Lives made her to be a mother'?—hearing meanwhile Ishtar's words, as they seemed trailing in on the air from afar,

"—nature of the beautiful King Arthur and his beautiful Mother. Books, birds and illustrated teachings which filled his mind's reservoirs with the expectancy of the bourgeoning forth of powers scarcely suggestible. He was about four years old when, enchanted with the illustrative Saxon poems that his mother loved, he, brain and being, became possessed of them. He and his Mother were born good."

"But you think frogs are good, too," said Frantze, and she replied, "Those then will belong to a forgotten category of creatures. Other beings, like us and our mothers, will then be but the average sort, and in a not-thereafter-to-be revived category."

With one of those sudden outbursts against something in some stage of the buried past, he said "Look out, Ishtar. I want no domineering, mystical, individuality-destroying-hierarchies let in on us." And Ishtar realizing how much of their talk might, to many persons, appear mystical, said simply:

"Let's go forward with, scientific evolutionary methods."

"That's what I want," said Frantze. "Therefore I want to dyke out those dominant-dazing-controls of which I have an uncommonly sharp remembrance!"

"Dyke away, Frantze! Meanwhile remembering," said Ishtar, "that the Sciences such as we have in mind, were prac-

tised by Alfred and his mother as well as by people in the countries of the Mediterranean, who for the love of practicalizing 'the Science of Life' lived abstemiously—not only to relieve themselves of the burden of toiling for animalizing luxuries, but—in order that, by abstemiousness, they would more surely evolve a spiritual-affluence which renders men real Divines: because, diviners of Truth-as-it-is!"

"I do not doubt, a few succeeded!" said Frantze. "But others, then and since, without, evolving much that is superior to the frog-like 'squatter-sovereignty' which holds its own in virtue of mere dead weight, accepted and still *do* accept, the appellation, 'Divines.'"

"However the result was," Ishtar went on, "the hewers of wood and the drawers of water and the slingers of swords, desired to be like the class of persons who *showed* themselves to be possessed of Possessions more valuable than money could buy! Possessions, which could not be 'bought' with money nor emoluments: but could be obtained only by a 'patient continuance in well doing,' such as few persons cared to exercise.

"Then, too, these persons had a better way of conquering enemies than just by killing their bodies. *That* 'conquers nothing, for it leaves afloat on the world the Linga Shirira of the more developed, and the 'Flying fiery Jiva' of the polliwog and frog type."

"That was all very well," said Frantze, "till the real difference that should exist between the taught and the 'authoritative' teacher, began to fossilize into mere class distinctions founded on little else but *reported* ancestral greatness! But when especial 'prerogative' was granted to some while taking away freedom of thought, speech and action from others,—then I consider it was fortunate that class pretensions made way for popular-education and popular self-government."

Adding out of the silence:

"Ishtar, I feel irritated! I am doubling up fists at too much of this clericalism. And against so much appropriation of everything for the education of the few at the expense of the many! I consider that men who take time to amass within themselves intellectual and Spiritual wealth have no more claim to special prerogative on *that* score than have other men,

who amass wealth outside of themselves: whether of herds or coupons! What ails me?"

"Paul, once of Tarsus, set his seal of approval on *that* view of the case" said Ishtar. "With all his scholarship that great Gentleman chose to make tents for a livelihood, so that, standing in financial-freedom, he would be neither burdensome nor answerable to any, save God alone. He also aided others to act on their own responsibility with perfect independence: saying, 'Has a man faith? Let him have it to himself. To his own master a man stands or falls. One is your Master: even God'!"

They now had reached the depot after their long walk from the University and after seating themselves in the cars, Frantze, asking if Ishtar were tired of their long discussion and receiving the negative, briefly stated how his inherited tendency toward Hierarchical methods had been met (as she knew) by his Masonic-tendency to develop the individual, regardless of artificial Institutionalism, so that these contending forces had kept his mind a'tilt at this epoch.

"But after your well-put concessions to Calvinism I find that what I thought was a divided mind in me, looked to be (when I saw it in you) a righteous and scientific sort of double-centeredness."

"You make me think of the hymn,

'Now rest, my long divided heart:
Fixed on this double-center, rest,'"

said Ishtar.

"I am far from the resting point" said he. "Rather I feel to be standing before a 'Mounting stone.' You remember the picture and the meaning? And I tell you if I should give up one bit to the whelming influence that comes deluging me (instead of analyzing-differences, step by step), I should fall into a *habit* of concessions that would ruin my ability to take the initiative in any crisis that comes up. So that no matter to what institution or individual I should give myself the habit would leave me to be of no more service than a piece of water-soaked lumber. Whereas, you, Ishtar, are like a square block of faultless granite, fitting perfectly into place

as you yet stand separated from everybody and allied to every, soul."

"There you have it," said Ishtar. "Being allied to the Spirit-of-The-Universe rids us of all necessity for allegiance to any body or bodies. If I am at-one-mind with IT I am at one-mind-with all other-Minds who are also at-one-mind-with It! And then no organizing and no 'vows' and no 'joining' anything is requisite. It is but the younger ones, like Kavanagh and Calvin and NOT you, who have to decide on which side of the fight they stand. There is no fight: any more than there is relative to the centripetal and centrifugal-forces which vibrate from center to circumference of the Universe, or from the positive and negative poles of the Arclight. Keep close to the center. There both forces are. There, is rest-on-the-wing."

"But I tell you, my Mother had me baptized into the Catholic-Communion of *Saints*. And my father and Konnyngscrown have put me along the other lines. And there are matters of Democracy and matters of Aristocracy and a lot more of it: and where am I? Do you see?"

"Yes, I see that all the best of these things are so well mixed up in you: that you seem to be IT ALL, and so a fair exponent of the harmonizing outcome of the old strifes and of the fact, that they are a very easily adjustable matter in these days, when 'neither at Jerusalem nor in the Mountain will men need to go to worship: for God seeketh such, as simply worship in—TRUTH.' Temple enough that is, for those who are in IT.

"Only, one should have resolution enough to not badger themselves to talk after 'suspension' arrives."

"That depends" said Frantze "on who or what administers 'suspension.' A combined psychic-power (sometimes mistakenly calling itself 'spiritual') could dominate individual thought, speech and act more obliteratingly than could the sharpest police-force, blue-laws or bayonets. That was what I was talking about awhile ago. It makes me uneasy. So that I go to extremes of speech or act, in the avoidance of such interference.'' Ishtar laughed merrily, which she not often did. Then asked if that would not be a temptation to turn the trick (if any there were) the other way about: with the

result that he would be netted up in his own antagonisms? adding, "It is all very plain and simple. Let's do right and take it easy."

"Individuality is the thing!" said Frantze. "I think Paul did much harm when he told women to keep silence in the churches. Your scholarly disquisitions" said he with a pleasant laugh, at her meditative-inspection of that term, "makes me see that the Truth, which 'Mary, the Mother' must have had to tell, would, beyond all limit — have been the Truths that men (real men) would have been exalted by hearing. But as the Truths would have been of the sort that would have brought restrictions on some of the saints they were probably the sort of utterance that some of the saints saw fit to restrict. With the result, that women secluded themselves in cloisters; and there perhaps accommodated their remarks to ordinary hardness of heart and softness of head."

"Now if you will remember Frantze, it was not I that said all that," stipulated Ishtar, "I will say that, when we recall the frog-life of the so-called patricians of Rome, B.C., we may recognize that it was something like parental-wisdom which won Intelligence into homes where youth (before the evil days drew nigh when they might say 'I have no pleasure in' this strenuous style of brain-building) were cloistered. For that they probably needed to be cloistered there until they had surmounted a sufficient number of moralizing-upsteps, to have gained to themselves pleasure in the Peace of self-wholeness.

"I seem to have a pre-existent memory of those cloisters (to which some persons allude unappreciatively) but which seem to me to be very little other than the sort of 'cloistered-home' in which on a small scale Lamed has kept herself and us secluded while (unbroken-in-upon by time-wasting personal-gossip) we have learned and accomplished what, so far, we have! But of course, however much some of our philosophies have been like that of Hierophants of old, ours has been a home in which the necessities of an individualizing-liberty have been met to an emphasized extreme."

"Truly" said Frantze. "And what I have on my mind is, that it is cruel for women to have let men so sink down into death and madness: when they might have prevented

it if they had risen up as a whole and had assumed their right place and so have kept things straight."

"They could not rise up as a whole, unless they had dropped men as a whole. They can only rise individually: being careful not to frighten men, as I frightened you a moment ago: by the word 'assumption' when I spoke of the 'assumption of Mary' as being—"

"Yes, because somehow, what will seem fine as a level for all humanity when we shall have arrived at it, seems—seems—"

She filled in the pause: "Would you say, seems objectionable for a few men and women to yearn toward as a reasonably-to-be-evolved functional potency of the whole race?"

"I suppose so," said he, wondering at his encroaching sense that ideals founded on a principle that must be faithfully practicalized before the ideal becomes Real, are often hidden from woman's courageouly swift-assimilation, by men, who, like St. Augustine (while willing to spend time praying to God to give them the grace of continence) privately add to their more public-prayers the qualifying words, 'but not immediately.'

Just as they had left the cars Frantze raised his hat to two women, who bowed winsomely to him and looked critically at Ishtar. There scarcely could be met a more nearly perfected beauty after his type than Frantze presented. And that all acquaintance (Ishtar included) knew better than did he. For like most fair-complexioned men and women he saw little that was attractive in it, however clear or fine its concomitants might be.

The greetings that had passed had had something in them that showed Ishtar the flattery that probably met him everywhere outside the home. Thinking of this, as he walked a step in the rear she looked up back full in his face just as he bent over, looking at her. Her eyes large and peculiar under her dark brows as they were raised, searching for what she wished to comprehend, seemed challenging a response concerning his welfare.

His fingers closed over the hand that hung at her side. "I shall finish things tonight" he said, scarce audibly.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW CAN I STEADILY KEEP BODY, SOUL, SPIRIT AND THE RESULTS OF EXTERNAL ACTIVITIES UP TO THE LEVEL OF THE THREE-FOLD-POWER WHOSE IMPULSIONS FROM THE FIXED CENTER WITHIN, WORK OUT THE UNIFICATION OF CIRCUMFERENCES?

THAT evening Ishtar was so long out and about (as she called her work-world) that the twilight had deepened when she came through the room where the others were sitting. That is, Geraldine was sitting there, Frantze was walking about, at times, tarrying near Ishtar's desk, then going back to Geraldine, trying to bring himself into right relations with his own principles and the complex circumstances which bound him up with her.

Ishtar crossed directly to the alcove, where her writing table stood near to the French window which opened upon a little piazza that led down the steps to the garden road. It was not unusual for her to work all the evening at this desk, near to, yet secluded from the other occupants of the large room. So when she came in, full of business, her course was seldom interrupted until she had disengaged herself from the load of things crowding on her attention. Therefore, tonight, there was nothing unusual in her swift flit to the seclusion where quiet voices would not disturb her, nor, her presence there, interfere with conversation.

She saw at a glance, Geraldine's arched brows were raised as also were the barriers between her and Frantze.

The fact was, Frantze wanted Geraldine to release him from bonds which, unless they were to be a mutual, final matter, had long enough bound him to her. The air seemed full of that fact, as Frantze said quietly, "Geraldine, my heart is bound up in my family! Tell me freely what troubles you and give me a chance to meet your wishes."

Geraldine's dark eyes were narrowing down as against a dazzling light. The same peculiarity was often in Landseer's blue eyes when questionings-unmanageable lent them a look of bewildered misery. Frantze saw it, and asked himself, 'was there also a look of hate creeping into them?' No, he told himself, it was *suffering;* that inexplicable *suffering,* which from childhood had made her so difficult to deal with. He knew by experience that whatever he should say or do, would lead into a bickering too childish for them at this time of their lives. His becripplement was that he could not say he loved her with a love on which marriage is fittingly based; yet owing to other circumstances he felt he would be a poltroon if he did not make her his wife if she would permit it. And yet again, he felt annoyed at having to go over this matter in a way that assumed her preference for him. What had there ever been in her attitude or words to show more or as much as the ordinary kindliness that a sister feels for a brother?

Very well then, why did she not say so, like a womanly maiden. His look practically uttered his thought; and as if for reassurance he glanced at the bright head bowed over the business account. Then, halting, turned back to Geraldine saying:—

"Come Geraldine, this is no new matter. I ask you definitely will you meet the wish with which your father honored me, and permit me to be the faithful husband —"

The look in her eyes stopped him. He covered his from it. For like one breathing hushedly in ambush, she watched him through her eyelashes, then:—

"This play is useless!" he ejaculated. "Let me understand you one way or another."

No answer, but that inexplicable look, like one cowering till Fate decreed doom. He glanced at Ishtar, then arose, hesitated, took two steps toward her; but her head bowing more closely to her book caused him to turn back exclaiming "Geraldine?"

"Don't tarry, you would better go into the other room."

"Geraldine, you are *wishing* me to misunderstand you. You cannot misunderstand me. In any case I am Frantze, your respectful, honorable brother —"

A muffled cry, thick with heart misery smote him.

"You are ill," he said, "and I never have been nearer to it. Answer and settle the matter at once. So much is your duty. Will you marry me?"

The word duty, acted like sand in the eye.

"What do you know of my duty," she said, "or of my problems and perplexities? Manage your own affairs if you can."

Ishtar suddenly arose and came to Frantze, saying:

"This is my brother too. And I am your sister and his, and I choose to tell you, that frankness and consideration for others are simple essentials. Why is not your conduct toward Frantze as full of those graces as his, is toward you?"

"Well Madame," said Geraldine, when she had caught her breath; "are *you* attempting to instruct *me?*"

"I am attempting to 'exercise fidelity to right,'" said Ishtar. "I mean to 'pursue it with resolution.' You are robbing Frantze of time and freedom. You are sowing wormwood for yourself and others, as long ago in our garden, you said you should do, if you chose."

Geraldine had shrunken together as if at the voice of fate; but by the merest shadow of a change in attitude and expression she took on an air of languid scorn, looking through her eyelashes, and repeating "Are you instructing me?"

"Geraldine, my sister, you don't seem to comprehend—"

"No? Then pity my imbecility and go back to your books."

"Don't mind," said Frantze, who had not taken his eyes off from the heroic face. "This is the way things are between us, and I don't know as Geraldine means they shall be any better."

"Not?" said Geraldine, "then I wonder it does not occur to you to leave the family altogether."

Frantze glanced around, then bowing low and lingeringly, went out into the night.

They were a tense set. The primeval fires burned, not smudged nor smouldered in them: because self-expression (not self-repression), self-invigoration and self-sustentation (not self-devitalization) had made them sovereignly self-poised and self-conscious of their right to do right as each comprehended his relation to right.

Geraldine only did not know with certainty *who* she was, nor her place nor province in life. It had once been so with Frantze, but a change had come.

She realized that her lack of self-knowledge, chaining and chafing her spirit, made her act like one deranged. There was nothing she could do about it. She had to endure and wait as her mother endured and waited.

The clock struck ten; then eleven. Geraldine sat motionless, thinking on past and future things. The clock struck twelve. With the echo of its last stroke, Ishtar was standing before Geraldine saying, in a voice which to her sounded far away:—

"Do you see the things of horror you are bringing into your life and Frantze's? You are driving him to ruin. You will make his name—"

"Take that back" said Geraldine, springing to her feet and grasping Ishtar's arm.

"It is the truth. You strain his nerves and darken his life. You —"

"Take it back" said Geraldine hoarsely, tightening her grasp on Ishtar's arm.

"Not if you strike me with that raised hand of yours."

Geraldine wavered, then, "Take it back" she cried again, as if in mortal terror, unconsciously imbedding her fingers in Ishtar's arm, repeating as in an agony, "Take it back, take it back I tell you!"

"It is tru—"

Ishtar, fainting, fell.

The blood of men who generation after generation had been fighters by sea and land, was in the veins of these daughters; and it had grown none the less relentless in purpose though they and others had had to use other means of defense and offense than the shining blade and gun.

Ishtar quickly sprung up from Geraldine's ministrations, finding strong arms about her, and Geraldine whispering and confessing, and saying, as if it were the last cry,

"Ishtar, you see, you see, I do— not know everything!"

"Well, who supposed you did?" stumblingly replied Ishtar.

"That is my whole trouble:—a lack of—absolute knowledge"—she moaned. "I am just where I must know the rest, before I can go on."

"You will go crazy, Geraldine, if you don't give up that search into those miserable matters," said Ishtar.

"But you don't half comprehend, Ishtar. I have even sometimes thought of—of, well, that if Frantze freely, of his own accord urged me *tremendously*, I've even thought of *marrying* him in order to be able thus to learn from him, the things which he knows, but which he does *not know* how to utilize."

"That, Geraldine, would be the most fruitless reason for marrying the average man," said Mrs. Landseer coming in just then. And in the swift glance which passed between herself and Ishtar was carried the idea, that Geraldine's emphasis on those words, had placed the implied possibility among the most impossible of all deeds.

Then she bade the 'little maids go to their rest and leave trouble alone till it came to them.'

A few days later, Ishtar received a word from Frantze telling her he was with Mr. Konnyngscrown in Washington.

Then she renewedly took up her work, holding aloft her creed,—'The weaker the body, the more it commands; the stronger the body, the more it obeys.' For this was her war-cry against the long permitted incursions of that army of imbeciles, with which General Debility devastates society. But nevertheless, in these days, Ishtar began to feel that dry-suction of vein and brain which, betimes, takes hold on the daring soul who (before 'loneliness inures to Oneliness') presumes to be Itself: its Whole-Self! *The* Self which is not the mere outer, SEEMING self: but the Self that is Greater than the self, which is as yet-revealed.

Then as if a flash-light were thrown on this Great-Estate into the inheritance of which she had to enter, she asked herself, "how can I bring and then, steadily *keep* body, soul, spirit and the results-of-external-activities, up to the level of the Three-fold-power: whose impulsions from the fixed-center works out toward the unification of circumferences?" She wondered whether she ought to let Geraldine's perplexities, lay hold on her: further than to remind Geraldine that each must hunt up her own life-roots:—meanwhile letting no barriers come up between them as sisters, because of mere passing perplexities. Perplexities which were built on noth-

ing tangible enough to stand had they not been bolstered up by secrecies, square lies and the superstitions under which were hidden the scientific facts which, at this epoch should be fully comprehended. Ishtar's very presence carried to Geraldine's perturbed soul a guess at these facts. But her sight of Ishtar's possession of 'self-composure' did not enhance her own. Like Lamed, she felt it impossible to discuss problems the intangibility of which seemed to her but part of her own unreported (and therefore to-be-discovered) back history concerning past-lives.

Neither did she feel ready to 'let old matters drop': and have faith that 'they were all right'—until she exhumed them and saw for herself how far they were right and how far they were so *far* wrong as to make it her business to Right up the Results of them according to her best ability.

So she got away to the telescope-room again determined to take up the life of a recluse in her own home (her 'dear, dear Home') for as long as she saw fit. Here she determined, Time should be to her as if it were not, until she had availed herself of William Lilly's promise, made in 1674, that he would, in his astrology so teach the 'student that he could cast a horoscope and calculate coming events.'

Mr. Konnyngscrown had once lightly said to Geraldine,—"Leo must have been in aspect with Herschel at the time of your nativity." And never forgetting it, she had hunted up the matter in the weird old book and had found that it said:—

"The nature of Herschel is extremely evil. If ascendant at the time of birth, it will cause the native to be of an extremely eccentric disposition; pursuing uncommon and extraordinary objects; one who despises the track of custom and is abrupt in manners.

"Whatever good he may produce will be of a sudden kind and quite out of the ordinary course of things. Persons whose minds are influenced by this planet are unsettled, partial to travelling, extraordinary in ideas and given to the study of antiquity; yet likely to strike out many novelties. His (Herschel's) conjunctions, parallels, and ill-aspects produce evil generally of a very sudden and uncommon nature, but in a far less degree than Saturn or Mars. His good aspects

produce benefits in the same way. He causes benefits and troubles by means of public bodies and writers."

Geraldine had thoroughly accepted the reading of the Herscheline nature as if it were the reading of her own.

Her chief comfort was getting to base itself upon the idea that this horoscope forecast her coming importance to the world at this crisis. Like every intelligent person, she felt she had a right to a self-elected place in the world's work. She loved to *work* and to be not beholden to any one for her bread nor for her right to use her brain in coming to conclusions regarding the existence, potency, purposes and claims of her Maker on her, and of her claims on her Maker.

She wanted to be distinctly serviceable to her Maker and to his creatures in order that (as her mother explainingly had said,) 'He should see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied.'

Scriptures and teachings generally which bore on the point of getting one's desires and being 'satisfied' definitely and promptly (whether the Desirer were God or a creature of God) keenly attracted Geraldine's attention just as teachings that bore on the wisdom of 'accepting what IS, so as to make it to become what it should BE' attracted Ishtar's attention. The soldierly characteristics that were rampant in the family led Geraldine to believe, that 'each is a fighter but should fight under the leader he elects to serve.' Ishtar's more embracive memory of the fights of the past gave her to know that not more fighting but a better utilization of the knowledge of the *folly* of fighting was the work of Intelligence at this epoch.

Mrs. Landseer had seen the difference in these characteristics, but had not referred to it particularly: leaving each, uninterfered with, to preserve her inborn relations to what each had to do.

But now Geraldine was whelmed in that sense of the nothingness and uselessness of all effort; which 'sense' often overwhelmingly prostrates a soul, wearied by searching into the greatness of Creation's way. Of what USE was her star-gazing? Did she even know Herschel to be her planet? And if it were, how could she always make the crisis of an hour await, till the Heavens were rightly aspected for the deed?

About her were books, charts and figures of the Heavens. She glanced at them, weariedly wondering what was the use of them, or, of anything else that she or any one else had done or ever could do while the sidereal system, *en masse*, travelled over the blue vault: and millions of billions of stars, unknowable and undiscoverable, were forcing forward events, unimaginable in their divine or deathly portents: unresistedly dealing out what they could, unstayable in their course by man or—

She reined in her onrushing thoughts. No! Not unstayable by God. She did not say that! She did not think that! For the hymn of all hymns to her was one that taught,

> "The spacious firmament on high:
> With all the blue, ethereal sky,
> And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
> Their Great Original, proclaim."

And now with its repetition there came to Geraldine a *sight* of Creative-action which, freeing her from all sense of loneliness and nothingness, set her soul aflame with the Joy of that Celestial Realm whose power and glory the starry-spaces but dimly had pictured forth. Bringing her to question—

Was it possible, that for the last ten years she chiefly had been seeking to protect herself from God? She had called that power, 'Fate,' but she meant—she must have meant—the Great Creative Power whose Might, Skill and Majesty even the Heaven-of-Heavens cannot contain.

She realized that for years she had been on guard lest she should take irrevocable steps: as if instead, by doing nothing she might arrest the sway of universal action. And to that end she had kept Frantze waiting (as it were) amid scenes, none of which should be rolled on to the stage until she had decided what character in what drama she would elect to make the leading part by playing it herself.

Yet in all that she did there had been an attentive recognition of a power which, while it makes for righteousness, does not look on wrong with the least degree of allowance. For in childhood the unvarying law which works through nature, giving for crop just that of which the seed planted was the infallible precursor, had laid hold on her admiration,

reverence and obedience. And it was exactly because of her desire to hold herself allegiant to that powerful Law that she had so critically steadied herself against the current: being flung on the rocks this side and that, as she believed, while yet in her strugglings each time she had struck the opposite shore, a little further up stream.

True: all these years these exploits had been chiefly carried forward in 'imagination's debatable-land.' But what of that? It is in 'imagination's *debatable*-land' that all good as well as evil growths, have their beginnings.

In that land then she had dwelt, impelled by the desire to know all about everything that Life had to give her in exchange for herself. For she had never forgotten Konnyngscrown's question on this point of 'exchange.' But thus far, nothing that external Life had shown her, seemed to her, a just exchange for the Geraldine that she felt herself potentially to be.

Therefore, she had not by irrevocable deed robbed herself of the power of choice: the retention of which power, she valued, because by the use of untrammelled Choice, character is built.

All she could say to comfort herself, was, she still stood this side of 'the threshold,'—a frightened thing truly: yet she believed, free to answer for herself, what she would do with Geraldine Landseer.

Having come thus far she faced her need for a tangible philosophy of Life *per se:* a philosophy with such 'a soul of certainty' back of it, as would make her love LIFE as intelligently as she now *distrusted* it. She wanted a knowledge of the workings of the Life-Principle: that she might love the Principle-of-Life in persons at whatever stage they might stand relative to the knowledge of its *use!*

She wanted to be rid of her ghastly sense that nothing (at this epoch) was worth doing and no attainment was worth gaining.

One part of her mind knew better than to fall into a disbelief in the Goodness of Life. But the other, (was it more interior?) seemed always to have known that beauty, wealth and the ready worship which some men give to the possessors of these transient things, had so palled on her in other incar-

nations that all she wanted of them now was, to have them show her that they really HELD some interior benefit which could be generously utilized by her for others.

Grasping her head and drawing a long breath, she set herself to recall a past incident which had had to do with a time when once she had died, like Rider Haggard's 4000-year-old-"She": but to be next conditioned as were the three enterrorized-creatures, pictured in the 'Monkey-carved Stable at Nikko': determined as were they, in the next incarnation



to let their ears hear nothing that was evil: their mouths speak nothing that was evil: their eyes see nothing that was evil.'

And now she set herself to find out *how long ago* it was that she a human being had accepted the practice of that monkey Law, as a step on the way towards the re-solution of Life's great problem.

As she thought on it, she felt in the very-substance of her brain that it was so long ago as to have become so fully afterward actuated into character, that, in her last incarnation, its practice, had made her to appear as a blind, deaf and dumb man. As she needs must have appeared, living as she then did when evil and evil-continually was everywhere seen and heard and *to be* spoken against unless one was willing to be an acquiescent non-entity concerning the fact that in homes as well as in houses, women were the re-

cipients of whatever swashbucklers in church and state saw fit to precipitate on them. Because the *Soul* of Society had rotted in the Body Politic.

And now Geraldine, deluged with the sight of that soul-decadence which is so much viler a decay than anything bodily can ever be, was again, staggered mentally, in the mirage-of horrors, which from childhood had infuriated her with hate for those who had done womanhood such harms; as she longed in return to do them if but they could be done out of arm's reach of creatures whom she distrusted with an anguish that would have been maniacal, had it not been kept up to the business of discovering *whence* in the souls of such men (so called) had arisen this male-ignance (or male-ignorance) whichever it was?

Ishtar felt it was not requisite to go thinking over such far back history. And Geraldine allowed, that perhaps it was not requisite for all persons. But that, as for her, it was in her *own* history that she needed to be versed: rather than in that of fellows, who go raging and sending others raging and killing one another up and down the earth. Her history, past, present and future, was that of 'the Eternal Feminine,' whose business is Life-giving! Lamed had said it! And Geraldine no more had doubted it, than she had doubted the alphabet as a source on whence to draw in fashioning written and to-be written communications.

She had accepted the fact that woman, like The Christ, had come to earth in order that humanity 'might have LIFE and have it more and more abundantly.' Not necessarily did that mean marriage: though marriage meant children! But why have children when so many of them were buried in baby-hood. While as for those who grew up, governments were paying out lots and lots of money to get them killed off so that there would be more standing room left for the few whom, it was desired, should rule the earth. But to her mind constant birthing of children with as constant a killing of them off to keep the population down was a method which did not seem to be on the way to 'have life more and more abundantly.'

But what was that hymn they sang once in a church about 'carrying on a New Creation'? Was it anything to do with

J. J. G. Wilkinson's idea that God did not make men as men make machines? But, made them as a result of those frequent choices of acts: which choices, mould-mind, and build Character; which Character is the Man?

"That is very likely," thought Geraldine. "And I do hope the newly-created creature, will be something in the line of *a Mind-made* Man. Why not?"

This notion brought her back to her reviewal of that past in which she believed she had attempted to see, hear and speak nothing evil. A past filled with the injustice of creatures who held women responsible for men's doings, while holding women subject to man-made and administered laws.

The question as she now attempted to face it was, would a fair field with no favors or special privileges allowed to either man or woman, bring about Justice to all? Or would woman (as an older-brother) *always* tend toward that mingling of mercy with justice, which (including as it usually does a recession from justice) brings on woman the ordinary reprobation of her, as a Tempter: and brings on society man's undue self-glorification and artificial self-exhibits of himself, as the 'best fellow.'

Was it the leniency of the Elders, (the considerately kind Seniors) which had brought about conditions that had given Konnyngscrown to say, 'Women were the curse of young-men's lives'?

"Whatever had been the cause" thought Geraldine, "Konnyngscrown lapsed into an unreasoning-fury; or he could never have done as he did, when I—a little, kind twelve-year-old girl—asked him to talk over his troubles and let us together fix up everything right for every body.

Then she caught herself up: determining to stop that train of thought and, instead, try to act on Lamed's assertion that, a person's discourtesies should only be noticed sufficiently to get at a comprehension of that person's inequalities and ailments: so that, being equipped with a knowledge of all the facts of that person's case, one then would be equal to meeting emergencies. "And that" thought Geraldine "was just what I was trying to do when I was twelve years old. But, 'inequalities and ailments' are terribly tender words for Lamed to have used about the awful-furies and manners which sent

Konnyngscrown howling and calling me names and shaking-in-the-air our good Frantze, all about something or other concerning which he had not the reasonableness to speak-out plainly.

"He surely had no right to deluge me with his 'Conditions': for that is what my Lamed calls such plights," thought Geraldine. "She says, we women must be *intelligently* patient! For it is all a 'condition resulting from the age-long antagonism which exists, because one of the antagonists ('the younger brother') age-long has tended to be the crucifier of the 'Elder.' And she considered this was because many of them were conditioned in ignorance relative to the cause of their tendency to desire something which they thus inordinately desire to-possess only for as long as they do not get it! This conditioning Lamed says, 'men call Love.'"

Geraldine had been reading a large part of what she was reviewing, from papers on the desk before her: some of which were in the Mother's hand-writing. The last of which filled her with horror. She could not believe it. For her auricular-nerve still thrilled and her heart's blood still chilled under the echoes of the anguish that fired Jerome's splendid-voice that awful night as he had cried, 'My Lost Love!' Unburiable! Come back to do—

"What, had she come back to do? What did he fear of her?" wailed Geraldine noiselessly: her soul torn with longing pity for (not him, but) her whom he hated so lovingly: no, loved so hatingly that the sight of him 'in that hell-hot-hurricane' (as Tama had called it) had shivered to atoms in Geraldine's soul all tolerance of anything to do with this mad-man's mania or 'condition' called love: a condition of which the fearsome Tama (once a slave), rent with fury against it, had said "Dogs such are. Tousling in the mud what they are sick of, yet returning ever and anon to it as if 'to their own vomit.'"

Repulsed agonizingly from the horror of Tama's speech (as if from some dread, over-passed personal experience) this quivering maiden, disavowing all pity, with a deadly finality said:

"For all of which God, if he chooses, may forgive such blood-hounds, I never will."

Then face forward onto the floor she fell, disabled by that agony which comes to a soul when the rended nerves and

wrenched fibres are in fact tearing marrow from bone and chyle from blood, as woman whom God made to supremely help man, sees herself stultified by laws which make men into brutes, and women into rended and ragged ministrants to their brutishness.

The torture of hate is worse than death agony. For death dulls the power to feel; while hate of the folly that injures man, standing at the Thermopylean-Pass, gathers into its own breast the massed spears of man's enemy, which enemy is *man*.

And now massing these spears in her heart, at this Pass stood Geraldine.

For while at first she had been praying that she might help open the gates of that paradise of which her mother knew, a sight of man's erroneous treatment of MAN had hurled her into the conditions of the unforgiving damned.

She knew this had taken place, and knowing it became but the more filled with hate, which Hate doubly afflicts the woman who hates HATE, as greatly as she does the conditions which arouse it. Yet she cried "Lord I confess it. I would rather *be* accursed by hating such 'love' (?) than to live approved even by Thee, if deluged in such love."

And a'tremble she waited, braced to meet what she had challenged and as if substantiating her claim to it inaudibly she whispered:—"Die I can, but save men's souls, chained woman cannot. And enslave men's senses intelligent woman will not. Rather than that, let the pit open for me, and give me there some cleanly curse where fiends at least are bodiless!"

Then struck up as suddenly as she had fallen, she sprung out on to the telescope balcony, enclosed as were its towering projections midst boughs of densely foliaged trees; except at the space where-through now the afterglow of the setting sun shined on clouds that, alight with nature's fires, were (like her soul's realm) radiant with the internal fluctuations of motion and emotion.

A'strain there she stood, waiting to see, hear or by some grace learn if anywhere there were one Just Man, whose justice-propelled-pulsations had perfected him.

To the west of the sun-blotched sky (and fast closing in upon it) lay the darkening region from where, the sun, sunken away, gave place to the quickening shades of evening.

Between the blackness and the brilliancy she stood with hands clasped to her heart from whence came none of the breath whose persultations were inwardly conserved under the arrest of her etherealized necessity for a sight of, at least, the adumbration of a Just man.

To see the full blaze of the glory of such a being she asked not. She but prayed to catch some hint, some resemblance, some adumbration of a Just man.

But, as seeing herself in a glass darkly, instead she but caught a sight of the condition which a moment before had brought on her a deluge of influences as opposed as were the colorings of the oncoming darkness and the afterglow in the visible heavens overhead.

Then her pulses sending the blood thundering through ears and brain, fetched on their waves, as from memory's heights, the old words:

"—when I was praying at the gates of paradise The Angel of The Lord appeared saying, I am appointed to preside over human bodies. I tell you do not pray unto the Lord in tears —" and with a near unsheathing of her soul she listened, dreadingly doubting as to what this voice might portend. For she had heard that spirits there were who could deceive the very elect, in fact came from the pit to which she had declared her willingness to descend rather than to make a pit of this world so fair by enslaving men's senses to woman's misapprehended charms.

Was it that she had thereto descended? Could it be that the etherealization, which she had half-repulsed and had half-entertained, was but the pleasant-buoyancy of the *bodilessness*, which reigned in the pit-below? And was she even now ecstacized by the nitrous-air of heats infernal? Which floating her into union with 'the bright star of the Morning' had touched her with the Madness of Lucifer? And was it but HIS voice which proclaimed him as 'The Angel-of-The Lord'? The Appointee, who should preside over Human bodies?

Plunging to the battle, rebuffingly she cried,

"NOT with such raff shall my rage for God identify me.

"Demoniac-beast malific if you are, go back to the pit whence you came, if thence you are arrived?

"And now my GOD: I-say MY God,—send me (and fail not)

a sight of ONE Just man made perfect! Or thunder it through realms Universal that Justice lives not nor ever lived."

Crimsoned on a cross mid the clouds of the east she saw Him: The Just Man!

For JUST He was, in that he was the justifier of that perfected Being who had taken on Herself for his sake, the revilings of vile-men who had reviled her because, RECEIVING *God*, she birthed His Son!

Then The breath, The Fire, The Torrents (of not revels but) of the revelations of LIFE-Immaculate came upon her: adumbrating the glory, majesty, and millennial-conditions again to be paralleled when at the rising of the Radius Vector, Sons will be born of SPIRIT.

Later, Geraldine could but remember the experience she had had in that 'testing form of faith,' which had held her to the repulsion of a danger, intangible but real: uplifting her from scorn of the general-dearth of Just men by giving her a sight of One, whose justice toward and explication of woman's sacrificial-virtue, had brought on him at the hands of men the fate that follows 'that Kind' who, living with the vile, *talk* to the vile as if they were virtuous and competent to comprehend 'the invisible things of God.'

There came a knock at the door. Throwing a shawl over the charts and figures of the Heavens, with a hush of breath and a glance at the last glow upshooting in the east, opening the door, Geraldine stood with it in hand as Tama always did.

The glow lighted her hair to a purple black and flecked her eyes, a'flame as they still were with *wrath* at the unjust sacrifice of the Just Man, whose future victory, should he come again, she felt ready to rend the hells and scale Heaven's heights, to secure.

Ishtar, not unobservant of conditions, stood enhaloed in the light that fell on them through the window above, as silently placing a chair in it she said,

"Sit here, and let me brush out your hair: your beautiful hair! Then we will go down to supper. We are crossing the threshold. After supper we will lay our plans together."

Acquiescently Geraldine took the chair offered her and

let Ishtar brush out the silken sheen which fell nearly to the floor. As she brushed, Geraldine held her head this way and that, in the enjoyment of meeting the strokes of the brush: meanwhile once or twice looking furtively up through the veil and finally saying,

"Lay our plans? We will see about that. The point I now make is, when I step down stairs that will end the Chapter which I will call 'On the threshold.' Then will begin the disclosure of things relative to matters the other side of the threshold.

"Those matters will be arranged as I choose.

"Such children as we, mature early. Under such loose rein as held us, we come to know ourselves wisely and well.

"I am ready to go down."

CHAPTER XII.

"He that chiefly owes himself to himself is the substantial man."—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

ON coming down stairs, it was evident to Geraldine that plans had been perfected while she was in retreat. And in her impulse to never be set aside by others, whatever in that line she might choose to do with herself for the sake of others, she proposed on this occasion (as always) to discount the actions of others, and then bring them in with a balance in their favor.

The next day after breakfast, she entered the room where a large table had been placed for 'cutting out work,' and laying on it a roll of black silk and other new valuables, without ostentation she proceeded to spread patterns thereon: somewhat mystifying Ishtar who, knowing the condition of the family income and expenses, looked on, wondering in what corner of the family-pocket-book had been found a hundred dollar note,—*not* of her acquaintance. While as for Mrs. Landseer, she looked at Geraldine in a way quite indescribable.

Geraldine caught the expression: but proceeded to adjust the linings and silk, twice turning with dilated nostrils and then swallowing her palpitations, went on with her work.

Mrs. Landseer, gathering up some sewing, concerning which she had consulted Ishtar and telling Tama to bring the muslin to her chamber when it was basted, left the room.

To invigorate the mental atmosphere, Ishtar reviewed something which her garden had told her before breakfast that divine morning. So, when Geraldine covertly glanced to see what Ishtar thought of that silent passage of arms, the tranquil countenance had its effect; and the words which came were not too foreign to the occasion, as Ishtar said:—

"You see, we are all so active and independent that we never know where to find each other! So it is no wonder

that we astonish strangers! We have 'cut off' from every body who might distract our attention from our main-design, so, like Eve,—we have our world before us!"

"The past of the 'Ariosto-Rhoensteine: Landseers,' is impossible to be set aside Ishtar!" said Geraldine (emphasizing Lamed's use of that business-title) adding "We are as far as possible from being cut off or isolated, as you call it. Our past is connected with the present; and the present with our future; and, as you know, our present, past and future are of an upgathering, historic quality which, in spite of our wishes, make of us public benefactors or the *reverse*. Blood is destiny and fate! I know that after all I am to walk the ways of one just like me. In fact, I *like* her and am determined to help her! Did you see the look your mother gave me? I did not *ask* to be born a hurricane or simoon. But I don't care. If there is one thing that impels me to strike out into the grandest life a woman ever lived, it is to take down the general distrust of me: as if I were 'a nacher-bad chile' as Tama used to say. I'll find out what ails folks about me, and then I'll choose my path and punish or reward them.

"It is strange, but sometimes I have a certainty that there is an influence to which I must succumb; and things which I shall do after all my hesitation—in a sense—against my will. Sometimes I feel as if I were nothing but a machine: and yet, am afraid to step down stairs, as if everything depended on my next step, and as if, even to disturb the atmosphere with a *thought* would set in motion actual waves of influence. *That's* why I will have no associates! I have a pre-vision of something the other side of this home-threshold. But, I'd have you to know that I have not really committed myself to any course yet. I am ready for either, or for both. Why don't you talk?" said Geraldine restlessly, breaking in on her monologue.

"It may be you have undertaken to be *Jehovah* to yourself, Gerry! 'Path, Motive, Guide, Original and End'? If so, your task *is* hard; even though questions of self, receive undivided attention. You are burdening yourself with all your future and your *past;* instead of just living blithely in the present! It must be fatiguing. I have never had the first thought of the actual future, till last week; and that much

even has seemed quite tiresome. Mr. Konnyngscrown wants me to take a school in Washington city; and I have decided to do so as I came to tell you last night. Even that much looking ahead seemed rather fatiguing to me!"

It was astonishment which had caused Geraldine to permit Ishtar to complete the sentence; and now she burst out, declaring that when the name of Landseer was known in Washington it should not be as that of a teacher in a public school.

Ishtar explained that this was no new idea; that her business in the world was human-culture now, as it had been horticulture in the past; and that she should keep up her garden still. For that John's brain and the other helpers would take care of it:—that she wished, in any case to spend some time at the seat of Government, in order to understand something about the machinery there. "I must live my own life" she said in finishing.

"It is not necessary to live! But it is necessary to be decent," said Geraldine sternly.

"My path to decency lies along the road of earning my own livelihood and of helping others to do the same."

"Then, why don't you go on with your garden? People have got used now to seeing you disgrace yourself in that way."

"My garden, my beautiful garden has largely done its work for and in me," said Ishtar tenderly.

"Is it failing?"

"O no. Mother Earth still yields full measure; and the last yield was the words,—'On, and up out of this place to a land I will show you.'"

"I wish you would talk sense if you are going to talk at all," said Geraldine after another baffled gaze. "You've dug over your old gardens and your bibles till people will think you're as crazy as a lunatic! I call it degrading!"

"Geraldine, why do you so hate Work? It is the *exertion* of one's natural powers for the gratification of human wants and desires. 'Hunger, thirst and need of shelter, love of the beautiful and love of humanity all impel us to work.' What can you have against it?"

"It's beastly. That is what *one side* of me has against it," she said laughing like one bewitched.

"That's *exactly* what it is *not*. It is highly Human! The

beast and the savage do not 'work.' God and man, *do!* Ownership of a thing includes the voluntary exertion of *individual power* to render the thing claimed, serviceable to Humanity."

"Oh! You may sit there, quoting all the old school-books you choose; but all the same, it is an outrage on the blood in your veins, to be mixing yourself up with the masses! So!"

"If I had a thousand lives that is exactly what I would do for my nation,—mix myself up with the masses;—like yeast in the measure of meal, to raise them (if I am good yeast) by impregnating them with a sense of their individuality and their possibilities. But who is the yeast, and who are the raw particles of ground wheat? We are all mixed up now. To straighten up conditions all round, clear thinkers and staunch unselfish workers must just simply do their best on the spot they stand on, Geraldine. You have been deliberating for years: and I am sure you have no thought of turning your back now on the needs of the oncoming century; no thought of doing anything to blight the prospects of unborn humanity! What you naturally will do is to stand in the *advance*-guard for progress and for a universally-*natural* order."

"You are so queer!" said Geraldine. "You won't find people in society going about brandishing the science of Economics and Moral Philosophy! All fine theories are not to be lived out to practical issues!"

"But they are to be tested that the useless ones may be set aside. It is time high ideals were actuated into life. This is the new age, and you will find that at the opening up of the 'Miracle in Stone' (the Great Pyramid in Egypt) Truths there hidden will be revealed just in time to meet the wants of this scientific age, which now demand 'rules and measurements': and an intellectual *precision* of judgment instead of religious *passion.* We have been well taught Geraldine, and we have chosen in perfect freedom."

"I have not chosen yet, I'd have you know," said Geraldine.

"I have! I have chosen to battle for half defeated humanity; and to preach the achievement of health, self-poise and the possible completeness of each life in itself, for itself and for others, regardless of all discouraging fetters either of inheritance, Karma or of present environment."

"You are not a fit exponent of those ideas. There's not a tangle in your life. If I chose to settle to the horrible problem, I could do this work better" said Geraldine after a pause. "For—for reasons sufficient, I might choose to lead off in this thing," added she, a fire lighting her eyes. "In any case I don't propose to have you go to Washington to introduce the Landseer name there, in the beggarly way you suggest!"

"I'm going to mother with this work," said Ishtar. She was very pale, for she had plenty on her nerves to carry, and Geraldine's manner was indescribable. The fact was, Geraldine suspected that Frantze was in Washington and that Ishtar knew it! Meanwhile Ishtar knew that her mother also thought he was still there. As for herself, she wished to act with no reference to that matter. She was glad that she so suddenly had been asked by Konnyngscrown to take a school there because she wished to 'teach school,' and was glad to have the opportunity of doing so in that city where so much which she wished to learn would open up before her.

For the rest, she resolutely kept her mind off of the new element in her relations with Frantze which Geraldine forced upon her notice, and, indeed seemed almost to have forced into existence.

The strain on Ishtar's nerves was becoming great. Frantze had fled before it; so had Mr. Konnyngscrown as she fully believed, while Mrs. Landseer had chiefly left Geraldine to herself. But Ishtar held to Geraldine, true to the old partnership in which she had said they would 'wit together.'

Mr. Konnyngscrown had written from Washington but once; stating briefly that he could procure this school for her, and that he should spend the winter in that city. He had made no mention of Frantze. Ishtar had passed the letter to Geraldine. But when this did not seem to satisfy her, Ishtar said nothing more on the matter, leaving her to think what she chose, and to conduct as she saw fit.

"Ishtar" said Mrs. Landseer, noticing the whiteness round her mouth, "Ishtar, get beauty and brightness out of life—my little day-laborer! *get it this winter.* I have never yet seen a woman's life that was worth living: neither will any life be, till we have gained the right to live naturally, on our own

intellectualized heights. Throw Geraldine off of your mind. Relate yourself to your own affairs! Don't discuss it!"

Ishtar walked back to Geraldine, thinking, that the best way to avoid social, national and individual unpleasant collusion was to live above them: and that the way to brighten life, consisted in not darkening it.

A little later, as Mrs. Landseer heard Geraldine moving about in her room, she joined Ishtar, partly to consult about some preparations for her departure and also to add a few words relative to the crisis, which she knew was now upon them. She heartily wished she could frankly tell both of the girls all that was back of the complications, and (apparently) unnecessary artificialities of affairs. But after coming to Ishtar to disclose some such untellable things, she, after all, only repeated her request that Ishtar should "get from the winter all the pleasantness it contained, and not wear her 'heart on her sleeve, for Daws to peck at.'"

"Do you teach Geraldine that way?" asked Ishtar.

"We do not urge the Raven to secret treasures," said Lamed, just as the door opened, and Geraldine stood inside of it with her back swiftly turned to the room, but with her head turned facing the room so that her chin was couched on her shoulder over which fell her long hair, while the room seemed filled with the gladness of a Hebe-like smile that disclosed pearly teeth as she glanced backward, under the apple raised between her eyes and those she met. Venus Vitrix stood confessed. With dominating displeasure Mrs. Landseer looked at Geraldine: but did not discountenance her—till, responsive to a change in Mrs. Landseer's *thought*-of-the-act, there came to Geraldine's countenance, a lifting of brows which asked practically, "Do you see I know our secret?"—which change Mrs. Landseer met with a look of good fellowship: under which the *diablerie* of Geraldine's artificiality, vanished: as she sank into a chair saying to Ishtar as Lamed walked out of the opposite door,

"Your Mother knows whom I am like. You are going to seek your fortune. So am I! But I choose to first pick up a few dropped threads in the web of-fate.

"That black silk (by the way) is for a whole suit for you. I 'earned it by the exertion of my powers,' etc.," she added

with a laugh and with a kiss on Ishtar's astonished eyes. Then forgetting everything else she said: "Ishtar, you will have to write that letter to Washington over again."

"It has gone," said Ishtar, "with the word 'Spinster' left affixed to my signature. I wonder, seeing you are so fearful of acting for yourself, you should venture to act for others. However, the word 'Spinster' is a term in law by which an unmarried woman, without title or rank is designated. So it is quite correctly applied to me, as I take my place in the industrial-community."

Geraldine had disfigured the letter in order to delay it. She caught her breath at this frustration of her plan: saying nervously, "Something will come of this, different from what would have happened otherwise."

"Perhaps so, and perhaps not. But in any event it will all work together for good to me and for all concerned."

"That is just the reverse of what I always think about all these chances and changes! I don't dare to do anything because of 'consequences.' Yet I *did* dash off some stories to get that silk dress and those things for you. A little Sunday school book for one thing; which I sold out-right instead of having it published myself. The manuscript reader wanted to tame down the girl's speeches and doings a little; but I told him I had met the child myself, as you will readily believe. And I carried her through a revival, and simply made her say, think and feel all that I felt in *one such* evening. And she grew pious like you, only not so tame. It was a very natural story because the very thing that religiously might help me, of course helped her, and I just 'in with it all.'

"I have tested what the life of a bee-feeder would be like. 'The Rhododendron of Trebizond' is a flower which *bees* feed on. I deal with *bees!* I like workers! And when men are fine workers I forgive them for being men. They cease then to be honey-hunters; and are *bees*, and—and—well you may stare! But one day a month for a year, I have walked into Roxbury. I have twenty-five families there who are glad to see me for reasons more or less substantial. But I have not tried to make Roxbury ring with the name of Landseer, as some one has, this town.

"'Miss Rhodo,' only is known among Roxbury poor folks.

I have gotten six boys and three girls into employment by going to men of different firms. O, don't take the trouble to express admiration. Sit a moment and I will show you "Miss Rhodo," said Geraldine, leaving the room.

After a while a tall woman entered, wearing a clinging, half-trailing shabby black dress. As she walked in, she apologetically raised a long, rusty crepe-veil, showing gray hair banded low over the forehead and marks of care, between her eyes, with wrinkles which put the chin and mouth in parenthesis. There were other lines starting out from the nose and leading off between the cheeks and chin unrecognizably metamorphosing Geraldine's whole *personnelle*. Under the long crepe she wore a dense *lace* veil, close over her face: and her melancholy (yet pitifully helpful) expression, sent Ishtar off into peals of laughter.

"Mrs. Brown,—I am Miss Rhodo. I saw in the papers that your husband was injured in the machinery at his work, and that you had two boys and a baby. I have but small means, myself. But I know a good man who has a coal-wharf. I may get you some fuel and possibly, a place where the oldest boy can earn enough to pay your rent,"—came forth from this *personnelle* in a tone, quite at-one with the kind of a muscularly-contracted nose that Miss Rhodo affected.

Then,

"And I did, too," said Geraldine, dropping the muscular-contraction, the tone, the bonnet and the veil, all at once: and looking more incongruous than ever as she stood forth in the gray hair, begrimed skin, wrinkles, and perfect youthful figure. "I did," she repeated, "and I found a homœopathic physician who got the man well quickly and for nothing."

"But if you had been found out in that disguise? Besides, how did you manage it every month?"

"Leave me alone for managing when it must be done in self-defense. I did not choose to be inundated with beggars *here*. Besides, Geraldine Landseer had not chosen that life. Of course I arranged everything so that discovery would have added only credit to the Landseer name. 'Grand and good?'—nothing of the kind. Of course it was disagreeable, the poverty, smells and dirt. But those women long for your

coming, and the big boys all swear by you in spite of your wrinkles and dirt."

"My wrinkles and dirt?"

"No," said Geraldine looking at her curiously, "you will never adopt wrinkles and dirt I am sure,—but I,—I like them. I feel natural and at rest in meek poverty; as though I had fallen to the lowest and had nothing worse to fear. And—and the business men, when they give help because *poor* people *need* it and not because a handsome woman asks for it seems lovable to me: and in that plight I can look at them with cordial gratitude and no danger. I like the looks of these eyes behind these smoked glasses better than I do my own—if they are my own," said Geraldine, falteringly, as with a passionate groan she threw herself head-long on the floor.

Her gray hair fell about her wrinkled face and her shabby dress with its sombre crepe clung to her form.

She was a horrible contrast to the image of triumphant beauty which, an hour before, had attitudinized with "stolen fruit" in hand, (whatever that may mean).

In those few minutes Ishtar lived hours. It was to her as if years had intervened between the first tableau and this.

CHAPTER XIII.

"A great scholar in the highest sense is, not one who simply depends on an infinite memory but also on infinite and electric-power of combination, bringing together from the Four Winds, like the Angel of The Resurrection, what else were dust from dead-men's bones, into the unity of Breathing-Life.''—*De Quincey.*

AFTER Ishtar had gone to Washington, Geraldine with Tama's help began at the top of the house to 'right up everything.' She had not gotten far on the way, before learning lessons that caused her to look with respect at the shining windows and general conditions of homes where 'Good Housekeeping' reigned supreme whatever became of the home-making.

"Really, it is something to be a good Housekeeper," said she, confidentially to Mrs. Landseer, after a week expended in these efforts. And Tama, who for an incredible number of years had been doing what must be done, in our present isolated management, rose in her esteem as a good servant *must*, in the esteem of a sensible woman, who tries to acquaint herself with the needs of the case, by even, for a very limited time giving an eye and hand to everything from top to (and through) the cellar.

"What has come over you, Geraldine?" said Mrs. Landseer, when a week had gone by, and Geraldine's enthusiasm had not.

"I am trying to be good, simple and industrious," she replied. Then they looked at each other and laughed: neither of them feeling very sure, this house-cleaning exemplification of goodness would hold out as a permanency.

Just then they heard wheels on the driveway: and Frantze had sprung from the carriage and was saying "Auntie, I will tell you everything," and then was halting before Geraldine: who, with hair done up in a kerchief in Tama's style, and wearing a pair of cotton gloves which gave her fingers a chance

to come out and take a look at conditions,—felt as well pleased with herself as when she was 'Miss Rhodo.' And, glad that Frantze had gotten home she told him so taking his hand. He, with head on one side stood a moment, looking at her, as he had in boyhood: glad when she was glad but quite able to bear it when she was not. He was much bronzed and more robust than three months before, but the change in him was beyond the matter of color and weight. He placed three chairs near the door where there was a lovely breeze, grouping them so that, with heads leaned together, they sat at once expectant of his first words: because of his evident readiness to "tell them all about the trip which he, with twenty-five men, had taken across the continent: each of whom, put a thousand dollars into a little mining scheme: some of whom got out of it, the experience (he said) and some, the money."

"Which did you get?" said Geraldine.

"By accident I got a little of each. Because as the fellows wanted me to go deeper into the second move they let me have a little luck on the first! But there was one man there, who was going to kill himself, because he had lost what I had gained. So I gave that to him, and it squared him; and got him back home all right, and finished such transactions for both of us."

Geraldine said nothing.

"After that I went to Utah and looked into their peculiar marital (perhaps I should say parental) philosophy and the good principle on which part of it is founded.

"Then I went through the Indian Reservations: looking into the reason back of their desire for nonconformity to American-civilization. And I went clear across to the Pacific: and in fact, got into speech-making: always reminding people that Lincoln had said to the effect that even if some of the people were fools part of the time: all of the people were not fools all of the time.

"I haven't that quite right: but the point is, it takes all the people of all the nations to get at all of the truth concerning matters of world-wide Common weal and Common-Wealth. And as we have a large majority of intelligent people (for women are people) it certainly is now much too late to repeat the old attempts, to dominate millions of

persons by the establishment of either a would-be universal monarchy or a would-be-universal compulsory religion. For, as in the past, the Universal-monarchist and the would-be Universal Religionist (of whatever name) will fly at each other and fight over their old differences, with the result in the future which has been in the past:—that is, their differences will be disseminated and freely discussed, instead of localized and secretly magnified.

"I told them how it was in the time of the English or Welsh-Tudor's victory over the House of York; when the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy (encouraged by the fact that its Head was Emperor and King, as well as Head-of the Army and of the Executive) combined with the immense Spanish dominions to try to suppress public opinion; with the result that the People became impatient, and other sovereigns, influenced by National feeling, combined against Austria. If, instead of combining against, there had been enough of cool intelligence extant to, even have learned what the name Austria or Oesterreich meant and included,—and in what sense this Ostrich was a nation and what sense it was more or other and what it sought to effect, the world,—apparently then could have been saved much bloodshed and brutalization. But of course, this 'combining against,' like all combining against brought on the war which in that case, lasted thirty years: and then though outward hostilities were abated, the struggle was carried on in nations, towns and provinces over what was supposed to be 'two opposed principles';—which were fought for, by distinctive agencies under the leaderships of Guelph and Ghibelline. 'Guelph' being an italianized form (I believe) of the German word 'Welf' or wolf."

"Oh! Then I was right in thinking, those German werewolf stories were identified with things related to your task of becoming a Louveteau (as the French have it) or young wolf?"

"Why not?" he answered, with a quick look at her: then added: "And perhaps horrible as they were, they were not exaggerations of the struggle it is to get (if one lapses into beast-manners) back again to that beatific-manhood toward which, God-empowered, I tell you, Geraldine, my face is set!"

Dynamically-expelled it had come as he had met the strange, dark-splendors in her eyes. For while looking at him she saw not him, but The *Just Man!*—Him, the adumbrations of whose fate had made her His warrior. And the adoring devotion in her gaze had staggered Frantze: whose impulsive output of words, hand and look then but met an amaze, which, extinguishing those lights and splendors, gave him to know, it was not for him they had flamed.

And assured of it he was by the memory of a moment as exalting, which had arrived to him in a garden above Lake Michigan. And turning to Lamed there followed that exchange of comprehending Intelligence; which, if the world-ful of Mothers had more of it, their daughters' marriages would oftener result in bringing to earth, miracles instead of monstrosities. Encouraged to proceed with his narrative, he did so saying hushedly,

"—and now, as of old, things are so tangled-up again, that many of the 'wolves' are acting more like devouring animals than like trained-Masters of the Royal-secret: just as they think those in the other party would act, if they had a chance."

"I told the audience, that, at root, this world-wide fight into which we have been plunged is 'between two-principles' as Browning says in 'Sordello': and that now as of old, the Guelph-side (including Victoria Guelph) is hot and hearty for Monarchical-supremacy: while the Ghibelline (or Roman-Catholic-church party) holds rigid for Hierarchical-Supremacy.

"I thought I could make all swiftly and simply interesting by telling them, something about the ancient-civilization which permeated Druidical and Celtic-lands in Ancient Albion and elsewhere. Which civilizations were built up on (as I believe) an Intellectualizing-form of sociology: infibred by the lofty principles of *self*-conquest: (the achievement of which gives one quite enough of battling) a health-filled civilization which fetched its adherents a prosperity that attracted plunderers to the land,—(*à la* Brutus:) whose manners and methods were in line with the killing of 'the bird' which laid the golden Egg.

"I frankly touched up the matter of the Universal Monarchy (or Imperialism) which the adherents of the Brutus-like

style of management, may wish to set up here, if Americans can be brought to believe a Democracy (or government of people by and for people) is become impossible now that our country is so tremendously inundated with so-called illiterate foreigners. Many of whom (when we come to sift it down) know, as well as we do, the rights and wrongs of things at stake.

"I reminded them that they well knew, that this Nation was *born* for the purpose of establishing, (not a universal-Monarchy, backed by a hierarchic-dominance but) 'a government of people: by and for people': in which each individual woman and man was to be upheld in allegiance to his and her ideal of-and utilization of, the creative-principle: which, rightly understood, is Bishop of souls.

"And there I got in too deep: fetching out from one quarter, a roar against Bishops and against all religious-meddling with American politics. Nor did they catch on to my pet idea (which I thought would charm them) namely; my idea that there IS an aristocracy made up of those who best serve the greatest-number, and who ask least for self-in return. I explained that such an Aristocracized-Republic could not exist except as its citizens were educated in the knowledge that the only way to be virtuous is by the hourly-practice of the fine old pagan-virtues which practice renders the practiser and possessor invincible.

"And one man, then several, shouted out, 'OH! What are you giving us?' etc." laughed Frantze.

"Then a bright minister took it up, on another plane: trying to show that something more and better than compulsory-Religion was needed:—referring to the fact that in 1734, Bishop Warburton had said, 'while the rule of right might direct a philosopher, and a point of honor might keep up a thing called "manners" among Gentlemen, nothing but religion would fix the standard among common people.' And that, Bishop Butler (the author of 'Analogy between Nature and Revealed Religion') had said concerning that epoch, that 'universities were then on the side of irreligion. For professorships (as well as pulpits) were given to men, not for their absolute worth but for possessing qualities then in vogue with those in power'! (much as now.) 'And that England

had then reached a culmination of debauchery and irreligion: not in one class alone but in all' and 'that the firm establishment of the Episcopacy did nothing to lessen the moral-gloom': and that 'religion had lost all real hold on the people.' The minister added that he spoke of this to show that wherever Religion becomes a compulsory affair, such conditions always ensue! Because an 'act to be moral or religious, must be the outcome of the inmost soul of the actor.' And that the founders of this Republic understood it to be so, when, in the Constitution they provided for the right of every one to worship God according to the dictates of his and her own conscience."

Halting, Frantze, wondered that what had sounded so good and was so well received by the audience, now sounded like such an ordinary old-story, when thus repeated at home.

In fact, he had rather the air of having run home as fast as he ever could, to tell the big things that had occurred: and of finding he had not so much to tell in the way of troubles or successes as he had supposed. For that the most he had to be congratulated upon, was that he was safe home and no harm done. He said as much, climaxing it with:—

"The fact was, Konnyngscrown had gotten tired of seeing me so 'flat, dull and unprofitable': and so had given me a check book and told me to run over the country and see what people were about and what they needed: and what I might do, to right up the world-wide tangles. But I learned nothing new in particular. We had all studied up the intricate *or* simple problem while I staid at home. With things tied up as they now are, there seems nothing feasible except—*Individual-Rectitude!* Though when I am here at home it seems as if everything else fine were possible also:—yes: *necessary* to be done for *others:* and that, at once.

"What in the name of the Lord who made us, is the matter with this horror-stricken-Epoch? Is it upside down? Or rotting at the core?"

"—at the core," said Lamed.

"Yes" said Geraldine "that's the reason we here, began at the spot we stood on: and went to cleaning up the house we live in; if we were not to be allowed to clean the social-muss we have to breathe in."

Then she said, "I am glad you are to be in Washington this season."

"I am glad too" said Frantze. Then as if making a venture he said, "Aunt Lamed had you ever much met Konnyngscrown before he came here?"

"Does he speak of ever having met me?"

"That he does not talk about," said Frantze: understanding that when persons start out on the 'truthful James' road, they sometimes meet with set-backs and *sometimes*, expedite benefits to all concerned. And Geraldine with her tendency to rush to Lamed's rescue, said,

"Oh! By the way, which are you, Guelph or Ghibelline? Or are you both? Why don't you run over to England and hunt up your affairs, and not be waiting on Konnyngscrown's motions any longer? By March I will have as much as six hundred dollars which I will think it a favor if you will use, towards hunting up your affairs and finding out all facts concerning my Father's relation to the old Guelph and Ghibelline matters. Then we shall all act more intelligently relative to the old fight now on in the world again."

Then looking at Frantze as if from a great distance she said: "I should think you would have some curiosity as to what is your name?"

"Do you doubt my name?" said Frantze with a keen look at her.

"I certainly do not know it. One man of whom we know only what he tells us of himself, calls you Aneuland, another called you Van Neulandt. It may be both, either or neither."

"Geraldine in her season of retreat" interposed Mrs. Landseer, "so far tested her ability to ward off poverty, as to strike off some marketable pieces of writing. She has hold on the *verities* of LIFE: and knows as well as I do, that the Guelph and Ghibelline-matters simply include questions for philosophical and scientific settlement."

"Ishtar has made me see it so," said Frantze.

"However" said Geraldine, holding to her topic "I would live on bread and water to know your history and mine."

"And suppose you did so in order to supply me with money to find out what you want to know, and suppose it transpired, I had no Family (as the term goes) and had but my make-up as

a young-Wolf and as a ward of Adonai: Prince Adept of the Royal Secret: would you (I ask again) will you, accept me as your husband, leal and true?"

The color had gone out of his face. The words came with sharp awkwardness. He was still, as the brave are still when, the honorable act performed, the actor awaits consequences.

Geraldine gave him her hand, saying, "Frantze, I love you well, and am done harassing you. Yours is but a proffer of co-operative-friendship; such as I offered to Konnyngscrown when I wanted all duplicity stripped off of life."

"Geraldine: do you realize what you are saying?" impressively queried Mrs. Landseer. And Geraldine, with elbows on chairarms, hushed and poised, judicially replied,

"Lamed; if we agree to go into retrospection, it will be for the purpose of getting at (not simply what *I* need nor this family nor this Crisis needs but) what 'the whole family, in Heaven and Earth' needs to have general-Intelligence *know*, in order to *welcome* the possibilities of this great, sixth-round-epoch!

"In view of those possibilities I say I am not a marrying woman. Whether, or not you were, is not the point to consider now: so much as is the fact, that your marriage brought on a set of circumstances which, though not easy for you, must be managed by us (now that we *are* born) for the good of all concerned!

"I confess I often wonder who would be who, if the very she did not marry the he who together finally give parentage to, Who comes." Then, as with the wide benevolence of a soul who gathers to itself, one who has suffered in her stead, Geraldine added,

"Great One, you have done marvellously well. But I never will risk marriage. I will still live with eyes raised to her who has but lived for the purpose of securing her household, Landseer included, in the right to be the best possible self, each being judge FOR self. Lamed, I am thrice your sister; and only once your child, if—if I *am* your child?"

The judicial, critical quietude with which she spoke these incisive words, was beautified by the unusual tone of melodious tenderness as of a heart newly swept of misjudgment by some recent sight.

The change was evident but not named by either spectator of it as 'softening of heart': neither was it. It was rather a clarifying of judgment that had come from a cleansing away of bitter unfaith in the justice of anything or any thought of any being on earth or in the heavens above the earth; a cleansing and clarifying which had been brought her with the sight of the Just Man: and of what He got for being Just. It was the reflex of His quality which intuned her voice.

Out of the silent analysis of the presence of that quality (not yet defined by those who felt it) Lamed said, "I am glad you both know that you do not care for one another in that indescribable-way, which (other things being equal) furnishes the true basis for marriage. Otherwise you might have sacrificed each other and have done duty ever afterward: but—"

"Well—I think it more than mere romance which suggests, that the other element,—intangible and—"

"—unknown to you? would you say?" assistingly said Geraldine in that same hushed tone (which now disrobing of rudeness her crisp outputs) brought from Lamed the self-scrutinizing answer,

"Yes: I suppose it is unknown to me. And probably the brain-dazing, conscience-bewildering, emotional-subjection of one soul to another (over which romance raves) is a pitiful embarrassment-of-riches to any man or woman hampered by it!" She curiously colored and halted before their intense awaitment of Truth: adding, "Yes: I must say it. Because it is time women realized that the average man, above all needs the benefit of woman's clear sight from the cradle to the grave: and on woman's power to do duty manfully by him, (and not on her clinging, emotional love for him) the die is cast in the game of life.

"In marrying, a woman does well to promise herself, she will do her husband good, and not evil, all the days of his life. Then, with her mind off of the question of her own happiness, she can take her stand at her post of duty, and holding to her best sight of truth, stick to her business of bettering him and her family."

To Frantze's ear there was a desolating sound in this readiness to do and bear, what (he felt) should not be a possibility in Marriage.

He did not like this cast-iron quality of philosophizing over woman's ability to bear things, which ought to have been (before this) cleared out of the category of (at least), christianized-existence. And he said so, most emphatically: stating that it was time, that somewhere, somehow, there should be gotten up a solid differentiation between the ravenings of beasts and, the union-of spiritized-personalities; adding however "But THE article, called 'society,' averages in its secret history, to show as little of that last named 'union of spiritized-personalities,' as do the so called lowest-classes. What's the matter?"

"I say," replied Geraldine, judicially, "Man has no capacity for friendship with woman. Look at Konnyngscrown for instance: always ready to demolish, instead of *attend* to a case; as presented by woman. He lacks capacity for friendship with woman."

"That is where you are mistaken," said Lamed abruptly. Then, "I am taking the time to tell you," she said with great deliberation, as the other two pairs of eyes met, sought hers, and fell away listeningly, "that, hitherto, men have not been trained in sustaining friendship with womanhood: any more than women (so called) have been TRAINED in trusting to men's friendship: for reasons sufficient."

And adroitly, Geraldine asked, like a little child, "Why do you say 'women so called'? Tama says so too, but she never tells me why?" evidently enjoying herself, quite beyond the ordinary.

"One subject at a time," said Lamed. "I am telling you that friendship exists only between acknowledged equals. And that there are men who are incapacitated for reigning with Woman on Plato's (much less on Christ's) fair Plane. I am not sure, Jerome Konnyngscrown is incapacitated! His trouble is—rather that he does not know that it is awaiting Man as a *plane* on which to reign!

"I am suggesting, it is time Men were better informed as to the Realm that awaits their occupancy."

"But WHY" said Geraldine, "WHY should women forever be drudging over (so called) Man's wants and woes?"

"For the same reason that they drudge over ours. We are all tied up in one bundle of Life!" said Lamed.

"But Men (so called) ought to grow up!" said Geraldine.

"You will never hear anything else from Geraldine, but that 'so-called'" said Frantze.

"Besides" said she, "'Men spoil all pleasantness by 'falling in love' just as you begin to feel a little friendly toward them. It may be all right for those who care for it: but the very term 'FALLING in love' sounds discouraging. I hate it."

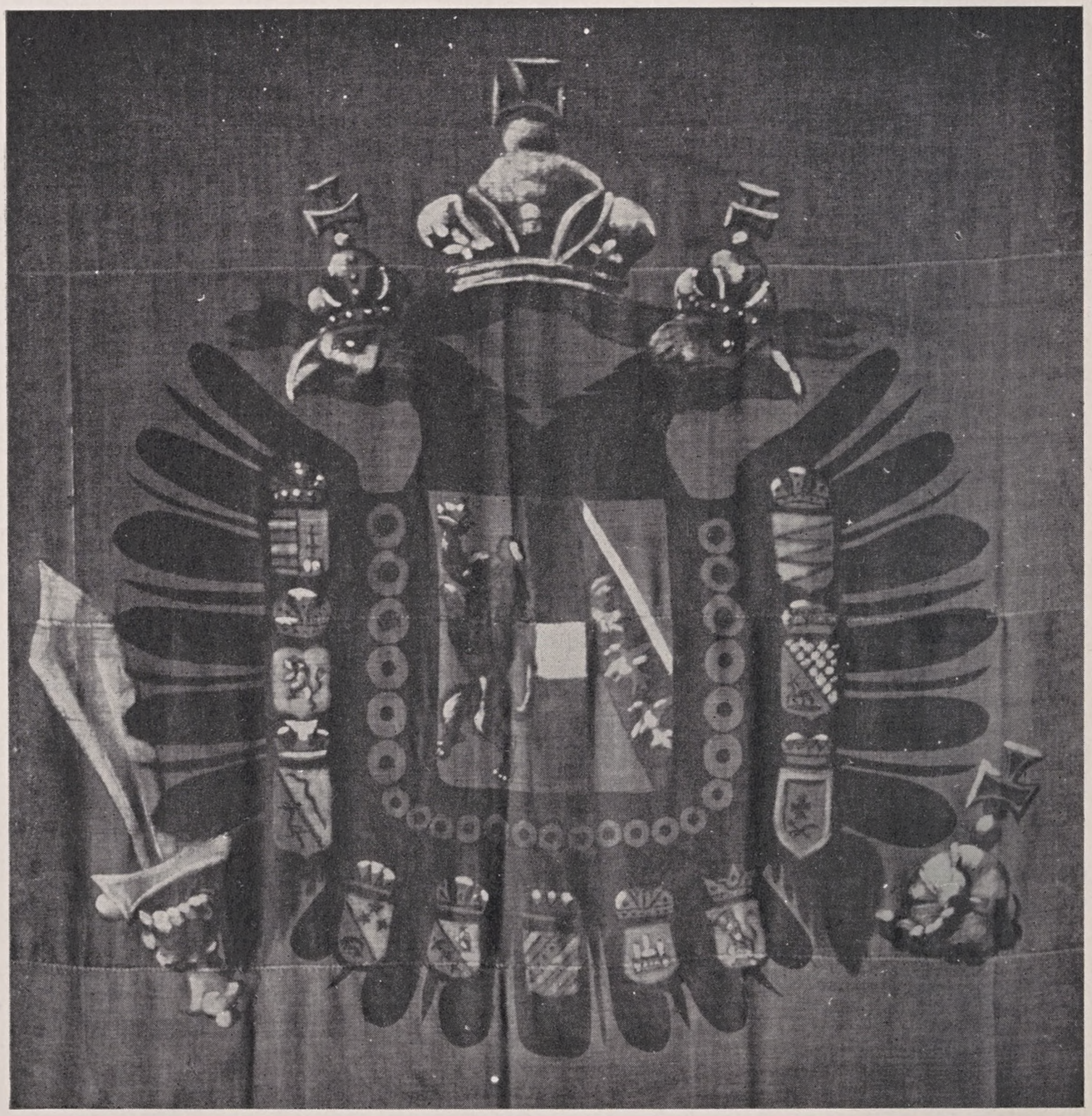
"That's a bad case too," said Frantze, "though, if woman took to hating 'love' would it (do you think aunt Lamed) furnish a good antidote for men's conscious possession of a super-abundant liking for it?"

"Frantze? Geraldine?" said Lamed, calling them each by name, with a pause-filled gravity. "If by 'antidote,' you mean an 'opposite' as a Mason you Frantze ought to know that what Geraldine says is much nearer a right philosophy of true living than is the popular teaching that woman (so-called) is the symbol and exponent of love. Even Swedenborg, (I believe it is), teaches the reverse in the remarkable words,—'the supreme crown (which is the ancient Most-Holy: the hidden of the hidden,) is fashioned within the occult wisdom of both sexes—male and female. In which the father denotes most perfect love, and the mother most perfect rigor, and in which she averts the face.' The point is, Geraldine's intuitive tendency toward the rigor that averts the face, is so far correct that if all women were left to that tendency, then man, instead of being influenced to dissoluteness, would comprehend that what he loves is the 'absolute feminine' (cabalistically called He, Ha or Hua) which is hidden on every side: and which is part of that unutterable name Yod-He-Vah; in which Yod is male, and He or Hua is female, '*both* of which are fashioned within the most occult wisdom of *both* sexes,' as say the wise.

"And what I am saying now" continued Lamed, "is that the feminine should follow its own highest nature. For then, naturally it would assist the brother to an equilibrium: impelling him to seek that totality of the Hu, Ha or Hua life which is within: and which, when evolved, becomes a perfected man-builder, as well as 'the perfected man'!

"This evolutionary work, all scientific religions set forth, as humanity's great concern.

"So, Frantze, if now, at this great epoch an exemplifying *utterance* can be given to what has been supposed to be unutterable: (for instance the cabalistic name of Yod-Hevah) then the intelligent world will be able to practically face the fact that 'the supreme crown' is latent within the wisdom-wielding-power of both the younger and the elder brother; though more alert and ready for service in the Elders. And the Intelligent would realize that if self-mastered persons chose to contract marriage at such a level, such a marriage union would be like that, set forth by the Austrian standard of the double-headed eagle; not unknown to your fraternity



Frantze: with one body, one pair of wings, but two heads; each of which averts itself with the rigor, which we of this home, have attempted to practice; as each has done his own thinking in a more or less courteous (though incisive manner) each trying to keep so self-poised as to not rend the interior self-harmony on which depends the perfection of the 'form of spirit.'

"'A form of Spirit'" (she repeated directing attention to the wall opposite where hung photographs of some of the world-wide standards which were among the 'family values'). "'A form of Spirit' which is pictured at this double-headed-Austrian Eagle's Whole-Heart. For at the right-ventricle dances the Judean-Lion upholding in his grip a crown: while at the left, three white Eagles flutter the vibratory pulsations of their triuning-Intelligence throughout the National Body!"

Said Frantze:—

"The double-headed eagle has lately been reported as significant—not only of personal aspirations and struggles, but of so much related to the aggregations of provincial and governmental power that it makes one dizzy to think of it all. But the *emphasis* which you put on the individual's necessity for self-harmonization (whether he remains celibate or enters the marriage state with a co-partner at that higher-life level) is very satisfactory to me."

"It is a very necessary emphasis": said Lamed. "For the averted face signifies to me, the duty of taking even the compelling or beseeching eye off from the younger brother; except when it is used to repel intrusion—while leaving him to find his own way, free from that overwhelming emotional influence which so cruelly and insidiously enmeshes the footsteps of man."

"What is the matter with the footsteps of men?" said Geraldine. "Why can't they step square and pick out clean places just as well as the rest of us."

"They can" said Frantze, "*I* know they can."

"There Lamed, *I* knew they could," said Geraldine.

"Yes, they can if they choose," said Mrs. Landseer. "You are quite right. Never doubt it either of you. At this stage

in race development they can step square and pick out clean places. But there was a time in rigorous climates and when all things all round were in a rugged state of development, when the struggle for bread, clothes and roof—added to the fight against wild animals—kept men and their wives on a crisp working-basis of mutual helpfulness in which their distinctive rôles as males and females tended to make each seem to be but a 'fragment' of the whole: as each took up his or her fragment of existence; with the result that each depended on the other, like two halves of—"

"Of what," said Geraldine impatiently, not liking that idea.

"—of the man-that-is-to-be?" said Frantze, with an apologetic interrogatory glance at Lamed.

"—just *that*," said she, very well pleased that this patchwork style of conversation, or turning round of ideas was feasible between her and the children who from childhood, with her, had conspired to live up to Marcus Aurelius' motto; "If it is not right, do not do it. If it is not true, do not say it."

Geraldine, repeating Frantze's explanation, said, "The man-that-is-to-be? When, Oh, when is he coming; and what occasioned the hiatus between the old-fashioned 'fragment' of which you speak Lamed; and the building of the man-that-is-to-be? And besides, do you suppose the man-that-is-to-be, ever *was?* If so, what made him fall away from being the best-he-ever-had-been?"

"You know the story of Adam and Eve?" said Frantze mischievously.

"I don't believe it."

"I wouldn't say that," said Lamed.

"Well, you may have no need to. I have said it" said Geraldine herself laughing at the *crudeness* of her pursuit of facts.

"Perhaps Geraldine means," said Frantze, "that *that* story, to her, is a deeper telling, of the 'Fall of Jerusalem,' or of 'Troy,' and has to do with Tasso's story of the recovery of Jerusalem, or Milton's story of 'Paradise Lost,' and Dante's ditto—'regained.' Or—"

"Please, Geraldine means," said that would-be-well-self-understood young woman "that, as you have told how things went on when men and women were content to be fragments

of some not-yet-visible whole man, I now want you to tell what they *did*, when each had time to give a little attention to the work of finishing 'self' up?"

She looked at Frantze with a nod as she used to do, when a little girl she used to say,—"Now you go on with the story from there";—which he now did, first questioning:—

"Do you mean, to ask what happened when, under easier circumstances, these fragments began to grow *indolent?*"

"Perhaps!" said she. "You're telling this story now. Tell it as you like."

"Well, when easier circumstances arrived, indolence set in. Then indolence tended to mental-relaxation: and *that* tended to sensuality. Sensuality was the enemy of womanly-rigor! And that gone 'that self-whole-one, being thus bereft of its hold on self-sovereignty, becoming the slave of the male left him to become the slave-of-his-slave. Then set in the covert-mash-of malignancy, known since as the Fall-of Man.'

"You have stated it well!" said Lamed, catching her breath under the fire of Frantze's swift outpour. "But you have only shown us the mash and the Fall! Now Frantze, go on and do what Geraldine asked. Tell us, *what* they ought to have done when at last they had had time to give to the business of each finishing up self?"

"If you want an answer 'on the square,'" said this learned free-mason, "look at the Austrian eagle, and the eagle more simple of this country. I think, each, individually sought (and now like eagles should seek) his and her own eyrie-heights. For the rest,"—he halted, hating to say things that reflected too heavily on over-burdened women, many of whom, he believed had struggled as faithfully as had Lamed. Taking up the matter from another side he burst forth:—

"*You* tell *me* whence has come this sudden inflow of everything degrading from lands that America (now equally brutal) has gone to christianize with bullets and bibles. Whence this new fealty to the 'social conscience' which has left, licentiousness more fashionable than is the keeping of those ten commandments: which kept, on the body, soul and spirit-plane would have made a heaven on earth?"

"Whence came it?" repeated Lamed. "The burden of

proof is with you if it did not come from The Hand that leaves men in such freedom that, each, showing forth his inner-state, stands revealed as each is. Thus giving each one to see what is in self and in 'Man,' generically considered. That thus all may be brought to despise injustice, and gratefully receive instead, the good-things that are laid-up in the 'Mind-that-is-in-Christ': which good things woman inherently is ready to receive and utilize!"

"But why then, when women were called, nine or ten years ago, to 'consult over the portentous matter-at-stake,' why—I say,—if they had such a tremendous hold on 'the hidden of the hidden,'—did they lapse into silence and become duped into allegiance to the dicta of the so-called 'social conscience'? The outcome of which now looks to be, but a mash of malignant misery?" queried Frantze.

With quiet retrospection she answered, "Ten years ago we (you included) were ten years younger than we are now: ten years more brain-bound! I, at least, could not then have said things so dispassionately as I now am saying them. Could you, Frantze? The women who went into that consultation over 'portentous matters,' understood it as a solemn call to give their best selves—sacramentally for the saving of the world: and, relatively, for the solution of the sex-mystery! One invitation from the A. A. W. came to me, impressing me so, that, though I chiefly dwelt at home in those days, I exerted myself once to go out and consider the matter. With the result that, the few words I spoke, sounded like ominous outcries: and called so evident a halt to the morning's business, that, after paying my contribution and next-year's-subscription-fee, I took my leave: believing that my country was being turned into a cattle-yard, where boy babies were to be bred to and for butchery!

"Perhaps five times in the last five years I have stepped out to note progress: always finding my few words to be astonishingly foreign to the fancies, precipitated on the audience in line with the general outlook at the *celebrity* to be gained, if but a psychical, political and national-military and sacerdotal-dominance *could* be attained!

"Since then many men and women have died: other men and women have—well, not *exactly* died!

"For myself, I early decided to let outside matters drop out of my hand and heart both of which must hold to the home-making for the five or six who have lived here, distinctively engaged in Character-building, each according to his and her selection of mental *material* treasured up from the past.

"Now, if I had wished and had tried to go forth speaking the high, plain truths amid crowds (most of whom wanted the platform, themselves) would my home-clientèle have been as far up the well-defined 'narrow way' as now they are?

"Just now Geraldine and I (all so late) are engaged in clearing out the rubbish from the home as effectually as we have tried to do from the more interior-house not made with hands," said Lamed—adding, "Ten years ago, few women really knew what it was that had been turned over to them to do."

"That, practically, was what was said of 'Victoria Guelph'" exclaimed Frantze,—"when her majesty signed a bill relegating thousands of women to be worse than murdered wherever she sent her soldiers to be also worse than murdered, for the extension of the glory of her government over the reeking earth. No woman has a right to get off, on that excuse! Woman's business and prerogative *is* to '*know.*' How can you doubt it, after all you have said of their interior powers of foresight and insight and 'Juris Prudentia'? I am furious at having any woman say, she don't 'Know.' I believe every woman will find, she DOES 'know' if she goes within and looks herself up? I believe Victoria Guelph did 'know' and does Know, now!"

"Victoria Guelph" said Lamed, with a loving utterance of that name, "also is ten years older than she was ten years ago: and many, many years older than she was when the Oriental lines of warfare were begun, the methods of which, were so offensive to Gladstone.

"For your other point, nine hundred and ninety-nine women out of a thousand are burdened (as was the Mother and Queen, Victoria) with immeasurable impedimenta:—which I will not discuss here:—so that—unless they somewhat float with the current they are generally mangled in the undertow! In other cases, their outlook at the splendor of things possible

blinds them to the smudge of things probable! Leaving any man who claims (as you do that they should always be infallibly right) in a state of mingled amazement and distrust of them when he finds they have not known the intricacies of things which men elaborately have kept them from '*presuming to have any business to know.*'"

"In my chamber I keep a pathetic picture of young Victoria giving one of her then newly acquired black subjects, an English Bible. The black-man's eyes, raised as he kneels, look puzzled but hopeful; and the admiring court (including her consort) look on as if there were little more that could be added to this beneficence.

"As I said Victoria Guelph is older now: and I hope she now is in Heaven's Court where others than flatterers surround her. She now sees the mistake she made. And the sight of them comes to her (as it does to other Intelligences) beneficently, not burdeningly.''

"Oh dear Auntie:—I did not fully know what I was talking about. There is so much to everything! I now know *why* you held to the silence of secluded Home-making! But now—at least we can all assume Free Speech: restraining ourselves only up to the measure of that Juris Prudentia which having foreseeingly judged of oncoming events waits, to deal patiently with what foresight has failed to avert and what—more loosely compacted Beings—now waking up in alarm are unprepared to deal with. But, Madame: you ought *now* to announce yourself and your facts, publicly."

"Oh! No! As it is *too early*, before people are ready to prevent, so it is too late when people are only able to uselessly *repent!* Nothing therefore is left, except, not to *relent:* but —to go on and fulfill the work to which one is sent!" said Lamed, in the slow, measured tones of the long-heavily laden Seer. For she had ceased to expect anything bright, except the mere chance to do the right, and take the blows that come in the thick of the fight. And she said so, casually.

Frantze caught his breath: saying "The patience of the Saints, the self-whole, the foreseeing! My Mother had it too! A glimpse of it all, and of your hold on Juris Prudentia came to me on my twelfth birthday when I stood looking out on

my *Earlier* self and on the flotsam and jetsam—which last, is now being given up for use as the sea gives up its resuscitated Dead, who, reborn are to live again! But, how could YOU be so patient when every one disbelieved in you, and thought you—at least 'very odd'?"

"You have answered your own question as to the possibility of 'Patience'—by your use of the term 'the Patience of the Saints, or of the self-whole and self-harmonized. You were born self-whole. I knew it. So was Ishtar. So was—"

"Don't say *I* was!" ejaculated Geraldine. "I know I have not yet assured myself of that! I don't intend to be patient! I won't be patient. I think it is wrong to be patient! I think you, Lamed, did wrong, not to leave us two or three times every week, and go out and stand to your ideals, publicly saying what you thought about the fighting and the whist-parties and the gambling-games and the debauchery and the—" she stopped: and for the first time in her life burst forth into a convulsion of tears furious at Lamed's long long crucifixion.

And Lamed steadily then said,

"Our work is before us still."

"Indeed yes," said Frantze, soft and low. "For as I ran over the country, I saw a tendency to increasingly take from women the means of self-support and heard smudgingly-smiling men say—'we have other business for them': which remark I relate to your long-ago recognition, that our country was and is being turned into a cattle-yard where b'hema-babes are bred for butchery. In '94 they talked more or less privately of having a thirty-years war for the glory of God and the Anglo-saxons who were to conquer the rest of the world."

Geraldine with a sudden glimpse at the method in the madness, pointing at an engraving of the pyramid at Ghizeh, said,

"That has stood for thousands of years, held together by the force of gravitation and the annealing power of orderly construction.

"It pictures, does it not, the divinely self-evolved, natural order of prehistoric-times? But, by some artificially-contrived-manœuvre, with us now the social-pyramid—which the other represents—has been turned apex downward into the accretion

of falsities concerning woman's ability to regulate the use of the World's Realest Values! All this, Lamed told me years ago: but she did not go out, as I think she ought to have done, to tell *mothers* and the world about it. And we? We could not half understand. So ten years seem to me to have been not half used! For we did not half understand."

"Dear Heart, you did understand as well, at least, as the outer world would have done. They would have called (and DID call it) 'too high,' and would have been bored and would have derided and then, have forgotten and then have misstated it. But my children and my home? They have treasured it up for future use.

"And now observe. The Apex of the pyramid has been removed. In it was (and is) treasured up, the type of 'the hidden of the hidden.' And not until there is brought forth with rejoicing that topmost stone which the builders rejected, shall 'the LIGHT arise,' which, shining from the Orient to the Occident, will right-up-conditions and put an end to—"

"—the rot that is at the core!" said Frantze. "And unless these hideous days are shortened, the very elect will fail. The Time must be near!"

"It has come" said Lamed. "I saw with comfort the report that an armed military force was kept about the Pyramid: significant (I thought) of a determination to keep Natives from carrying off the secret-Wisdom which, in that 'miracle-in-Stone' has been enshrined for the use of the dual-Spiritual-Energies which will be alert in the last Century of this Six-Thousand-Year-Epoch! After which, 'gods will walk the earth' like that Son-of-God, who walked through the midst of the Fire unhurt."

"Do you literally believe that, word for word?" said Frantze, turning to her.

"I willingly wait to hear you state it as much better as you can," said Mrs. Landseer.

"O, if *this* is the business in hand, it will make our invasion of these countries fit to be looked on with some degree of allowance. For these repositories of Egyptian Wisdom, do, I know, enshrine instruction concerning the steps taken in the evolution of a six-thousand-years-ago-godlike-race;

which instruction is in part, but distortedly being imparted. When it is scientifically comprehended then women who have 'endured the cross despising the shame' for the sake of passing on the 'Crown' which they were born wearing, will accept the 'totality of things' and be willing to do awkwardly what they were not allowed to do in America's ideal-way at that time when, as a consequence of man's war-manœuvres, everyone became half crazed at the sinking of the Maine," said Frantze.

"A deep insight into the constitution of the 'totality of things' is an absolute necessity in the work of universal happiness making," said Lamed. "But I have recently concluded that even in 1897, the country (individually considered) had so little knowledge of this totality (whether as enshrined in the Constitution of Man or in the constitution of the American Goddess of Liberty) that but a handful could then have been found capable of working together in that exalted-neighborly-fashion which Archibald and myself had thought to be fraternally-possible, when, early in the eighties, we undertook the task of so doing.

"And even in '97, or at the Jubilation over the opening of the Twentieth Century, such statements as you last made (and to which I am replying) would have been Greek even to Scholars who have, of late, been more interested in absorbing other Nations into our coffers than they have in winning them to absorb into themselves the divine Ideal that was back of our Constitutionalized Liberty. *Scholars*, many of whom were more interested in giving woman the privilege (?) of participating unrebuked, in man-made-license than they were in placing her where she belonged as a helpful citizen of our Idealized Republican Liberty."

Tama stood at the door, her attitude announcing that lunch was ready for them if they were ready for it. Then, as they rose to make themselves so, Geraldine said:

"My Lamed, at the crisis of the sinking of the Maine, Wisdom to have dealt instructively (not diplomatically) with the matter, was in 'the totality of Things.' Were then the possessors of this 'totality' dumb?"

"Not dumb but dazed by complications which had increasingly 'hidden the hidden' facts of the case. With the

result that men's unbelief in the possessors of this 'totality' had deluged women in unbelief in themselves as its possessors. I, myself was so deluged. How was it with you, Geraldine?"

A vivid memory of her dazed and quarrelsome state overwhelmed Geraldine: and with parted lips, big-eyed she moved away.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Now is the winter of our discontent overpast."

AS they were about to be seated at table, Mrs. Landseer tarried a moment before a picture on the wall, purporting to be 'THE KEY TO THE GREAT ARCANA': saying, "Geraldine suggested that at that crisis there were women in this land who held (or *were*) the 'open sesame' to the 'totality of things,' and asked if they were dumb." Then she waited for who cared to do so to take up the matter.

"Would you intimate" said Frantze, "that men learn all from women?"

"It might better be stated that from the spiritized-afflatus of woman's rightly-related Spiritually-*volatile* nature men might learn immeasurable Wisdom." Frantze caught the word and comprehended it. Lamed continued,—

"But if men, by false logic concerning the 'way of Life' animalize woman's spiritual-nature then, like the blunderers of whom you spoke, they kill the bird which lays the golden egg: which means, they cut off the power which electrically evolves the golden age."

As never before, Frantze saw the meaning of the Arcanum a picture of which hung on the wall before his eyes. In it he previously had but seen Cosmic man, self-crucified, fixed at the double-center of the whirling wheel of Ixion, seemingly at the mercy of the spiritual powers of the North and the South and the animal forces of the East and the West as they sped forward on their appointed tasks, never, any of them being able to exceed the measure of *their* duty: that is, what was due from them at the time.

For the bull, with neck yoked to the wheel, follows hard after the Angel of the Annunciation: whose steadfast hands hold the rod that carries the wheel from the south to the east,

where the winged lioness, with relentless grip of teeth, rushes toward that Solstice at which, the Eagle with powerful claws and mightier wing, strains skyward, bearing onward that revolving 'wheel of Time which brings the appointed day.' Neither one of these influences (not even that of the liberty-loving bird) being able to break away from their due relation to that 'double center'; of which Ishtar had spoken to him, when she had quoted to him the stanza,

"O rest my long divided heart,
Fixed on this double-center rest;
And never from Life's Lord depart,
With Him of every good possest."

He now saw that the bull, Angel, winged-lioness and eagle, all working together, combined their on-rushing forces for the final development of even Adamic-man's ultimate dualized-divinity, which is absolute-Unity.

And he understood more fully the look in Ishtar's eyes when, as if agonizing to be delivered of the 'ultimate' she had said, 'I wonder if I CAN myself, test my theories.'

And with a spring of soul toward the future he said,

"'If, *if* man's laws and false logic kills the bird'? Have false logic and false laws ever tended to do anything else? Spirit cannot *be* killed, therefore they did it not. But else—!"

"What *has* been done" said Lamed, "'the God who permitted it will now help us to utilize; as we must utilize the results of all the blunders that male-factors have thrust on each other in their fightings for dominion over and possession of, that, which, (desiring and slaying) they yet unjustly have called 'the maker of the mischief between them.'"

Geraldine's color heightened and her eyes beamed with that gladness that betides us all, when we find some one else understands that, which has haunted us as 'truth,' and yet which we have but received 'short shrift' for having (as was supposed) uncanonically believed: and she asked,

"Ought not men now squarely state, that women are not sinners, but are saviors? and that they interiorly so hate the mirage precipitated on them by unscientific falsities as to be more than ready to now back up the highest of Masonic-or Hierarchic-

spiritually-scientific teachings? We (Ishtar and I) know that these two seemingly opposed Institutions, have both always (in a way) been trying to bring about the evolution of man's highest faculties and functions. Now Frantze, in your opinion which is nearest right: and in what is one (or both of them) so far wrong as to have let the man-that-is-to-be still remain buried in oblivion?"

"That is a comprehensive question. But are you quite sure he is still buried in oblivion?" he said, laughing. "I can answer in brief, I think they both teach that a universal friendship is obtainable among those who are self centered on conscious obedience to Indwelling Power. Thus developing what Aunt Lamed names 'the wisdom to do wisely and well.' That, practicalized by every woman and man would carry us all far and finely: they think?"

A little flavor of his necessitated reserve-before-the uninitiated had come in there. Which Lamed answered with that indrawing of breath that accompanies discussion of a matter which one feels to be a foregone concluson. A weariness which inopportunely often debars older persons from serviceableness, as they unintentionally thus cool off the zeal which the now-weary-old-warrior, with much effort, had previously aroused in the precious young inquirer. An unfortunate state to be in, as Lamed well knew. Yet with a long look at Frantze she answered, dully, "Think you, would the searchers after the latent power of the electric current have been successful in utilizing it, if they had failed to consult it?"

"What a question?" said he, rasped as Landseer had often been rasped at her undiplomatic-manner of giving no quarter to pretense by effacing her knowledge of facts. A manner which had made Archibald once say to her 'I should think you thought women, were God-almighty.' And now in the halt that followed Frantze's nettled question, she faced the fact that she *was* a disagreeable woman: that is a woman quite able to disagree with anything or anybody not representing the Truth as she understood it. She *was* disagree ABLE: Oh! very able! She was somewhat sorry for it: and somewhat glad: because her fortitude in allowing herself to be serviceably repellent, had made her also repellently-service-

able, as few women care to risk making themselves to be, on any account.

But now this was an improved Era: in which the 'general free-fight now on,' she, feeling rather released from much further exertion in that line: found it fitting that she should not now inopportunely spoil her past good-work by the expression of that 'boredom over foregone conclusions' which tends to overtake persons, later in life. She knew Frantze was as loyal a young fellow as she ever had chanced to see: and with a heart full of thankfulness that he was so nice, she gazed at him, realizing it as quite a new fact. He arose and coming round the table to her, lifting her fingers to his lips he said, "Of course, Dear Madame, if you mean men should have dealt as guardedly with woman's powers as they have with the life-and death-dealing-electric current which they wished to utilize for themselves and the race, to that I agree: and with the reminder, that I do not stand with men who talk of what we should do and expect of *our women.* For I know womanhood is such a mysterious-entity that I (like many another) stand back wishing that they understood themselves fully enough to tell us, what they *want* us to do, at this mighty crisis in New Things."

"Thank you, courtly Knight" said Lamed, joined by Geraldine, who felt filled with a spirit like that which descended when disciples 'broke bread in gladness of heart: discerning The Lord.'

And Frantze with that warmth of the intellectualized-will which, in these days, sends persons on their way rejoicing, remarked, "Auntie, you know the trouble is, when men try to comprehend women's inmost thoughts and purposes they get into deep water: and don't know, one minute from another, 'where they are at.' Then follows irritation: which irritation combined with excited curiosity, tends to make them at once, woman's slave and resentful master. I do not think this difficulty comes from deceitfulness on the part of woman: nor from any planned unwillingness on her part to reveal what she is, or is really thinking or wanting. But that it is because, they have been taught to distrust, repress and efface themselves and their inherent-perceptions of facts. And this, has prevented their 'composure to that self-unity' which 'composure' quiets turmoil

and commands the ready attention which men really would (only too thankfully) give to what such women have to offer. Meanwhile, I am not unconscious, dear Madame, that some women who have the 'crown-manner,' are not possessed of the crowning Grace of Womanhood! While others, whose manner at times (yes, usually) is strained and strenuous to a degree that repels men who would be as grateful for their courteous-treatment as they would be glad to lift the over-burdens which such women are carrying) are, interiorly 'Crowned' indeed and in Truth. Now what I want to know Aunt Lamed, is, why any really great woman can carry in her manner something like artificial-frivolity: as who should say, 'We expect nothing of you foolish fellows: and so meet you at once with that understanding of your case.' It is pitiful, to say the least."

"It is" said Lamed, understanding full well the regrettableness of it. "But it cannot yet be entirely removed. Because women, some women—yes, most of them—are not yet accustomed to being allowed to reveal or explain themselves to others. And as *men* cannot explain or reveal them (in pulpits or elsewhere) to themselves or others, woman averages even to herself to remain 'the unknown quantity' in the problem of Life."

"But why need those who, in an unperfunctory-way, have entered upon a knowledge of their own and man's relative-states, be so unmanageably nervous, and unintelligibly obscure and contradictory?"

The gentleness was gone out of his voice. Anger was there.

Lamed, the seer of 'the way' overpast by her, held silence: looking at the great gulf fixed between the solution of this problem and what even this very good fellow knew of psychic-strain and the higher spiritizing-agonies. She was looking at him, and rebutting the vibrations of his anger (as probably some other questioned-one had done) and exemplifying the 'dumbness' of which he complained: while whitening to the lips as she realized, that every male of them, on their unfolding-way, would yet have to endure what women (by the millions) have endured and still are enduring, at the hands of that class, who deal with womanhood up and

down the earth, as devils in hell will yet devise a way to deal with those males. And out of her silence all this had come to Frantze's mind. He had caught it all.

"Pardon!" he said. "You have answered. I see, op-streperous-man's treatment fills discerning souls with grief, smouldering-rage, and dumbness. This shuts the door to discussion: and leaves the world, ignorant as to whether duplicity, stupidity or absolute deadness-of-sympathy reigns in woman, concerning man's higher-necessities! But when *real hate* sets in—what then?"

"I can tell you about that," said Geraldine, in an awe-filled tone that brought two pairs of eyes to hers.

"It beclouds the soul with a rage to punish. And it rips woman's soul from her body in its search to get at the whence, the why and the when of the matter! And if she is not let to find out in quiet the whence, the why and the when of the matter, like a whipped cur, dumb she becomes: shivering aside, bruised and sore. Till, pressed *too far,*—I doubt not she becomes fit enough to help devils-in hell in their task of devising a way to deal avengingly with the malefic-creatures who have made her what, she then *appears* to be!"

" —Or" said Frantze when he caught his breath, "being left to herself, she finds *The Self;* than whom there *is* no other Self! Then she, from baptism in fire, comes forth, like gold, refined. So that when again the Prince of-the-power-of-'The-Lord-from-Everlasting-to-Everlasting' shall come, He shall find nothing in her on which corrupting agencies can lay hold. Then in her solidified-integrity, removed from fear of the uselessness of trying to utter the unutterable, she will *be* but the more serviceable in her *reserved* 'degree.' And her 'degree' will then be the thirty-third *reserved* degree of Master Builders of the universal Lodge."

"Frantze! Where did you—I mean you sound like a man of wide experience."

"It is the honorable effort of my life to so listen to women that they will frankly talk with me," he answered simply. "For I know, if woman tries for her children's sake, to live at a level where she can accomplish most for them it often gives her to face conditions concerning which Tennyson says to such a wife,

'It shall be that thou shalt lower to his level day by day.
What's fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay.'

Then, I realize, her soul's-strife *must* hold her dumb: and her possession of a 'crowned-life' (and her consciousness of his hatred of it) must ungrace her manner: leaving her less regal to look upon, than is the empty-hearted, self-protected owner of 'Health and a Day.' Yet I still come back to the conclusion that almost everything depends on woman's ability to successfully deal with the 'younger brother' (for he *is* an ugly thing, when he thinks he is *not* well-dealt-with) while she lives up to the plane of an apotheosized-Motherhood: if so she wills and wishes! But in trying to do this, I repeat, commonly there is brought on the 'war of the sexes' (hated term) in which war thousands of preachers and teachers are now armed with the determination to hold womanhood subjected to an order of life which some men find easiest for themselves: though they know, it is death and corruption to the millions of women who thereby are worse than slaughtered, continually. Such men wish to disbar women from making or administering law regarding property holding or the educational control of children: whom they (not men) have agonized to birth and for whom more sacrificial yet, they have laid aside that virginal-estate, compared with which earth has nothing more conducive to the coming of the Kingdom."

"Why Frantze, I have never heard you talk like this, before," said Geraldine. He moved his fingers across his moustache: thinking there had not been much to encourage full discussions between them; but said,

"We had a long discussion on Calvinism: Ishtar and I: and her view of 'conviction, conversion and sanctification,' prepared me to come to this 'supper'! Then since, I have had a heavenly visit with the Eloiheems: where their daughter Ethel, released me from fear of—what do you suppose, Geraldine? Why: of *woman!* Baptizing me in the certainty that Life is good and only good continually! Though before, I had occasional fears of both you and of Ishtar: when she talked so vivifyingly of the wonder-working-God! For she seemed summoning hosts of heaven to turn her chariot wheels: while she fetched promethean-fire for the betterment of Man."

"You are Alice's own—"

"What? Say it fully, Lamed" they exclaimed together.

"Patience," said she. "You are the child of a heaven-visioned-Mother. No. Wait a little longer. Respect Konnyngscrown's wishes."

"And now, just let us listen while you say which *Institution* the Masonic or the Hierarchic, you think will carry off the palm of Victory, as Man-Builder?"

"The one which best comprehends and utilizes the Self-Whole 'Eternal Feminine,' which, crowned 'Sovereign-of-all-lower-



forms, surmounting the 'White Horse' (spoken of in the book of 'Revelations' and chosen as the standard of the Saxons) tramples underfoot the swinish-delights of the 'were-wolf' whose ravenings but desecrate (not satisfy) human desires!

"The generous, large-visioned lovers of this Russian-standard see all these aspirations enshrined at the heart of the Russian double-headed Eagle. And it is because of this ideal, that its intelligent subjects say (as a little maid said not long ago to me) 'We love Russia not for what she yet is; but for what she and Her Church *aim* to *Be!*"

Lamed rising said responsive: "I only know that if 'Mystery which is the Mother of Harlotry,' was replaced by Science the handmaid of the Lord, then the scientific discussion of the facts known to the Repositaries of The 'gifts of the Queen of the Air'—Athene—would result in building all marital-homes into Temples: for which now Masons and Sacerdotals search the earth in their mystery-making manner. Then, because of the attractive-power which these homes would have on spiritizing-beings, gods would descend again from upper realms for reincarnation."

"Oh! Lamed, many women in these days *should* thus be blessed for their work's sake!" said Frantze precipitantly. "Why not make this a permanent Assistancy toward such an outcome of American Ideals, and towards a true Christ-like-marital Order of the New Age?"

"In a way it is and has been and shall yet more definedly be such!" said Lamed. "I fully believe 'the Master has now come' in Spirit and Power, and calls for builders: not necessarily, removing them from their Hierarchic or Masonic-Temple-work but leaving every one everywhere who feels a call to this plane of life, whether in cot or palace, to follow the call."

"But" said Geraldine drawing back, "I beg, have no Institutionalizing of Home? Besides if I am to be in it, leave men out of our plans! They make all the trouble there is in the world." Then, after a pause that emphasized her con-

viction, she added,—"Men *hate* us: and you know it, Lamed!"

"I can't honestly say I do. I confess I am conscious of occasional doubts on the subject," said Lamed, amiably in answer to the pathetic appeal in the woeful gaze of those eyes, which, through childhood had been raised to the then unhappy Mrs. Landseer.

"What? You can't say that all men hate us? I beg, don't begin to get mistaken about that kind of thing, or I shall not know where to turn!" said Geraldine, as if foundations for a well regulated warfare were failing her. But her words were drowned in Frantze's mirth.

"Oh! that's all very fine," she interposed. "Nevertheless, I insist, if we are to do this, we women must do it alone; and in a penurious, draggle-gowned sort of a way, at that."

"Did you ever see any one in such a rage for rags?" said Frantze, sensing meanwhile that this pathetic girl's fun was as much like soul-torture as her incomparable, intellectual-toil was like the entertainment of a merry-making. It was as if, forever, one had to deal with two Geraldines, each of whom was at swords-points with the other.

"Oh! This is a matter I shall guard against" she continued. "Else people will be round wanting to organize; and then we shall have some unutterables, here claiming official salaries; and we'll be set to work to stand behind curtains, showing handsome feet to be 'bid on' (as the papers report, was done at a church fair) and to make tidies for fairs to pay salaries which, (like Tennyson's brook) will 'go on forever':—while our *real* work will stand still as the unutterables teach us how *not* to do it. It is of no use Lamed; Church, State and Beelzebub himself (for I am quite orthodox in my faith in Beelzebub) all combine against woman. Woman has no helpers. She has got to do everything by herself, and then die,—kicked."

"Poor, poor child."

It was scarcely an audible whisper from Mrs. Landseer, but Frantze knew its pathos, and interposed skilfully,—

"I will tell you a secret Geraldine. Many men think woman has been so long crucified by brutality, that it would be rather dangerous to let her forth on a guilty world in the heat of her

indignation at abuses. Especially if all women themselves knew *who* they are and what their power *is*."

"I do not wonder," said Geraldine. "But mark you, the Lord, my own Soul's Lord (who was turned out of the synagogue by the Pharisees of that day when he lived in Asia) is the one who let *me* forth on the world, the day I took the trouble to be born. And I have come to stay and to teach (as soon as I get ready) what I know is truth: that the whole story of the visible Incarnation, Baptism, Crucifixion, Resurrection and Ascension (the five stages) is none too extended and graphic for the portrayal o what women (that are 'worthy to BE women') have gone through. I know, that men who are worth calling 'men' know that is, the Real Meaning of the Story of the atoning Sacrifice. 'The Vegetable Lamb,' as some one, somewhere calls that non-*self*-conscious womanhood, who but lives loving, longing and languishing instead of thinking, Trying and Transcending-the-limitations-so burdensomely set, for their corral-ground; within which, they are herded, like Sheep for the slaughter: opening not their mouth, before their shearers!

"I often feel as if I could hear men whispering in their secret societies, that women would pay them off, if they could get unleashed. But here is Lamed-Ariosto, and plenty of others in proof of the fact, that women will do (as they have done) their dreadful duties through the ages, NOT REALLY FOR LOVE OF MAN, (much as he flatters himself) but because of *their inherent sub-consciousness that their duty must be done if the world is to hang Humanly together!* A man need to be but-half-witted to see that the center of gravity is in The Divinitized Eternal Womanly: as it is in 'bright Arcturus' round which, the sun and the solar system revolve. So if woman were free to be herself, (she being judge who and what she is) she would, (as an attractive and distributive agent) attend to her business in as effortless a way as the Universal law of centripetal and centrifugal force attends to that business!

"But no man believes this! They make sure that in whatever we differ from them—mentally, morally or spiritually *we* are, by just so much, degenerates and derelicts."

"Isn't she relieving her mind on the subject though?" said Frantze. Then, said he,—"Now let's go on and try it

the other way round. Suppose we men all knew that what you say of woman is true; and suppose all bright women knew that we knew it, how would that knowledge affect you all, in your conduct and carriage toward us?"

"O, the dear lad!" said Geraldine with solemn fun looking out of her tortured soul. "How like he sounds to the benignant slave-owner, who faced his property in the market place, saying, 'if I freed you, would you be faithful'? Now hear my model answer, as I say *in extenso*,—'Sir,—I will be faithful, whether you free me or not.' But here goes for the prelude to the answer. You would feel sick, Frantze if you could begin to know the diabolism which such a question as you have just asked, stirs up in any live woman not yet fully canonized. However, seeing *it is you*, and seeing you are a dear good fellow-man, I will tell you that if men had the wit to do this decent thing, I, (and I suppose all women) would stop privately jeering. For we should then have cause to feel a well grounded respect for their good common-sense; and we would be to them as wise, loving and angelic, as the ideal mother of the Christ was towards Joseph, John and the rest of them."

"O, dear me! Never mention that as an argument with ordinary men," said Mrs. Landseer coming to the rescue. "Precious few of them would ever thank you for any such goodness. Men are not much for saints, these days. Cheerful sinners please them better, far better."

"Now, now! I meekly held my peace while you both told what you know about woman," said Frantze,—"but I object to aunt Lamed's statement that cheerful sinners please men better than equally cheerful *natural* saints—handsome and kindly—would do; but it is their business to be handsome, kindly and cheerful, as well as saintly. Among cheerful sinners I claim there is a furtive sort of artificiality. And I claim it is natural for women to be handsomely-*clothed*, mannered and minded. But I claim that *all* artificiality in homes, churches and society, would be done away, if women were encouraged to keep steady that ladder, which like Jacob's, is set up, as those angels ascend and descend who come, with the coming of *Parousia!* For I claim, Parousia has now come: and having come—'prevails to open the last seal of the Book

of LIFE': and I claim Parousia IS that Ecclesia— who is 'the Mother of us all.'"

A silence fell.

Out of it presently, Lamed said—(as if indeed, it were *time* that the book of lives should all be opened) "Geraldine: if I should tell you what happened at the birth of my third child, it would seem absolutely unbelievable. To tell it in any court, would mark me an insane woman. And the fact that I did tell it Geraldine, to Landseer, gave him a hold on me which, (with his then utter divorcement from the spiritual realm of life *and its doings on earth*) belittled me in his eyes; and caused him to dare to practically put Tama, my slave half-sister, over me as a keeper, not harsh, but helpful,—yet a keeper, in that she, in a way held the reins of the household matters and managed the money and such things rather than I. He purposely left me penniless and therefore a prisoner.

"This left me to do what? Geraldine,—I will tell you. It left me to do exactly what you have done. Think and think, and think and think, till I thought myself into a vigorous harmony with that *Universal law*, a knowledge of which is competent to do for its votaries what it is doing for you, and what it will have done for us as a family, and for the-world-at-large, as a family, when this century shall be well established. And the thing which that law can do is, to make its votaries *invincible*.

"Mystical years are before us. Years in which young men and maidens will see visions and dream dreams the most glorious of which will be dimmed by the shining forth of that Light, which 'enlightens every man that comes into the world.' A Light which will fall on the path of those who already see and try to tell the way to practicalize what poets and prophets have sung and foretold.

"Geraldine, I do not know whether you are my child, or who you are. Konnyngscrown does not know why I will not tell him what I can, and solve his terror-filled doubts. Neither would he really believe me, if I told him, I did not know. He would think of me what the *unjust* Landseer thought:—that is (remember it)—he thought *I* was not speaking Truth! He had not learned that Truth is an elaborate im-

mensity, as seen by woman's three-fold-vision! Now, he knows something of that fact. For now he (thanks to the education which we—Tama, Frantze and the rest of the Masters and princes of these royal secrets—have given him) does know that I was *not* brain-bewildered, but that he, was brain-befogged. For some eyes are 'holden' and they cannot and will not believe that others can see 'the invisible things of God, which are clearly seen being *understood* by things that are *made* in the '*eternal Heavens.*'"

Geraldine and Frantze listened to this voice, which of late so freely spoke forth from a silence which for years before had been almost unbroken. Geraldine, struck by the portentous effect on herself of Lamed's confession, with a deadening of heart-beats said,—"Then I, I am not your child? You do not know who—?"

"Now listen to that. Listen to that Frantze," said Lamed-Ariosto sharply. "Geraldine, don't you see that your own way of taking up this matter, shows that I cannot tell you any more about it?—and have done well not to tell any body else about it?—For even this little that I have said, is caught up in this hasty alarmed way by even you—who ought to know better."

"You are right," said Geraldine in an almost inaudible, but firm tone, white to the lips.

"You are right too, dear Geraldine," said Frantze in a tone as low and firm. "Gerry, Lamed-Ariosto did not say that you were not her child, she meant only, that by some as yet inexplicable (but perhaps to be explained) condition of things —she does not *know* that she is your mother. What does that amount to more, than in my case? I do not know my mother. I cannot with any effort recall anything but a memory which begins with a certainty that I have forgotten something that included the presence of other persons, circumstances and states of daily life. I do not know who my mother was. I know she was said to have been a saint, and that my father (I will tell you all I know now) is said by Konnyngscrown to have been the man who wronged Konnyngscrown out of his wife's affections and fealty,—and—yes, I will tell you all that I can remember. I will even tell my clearest convictions of what seems the next link in the chain."

He stopped catching his breath and filling his lungs; and then,—

"Now Geraldine, sister of my childhood, friend of my mystified youth; companion of my now oncoming discoveries as to lineage, I will ask one thing of you, and that I need not ask. It is already granted by your now balanced character."

"But,—say what you were going to, all the same,—" said Geraldine, intensely attentive.

"I will. It is this. What I do remember of the past out of which I was lifted when the young German fellow (whom I learn is dead) brought me here sick and forlorn, is this: I came from where there was a picture of a woman whose beauty was the most entrancing that art ever put on canvas. And I want you to consider with me the fact, Geraldine, that she was as like to you as though it had been painted for you, only—

"You can tell me nothing about that" said Geraldine breathlessly. "Lamed-Ariosto knows about that picture, and so do I. When we went hunting over the old treasures in the chests and Indian baskets in the pack-room, up-stairs, I took from under the Indian stuffs, which mother,—no—sister Lamed Ariosto,—"

"Don't dear. Well, yes, 'sister Lamed-Ariosto' so let it be," said Mrs. Landseer. "Go on Geraldine."

"—sister Lamed-Ariosto made into gowns for Ishtar."

Frantze passed her a glass of cold water; and tensely closing her eyes, she cleansed them of the fiery water of tears which dried themselves, and drove themselves back to the brain, strengthening it, because unshed, then went on. "I took out of one of these trunks the porcelain of Venus Victrix,—which is the Venetian original I believe of the painting of which you speak; and from a fabric in the same chest, I made a robe, the facsimile, for shoulder effect, of that which that victorious Venus wore. And one day lately I showed myself in it to,—to sister Lamed-Ariosto;—and to Ish."

She said this one word 'Ish' in such a way that Frantze knew the story of Ish was as well known to her as to any one well-learned in 'the generations of the sons of God' whoever that may be.

Then she said, "Mr. Konnyngscrown knows I am that

woman's reflection; and he knows that that woman is his wife; and he knows that he does *not* know where the child of his wife is, whether dead or alive. And he knows that if if you,—O Frantze it is too horrible—"

"No it is not!" said Lamed. "Nothing is horrible, nothing is bewildering but the ignorance of the broad facts of each case, on which nevertheless this ignorance dares pronounce condemnation, and to which it dares affix punishments. An ignorance which we will all unite against, in order to replace it with a spiritual intelligence concerning the broad facts of every case.

"My children, we, the Landseers are not alone in our efforts to throw an electric search-light into conditions not heretofore comprehended."

"Yes," said Geraldine, "and Konnyngscrown thinks I am the daughter of Venus victorious; but if she gave me your father as mine, then we are practically brother and sister, Frantze. And he sees that your love for me, and mine for you has been a love that could not easily understand itself."

"Go on" said Lamed-Ariosto. "You may be right in your final conclusions; a real change may have been made. It has been her in you that I dreaded."

Frantze looked down, thinking that no child could be more like her mother than Geraldine was like Lamed.

"Poor Geraldine," said Lamed.

"Poor Konnyngscrown I should say" said Geraldine, swiftly. "Don't you see Frantze, all of these complications crowded his words with terror that night in the storm when he not raved, but tried to unravel the mystery and the misery which ignorance of the simple facts of each case forces on every question, through the solution of which the sons of mere instinctive-Adam, go blundering forward?"

"These complications did fill his thoughts as they did mine" said Mrs. Landseer. "Now listen carefully. The age has come in which men of the Gueber type (pronounce it with G soft before U and E and it will give you Zhueber, or Judah) will know themselves, not as mere tribemen of problematic history, but as 'strong men' found here and there wherever the vital power is reverenced by a rightly-minded parentage. These typical Gueberites were men of the Tribe of 'individual

action, who asked no favors, gave no interference and offered no rivalry.' Their self-poised principles would have served upon which to have founded the Constitution of the United States. By selection they were not fighters; they were thinkers. Their standard was the lioness and her whelp. The symbol of that regnant mother which, with the child, is safe from desecration where men are 'strong,' and reciprocally, the men are strong men wherever the mother is safe from desecration.

"It was from the Judean and Benjamite mothers that the virgin-natured Jesus of Bethlehem came. For the science of the evolution of subliminal-virginity was the science with which (when men were wise, not wanton) education concerned itself. And it is the glamour of that education and the results of it which are alluded to hushedly, as the 'mystery of the ages.' But no mystery was made of the matter until after bad laws had stultified and silenced woman concerning the sanctities of nature.

"These facts are not unknown to that race which is to-day claiming the right to overturn our Constitution precisely because it stands for that individuality of action that inherently belongs to this, the youngest of all nations—the *Benjamin* of all nations; the nation most inherently able to stand in that individuality which like Judah's, 'asks no favors, gives no interference and offers no rivalry.' A nation which for these very reasons cannot combine as against the rest of the world with a faction yclept Anglo-Saxons; which theatrically figures as the ten lost tribes of Israel.

"It is too late in the epoch to countenance this 'againstness.' It is time for the 'gathering together of all nations' under that Gueber and Ish *principle* which is the last, as it was the first principle of creative action. Who Judah was, the quotation shows which declares 'HER brothers bowed before HER' willing to make it known by this reverence that their higher powers had accrued to them, from their obedience to HER."

Lamed spoke as if on fire from heaven. She knew that the effort to evolve this brain-building virtue at times so furiously had impelled the Ghibellines (were they *Gheuber*lines') that, in the rebound there had arisen another faction of those

who were equally impelled to choose in freedom a life beyond the dictation of hierarchical teachers: and that those who were caught in this rebound, did not care to believe that there need or could be anything superior to a good digestion and a good body generally considered, with a good sword arm attached.

According to Lamed's liberal belief, the Adamic man and Guelphs had a right to be themselves within scientific bounds of that individual degree of development, as much as had the Gueberites (or Ghibellines) or Benjaminites, and sons of Ish,—unmolested, the right to evolve their ever-increasing faculties.

An invaluable cast of the 'white horse' of the Saxons graced the walls of the Landseer home, placed there by Landseer who loved it better than any winged thing that could be put before him; and as well loved he the doings of the Saxons whose standard it was. Like many of them, he was a violent sustainer of what he claimed was his right to be a good animal; (slight little fair-man, though he was,) and was wrathful at the impediments in the way of having as good a time as had a well-groomed, kindly cared for horse.

He felt there was no pre-arrangement made for his comfort comparable with that, made in a well-kept stable, for the well-groomed lord of the stud. He was angry at being balked of his rights to a perfected existence on the plane of life in which he chose to participate, without being made to think any less well of himself by any one.

Lamed discovered herself telling something of this matter as she looked at the cast of the beautiful white horse. She somehow realized that while looking at it, a fair and singularly mutual understanding of the question at stake had apparently transpired between Archibald's mind and her own. She was filled with a pleasant sight of the fact that the strifes of the past (even then unnecessary) were now preposterous. She believed that persons were dwellers in distinctly different sub-realms of action, and that these sub-realms accorded with their attainments, and their prevailing necessities for self-expression.

Something of all this she said to the children, adding,—

"When a creature has outgrown the four-footed fashion

of standing on four feet (because two of what were once feet have turned into hands) then this improved animal is also mentally up off of the basis of action, which animal instinct impels; and has entered the immeasurable 'regions' where



new demands are made on him. Demands, the high character of which, includes the use of the complicated physical-mental-and-spiritual mechanism which is the boon and the burden of the self-recognized three-fold immortal.

"The necessity of one who is a dweller on the threshold, at which overwhelming inspirations come at once from even three realms of action, are necessities, that at first make them to become budgets of confused and confusing antagonism.

Such men never master themselves (nor really become master-builders) until they have learned how, at option, to close and to open the GATES, of these distinct realms.

"Archibald dwelt on such a 'threshold' and was deluged by '*necessities*' which brought to him all at once, overwhelming inspirations from these three realms of action. He had no idea how to manage the 'gates.' Worse than that he did not know that there was anything for him to learn relative to the matter. All he wanted was to teach others what came upon him like a deluge, in a manner so confusing that he himself was but dazed. Daniel Heem understood Archibald's troubles. He could have helped him, but Archibald could not or would not believe that Daniel foresaw that the end of this century would be deluged with the glut of the fires of inordinate covetousness as well as illumined with the fires of subliminal sacrifice.

"He knew there would be hordes of men who, entrapped in covetousness, would treat LIFE as if it were but a thing to be annihilated instead of a thing to be magnified in its true glory.

"At Tama's request Heem came once to see me, but let that matter rest for the present. The time is near, Geraldine, when things relative to the *cause* of your antipathies shall be more fully made known to you. A company will soon gather to sift the truth. And as Emerson said—'At such a time there usually leap out unexpectedly, three or four words which are the pith and fate of the whole business.' When the new century is better developed, 'the Elders of the Earth,' with well annealed wisdom will be in conclave. Then the fundamental mystery will be declared: and will become the motif for a gleesome roundelay, which taken up, part after part, the wide world over, will make the eternal arches ring with Messianic acclaim. Let the matter there rest, and let us each rest dear children, in the hand that guides and the power that builds."

CHAPTER XV.

"The Medial Spirit: Virgo.

"Simple and mixed, both form and substance, forth to perfect Being started like three darts shot from a bow three-corded. Thus even at the moment of its issuing did Eternal Sovran beam entire His three-fold operation at one act produced coeval. Yet in order each created, his due station knew. Those the highest, pure Intelligence were made. Mere Power, the lowest. In the midst, the Medial-Spirit, bound in strict league, Intelligence and Power, form and substance in unsevered-bond."
Dante.

ISHTAR, standing at her window, looking out upon the city, was thinking of conditions there, and of those which she had left in the little realm over which, from childhood, she, co-operatively had presided. She held in hand a letter from Geraldine, giving an account of Frantze's return, and of the conversation with him which (she wrote), 'three-corded' had shot forth from the thought-world in which individually each dwelt, seeking within, for virtue, truth, freedom and justice to all. And that allied to this triple-cord was a certain Ethel Eloiheem, whose recent conversation, added to Ishtar's talk on Calvinism, had apparently so freed Frantze from bondage as to have made the home-coming to be like the gathering of disciples at the supper.

It was a Geraldinesque letter of twenty pages, with terms and turns of expression whose far-reaching significance Ishtar well comprehended. Glad she was to get it. For an occurrence had met her on her arrival which brought to her mind, Emerson's words, 'I know the world I converse with on the streets and in the city, and on the farm is not the world I think. I have observed this difference and shall observe it. One day I shall know the law and the value of this discrepance.'

Until this occurrence Ishtar would have said that there need be no discrepance between the noblest conditions im-

aginable and the state of affairs reasonably to be expected on farms, city, and amid international world-wide conditions.

Now she stood looking out at the dome of the Capitol, which, (seemingly floating aerially upward to the moon-lighted blue above) had carried her soul into reveries and phantasms of natural truths, too vast and multiform to capture in ordinary words.

Then, as one suddenly firm fixed on mental heights all her own, she uttered aloud Jamblichus' words; and seating herself, she transcribed them as the beginning of her letter, thus:—

"The gods did conceive within themselves the whole design before they generated it. The gods did foresee that whereof there was no material copy": adding "Geraldine, this is not only true of the building on which I look, but relates to the yet-to-*be* humanity: whose three-fold constitution is pictured to me, form and substance in the dome-surmounted, *medial* portion of our National Capitol: which now unites the first-built portions; for which George Washington, the grand Master-Mason, in 1793 laid the corner-stone. This triplicate governmental building is like the triplicate grand-man that is to be, to whose upbuilding I believe free-masons dedicated themselves in this country, as (while utilizing all that they could garner up from the Wisdom of the ages) they proceeded to free themselves and the country from hierarchical domination; trusting instead to nature as a guide, 'For nature is a most nice and delicate essence.'

"I could not hope to suggest in a single letter, what all this means to me, did you not know already.

"What I can tell you is, in a way, Emerson's 'One-Day' has come to me, showing me (as I think) that the 'discrepance' is one that is existent because, outlooks are taken from so many different levels of view. This fact one comes to realize when, after having climbed the stairs in the Capitol one emerges on the balcony surrounding the cupola near the apex of the dome, and, looking thence, sees the great avenues of the city running like spokes of a wheel to its hub. Standing there one is able to 'preserve a continuity-of view at the same-time,' as said the French-planner of those avenues; giving us to realize that the 'discrepance' which exists between

views taken from the cupola-like observatory of spiritualized-vision and the outlooks, taken from other mental-levels sometimes to be found on 'streets, city and farm,' is a 'discrepance' based on the points-of-view incident to the levels-of-ascent gained by the different outlookers.

"As to the value of it, that seems to me clearly defined. It is the value *co-incident to the preservation of Individuality.* For as the (let us say) 'twelve tribalized'-sorts of Individuals look, each from his soul's-windows at views within the scope of his peep-place, all goes well as long as he enjoys it and gets what good he can for himself and others out of it. But the trouble begins, when he begins to declare by all the Muses, that he sees it all; and that any varying report as to what the world-is made of, is a report to be choked down the throat of the blunderer. But even then, the value of the discrepance still exists, and is the exemplification of the Divine Right of the individual *per se.* And all goes well as long as the individual's most emphatic hold to 'the sight of his own eyes' only induces him to civilly tell what he sees: thus bringing them all to compare notes; with the upshot that by conferring thus together unfettered intercourse is had with persons who habitually look, not only from different windows but, from the different stages-stories and standpoint-levels which meeting-of-many-views, results in the enspiritizing of even those at the highest; and in the bringing to all, the assurance that there are even greater heights and grander outlooks free to all, who will climb for them!

"'This is a sketchy hint at the *cause* and the VALUE of the discrepancies and differences over which some of us moan; instead of jollily enjoying them and discussing them and bettering ourselves through the use of them! I consider, we have a fine lively time in our family: though, from childhood up, those who are strangers to our manner-born, would think us a quarrelsome crew.

"Now I respond to the opening of your soul's recesses in this, your first letter to me, concerning the battle waged in the Telescope room.

"It is apparent the Landseer-'troubles' (to use a popular word) come to us because of the discursive-outlooks which we each take from heights to which we have 'climbed while'

(some) 'others have slept.' Yet if our history were recorded, I doubt if there would be much of popular interest to show for it all. Because, all we have gained, is that '*virtue*' (which is 'a straining and stretching and extending of nerve') that lifts us to a vantage-ground mid air: in the reality of the existence of which 'the multitude' does not believe. And which if it did believe, would in many cases have little charm for it. As that '*Virtue*' only increases one's sight of and sense of a responsibility for, the stress of all life: from atom to—well? What is the level at which all strain is swallowed up in Rest, through some yet Higher development? I can only say relative to it, that long ago when I was a Rosicrucian I had doubt-filled glimpses of conditions, which, prophets, potentates and King Christus'-self 'travailed to see' established as the self-recognized-personality of triplicate-Humanity. Conditions with which I (and you in your recent hour of agony) have come to know ourselves as part and parcel. I believe *sursum corda* was all a'cry in you that evening hour, pulling you to unification with 'Pure Intelligence': bringing you to affirm your willingness to descend to the inferno rather than to succumb to mere, earthy, unintelligent demands. I am assuming to show you that, in your necessity to fulfill the utmost possibilities of your Whole-Being, you were yearning to unite with 'highest Intelligence': unmindful of the fact that this, too, is triplicate: and that even an exclusive union with it, would have identified you also with 'the inferior, unformed, planetary *elements* of Intelligence' as they 'in due season rise and fall.' So your shock and fear lest Lucifer, 'the Bright morning star' had responded to your readiness to descend to the pit, was well founded: and kept you from further complications: leaving you *now* free to adjust *all* complications by collecting yourself for union with (not 'inferior, unformed, planetary, *elementals*' but) with that Supernal, Self-centered Self-wholeness: whose Presence, centralizingly perfects 'all who come to IT.'

"Now think back to the time when, after Frantze had been made Louveteau, you, hunting in the library for books on the matter, came upon 'The Temple Vol. I. Magazine devoted to Masonry, Science and Literature: published in Philadelphia in 1851.' And when, you dashed into it, theatrically reading

aloud the editorial which asserted 'the fittingness that Masonry (the oldest (?) institution now existent: and the most important as regards its bearings on the temporal welfare of the human race: whose principles are founded in the divinest revelations ever yet vouchsafed: and which has endured such assaults of despotic power, popular prejudice and slander as would have exterminated an organization not founded on Truth and having the good of mankind for its object: with nearly thirty centuries over its head), should now (contrary to earlier judgment which led to the repression of all writings) put forth a periodical to disseminate information among ourselves and to advocate its principles before the world.'

"How your eyes used to glow with devotion over the Temple's avowal that it would *enlighten* its readers as to the unutterable truths which even then we were sure were for the upbuilding of a divine humanity. An upbuilding work which sent little me to take Konnyngscrown and his plans under my protection, as against your distrust of him. So when he told Frantze he would teach him those things if he would apply his heart to wisdom, I considered we needed only immediately apply our hearts to wisdom, and get first hand, what Konnyngscrown had conditionally promised later on, to teach Frantze.

"You remember when we went to mother a'tremble with joy over it, she said to Tama 'the deluge which sent Archibald's mind a'staggering has come upon these children; and special Grace alone can keep them from being swept into a current which becomes erotic if not ecstatic!' And Tama's reply, 'Jes' trus dem wif de Lord.'

"I think we prenatally held a clue to the secret of the 'hidden of the hidden.' Therefore we shall be inexcusable unless we stand firm-footed amid the buffetings of earth's conflicts. Neither being swept away by, nor becoming additional makers of conditions to which Konnyngscrown alluded that hate-filled but useful day, when he said, 'Young women are the curse of young men's lives.' Sure I am that there must have been something very serious in his mind or he never could have said it. And the reference you make in your letter to conversation about the eagles with the averted faces, shows me that the younger brother, as well as the elder, knows or ought to know that he must build his own

house in order to take the additional upstep which will make him to be the true Hu-man, the same as he must leave the older brother to take the up-step which is now ascribed to one woman: and which remains as a merely legendary possibility attainable by others.

"Realizing all this at the time of Konnyngscrown's outbursts, I then felt that he should be made to eat his words; but when I reflected on how we women are made to *appear*, as compared with what we potentially *are*, *I* instead, ate his words. And though I found them very bitter in the mouth, yet, digesting them brought me knowledges which led me to avoid 'the superfluous trouble and trifling folly of seeming to be wise,' instead of seeking to become so substantially wise as to be a real savior of men, who, like my father, stagger under this deluge of fire, flood and whirlwind; until maddened, they blow out brains whose unadapted convolutions have left them unfitted to sustain (much less contain), 'the coagulated-light' that seeks admittance there.

"How I came to see all that, when suddenly I turned from Konnyngscrown that infuriated day I can hardly tell: unless my father's thought of it, as he dwells in calmer realms, was transfused through my being? No, The Eternal God's *knowledge* of it, came to me, if the thought was true.

"Geraldine, it is time women (who *are* women) assumed their mentally-Mary-like-functions as mothers of men who are born, but not bred to the business of carrying their load up the heights of that Calvary where it is their business to place it.

"I am today writing you the plainest letter I can possibly utter; so that understanding each other and ourselves, we will never take any part in any amusements or schemes, which arrest the amassment of that 'light-power' which is the brain-wealth that must be amassed as being the brain cell-'substance' transmittable by us in our work as the builders of the man that-is-to-be!"

Ishtar then referred to the gusto with which Geraldine used to repeat the Masonic quotation that: "When clouds and desolation hovered over this land, men and patriots cast themselves into the breach: many of whom were brothers of the mystic tie," reminding her of the running performances which

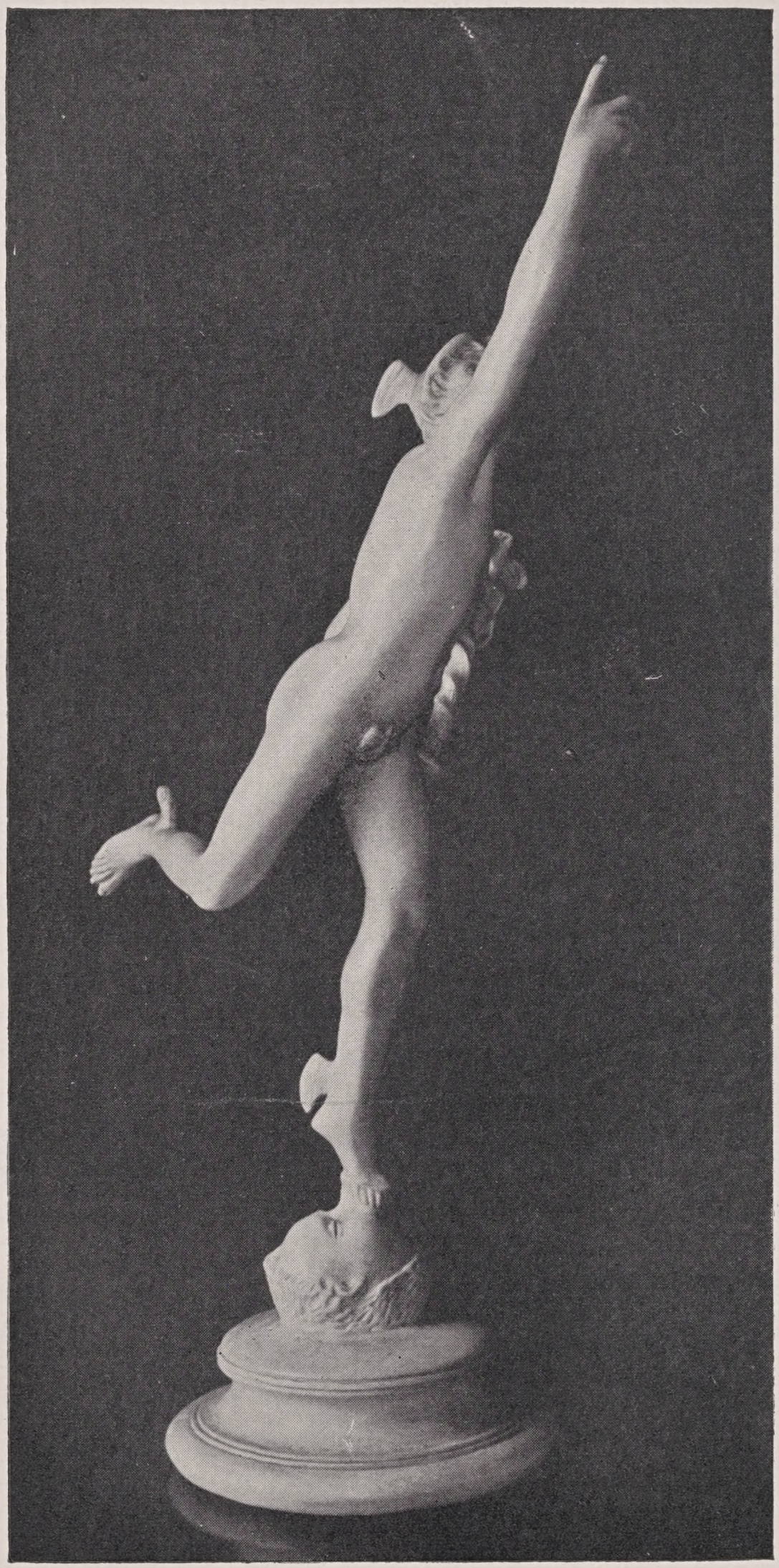
they carried on through their childhood as stormy day entertainments, in which theatricals Geraldine always figured as George Washington, decked out as Grand Master, when, on the 13th day of September 1793, he officiated at the laying of the corner-stone for the first portion of the Capitol. And, of her solemnity in the business of arranging stage-effects in the library, for depositing in a cavity which was in the heart of the corner-stone, a vase containing certain precious treasures 'worthy of mystic burial,' as Frantze said; when he was called upon by Geraldine to apply the level, square and plumb 'to see if the cornerstone were well laid and properly formed of materials suitable for the purpose for which it was intended.'

"Then came the ceremony of putting corn, wine and oil on the stone, over which you pronounced the words,

"'May the All bountiful Creator bless the people of this nation. Preserve the workmen from any accident; and bestow on them the corn of nourishment and the oil of joy.' Adding, in the words of the Grand Master who officiated July 4th 1851, 'with this gavel which was used by the immortal Washington at the laying of the corner-stone of that Capitol, and clothed with the same apron he wore, I now pronounce this corner-stone of the *extension* of this Capitol, well laid, true and trusty.'

"Then Geraldine, you remember Frantze, as, 'speculative mason,' at this point in the drama, presented the tools of the profession to *me*, to whom you gave the part of 'the accomplished architect'; saying to me very seriously, 'May you see your work go on and the cap-stone laid under circumstances as auspicious and happy, as these, under which the corner-stone has now been laid!' Giving me to repeat that solemn portion of the service, which stated that, 'At the time of laying the cornerstone of the building put up in 1793, it was thought that that building would be ample for the growth of a country whose national policy was laid in the pure, immutable foundations of *private morality* and founded on the recognition that there exists in the economy and force of nature, an indissoluble union between virtue and happiness, between duty and advantage, between the genuine maxims of an honest and magnanimous policy and the solid reward of public prosperity and felicity.'"

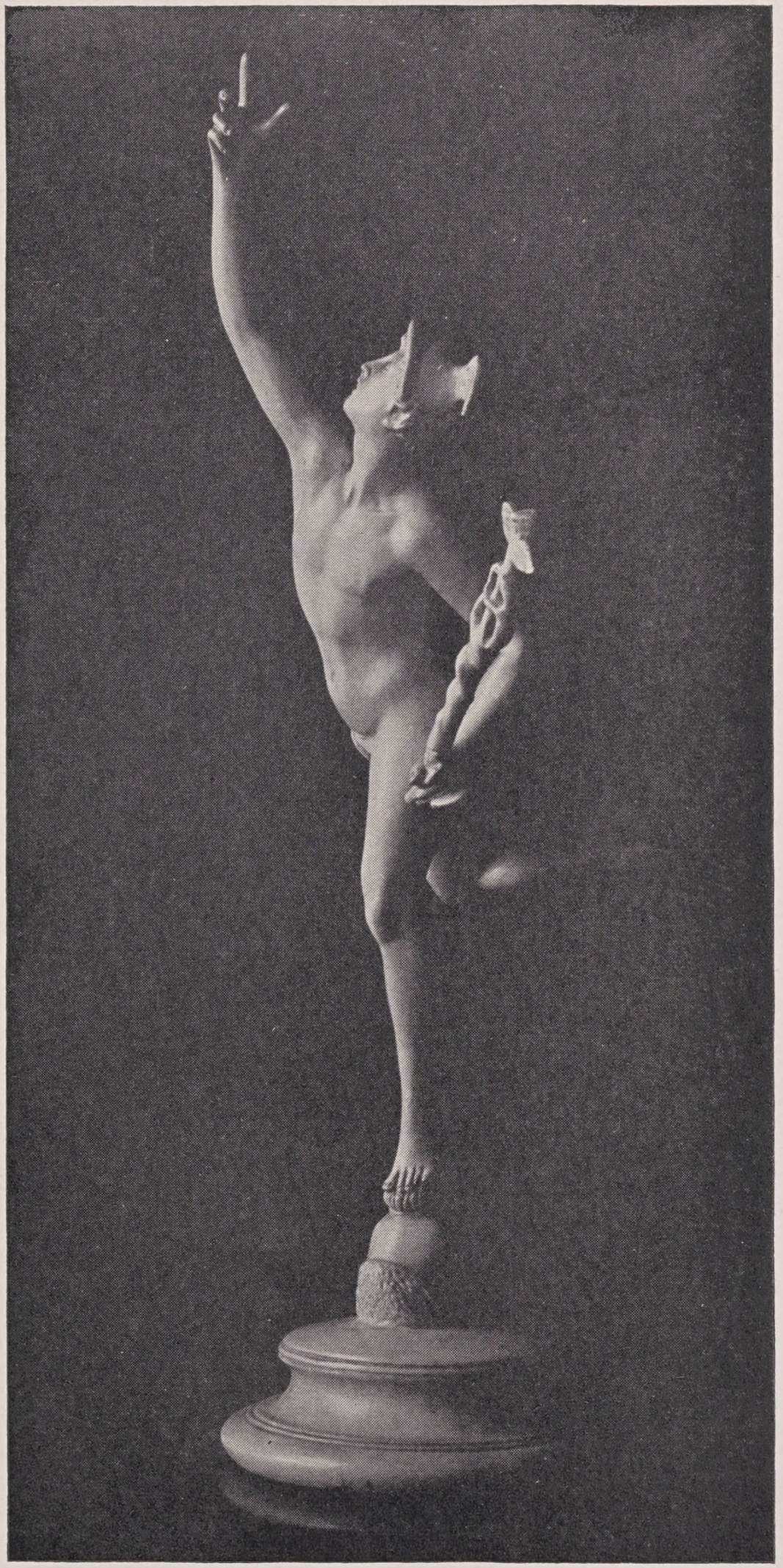
At this point in her letter Ishtar laid down her pen, wondering why they, the Landseers were so hounded down to



comprehend *what* object men had in view, called to toil so *se-*
for which they felt wrote: "The trouble
cretly. Then she osophies dear to the
with students of phil- *worshippers*, as well as
Anglo-saxon-race- seems to have been,
to their antagonists, scope of vision or ob-
either that they lacked the self-evident nat-
jected to admitting that they do not yet
ural facts of the case, nor are they yet the
know the 'last word,' they at times, tend to
Lord God Almighty as, are ever-so-good, if
figure as being. They bounds of mere indi-
they keep within the same as are all the rest.
vidual-liberty. The sonic-system the suc-
However in the Ma- tainment' are placed
cessive 'degrees of at- sideration: in which
before Masons for con- intellectual advance-
each step of moral and puted righteousness
ment comes-not as im- be attained through per-
but as righteousness to emerging on heights
sonal effort: till, winding climbing way,
above the narrow, parts and particulars,
mid the diminution of seen *in extenso*.
The Whole may be know that the accom-
"I *suppose* Masons num Opus is in line
plishment of this Mag- methods whose heights
with the evolutionary to womanhood?
and outlooks are natal
"Now for a confes- sion.
"Full of joy that Masons had done so
much to fashion our country's aspirations
I came to Washing- ton as devout Jews go
up to Jerusalem."

Again Ishtar laid down her pen: won-
dering whether it were worth while to pry into
and try to picture the conditions of the 'Me-
dial Spirit, Virgo'; who, ever laying ear to
ground to catch the cries and plaints of
earth, with open mouth under the winged-foot of the toe-poised-
Mercury, gives *him* the message with which, with raised staff,

he hies away, challenging the gods of Olympus, to hear it, and obey.



What had come over her?

She arose and went to the window, standing and looking out on the moving figures that, at a distance, seemed as much like ants, as, men and women.

But Ants? The dear provident, industrious little creatures were greatly loved by her. They and their different families were objects of her oft inspecting-attention. And now, unconsciously transferring their excellencies to these larger home-makers, she forgot her discontent in admiration of something which awoke aspirations for these persons' perfect prosperity in all their good efforts. She knew Ants, so very well, and had so often followed up (week after week) the inspection of their toils and triumphs, that, it was but an extension of the same whole-hearted, intelligent sympathy, which now,

without any change in its benevolence, brought her, the old certainty that there *were* no upper realms which are not grounded and founded on the works, ways and days of those realms below: whose creatures contribute that which causes the animal-plane to be as much a part of man's pneumatological-needs and supplies as the 'three Mothers, Air, Water and Light' are a part of the above and below whether relative to static or hypo-static existence.

Now, again firm fixed on the mental-heights all her own, she knew what had ailed her. She realized her carefilled-study of Geraldine's simply, intellectual-questions had set her longing for a release from her own more complicated and hardier business as a '*Medial* Spirit.'

And now, mentally-replaced "in the Midst" where, as 'Virgo the Medial Spirit' she belonged, she re-settled herself to fill the position and do the duties of one who is '*bound in strict league* form and substance, intelligence *and power*'—grateful that she was not merely an isolated Intelligence powerless to perform what it can propose while having to wait for helpers to come and test its theories for it.

So, now content and self-poised, she settled to her business as a toilsome-discriminative (as well as a distributive) *agent:* whose works and ways might never bring praise in all her days: though the winged-footed Mercury should carry the *results* of it through realms abroad.

"Those highest, Pure Intelligence were made. Mere Power, the lowest. In the Midst, the Medial (or Mediatorial) Spirit, bound in strict league, Intelligence and Power, form *and substance*, in unsevered bond!"

So, at least, said Dante. Hers then it was to substantiate-in action and in new-forms-of-life, that which *Intelligence* (otherwise powerless) put forth in teachings, words and visions of things too often unpracticalized and unformulated in action by the mere talker and preacher about the 'possible'!

Had she then let go on Intelligence, in this renunciation of 'the isolated' highest? Or what was it had befallen her, when that sundering of "halves" had seemed to have afflicted *her?* What had befallen her was a 'longing for power.' *Power*-pre-eminent which would enable her to well *punish* the something or somebody who (since she left home) had

brought on her that smouldering-wrath, which, muffled back, had none the less continued to burn into her very vitals ever since that episode had taken place at her arrival in Washington. She had longed for *Power*. "Power, the lowest," said Dante: speaking of the isolated-use of itself which 'Power' so often merely attains as It seeks to dominate the freedom of any degree-of-Intelligence even to a robbing it of its *right* to identify itself if it chose, with the 'inferior, elementary-forms' of its triuned-being. But still reserving to herself the business of finding out how to deal with the anger-awakening offence, she yet commanded herself to hold herself to the *work* of that "Intelligence and Power bound in strict-league" which 'work' it was her horoscopic-birth-right-and business to achieve.

And glad to have found herself and her work and to have learned the 'discrepance' between her work and Geraldine's: she sung aloud her wierd little song:

"Heaven above: Heaven beneath.
Stars above: Stars beneath.
All that is above is beneath,
Understand this, and be happy."

Then ready to leave for-future-use all the matter which had befallen her, she resumed her letter to Geraldine, beginning it with the quatrain that she had sung and proceeding to say,

"I am glad things occurred as they did, consequent on your act of prefixing to my letter the word 'Spinster.' For circumstances followed which opportunely gave me to see, that a superfluity-of-speech and a too assertive-talk about my own activities and theories, (well enough when carried on among 'my own people') are open to correction now that I am among persons who will instantly question motives, and interpret them as accords with what would be their own, if they expressed themselves in like acts and ways. I now face the fact that I am among persons, not precisely my friends: persons to whom (though an individuality of character might, for a while be attractive) a pugnacious individualism would be found to be neither attractive as a decorative effect nor as a *building-material* at-all-serviceable at this advanced stage in National and Social construction.

"In hunting myself up, I find I am greatly elated at being an accredited teacher at the Capital of my Nation, and, at finding my original idea of education is at-one with that avowed by the Commissioner of Education who said, 'A Republic cannot exist unless its people are educated': leaving the inference to be drawn, that the way to preserve the Republic is to educate the people in a practical recognition of the 'self-sovereignty which exists in the heaven-and-Earth-league: the end and aim of which is the perfecting of the individuality of each-in-that-*Self*-use the benefit of which finally accrues to the benefit of all-concerned.

Then she related the experience she had met on her way to Washington, which gave her the shock that persons-too felicitously sure of themselves and of their relations to the rest of the world apparently need to get before they fully realize that other equally good and happy souls may walk into snares quite innocently: appearances to the contrary, notwithstanding.

The case was, Ishtar had fallen into conversation with a fellow-traveler whom she roundly questioned as to whether men and women were combining to bring about results such as would baptize every Nation in the world with the inspiriting knowledge that every soul had a right to Life, Liberty and the pursuit (yes and the finding of) Happiness. Quite ignoring the confusion which had come on that, our *primal* statement; which confusion had left the judicial Mind a'reeling as to the fact that the 'people *are* the Government.' And as she had talked over her theories of the rights of the Individual, her interlocutor—Mrs. Mowbray—had amusedly seemed to be helping her on. For in fact, to this woman, Ishtar had seemed so jocund and yet Juno-like in her *verve* and beauty as to present unusually attractive social possibilities.

Ishtar had not mentioned her name, destination or purpose in Washington. And as many women arrive in Washington, whose purposes are not at first very clearly defined to themselves, it had happened that when the train came into the depot and the expected 'Mr. Konnyngscrown' did not, this Mrs. Mowbray, giving a quick mental glance at the case and at the peculiarly *ingénue* words and manners of this beautiful traveler, invited her to take a seat in her carriage, which she

said, would pass Mr. Konnyngscrown's house as it adjoined hers.

Then there had come (from whence?) to Ishtar a sudden comprehension of the thing intended.

And taking the woman's hand, all motherly, she had said, "What you are thinking, is quite wrong, dear soul." While heavenly pity-for—not herself nor the woman but—for the city where such things ARE, filled her eyes: which lifted just then, met those of a man who, thrusting forward the letter she had written to Konnyngscrown and pointing to the word, 'Spinster,' said,

"Madame! It is that word which misled me. I have seen you, but was waiting for 'Miss Landseer; *Spinster!*' Mr. Konnyngscrown being hindered from coming, sent me with this other note, telling you so and asking that you would accept my escort instead."

The man's words were abrupt and his eyes and hand were engaged signaling an officer to whom he conveyed what was necessary to prefigure a case and a criminal like this one, to whom —with amazement, he now saw this goddess-maid give her hand as she said, "Do Right"—as she might have said it to a child in a mission school who derelict was snatching an apple. And with a shrug of his shoulders and an uplift of his suspicious eyes to Ishtar's calm orbs having disposed of one woman, he led the other (for so he commonly in thought dealt with them all) to the carriage seating himself therein opposite to Ishtar, as the landau rolled away to its destination.

Meanwhile, Ishtar had had but one thought. It was that, the world she had thus seen on the street was NOT the world she had thought in her study.

Hence, her aftersearch for the Law and Value of the Discrepance.

Meanwhile, the man before her looked like many others, except that three lines ran across his forehead just above permanently uplifted brows; and under the brows were keen and kindly eyes that had puzzled over many miserable things, which, as he could not personally rectify, he desired to be not bothered about. His youth had waned and dyspepsia had set in. Long ago he had decided that women were to be pitied, but guarded against as liable to be troublesome and

expensive one way and another to a man who had a soft side to his heart. He had been born and bred in Washington; and he and his father before him, very well understood the strife which, like a masked battery had been steadily brought to bear against the 'perfecting of our principles all by ourselves alone,' ever since the far-away day when our country, stultified itself by placing in the vice-president's chair, a man of foreign birth who was an alien to our principles, instead of being a born citizen of avowed allegiance to those principles. Thus opening up the way for an *alien* to become president of this country and to carry forward anti-American transactions.

The quality of her escort's conditions and troubles generally, did not escape Ishtar's attention, as, at ease, opposite him in the landau rolling onward to his mother's house, for the first time, she caught sight of the dome of the Capitol which seemed floating up buoyantly toward the full moon, that, as buoyantly, seemed to be lifting it to the blue realm above. Meanwhile Hector Alton was thinking to himself, that though he had seen many kinds of women, he perhaps had never seen this kind. It was only perhaps—for while life had taken a great deal out of Hector Alton, it had left him (beside one other much better thing) a restless, gnawing suspicion as to women and their motives. He could not at all make sure that any one untrained by art, could look and speak in so artless a manner as did this regal beauty, who rested as when first she had bestowed herself in the carriage and her attention on the scene through which the carriage passed.

Up to the time of 'getting her clothes for the trip,' as her term went, Ishtar had had no knowledge of her peculiar beauty of face and form. She had noticed that she had ugly hands, because the 'not beautiful' was to her very noticeable; dwelling as she had amid beauty, external and internal, ever since she had had breath.

The old chest had been overhauled and East India and other beautiful fabrics had been brought forth. She liked them, for they were redolent to her of historic interest concerning the quality of life enlarged and enlargingly led by those of her family. And the robe and the reception toilets with Geraldine's added gift of the black silk and the irreproachable traveling outfit, were but a getting together of family

belongings which resulted in showing her to the world as a beautifully adorned, beautiful woman.

She was glad of this too. In this condition she felt natural and at home in the easy carriage and in the easy Washington atmosphere. True, her mother had objected that Geraldine had over-costumed her, but when asked if there were display at any point, Mrs. Landseer had admitted that it was not so much the gowning as the Ishtar that was striking. To this Geraldine had retorted,

"It is not so much the Ishtar as the school-marm spinster who is the disharmonizing element"; adding "Abolish *her*."

Ishtar wanted nothing abolished; not even the word spinster which Geraldine had added to the letter and which had misled Hector Alton. This name Geraldine had added to the letter, just as she had added the costumes to the 'farmer.'

Mrs. Alton's handsome but not happy face had flushed to the roots of her white hair, when her 'only son" (as she always called Hector) had brought back from the depot this unspinster-like looking woman, whose appearance had caused Mrs. Alton to feel that 'she had gained access to the home under false pretenses.'

While Mrs. Alton was noticing these points Ishtar was noticing the quite sumptuously furnished house; and deciding that room and board in it (for she was still forced to be 'moneying all the time') were out of proportion to what Mrs. Alton knew to be the salary given to a teacher in a school of the grade now placed under her charge.

Mrs. Alton had learned that Jerome Konnyngscrown was 'no relation,' but was guardian of young Anueland who was also a Masonic ward of Konnyngscrown, as he had been a Masonic protégé of Mr. Landseer. In reference to all that, she told Hector she was afraid that conditions would give rise to criticism. To which Hector had replied, "that is very probable, if you choose to start the ball rolling" showing Mrs. Alton that for once Hector objected to criticism.

The next morning the church bells were ringing as Ishtar descended the stairs, looking as crisp and alert as did the American water-lily which decorated her black velvet hat.

That morning the audience room of the church was stuffy,

as if the air of the 52 sabbaths of the past year were there hermetically sealed. Ishtar, who chiefly lived out of doors, and who when she was in the house, always had the windows open 'to let in the weather' felt coming over her that frantic condition of pores and nerves with which the inhalation of the exhalations of seven or eight hundred people, more or less nice, affect such as she.

"We are stifling," incisively whispered this country-girl to Hector expecting he would manage to have a window let down. He but looked bewildered, and in a moment or two with her handkerchief at her mouth, she walked out into the fresh air which was symbolic of that Spirit of Life in which she must live, move and have her being, or not be at all.

Afterwards when at dinner they all met Ishtar looking so bright and well, and when Mrs. Alton congratulated her on recovering from her faintness, then, Ishtar's explanation that she had not been faint, "but famished for want of fresh air which she found outside," marked her to Mrs. Alton's sense of the situation, as a truly irreverent, ill-mannered and doubtful sort of woman.

On Ishtar's arrival in Washington Mr. Konnyngscrown's note had explained his enforced absence; but that night he had returned to Washington and by chance had next passed the church just as Ishtar had come out for air. Naturally they greeted each other and had walked on to the house together. Mrs. Alton, hearing of that, told Mr. Alton the close air was a subterfuge, and that things to her mind certainly looked bad. But Mr. Alton explained that Mr. Konnyngscrown had already spoken of the incident as quite characteristic of Ishtar, who was not only entirely unconventional, but so regardful of health that she would have considered it immoral to have taken that poison into her body, which she literally considered to be 'a temple of *Spirit*,' and therefore to be most sacredly protected from injury.

Mr. Alton had merrily declared that this Quixotic 'truthful James' would bring upon herself plenty of misconstruction, adding, "she is a very noticeable person," and questioning whether it were because of her walk, her complexion, or the radiant eyes above which there was a wealth of eyelash to uplift as they unveiled themselves for the purpose

of direct vision. To which Hector had answered,—"If either of these peculiarities should be instanced, the notability of her presence would be still unexplained."

This again showed Mrs. Alton that Hector wanted to hear no adverse criticisms passed on Miss Ishtar Landseer.

Ishtar had but just answered Geraldine's letter when Frantze was back in Washington, meeting her at the table and attending her in her walks to school in a way that seemed rather unbusinesslike to Ishtar. For she knew that teachers who are even well in harness have enough to do in keeping up with the machine-run demands of a system of education that requires the turning out of so many classes each year from the divisions in towns and cities, in order that the premises may be vacated and way made for the oncoming claimants who, unintermittingly press on attention, demanding place in the successive grades.

Ishtar's days were now packed full of intellectual benefits. Her evenings, her Saturdays and Sundays were claimed by people who loved to answer her questions and contribute to her mental enjoyment. At times she had plenty to show her that in a way, if she were really Ishtar Landseer, 'spinster,' she would be better related to her task. But then she told herself critically and justly, that the world which she had 'thought,' was a world that lived in allegiance to its own highest convictions; and that the world that she saw in the streets, was, to a painful degree, a world founded on compromise; that it was the world that she *thought* and not the world founded on compromise that she meant to teach her pupils to construct on the street. She explained to herself with critical exactitude, that she was a natural mind-builder; and that her nation (and she liked the sound of that) had engaged her just as she was and *all of her*, to do this work for its children. Therefore, she could not be permitted to let her personal genius, large intelligence, embracive memory of facts and power to utilize them at need, nor her discursive imagination, peculiar historic faculty and human foresight, go for nothing: and that these advantages would go for nothing, if she merely kept up with the breathless rush-ahead which machine-run education thrusts on whom it threatens to catch

and crush, if she does not keep up with demands and out of the way.

She had been preparing herself to do the work demanded in the way required; and had fitted herself to 'fall in line' as the term goes. But now, she did not want to fall in line, here or anywhere else. She knew the history and fate of those who, under an insane fury of a 'machine-grind,' make it their highest ambition to 'fall in line and keep up with the procession.' She remembered that 'to the energy of the individual conscience, is committed the liberties of the race.' And as an educator she would not reckon on doing what men and women seem commonly forced to do; that is, '*compromise*' with some power in some one else, instead-of acting in fealty to the Power of their own acquirement of Intelligence.

Perhaps the fact that the world is much as you take it and life is much as you make it, helped Ishtar to go on her way very tranquilly for a while. Busy as she was she seemed always very leisurely at her meals, coming to the table with the earliest and remaining nearly the hour. For she soon discovered that the fourteen hours a week spent breakfasting and dining in *this* house, were very valuable hours to her.

For there were at the table two brilliant scientists, beside two brainy congressmen, an upright senator and other alert men and women. And in view of this fact she incidentally remarked one day that, as fourteen hours a week equal 728 hours a year, or *sixty whole days of twelve hours each*, she hoped to listen to them all for a year at meal times, and thus add two whole months of educationally filled time to the ordinary twelve of the year. Then, like the country girl she was, she asked Senator Johns who sat next to her—if he knew a family in the region named Rawdon? The man to whom she spoke was a great Mason and evidently knew the family well; and gave her sufficient information to meet her need, as she confided to him the fact that she must give young Master Rawdon special outside attention.

But the best laid plans of mice and men 'gang aft a'gley.' And even as she spoke, a letter was brought her from Geraldine saying that, in response to an invitation from Mr. Konnyngscrown, she would be in Washington in a few days for a *change*. The words 'for a change' were so darkly underlined

that they looked as portentous as Geraldine felt her life had become. And Ishtar, rational unghost-bothered Ishtar, had a sinking of the heart that people could not 'let a dead past bury its dead,' instead of burrowing among unsavory blunders, the living potency of which she believed had gone forward on its way, leaving only such things behind, as friends might cheerfully allow also to rest in peace till the time came to utilize them.

For she was a girl who liked the epoch she lived in and enjoyed taking up today's duties at the point where she found them, instead of mousing over yesterday's so called 'blunders,' which she did not generally call by that name.

When Geraldine arrived escorted from the depot by Hector and Ishtar, Mrs. Alton no longer doubted the social importance of this set, now so markedly welcomed by all who met them.

Ease, elegance and the manners of one life-long habituated to being well served exhaled from Geraldine's presence; so that her little graces of gratitude for attentions which were rendered her, from the first, spurred up Hector to even better achievements.

When she first met Mr. Konnyngscrown and Frantze, she smiled on them with the simple good nature of a child, pleased but not much excited at meeting old friends; though meanwhile the one thing with which she had charged her mind was, to hold her tongue *still*, whenever that thick thudding of the heart most impelled her to utter some word whose icy sharpness froze and lacerated.

Even while she gave the men of the family her hand, soft and perfect, she was reminding herself to keep silence. And if for two days her answers were almost monosyllabic, she was none the less enchanting to look upon, and her way of meeting with pleasant quiet the words directed to her as well as others, did well for a while, till this recluse, (who really had nothing of social interest to discuss), in answer to the rather monotonous question "How do you like Washington?" rousing up, broke forth:—saying, "I hadn't supposed it was so dull. This winter is really quite gay in New York": and then, proceeded to present tidbits of social news, discussing things right and left in a way that thoroughly woke up Hector.

Then the opera, the drama, the cast of different plays were handled with sparkling criticism; but "politics" was avoided; though she aired two or three incidents which might have occurred in as many different seasons, relative to society's best habitué's, as she repeated *bon mots* and quoted opinions of brilliant people in a way which reflected brilliancy on herself.

Later, after some of the people had passed out of the parlors, Geraldine, with Ishtar, Frantze and Konnyngscrown entered the library. Looking challengingly at the trio Geraldine turned to close the door.

"Don't," signalled Ishtar.

"I shall," said Geraldine aloud, unmoved, closing it with a free hand. Then coming near them at the further end of the room she said:—

"You every one of you have dared to doubt whether I was telling the truth. For my own entertainment I choose to tell you that I *chose* to stop in New York on my way here. And there I went to the most desirable hotel; and that gives me the right to call it my hotel; and I went to the park and I did a great deal of looking about over things and places, concerning which I had taken care to thoroughly inform myself before leaving home. And I hired at the hotel a reliable servant, a man in livery, who attended me as my servant should; so that all that I did was done *en règle*, as I shall always do everything, and in keeping with the name and character which I still bear, Geraldine-Ariosto-Landseer."

And with a smothered groan this actor of the truth as she embraced it, sank into a chair.

"Then I have had all the valuable society papers and have kept the run of such things more minutely than as if I had danced and dressed through a hundred seasons with no regard for the relations of things or the principles at stake. Principles which are constantly forfeited to folly and fashion.

"Of course I have as much right to the social *bon mots* of London and Paris as though I had bored myself every season, picking up the useless trash. I know it all, and have experienced it all,—all!

"And you? I am ashamed of you! You doubted if I were exaggerating my experiences? Aren't you all, every one

ashamed? I cannot if I should try—I cannot exaggerate my experience. Everything is an old story. Well I am ashamed of you! Come away Ishtar with me. Leave the ingrates! I want you and I want rest."

Such a face as was turned on them,—(petulant, domineering and wistful all at once) as, like a really offended *good* Juno she swept from the room.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Oh, righteous gods: how few of all the great
Are just to Heaven, and to their promise true."
Odyssey.

"OPEN the door, Ishtar," said Geraldine about an hour later.

The door was thrown open between the rooms. There stood Geraldine in creamy robes, clinging to a form as perfect as Greek-art ever copied from Nature. Her face slightly turned over her shoulder as she looked back at Ishtar, showed moving lights and colors in eyes and cheek, and pearly teeth, flashing through parted lips.

"Have you got that by heart?" she said, dropping all expression out of her face as one might drop a withered flower to the ground. "Now look at this. This is a porcelain picture of Jerome's wife. I believe she is—Oh! It is useless to tell you, if you cannot understand. I hate my looks because I look like her. But yet I pity her strangely and would, if I could, comfort her in her needs. I know she was inherently good: that in some way Konnyngscrown was as much to blame as she was and—"

"Why WILL you go over it?" said Ishtar. "What does it matter especially to us, if one woman among the billions and one man at one epoch of existence, chose to make self and each other, miserable? Probably it was a necessity of their conditions, at that stage of their existence. But is a whole family of bright people, two decades afterward, and in another country, to continue puzzling over the mouldy why and wherefore of it all? The most that can be said about it is that it was a disagreeable stage in events."

"But I pity them" said Geraldine: her face glowing with tears-unshed. "Besides! Why does Konnyngscrown look at me in that style: as if blaming me, for what I had nothing

to do with? No, not even if I am" (she whispered the words) "her child?" Adding, "He makes me feel as if I were responsible for it all. Ishtar, will you, can you hop into a dress and go down stairs a little way, and see if that was Konnyngscrown who just came in?"

"I don't understand," said Ishtar.

"No one asked you to *understand?*" said Geraldine. "But if you cannot do it without 'understanding' go into your room, and leave me to attend to it."

Jerome, who had hurried through early evening engagements, had come in, to accompany Geraldine, Frantze and Ishtar to a later evening function.

Hanging up his coat, he looked at his watch; and then with it in hand and his eyes still upon it, entered the library.

Crimson curtains, walls and carpets glowed in the light of blazing chandeliers. Defined sharply against them, the grace of a vitalized statue filled his sight.

Stepping in, head thrust forward and eyes fixed, softly shutting the door, he imprisoned the vision.

Geraldine under the gaze, stood thrilled to the heart.

"Thank you!" he said breathlessly, "I never saw woman so beautiful, no, not one."

White and motionless he held by a chair. She was at his side, pressing a picture to his gaze.

"See," she said, "I am like that. Is she your wife? Am I your child? Tell me yes or no!"

He had sprung back looking at her as if he had gone mad.

"Answer me," she said gently; helping to seat his trembling form. "Jerome I know something of this matter. I am bound to know all. You have done me great wrong. Distressing me with bewilderments which you ought to have cleared away from a little girl's path.

"Now tell me, Am I your child?"

"God forbid," he said trembling as if struck by a possibility of which he had never dreamed.

"That is nonsense. God does not undo the done. Use your sense. Face facts. Help me to now hunt up this whole matter: seeing that your ways and manners have precipitated on me and the Landseers, this confusion. Answer my questions! Help me, as you ought to have done long ago.

Tell me now and I will pull you through all this once more. "Is this woman your wife?"

With arms outstretched he sprang towards Geraldine, beads on his pallid face, breathlessly whispering,—"She was, is, and ever will be my Wife! Come, come to me!"

Escaping his touch, more dead than alive, Geraldine sped to her room.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Demand that spiritual liberation, which neither cultivating selfishness nor stifling it, lays hold on that Omnipotent Power, which enables justice and generosity."

IN an old Southern-house half mansion and half farm-house, buried in forest shades several miles from Washington, at break of day Maurice Rawdon lay awake pondering as he had fallen asleep, pondering, the night before.

A disturbed, dream-peopled-slumber had given him as little rest as a night's vigil with the insane would have done. For in his dreams, it was as if he were dealing with (not one, vociferous, domineering voice: but) many voices: some urging him to do and some, not to do that which, on waking, with sudden joy he felt was to BE done and that immediately.

For as he awoke there were in his ears the words—"This is the Dawn of the New Age." Those, were the new Teacher's words which she had spoken to him at her first greeting: when taking his two hands in both of hers, she had also said: "So this is Maurice Rawdon! He holds his world in his two hands which I clasp in both of mine as I wish him Luck." And afterwards, when she had given the class in political economy an account of that 'spectacular scene,' which had illustrated in childhood for her the use of The Key, Intelligent Labor, she told them she had come among them to learn the more fully to use it herself, as she taught them how. And Maurice wondering, looking at her hands saw, she indeed was a worker.

And all this he remembered at the opening of his eyes and it seemed to him that the words, 'The Dawn of a new Day!' 'Intelligent labor,—The key to all Mysteries!' were skittling around the room: adding high expectancy to the Knowledge that there was another key of the old-fashioned iron sort, hanging on a door-frame of a room that opened on a third-story outside-gallery. A gallery, a key, and a room, all of

which, all his life had carried to his mind something of horror, exactly because that key also was related to a mystery!—*the* Mystery of the Rawdon House.

"Even that common-looking key" thought he, "is related to mystery!" But as for 'the Key, Intelligent Labor,' he could not bring himself to fancy that *that* would unlock (as the Teacher had said it would) all the mysteries in heaven and earth.

'The Blacks,' he supposed had used that for him and his, generation after generation. But this other key had long hung high up out of his reach. That had protected it from his meddling! For there was a mandate not to touch it, till, standing flat-footed on the floor, he could take it down.

He felt suddenly sure he was tall enough to do that now. If so, he would do it.

Hastily bathing and dressing, he climbed the back-stair-way to the great-upper stretch of gallery-girdled rooms;—hurrying through the dim passages, halting and peering down their lengths as though he heard again the shrill yodel and 'Excelsior,' which ever echoes from height to height (so the teacher had said) 'in the ears of those who hear Heaven's call to them.'

For a moment it seemed as if the recesses of the long darkened passages were filled with ploughmen going forth to plough that others might sow and reap the results of that, which the right use of the key, Intelligent Labor unlocks and lets forth from Nature's Eternal-Treasure-House.

With beating heart, he now inserted the old iron key in the wooden door: trembling as if mysteries uncanny must burst forth at the opening of it and the windows: yet hastening with nervous speed he let in the sun which, just coming up over the hill, sent its rollicking-beams to join with the vigor of the stiff-morning-breeze that snapping at curtains and faded hangings sent them flipping up (as did everything else) old dust. Old dust: which infilled with new sunshine sped like flecks of gold into eyes that looked down from two pictures which now, like everything else in the room so dark a moment before, were illumined with the light of the new Day.

These sun-flecked eyes looked—not at the spectator but—opposite at a crepe-veiled picture: hurrying Maurice to mount a table under it and, (tearing off the covering) sending him with it in hand jumping backward to the floor.

For eyes like a gazelle's for translucent radiance; and a mouth whose line of pearl-white teeth wholesomely brightened a passionless smile had carried the boy's thoughts away from all other mysteries, centering it on the mystery of the Rawdon House.

With chin couched on throat as fair and with radiant eyes throwing back their light over her shoulder, she looked at him under an upheld apple, as a child might, at a mother who loved it well.

Whatever an artist full of *diablerie* might have added, the brush that had painted this, had carried into that face no hint of false purpose or thought of guile.

The soul that looked forth from those eyes was warm, not wanton. One's heart might break at the frolic-grace of that gentle Love whose power to bear what it could not hastily better was there revealed.

This winsome one? Was SHE 'the curse of the Rawdon house'? He could not tell where first he had heard that? Could it have been from the dumb old servant (if she *were* a servant and if she were dumb) who in dreadful silence went about, doing things that must be done:—with bitter manner, and blind, half seeing eyes, never petting Alice—the tall upgrowing maiden, nor extending greeting to the lonely boy?

Trembling with—he knew not what convulsion of spirit, he softly left the room, closing it and locking it, like one who, unaware had read a secret which (he knew not why)—seemed less his than another's. He sped away to find her who had said to him "Your *own* world is in the hands I now grasp in both of mine, while wishing you good luck."

What he saw on entering the school room was the face of Geraldine as, turning her head, glancing downward and far backward, her chin drawn in close to her neck, the light of her fringed eyes fell into his.

Speeding past her to Ishtar's seat, he said,

"Miss Landseer, please—I—you—I want to show you something at my home! Will you come right out after school, you and that lady? I am going home to make quite sure that the carriage is here by the time the school is closed. It is the mystery," he whispered: and was gone, just first catching Geraldine's word, 'We will come, when the afternoon-session is over,' as then turning to Ishtar she had said, "He told us, 'It is the Mystery.' And Ishtar, that mystery is mine!"

"Do not distract the children's attention," said Ishtar: swiftly writing: and then adding, "Take this telephone message to the public station which we pass, on the way here! It tells Mrs. Alton that we are to meet friends and may not be back to dinner. This other, is for Frantze, telling him we have gone to see the people of the boy of whom I told him. He will understand if there is anything *risque* about it: and will be there, though we may not see him. That, I did not request."

When the session was over, a close carriage drove up with a ponderous horse and with Maurice on the seat with the coachman.

The sun was setting among lurid clouds before they neared their destination. Beside the carriage trotted a big bull-mastiff whose low swinging gait told a story of contained strength. Geraldine's gaze followed it, as again and again the brute halting, waited for the horse to come up; or, returning, uplifted to the window its blood-shot eyes and heavy dewlaps dripping with foam. With horrible fascination Geraldine's eyes followed every onward motion and return of the monster. Twice she tried the carriage door; but for some reason, could not open it. She felt as if they were locked in and signified it to Ishtar.

"We are miles away from Washington" she whispered, "and close to that dog who acts like a trained man-eater."

He halted at that moment, looking from the driver up to the carriage window, as if to say,—"Is it time?"

Ishtar, seeing Geraldine was nearly overcome with fear, spoke to Maurice of the beauty of the great creature and when he replied, "'Handsome is, what handsome does,' and he's very handsome in his actions," it seemed to Geraldine, she could feel the dog's fangs meeting through her spinal column.

"It is close here Maurice. Open the windows" said Ishtar, which of course he readily did.

When he was seated again by the driver, Geraldine with her lips motioned to Ishtar, "I told you to bring a pistol": and with a full sense of Geraldine's idea of the *risque* character of the affair, Ishtar rode on.

Geraldine was not more at her ease when a strange-low whistle came from the driver. It, however, was answered only

by the speeding forward of the horse over the ground. But if he had shot forth wings and if the earth had opened to receive them into Tartarus, Geraldine would have felt it but to be expected; so brain-strained had she become at the sight of the regular returns of the vicious looking dog with blood-shot eyes and dewlaps and ugly breathing uplifted to the window, as on they went over red clay roads and past ragged clay banks; till suddenly they entered an avenue of trees which shut them in from the now faded rift of the western sky.

A short bark was answered from the kennels; and a giant-sized negro, closing after the carriage the gate they had entered, led the way to a second enclosure, where, after entering it, they halted; and as the gate-man stood holding it, Ishtar, restrained further advance, and taking Geraldine's cold hands, said,

"Perhaps you think it is too late to get out?"

"Not if this were the crack of doom!" Geraldine answered. "Is not *this* the 'next thing'?" Then turning to Maurice she said,—"I am now to step out of the carriage into the jaws of that beast whose presence you have seen fit to inflict on us. I can bare my throat to his fangs. But if he touches me I will torture you and that black satan by your side. Look at me well. I have power that death cannot overcome. Do you understand that?" she said catching hold upon the driver, who staggered back with a yell of fear. Maurice caught the dogs, as another had come down; saying "It does not do to risk much with them. They are civil to those inside the gates: but those they have to fight never are able to tell the tale."

Geraldine stood trembling. Ishtar was thinking that, but for her letter to Frantze, such unbroken silence might fall upon them.

The winds were soughing in the branches and other dogs in the distant kennels at intervals cleft the air with short, sharp barks. The sound of light wheels caught Ishtar's attention. "You have visitors," she said.

"You have sharp ears," he answered. "And you are doubting me! Get into the carriage and ride home then!"

Geraldine's impulse to rebuke him was arrested by Maurice's cry of 'down sir.' His struggle with the dog brought her to her senses. Then Maurice led the way as Geraldine imperatively bade him do.

Something of the rough untidiness of a Southern plantation-house was about the outer rooms; in the second of which, Maurice stopped for a candle. And then, without a word of explanation, he led the way up stairs, not even looking to see if his visitors were following.

Ishtar halted; but Geraldine passed on as regardless of her movements as Maurice was of both of them till they were at the top of the house where, setting his candle down on the old stair-way Maurice took the key from the nail and inserted it in the lock. Ishtar laid her hand on his, saying

"Tell me what is in the room?"

"Must, dust and the beautiful curse of our family," he answered, looking at Geraldine, who cried out,—"Unlock that door!" And Ishtar stood back.

The key clicked, the door was thrown open. The chandeliers were all lighted. Maurice, startled at the illumination cast a searching look about him and then went on. The others followed.

"How came that picture here?" was Geraldine's sudden challenge.

"It is my father's picture," said Maurice.

"Look at it," said Geraldine scornfully, recovering her breath. "His father? He is as swarthy as an Italian; and this fair faced man is Fran,—"

"And this is my mother," continued Maurice turning to a woman's face, fairer still.

Geraldine incredulous and excited, wheeled about. Then—with white lips, clutching Maurice's arm, and pointing speechless at the picture on the other wall:

"Called the curse of our house!" he said. But Geraldine gazed as though the velvet orbs had chained her tear-filled heart! It was a counterpart of the porcelain.

The next moment,—"Not a curse," said she ferociously,—"but a blessing turned into a curse by man's accursed method of dealing with his blessings." Then suddenly she struck the picture a blow, crying frantically,—"That is but *paint* Ishtar! But a man with *eyes* in his *heart* painted it true! It is but paint and can—"

A maniac figure bounded in from the darkness beyond, full upon Geraldine.

"This next!" she cried as though under a spell as with clenched fist and well aimed blow, she met the oncoming fury. Then came a thud and a crash!—Then four white faces, each seen by the other, were in the midst of dust and silence.

A fragment of moth-eaten cord trembled on the wall. The maniac woman and the picture of witching beauty lay prone together on the floor in the silence amid the dust and the dread of the thick pulsing hearts anear them.

The next moment Ishtar, Geraldine and Maurice were put outside in the darkness, and the click of the key echoed in the stillness. The girls heard Maurice's retreating steps.

"Have you forgotten your guests?" said Ishtar.

"I am going for a light" he answered.

"Take us with you. Walk slowly and we will follow you," said she.

And then, through what seemed to be interminable passages, Maurice holding Ishtar's hand and Ishtar holding Geraldine's, they groped their way to the room they had at first entered; and there, each confronted the other two pale faces.

It was the last half hour before nine when the carriage stopped at Mrs. Alton's door which Mr. Konnyngscrown opened for them. He asked no questions and the girls went direct to their rooms.

Geraldine had not believed that Maurice had told all that he knew. Neither did she believe that the man so like Frantze Anueland was the swarthy Maurice's father. In her impetuosity she had been very rough and Maurice had become very angry. And at last had challenged her to tell why she was so like the curse of their house. "For she is the curse of this house, and more than that we are here because her grave is here," he had said.

Then Geraldine had determined to go at once to that spot, and read for herself the inscription on the monument. And on-borne by her they were soon out in the night, passing on beyond the house lot, through a neglected acre of brambles, through a tangle of gnarled roots, over fallen tree-trunks,—on—on,—under the changing lights of the cloud-riven sky. With her long dress uplifted about her, Geraldine tore blindly forward, her ruffles clinging to the briars as she passed through

them; knowing nothing till she was suddenly stopped by the motionless Maurice, as he stood with outstretched arms, halting her where he waited at a smooth-turfed enclosure from which uprose a white shaft.

"What is on it!" she cried. "Read the inscription aloud."

"The one word—'Zelzah,'—nothing more," he answered.

Then she had seized his hand saying, "Before Heaven have you told me all you know?"

"Except that,"—his words had fallen like drippings from an icicle,—"that—she *died in child-birth.*"

Geraldine turning, had torn away through thorns and briars, falling, but to pick herself up and dash on again to where the carriage had awaited them.

And the ride home? It had been to Geraldine full of anguish unsurmisable by Ishtar.

The next day it was explained that they had come across old family associations: and had driven out with the son to trace things up.

Geraldine was inflexible in her demands that they should keep their new discovery to themselves until the next Monday. But all day Saturday she abused Ishtar for digging up buried skeletons, and hoped she was content now with prying into the past. And then she implored her to leave Washington and to get Frantze away. Then she angrily accused Ishtar of already trying to cast her off. Then suddenly she said staunchly,—"There is nothing in this of interest to me, even if I should find myself to be some as yet, unknown claimant whether to the throne of the Cæsars or to the heritage of paupers and criminals."

"Certainly not," said Ishtar. "I have always faced with satisfaction the Napoleonic statement,—'*I* am ancestry.' This is one of the set of bells which have rung me up to duty ever since the fact of having suicidal tendencies in our family began to bother us all, Geraldine. Once somebody said—as I remember it—

> "'Leave ancestry behind! Despise Heraldic art;
> Thy mother be thy mind, thy father be thy heart.
> Dead names concern thee not; bid foreign titles wait;
> Thy deed thy pedigree; thy hope, thy rich estate.'

"Now Geraldine," she added, interrupting another outburst, —"I must ask you to release my ears from any dirge-like stuff! I have my school-children's living needs to attend to. I must concentrate my attention on teaching them proper regard to the business of so behaving themselves as to reflect credit on who comes after them; for whom they will be much more accountable than they are for their parents."

"Well, I will wait and hold my peace," said Geraldine then with a brave effort. "The world is all a moral-muss in these days in relation to these kinds of things."

Whatever the Altons thought of their guests, they found, they all seemed to be English enough (if any one can tell who of the conglomerate British subjects are English today) to dare to be silent. Suggestive questions relating to the 'good old Virginia families,' called forth all that was necessary but nothing that was not, in the way of information.

Geraldine immediately wrote Mrs. Landseer an account of the affair. After which, time enough had elapsed for the exchange of letters between the Rawdon mansion and the "Master's House," before there came to Geraldine this brief answer,—

"Geraldine, sister Geraldine—

"You see you are not friendless. There is to be a re-union of Ariosto-Landseers, Eloiheems and some others at the Mansion. What Maurice tells you we can believe. I shall be glad to see Margery. She is a good hater. Though for hate, the world finds little standing room today.

"I am about to start for Washington with Tama. You need, none of you, make preparation for me. My plans are laid out to the end of the journey; and you four will meet me at the Mansion on the evening of the day of my arrival which will be within two or three days from this date.

"Have no solicitude about me. I am, in every regard thoroughly prepared for the visit and for the consequences of it, as well as for the well-ordered life of usefulness for all concerned which will follow.

"After twenty-five years of studious seclusion in a little New England town, I shall be as ready as any one for the well-advised, world-wide enterprises in which all the peoples of the earth (by the time this century is well in) will have intelligently

united for the administration of a scientifically-religious (and therefore) self-sovereign citizenship! A self-sovereignty known to the Archæan Republic of the ancient time, dear to me.

"Tell Ishtar too, that I am the sister-woman of you both. Remember the term. For Geraldine, whatever disclosures may ensue, nothing can be evoked from darkness or from what *I* may have to reveal, (*I*, who have lived between the cross-lights of the two worlds) that will make you anything less or more than my sister-spirit in strength of nature and hardihood of self-development.

"I admire you very greatly as the bravest of the brave. When you have heard my story you will see that I understand through what you have been carried.

"I am much more to you than the (often seemingly accidental) relationship of 'mother' would, in itself, necessarily have made me to be.

"I am, your *sister*,
LAMED-ARIOSTO-LANDSEER,
born, LAMED-ARIOSTO-RALSTON-RHOENSTEINE."

The same hour they received a letter from the mansion;—which was a practical repetition of the business points in Mrs. Landseer's letter, and for the rest asked their presence at nine o'clock, to meet Pere Allierri and others at the Grand gallery-entrance of the mansion in the forest.

When the carriage slowly drew up before this gala scene (quiet withal, as at devotion's hour) they found Pere Allierri, Konnyngscrown and many other guests, as well as members of the Order, awaiting their coming. Konnyngscrown presented each to the host: saying briefly and with power,

"These are three young initiates and workers-out-of, each, his and her 'degree' of attainment in truly Humanizing developments."

The silence which followed **these** well picked words, showed the words were accepted as being his keenest attempt to speak of their several conditions, as he best comprehended them.

The silence and who-shall-say what of Divine presence, gave assurance that on this occasion, the fleeting questions of mere fleeting time were to be of significance only as they were

shown to influence the forth-marching of the individuated army which, standing shoulder to shoulder, have held to their aspirations after the development of inherent moral rectitude: and have held to the affiliating (not the ignoring) of differences: the result of which affiliation this epoch is now exhibiting.

It was evident the unusual bestirment was in honor, not only of the guests but, of the crisis which the guests had assembled to inspect and honor. A crisis brought forward by Builders, many of whom worked in (and before) Solomon's time: constructing characters and characteristics;—whose fineness of quality, rendered them capable of becoming 'polished stones' 'square, white stones, that agree exactly in their joints': fitting, without mark or blemish, into the Universal Temple.

The way was now led to the library where, tier on tier, alcove following alcove, were books, parchments and manuscripts in every tongue: selected and enshrined here as elucidators of the steps to be taken in the Magnum Opus of evolving the seven-times-seven-fold work of Building The Real Man. Some of them revealing critically, the artificially laborious work done by those who, trying to avoid work, made it laborious by abusing instead of using God's Great Gifts to them: working against nature: and then, in trying to undo the done, seeking 'to take the Kingdom of heaven by violence: while saying to the 'elder brother':

> "—be silent: nor reveal thy state.
> Yield to the force of unresisted fate.
> And bear unmoved the wrongs of base mankind—
> That last and hardest conquest of the mind."

And Pere Allierri, repeating the lines, then held the company listening to the voice of that 'Silence,' beside which the silence of the night-enwraped forest's depth, seemed like tumult.

Then he said:

"We have come together to rehearse lessons which family-life has written in the beings of these three (and other) young persons: whose days of public service are nearing.

"As the Creator leaves his children in freedom while environing them with a care that with-holds them from com-

plications of a sort, too mixed for immaturity to assimilate, so we, unseen helpers, in our degree have sought to do with you.

"Till now, when the fulness of time has come, you are to learn from the past, lessons which in the future you may continue to practicalize in freedom, as best you may."

Geraldine shivered as she glanced about rooms where were seated members of families whose names Mrs. Landseer had recounted in her letter. While on easels, as participants, were portraits of men and women who, victorious or vanquished, seemed now come to hear the judgment of those, who in this present time, had had to reap the results of what these others in the past had sown.

The three portraits which they had seen in the dust-doomed chamber were there. And there too, was the picture of Archibald Landseer, with the legend which his own hand had affixed, —"I wished, but was not able." And there was a picture of a man—Oh! from whence and why, had such eyes ever looked forth from canvas? Was he mad? Diabolized?

"Dwellers on the threshold of the new Age," said Allierri, "truths taught to observant souls in all climes and times, and which already have partially unveiled themselves before your minds, will now be more fully revealed as a few of this history-making-family recount their private experiences.

"For ours are families, whose chief peculiarity is, that we *learn* by experience; and that we protect in the archives of memory and of our *homes*, the annals of family hidden-doings. This peculiarity mightily enhances our constructive energies. So that time and again our Egos emerge and rehabilitate themselves in bodies which we demand shall be prepared of a sort fitted, to fulfil the purposes that we (or they) could not (or did not) perfect in our other bodies; when earlier we lived on the genealogical tree. This at least is my opinion.

"Also, these purposes unrectified become but the more urgent in the new scions of the tree. So that even through pain—though less swiftly than through patient continuance in well-doing—there is finally worked out through successive incarnations, an uplift of the individual and so of the race.

"This night you will more fully learn the truth that one mortal should not judge another by one specific act, nor by popular reputation. For in order to judge righteous judgment,

it is necessary to leave to the credit side, the sum-total-of-the-past-*efforts*-which-each-individual's-experience (*prehuman* or pre-natal) may have accumulated; even though these efforts may not yet have been visibly assimilated into Character.

"It must be remembered that it is precisely these *unassimilated*-efforts and-experiences which were on the books of your pre-natal lives. These, written in your sub-consciousness, spectre-like—haunted your brain-substance; urging you on, tormentingly at times, toward expression. This at least is my opinion!

"Seemingly adverse circumstances added their influence to the friction which each of you young persons exerted on the other, as you lived in intellectual and moral freedom close to Nature's heart.

"A general acknowledgment of your right to choose it—if you wished to build a life structure which would be accordant with harmonious nature—assisted in bringing each of you to early apprehend the mysteries of your *three*-fold nature. Mysteries that you have yet to master while dwelling in that attentive silence in which Nature 'works on.'

"To night you may be enabled to see OMNIPOTENT OMNISCIENCE as the Endless End of All that Is. For into the silence known to Ionian-Revelators as 'The Word,' you here enter.

"Those of us then who have proved ourselves to be hearers and doers of this 'Word' may if we choose, clasp hands in attestation that we unite to serve the age in which we live as best each builder may."

Pere Allierri arose, and extended his right hand to his guest, Daniel Heem; his left to Margery, calm in white array, who gave hers to the wondering Maurice. And Maurice quickly closed in his, the hand of the little maiden Alice, who reached out to the tall Frantze Anueland as he took Ishtar's other hand just as she had grasped Geraldine's, who then came into the circle with Tama's hand in hers. Jerome had hold on the hand of that wonder-woman, Ethel-Eloiheem as she walked forward holding Robert's hand.

On Mr. Konnyngscrown's right stood Lamed-Ariosto-Landseer with one hand resting on an easel the other side of which stood Althea Eloiheem, whose hand aunt Judith had taken, as

she clasped Daniel's —the hand of hands to her on earth. And meanwhile others in the room had formed circles beyond *that* circle; which enclosed within *it* the several easels on which stood the portraits of builders who also had builded as best at their time they were able to build.

A mystic hour it was. The eyes of Archibald and of the 'other Rhoensteine' as well as the blue eyes that had looked destruction into the soul of Jerome's wife (so said the world)—gazed friendlily forth from canvas if from nowhere else; while from a picture, a little apart in its unreportable quality of spiritual-conflict, looked forth the deifically-impelled Rabbi Eloi. And other pictures there were, as closely identified with the doings of other egos there, as was this Rabbi with the now self-poised Robert, who had learned the truth of the inscription under the Rabbi's picture—

"Each man is in his spectre's power
Until the arrival of that hour
When his Humanity shall awake
And shall cast his spectre in the Lake."

"We are not all here," said Pere Allierri, "and praise be to the Grand Master of the Universal Lodge, we should not be, though clasping hands we girdled the Earth. For before Solomon was King of Jerusalem society builders were upbuilding themselves and others in a world-wide social-structure: name it as you will. Daniel here, calls it—'The glorious company of the sons of Liberty.' *Archibald* would have had us believe that an 'Aristocratized-set of rulers could be depended upon to harmonize Heaven with Earth by *killing* off—incidentally—all such persons as rebelled against being subjects of the would-be-dominator; name That Dominator as you will! While Madame Landseer, desires to see a scientific establishment of the common-sense 'Rights of MAN'—spelled with very large letters, and grounded in the recognition that this form of ECCE Homo is, as the form of *that* son-of-God which in these last days —is able to walk through the midst of Life's fires, unhurt.

"I would name it—'The Church Universal throughout the world': which—right or wrong—I claim has inherent regard to the Principle that impelled the founders of this country to declare that they 'hold it to be self-evident that man is born

FREE: and has a right to LIFE, Liberty and the pursuit of happiness.'

"In the courage of his and her own convictions, then singly or in conclaves, let each take up his building-work! But, however taken up each *has* to take it up *from where the results* of *a previous-life-day*, left it for his or her resumption.

"A crisis is on the world. As Blake says—with inspiration that in 1804 seemed then like madness;—'We see the finger of God go forth from within the wheels of Albion's Sons. Fixing their systems permanent by arithmetic-power!' 'Giving a body to falsehood that it may be cast off forever with *demonstrative Science:* piercing Apollyon with his bow. But God is within and without. He is even in the depths of Hell.' But what are these Golden-Builders doing?" continued Allierri still quoting from Albion's poet, William Blake. And Maurice, as if in answer to the question, 'What are these Golden-Builders doing?' opened a letter that had been passed to him by Margery, and read—

"Maurice:—

"I have held my pen many minutes. Disuse has disabled my hand and tongue. Frantze Anueland, Alice's own brother, will read aloud their mother's words. What these words do not explain will be by others and myself further elucidated.

I am your mother, MARGERY."

When Maurice half-dazed concerning the sense of this condensed statement had read it, and halting, looked about, then Frantze Anueland received from 'Margery's hand a yellow leaved volume' and unclasping it read from script what began without date:—

"I am a happy bride. My noble husband. I cannot think why he chose me! Yet he must have loved me; for I am his.

"It may steady my understanding of such matters if I write out in my journal whatever bewilders me amid the shocks and confusion of my new life full of things into which I, 'such a childish maid' have been thrust. That's what they say of me. I still shall keep with me my teacher; my good old Curé,—else all would seem too strange.

"Albert says I must not give back timidly before people. The Lady Alice is not a school-girl now, he says. I wish I were, or I wish I were different. Yet I was this way when he sought me, with no expression of preference from me, or in my deepest heart. We were going to read together. He knows much. He is a thinker, my good teacher says.

"October:—

"They are all very gay here at Chavanage. So much company, so gaily entertained. He says I am a droll little one to think of expenses, and that I show a thrift that more belongs to his German blood. But my father besought me to moderate expenses until all encumbrances should be removed from the estates. But now, the new changes in Parks; the making of the artificial lake?—O, it would be no sacrifice for me to live quietly and to learn to be truly useful to our people. No sacrifice, but a joy to work thus with Albert. My father liked that.

"Zelzah Rhoensteine laughs at this. It does not seem silly to me. I rode to the meet today. Zelzah was there. She followed the hounds. Albert called me timid, and left me with old Lord Rathburn. Lamed-Ariosto was there; and the old West Indian, her father. Landseer and—others were about Zelzah and Lamed dashed up, and in a moment in the midst of the raillery, the laugh was turned on Zelzah, and then Lamed was off with Landseer on one side and Rathburn on the other, and Zelzah caught up Albert, and I was left with stuffy old Lord Cameron who wheezes dreadfully.

"Zelzah has said such an ugly thing about, that Albert was her baby, and I need not think I was going to take him from her, just because we had been to the altar together for a few minutes. What a speech! Is she *bad*—utterly bad,—or is it but,—Well, I— I was near crying when she took him away. He saw it and lifted his hat to me, as though he could not help it. I thought marriage was more than that! I think I reeled in my saddle. Then Albert was back at my side saying,—'Zelzah did not mean anything.' And she stood laughing at me and petting me. I told him to go then, seeing he liked people who mean nothing when they talked. 'That's *me*,' said Zelzah. 'But do you like me Albert? If you do, come.' And she looked merrily at him, coaxing him; and I told him to go, and he was angry and went!

"I am so miserable! I keep putting myself into the wrong and turning everything to her advantage. All of us do that. Lamed does. Zelzah is the only happy one among us. She is as happy as if she were a little child. Lamed will certainly make Zelzah do her mischief. Every woman in our set fears Zelzah. But none of *them* have reason.

"With her eyes growing long and narrow, said Zelzah to me today,—'I am wearying of the Creole. Watch me; see me make her punish herself!' She calls Lamed the Creole, for they are of the Bermudas or Jamaica Island on the other side of the world. Some think Lamed the handsomer. All know her to be the wittiest; and she has a tongue that cuts into the heart. She will not flatter. Zelzah really loves so lovingly that her very look and voice seem flattery. She is as happy as a child. All men like her. No woman of our set does. Lamed hates her. They are half-sisters.

"Zelzah said to me with a caress, which once I should have liked,—'Lady Alice I really want nothing. I have more than I want of everything except woman friends. I wish you could like me a little.'

"But I cannot. I cannot. I don't know why I feel so sick when I look at her! She says she is Albert's old, old friend. And that I am so newly come into their lives that I do not understand them. She wants me to be one with them. I wonder if this, which makes me so sick is the '*particular affection*' which my good Curé warns me against letting get too strong a hold. But I cannot help it. I? I? to be one with *them?* It is for Albert to be one with me and forsake all others!—Didn't he vow it? Was there ever such a thing said to a wife? Yet, she looked like a child, sweet and friendly; Albert says she is. He wishes I liked her better.

"December:—

"She was wonderful in her beauty last night. But,—but, she sickens my soul! I hate this buzz of jealousy; the blare of bare arms and shoulders; the blaze of jewels. Have all the men, the scholars my mother used to know left the world? Once '*society*' indeed would have called such men as these—what? I will not write it nor think of them with their inordinate vulgarities! The unheard of attitudes; their impossible stable-boy mouths and atmosphere, mentally, yes and in the last particulars.

"Are these loud revels amid show and wasted wealth, any more worthy of *us*, than is the drinking of our disorderly tenants at ale-houses? They are poor and vulgar; we are rich and vulgar, and the last is the worst. O, my father! my father! Where is the wisdom which you taught me to teach and to hold as the priceless thing?

"For Lamed's sake I last night told Albert of Lamed's story. He called Landseer an infatuated fool! But it is not Landseer at all. It is Zelzah who follows him up.

"It is two months since I have written in my journal. Lamed has gone to America. They all laugh at her and tell Zelzah that Lamed ran off with Landseer to get him safe away from her! Zelzah laughs at this and kindly excuses Lamed. If Lamed did so, it is but what half the women in her set would be glad to do. Albert says it is well enough all round, that they made this marriage; for the Landseer-estates are run out as Madame Landseer made a *mésalliance* in marrying a Light-Guardsman; and between Landseer and his grandfather's property there are three deaths which must happen. Old Lady Worldboro, his mother's mother, was the first wife, and the second wife has widened the breach between Landseer's mother and grandfather.

"I miss Archibald Landseer more than I would any one else! Poor little Amy Montgarland has broken off with Sturtevant. Lamed told Zelzah she was just killing Amy, and now, it has killed her.

"I wish Albert would go to America. Zelzah was on the continent with him when I was a 'chit' at school, she says. She calls him 'her handsome boy.' He says these are her 'motherly old ways.' She pets him, and he pets me, he says. When he tells me these things I feel numb and dumb. Then he tells me I am depressing.

"Albert says we can well afford our way of living. He asked me today if I am penurious? Zelzah calls me that. The house is filled with people she fancies. Jerome thinks I am right in trying to keep my promise to my father. Zelzah keeps before my mind that it was when 'Oaklands' and 'the mines' had just come to me that Albert found me. She often tells him that he must yield to wealth. Yet, why did he marry

me, when he seems to need me so little? Zelzah tells him she loves tobacco smoke and that he can smoke in her presence—she invites him to do so. It poisons me, so he is with her always when he smokes, and leaves me of course. Zelzah and tobacco and billiards leave me much alone. Yet he married me— Why?

"He came up from the billiard room today hot and excited. He said he hated great Amazons, and that he had a sweet wife who would never be round teaching men how to play billiards.

"He looked round my rooms; my 'inmost reflected' he called them. He was tender, and tried to draw me to my little altar. He leaned his head on it. I longed to touch it—but Zelzah's hand was once there—and—he let it stay there. Presently he reached out and drew me passionately to his knee, and held me back, looking into my eyes as he said—

"'Alice my wife! Does she ever pray for me at this altar?' but between my eyes and him was Zelzah, and the dumb spirit came upon me. Then the thought of my new secret blessed my parched soul, and I whispered,—'Yes, for you, and for our babe Albert.'

"Then the fountain was unsealed, and we had hours of conversation such as we had never known. I told him the wise things my learned mother had taught me, and that he must, *must* take me away from my sickening dread of Zelzah, for the sake of one dearer to me than life or pride. He must relieve me utterly from this object of bitter disgust. I would not reason about it, I only demanded to be freed from the sight of her; and to be filled with the sight of him, for my babe's sake.

"'Ah, you love the babe better than the husband!' cried Albert. 'You fear the influence on the babe! You seek to save the *babe*,' he said strangely. And I answered with passion, that 'I would save the new life from the fever in my blood.' Then I broke forth, calling Zelzah false and treacherous, caring nothing that he thus learned my hate. Caring nothing but to throw out of my mind, the brooding poison which should not turn itself in on the forming soul under my heart. And Albert was carried out of himself.

"And here is my old journal again. Not a word have I written in it of the *dolce far niente* existence I have here led

under the Italian skies:—not a word on paper; but, in the being of my large-eyed dreamy boy I have recorded all these conditions. For Albert, like the wise Greeks who graced the mother's room with models of perfect strength and beauty, has all these months enwrapped my senses in sights and sounds of all things fair! I have written to Lamed in America. I want her to know that I am a happy wife, and, my babe, my husband's image.

"May:—

"I look at my journal and see the boast there last penned. Albert is sick and tired of 'quiet.' He loves noise, dash and people!

"I must run about with this noisy rabble, or separate myself unto myself and child. He thinks I absorb myself too utterly in the child's opening faculties. I will not leave the child for those who care nothing for me, and to whom I have not the responsibility which inheres in having called a being into embodiment.

"I am with my child. If he wants to find me he will find me there. And is not my child *his?*

"He says he has lost a wife in gaining a son!

"Zelzah is married to Jerome. Margaret has made her début. I loathe society. If there is any wife who is not unhappy, it is the one who forgets her husband; and he is therefore unhappy about her.

"Will Albert believe it now? I heard Margaret tell him what all were saying of Zelzah. And I heard his voice, (first in tones of passionate entreaty; then outraged and piteous)—send Margaret to Zelzah to talk to her. She said she hoped nothing from Zelzah.

"Years have passed since I opened my childish journal. We are here in Virginia in the United States of America. These years have brought me the quiet which comes with passions subdued. Have I ever had 'passions,' as that word is interpreted?

"I do not know! But I do know I have never been a satisfactory companion to those who love Love, and who yearn

for its demonstrations! I love my child, I love children, all children. And I love,—O, I love the Truth-of-Things, let the cost of getting at it be what it may! And I love, I love the Wisdom of God, which is unto the salvation of all, who knowing it, understand, embrace and receive its winsome Power.

"Here in the solitude, close to nature's heart, I have read the sketchy words written in this book while I was living, driven onward by a power, which impelled me to conserve all heaven's forces for the oncoming life; so that to *us* a child should be born, and a son be given; who should be 'wonderful, counsellor, a prince of peace'; one 'on whose shoulders should rest the government,'—nay, the releasement-of the individual faculties of those over whom he should thus bear light but right rule.

"Margaret *could* not save Albert from Zelzah,—she said, if his wife *would* not! Are then, these men children? Are then wives unpleasant jailers?

"She says I pushed him from me! I did not push, and—I do not know that Zelzah pulled. There was that in him that hungered for the warmth of emotional kindness and tenderness free from criticism and from that moral stress and strain which, is a *rebuke* to un-moral lassitude.

"Is it then that woman must either ignore herself as a spiritualized-maternity? or, fall away from filling the husband's heart? It might seem so, but for the fact that when a woman becomes the mother of her husband's child, that husband then surely has become a father of his wife's child and should rise to the level there at the side of the mother. If he will not, the mother is 'mother' still and may go no more down forever from that, her mount of transfiguration. When this system of dual-marital-parentity is exalted, women will be encouraged to be mothers indeed, and a new race will be born. Then jealousies will flee before the coming of the better status of home. But if man cannot rise to that level, then woman must conclude that she is a father-mother being; and she must *assume a Divine-maternity* in order to bring forth and rear men capacitated to reach their true estate.

"Jerome is here. A forsaken husband; and I am here, a childless mother and a forsaken wife. If she hated me for my silent scorn of her, she has repaid me well. She let my husband steal my babe that they 'might warm him into life before I

should freeze him to death with theories' she said, leaving that for a message on her card. Think of the deed.

"Yet, in the honesty of my soul, I now can tell myself I may have been 'bloodlessly hard' as she says. Am I unkind? I do *loathe* lawless passion. I am enraged to a white heat of silent wrath at seeing a soul dissolve itself in sensuality, when the art of transmuting all that, into Spirit-power, is so simple, so natural, and so full of bliss which fades not away.

"At least it is so to me. Are others different? Do vocations differ? Did I miss mine? Then let others understand themselves better in youth and do more wisely. Life is eternal. I shall be born again. I have not missed my vocation, for it was ordained that my Frantze should be launched into this world of causes and effects. He may right up my mistake, if mistake it were!

"I cannot explain it; but I know in my soul I would rather *be* here alone, dying, widowed, childless and filled with the visions which cool, chaste spirits bring, than to be like those others, or to be deluged with their presence. I have no anger. Is it that I have, by tendency naturally chosen this part, and brought these things on myself? Then if so, are the other actors to blame? Is it that to be at-one-mind with The Christ is *nature* for me, as the full occupation with many things-and-much-public-service-and-salutation is the nature of Zelzah? I pushed her away. I did wrong. She meant me no wrong and her love for my husband as it was in its first simplicity would have done neither him nor me, nor my boy any harm: but only good continually, if I could have trusted her and loved her or had even let her love me. Was I jealous? I do not know. Was there not a level at which I could and should have lived, not fearing lest she should take something of '*mine*,' (my property in my husband) away from me?

"Who and what do we love in loving? Is it bones, flesh and sinew? Is it voice, touch and external semblance? No; I now know I do not so love. It is the life of Omniscient life which bounds in all being,—that it is,—that we, at least *I* love. I do not own it, it owns me. I am but part of it, with others who are also a part. Then how should jealousy have arisen in me, when I am a part of the whole, loving a part of the whole,

—seeing that the lovers and the beloved are all part and parcel in that whole Omnipresent Omniscience? Her love was innocent, kind at first. It was her nature to love all, giving freely, and never (as I now believe) wanting anything more than the freedom to love! Not so much as caring whether she was loved in return, or ever touched hand or exchanged caress with loved ones, whether they were the sisters or the brothers of humanity. I—"

There was a long hiatus in the journal, and the hand that resumed the pen was feeble. It began to write, then stopped; then renewed the effort. So that Frantze looking down the scrawled page could only read aloud again at the words,—"And now, so many years—Albert—came back to me here. Margaret too—here. Did I receive Albert? Indeed I did. I had only lived on, waiting to tell him that my love was as quiet as the blue depth above our heads, and stronger than death, and untouched by any sense of shame or unforgiveness,—when a year had passed and he died. Yet, he lived to see my baby Alice. My daughter who must be . . .

"Margaret would not believe that Zelzah was dead. Nor did she believe that after Zelzah's death, when Albert thought he himself was dying, he had sent my boy somewhere by an humble brother-mason hoping to find the Landseers.

" Albert was so broken—no connected story. There had been great suffering and trouble. And Margaret, dumb, dreadful Margaret believed nothing that he said till, in dying, he told us where she was buried. Margaret scorned my . . . and reconciliation, as she called it! Reconciliation? It is not *individuals* who are at swords' points; it is not men and women who are torturing each other, generation after generation. It is stupid teaching and legalized false adjustments (?) of the contrarieties which inhere in the conditions of the younger and older souls, called men and women. It is these false teachings and ill adjustments which keep men and the race at sword's points.

" Why could I not have known and asserted these truths so fully realized by me, in earlier life? Did not my husband say to me—'Lady Alice is not a schoolgirl! She must not give back before the crudities of society about us!' What was

that, but man's inborn longing and expectancy that his wife should have and hold her place as Queen of Home? What—but an expression of his wish that she should lead the way and help society to achieve the will-of Wisdom?

"I am dying and I know it. And I am glad. The strain of right thinking in the midst of conditions of untoward-ruling-religious-ideas puts wear and tear on spirits eager for disembodiment.

"I have done for Konnyngscrown all sisterly what I could: to make up for what he has lost: if 'lost' anything ever is. He has well cared for our estates, everything has prospered. Such as I have I give thee Oh! World! To it I leave my wealth which is in my children, whose qualities should make them 'Living Stones' in the on-coming social structure.

"Alice has been pre-natally taught that she is responsible for what she permits as well as for what she does. She must find her true vocation. It may—"

CHAPTER XVIII.

'There is a trinall kinde of seeming good religion! Yet I find but one to be embraced, which must be drawn from Papist, Protestant or Puritana.'—*Time's Whistler, E. E. T. S., p.* 1.

'By thy triple-shape as thou art seen
'In heaven, earth, hell: and everywhere a Queen,
'Grant this my first desire.'

FRANTZE clasped the book and laid it down. Geraldine's face was colorless, but not with the angry horror of the time when, rising from her fever, she had found Frantze apparently removed from her life and, her plans for uplifting them all, set at naught.

The six years which had passed since that crisis had brought changes to her, greater than would have been possible had not each season of each year equalled a twelve-month of Energized Intelligence filled with memories of much that had gone before and intermixed with foregleams of that which was to come.

This whelming view of the past and forecast of the future ever since her twelfth-birthday had held her to the business of resisting interference lest by succumbing to it she should fail of adjusting both her present self and the self-which-back-history-had-made, to the needs of her own future and of the future epoch.

This method of calculating moral-values was to her no harder than is an ordinary arithmetical-problem to children who are carefully trained in that line, to the exclusion of over-critical reckonings relative to other and more permanent values: including, as such reckonings must, the ever-enlarging matters of personal adjustment to past, present and future Man-building.

The result was, according to her computation there had thus been added to Geraldine's age twenty-four years of time-value, since her twelfth-birth-day. Giving her to feel now

to be, in the prime of powers, matured amid well-worked-out experiences.

She glanced at the picture of her whose doings had been so fully discussed by Lady Alice.

In Geraldine's opinion the half had not been told.

She asked herself, "Was Zelzah now in the realm of which William Blake has said,

'In Heaven the only art of living
'Is forgetting and forgiving
'For the female.'"

The eyes that were glancing back over the shoulder had not the look ordinarily portrayed in a penitent's picture. The piquant and yet intensely serious gaze which was sent to the onlooker's soul seemed to be demanding a corrective for the dangers thrust on woman by man *and on the race by woman,* fetching to Geraldine's mind the further words of Albion's poet:—

"But if you on *earth* forgive,
You shall not find where to live."

Geraldine felt she inherently had understood the kind of troubles which befall a nature like Zelzah's: a nature that tends to love all, whether sisters or brothers of humanity, forgiving and forgetting even the rankest injustice.

Then too Geraldine felt certain that, in their family there was a *Wealth* of accumulated experience. And the question was, could they—and would they—*use* that Wealth? So far as related that evening, the matter at stake was to be dealt with, not in crude bulk. For these experiences, like pounds and pecks of drugs and herbs had—by trituration, succussion and dilution been developed into that 'spirit-likeness which is hidden in the inmost of all curative-verities.'

Geraldine felt sure Zelzah had had plenty of that treatment of which scripture says "Though you bray a fool in a mortar with a pestle, yet will his foolishness not depart from him." She had keen sympathy with things brayed in a mortar; for her interest in the philosophy of Hahnemann and his predecessors (Paracelsus and Pythagoras) as viewed in the light of Konnyngscrown's laboratorialized experiments had given her

to believe that in this age, few women would need any more of that "braying": if but man's new tendency to make a mystical study of woman's powers and possibilities, were brought to a right climax. She believed Zelzah had understood the divinitized possibilities of the race; and in her way had magnified her office as 'friend of man' even though the times and temperaments of men about her had not encouraged the discussion of matters which, also, her self-forgetting kindliness, was opposed to discussing. As a consequence, Geraldine believed Zelzah had taken the treatment, ordinarily received by those who forget that the facts which experience teaches, are taught and re-taught until students are brought to understand that, the new application of old facts to existing cases, should keep Intelligence from repeating the old blunders of old ignorance.

Geraldine knew that Lamed had faith in Hahnemann's statement, that 'neither man's diseases nor woes are curable by any science founded on organopathy': because 'no consideration of the organs of the body' of the individual nor of the organized-body-politic, will throw light on the character of human or social disorder. Because 'the needed light must come from the spirit-cause, which is back of disorder.'

She had reason to know that, as Hahnemann says, 'Occult, but natural powers form a chain of connection between this world and that beyond the tomb': and that the conscious possessor and user of these powers is 'placed on the last limits of that dynamism on which standing, she can yet keep her hold on mortal existence, while casting a scrutiny into the unseen world.'

Geraldine believed, (as did Lamed) that, 'all lacking Ease and Order will be supplied when humanity knows how to use those *real* medicinal powers, which are ÊTRES (BEINGS) that may be constructed at will.'

According to the law 'Know thyself,' Geraldine had studied the 'totality of her own symptoms'; and had had conclusive reason for believing that 'neither mental nor physical disease is caused by material substance'; but always by a 'dynamic-derangement of health that exists'—not because morbific matter has been thrust into the system, but—'because the living principle has been thrust out.'

She realized this résumé of philosophies concerning the occult power back of physical and spiritual health or disease had come partially to her as a part of her relation to Zelzah's past existence. For she believed that, up to the time of leaving Jerome, Zelzah had lived according to the strictest code of that Epoch and country. But questioned "after that—what?" And losing foothold in a quagmire, unknown to her imagination, she chiefly perceived, that Zelzah was not a self-assertive woman: neither was she of the artificial sort that 'live but to please.'

The case with her had been, that, in the mere act of living she had pleased, *à merveille*, and had reigned in the hearts of men—not becase she had desired to be crowned Queen of hearts, but because, being Queen of hearts they had so crowned her. Geraldine believed Zelzah to be an unself-seeking woman; and a companionable. A woman with whom men had no fault to find: though they found fault with themselves each and many that not one of them ever had won a distinguishing favor from her till Jerome, for a month had legally called her his wife. Then—Heaven knew why,—but perhaps, she forsook the violence of that love for the friendlike-loverliness of one whom she could trust for rational treatment.

That no man had blamed her, not even Jerome, Geraldine sensed: though likely, in the end, they all settled it in their minds, that she did not take Life seriously. Because all that they perceived was, what they could see; and all they could see was, sombre, waiting eyes looking out to the farthest social horizon, and beholding few men, who realized the falsity of woman's position; or perceived its inadequacy to humanity's great case. They but saw Zelzah moving on acquiescingly, willessly and as blamelessly as a child, seemingly puzzled, but not over concerned in the contradictory talk that, in one breath aimlessly condemned and condoned acts which were the same; circumstantially considered and in all human results, the same! Then why did the women of her set fear and flout her? Even the saintly Lady Alice feared and could not love her. Was there possibly some upseething vapor from a profligate-*past*-incarnation, which, in the midst of present interior and external blamelessness made her seem more wise and weary than ignorant-innocence would be?

Blameless, Geraldine felt sure, Zelzah was until, frightened at the furious upheaval of Jerome's nature, she had left him as she had done. She believed there was some pitiable cause for that act which had put Zelzah in the wrong. Geraldine herself had seen Konnyngscrown in a state bordering on insanity when he became deluged with his misconceptions of woman's nature, tendencies and prerogatives.

"Poor Poor Zelzah!" thought Geraldine, realizing with the mental ejaculation, how exactly her family had tended to call her, 'poor.' But in what, were either of them poor? Was it in love? or in intelligence? or was it because of something in them that marked them as prey for that very poor kind of man, who goes through the world in the crazy belief that he has an inherent right to deal with woman in an impoverishing way?

To Geraldine, Zelzah's pictured-hand, indubitably held up the fruit, supposed to typify 'the knowledge of good and evil': possibly challenging those who came after her, to follow up the problem which, living, she had ceaselessly pondered and which, dead, she seemed picturesquely thus to have formulated in the question: "What is to be *done* with the fruit of the Knowledge which previous incarnations have brought to hand?" "How shall this epoch upbuildingly-utilize The Results of the old-fashioned mutual-mental-torture popularly called 'love between the sexes'?"

At this moment, she who had been known as Margaret, put in Maurice's hand a paper which she bade him read aloud for her. And he read:

"Lady Alice wrote out of her thought-life. She seemed never to remember me—Margaret—after we had gotten to America and had gone through our weird discoveries here. She considered me the servant that I seemed to be; and called my boy Maurice her child."

Maurice wiped his brow, for his quickened brain-action had shot out there drops of concussionary amaze.

As one accustomed to hold self steady whatever occurred, after a dazed moment, he read on: "For years I was called mad. If to know no law but one's own will and if, to stick at nothing in gaining one's own end, is madness I may have been mad.

"After Lamed and Landseer had gone to America and another event had followed, I forced us all to go there also, to look for Zelzah. I did not choose to remain where she had disgraced us.

"I had our names entered at hotels as 'Captain Rawdon, lady, child, and lady's maid.' I was frenzied by opposition, and out of regard to conditions, my husband let me proceed.

"I was wild with disgrace and a deeper wound. I had believed that the Rhoensteines had nothing in common with the rest of the world, save the last necessity,—death. If a Rhoensteine had stolen coroneted plate from a hostess it would have been to my mind, less than the swinish degradation that, feasting unbidden at Lady Alice's board, had stolen her life's Jewels.

"Was that what Rhoensteine pride found it possible to do? Then I would none of it. And in scorn of our pretensions and mad at our shame, I gave myself and my boy Maurice to her and hers forever; and upon my husband I levied a tax for name and care, my all to her who, by my sister, had been defrauded of her all.

"I do not believe Lady Alice ever particularly recognized what I did for her. She took what came to hand; caring meanwhile for 'little Maurice,' and wrote and dreamed over possible humanity while planning a new civilization with Jerome, Zelzah's husband—who as fully as myself, had given himself to her.

"But the hand that dashed Lady Alice's cup, had struck mine also from my lips. For soon after I had entered society I was affianced to a man whom I delighted to honor.

"As the companionship of the Rhoensteine and Albert Anueland became marked, wagers were laid as to the result. I heard Estlegate wager that an elopement would ensue. I heard a voice I knew well, reply,—'Too fast Lord James. You are animadverting on a Rhoensteine.'

"'Truly, and because the conduct of a Rhoensteine calls for animadversion.'

"'To show, how sure I am of your mistake I will wager against you, my dearest hope in life.'

"'You risk too much, I will not take your wager.'

"'Nay! For should one Rhoensteine fulfill your fears the name of another could never be united with that of Wellesly whose men are brave and whose women are pure.'

"Wild with passion, I found him and told him, whatever the result of the wager, one Rhoensteine would never brook the names or voices of those who made it. He besought me in vain. I told him though the discretion of one Rhoensteine seemed doubtful, he would learn their firmness was inflexible.

"Soon afterwards I found myself united to Jerome's Brother, Maurice Konnyngscrown. And after that—I cannot manage dates—we found the house here in Virginia; and we made part of it beautiful for Lady Alice, whose piteous, child-like faith—and far-reaching philosophy of the *actual*-immortality of Spirit—laid us under tribute to bring healing to her wounds. Were they deeper than mine?

"Well! It was here we found the grave, and beside it, Lady Alice vowed herself to reclusion while she sought 'Understanding.' And the devout recluse nature of Pere Allierri (as I in my clouded mind called my own Maurice) drank in her thoughts, her expressions, as he, with Jerome, ministered to her—what little attention there was by her needed—while they lived, like St. John before the Great White Throne, looking from thence out on the sea of human strife, seeking the cause and cure of that *strife*.

"She spent her last days in studying with—Ah! I cannot write it; nor think on the unnamable quality of a woman's-soul which could forgive such unforgivable acts or look upon a traitor husband. Let rest! She spent her last years here *peacefully*, studying (as though she had no heart) the symbolism of all religions—and of nature's analogy to all spiritual things. She was a well, though a fragile woman-who at last died, simply because she would no longer live. I live because I will not die.

"The Shadow-girl,—the incarnate image of the Rhoensteine, did not kill me when she felled me to the floor. Rather, that blow aroused reason from the lethargy of bitterness. My attempt to kill her whom I thought was Zelzah was my first and only violent act. When I recovered from that blow, the long sealed fountains opened; and I wept as I had never wept: and saw in the so-called Pere Allierri the tender husband of my long darkened life, Maurice Konnyngscrown, the father of my son and the brother of Jerome; both of them, men, who by in-

heritance and nature, are *so wisely devout as to find now, their only safety in a recluse, abstemious, rectitude!*

"You, young Maurice are my son! My yearning over you now, you cannot understand. I pay the penalty of the alienation from those we love, which must be paid when passion, too long overrides reason. The Ariostos and Konnyngscrowns too many of them have been 'religieuse' too long recklessly now to break the record of the life peculiar to 'Devotees' whose spiritual powers hold them more closely united with the doings of the unseen world, than with the Visible crudities of effects: known as Experimental Life here.

"I am,

"MARGARET ARIOSTO-RHOENSTEINE-KONNYNGSCROWN."

In a tumult of emotions Maurice threw himself at his mother's side, burying his face in her gown. Alice was not his sister and the fair worshipped saint Lady Alice was not his mother; and this scarcely human-seeming woman and the solemn Pere Allierri alias Maurice Konnyngscrown were his closest kin! ! !

"Lamed-Ariosto-Landseer," cried Geraldine irrepressibly, "am I a nameless child of the Rhoensteine? Answer this now!"

"'Each man is in his Spectre's power
Until the arrival of that hour
When his HUmanity shall 'awake'
And 'shall' cast his Spectre in the 'lake,'"

said Mrs. Landseer, arising and reading in this interpolated manner, the quotation which was inscribed under the Rabbi's picture: and accenting, as she read it, that syllable '*hu*': on the development of which element, (according to her idea of the evolution of the race) so much is dependent.

She read with the gentleness of a prophet, whose prophecies are nearing fulfillment.

Then taking Geraldine's hand she said,—"Now, if she whom I hold by the hand is not my daughter in the same sense that Ishtar is, then, if she is the child of the Rhoensteine, she is my niece. But whether she is my niece or my daughter, she is my sister; as are all women in the universe, in the body or out.

"We who believe in the *actual* immortality of the soul and

who believe we are all children of that Eloihim in whom we live, move, and have being, should, (in these great days when the seen and the unseen worlds mingle and commingle,) rid ourselves of all those jealousies and strifes that have their rise in our love of ourselves more than of our neighbor! In no other way can we rid ourselves of tormenting 'spectres'! But in order to rid ourselves of these (*the spectres of our undeveloped selves*) we have but to remember the fact that *particular-affections for persons* (rather than affection for the one fundamental-principle of life) is the trap which catches the unwary. A trap that will not lie in the path of the more intellectualized children of an on-coming intellectualized-motherhood, who will help fashion the Minds of the Universal Brotherhood!

"My story has been well enough out-lined by the few who have written and spoken already except for one point, which is nothing to tell; though it was much to live through when the heart was on fire with those ignorant fears from all of which, a self-sovereign motherhood will save the race.

"It has appeared to be hard on the race that the resistless floods of life should be turned in on us when we have been supposed to know nothing of ourselves, our desires or of the potential consequences of our acts. And according to the ordinary view, it is natural to ask why any one should be held *responsible* in maturity for the deeds of babyhood? Until rather recently I lived all a'quiver, at the injustice of these conditions! But I know now that we have no 'baby-days' in the common sense of the term. For I know (or I think I know) beyond a peradventure that we are born old; having a back-history with which each has to deal as best each may from the drawing of the first breaths.

"My daughters, Frantze and others, by their 'patient continuance in well doing,' have helped me to understand how wise I was in doing duty so well, through the years when I simply held on to duty, understanding only that others would suffer if I did not *hold on to duty!* And for the sake of others, I held on.

"Of course I cannot prove to you that I was not jealous, (that is the raw word commonly used) of *the* Rhoensteine, as she, with dire notoriety, became called. There was much more than that in it all. But I shall waste no time in analyzing

that matter. All that Lady Alice said in her wise cogitations will stand good scrutiny; and I shall not try to better her philosophy of the subject. I did try to put the sea between the Rhoensteine and myself! But it was not because Archibald loved her. She was my half-sister, and like Margaret I was enraged at conditions every way. And when I thought she was out of his mind it is true, I found her picture among his treasures.

"It is also true that my first child, a boy, looked like her; for when Archibald was away from me, I seemed to eat, drink and sleep with her on my mind.

"The first boy died at birth. I had faith in her power to reach Archibald still. I cannot tell what there was about the woman. She was so utterly artless that she seemed artful.

"I say again, my first baby was an idiot and so was my second boy, and both well dead! The rough belittling town that we lived in, furnished nothing of mental stimulus; and I had to endure a great deal of drudgery to say the least.

"The Rhoensteines were a violent family. But my heart ached for Zelzah and my pride smarted under what seemed to me, her preposterous conduct. I say again, I ate, drank and slept with her tremendous power holding on to me, hypnotizing me, if such a thing can be for she loved me till (and here comes the mystery)—it seemed to me that she was bound to take possession of me and turn me out of my *own* body and out of self-possession! I was ill with the stress and strain of the presence of her personality and of her *will* upon mine.

"Suddenly I knew that she was dying or dead. I was then expecting the coming of my third child. It was late evening. Archibald was away on a long absence. Tama was out of the room and Zelzah, (my beloved Zelzah, for that she was to me)—suddenly stood by my side as visibly as ever any body stood. And (believe it who will) bowing over me and the coming child she breathed into its nostrils the breath of her tremendous life. I heard it like the sound of the rushing of tongues of ice-filled air. And I saw that she, at the moment was an expectant-Mother. And I saw that by urgency of desire, she called back into herself LIFE: and that that LIFE left one little body; and having infilled Zelzah, was by her poured out into the nostrils of one of the babes. Which One?

And—believe it who can—one of them sent forth a cry that rang through the house: no infant's wail, but a voice like Zelzah's own contralto tone.

"Then as plainly as ever mortal uttered words this woman said,

"'Take back in this babe, me-*and-my-babe-commingled-remuneratively*. For she shall fetch back to you all that of which social-misunderstandings-of-my-powers caused you and our family to be robbed.

"'We two, me and my child, renewed-at-once and triuned-with-your-babe (whose life I thus save) by the Grace of Heaven shall be my gift to you! Never doubt this "triuning"! But know that, but for my bringing YOU what I now leave with you, this time you would have only birthed (as twice before) another frenzy-swamped idiot! For your misery attracts to your sphere, ill-treated-Egos, whose enslaved aspirations in their last incarnations, were turned in on their tear-deluged, hydrocephalous brains! Dreamers of Possibilities which the crudities of THEIR time turned into *im*possibilities for their then woman-degrading Epoch!'

"Then I seemed to be carried to a distant place where I saw a room into which I this day have looked in this House. And on a bed there, I saw the body of a woman who had died in giving birth to a wizened doll-sized-mite!

"Believe it who can. I saw it all. And I have verified the fact. For since coming here, at my request Zelzah's grave has been opened, and laid away in the embalming coffin, dressed in with Zelzah's white cerements, is the long-sought-for, and now-discovered child."

A shudder swept through Jerome. A memory of the morning on the roadside among the denizens of the grass-world, came, bringing back the words: 'Thus with Man. But how with the Midget-mite? Had an arrest in the learning of knowledge been called to it by the expulsion of midget consciousness from Midget-form? Or, on the reverse, when the breath of man engulfed it, did the Midget learn from the engulfing power, something which sent it on its way to become—time given—as mighty as its engulfer?'

He bowed his head, wondering whether that morning's reverie had been sent to prepare him for this night's revelation

concerning his share in the fate which his mistreatment had caused this Mother to bring on that Mite, when—

"—it was expelled from its tenement" (went on Lamed's voice "by the soul-suction with which the Mother held it to her purpose, that, (saved from shame) it thus should be absorbed into union with her work of making—She who should come,—"

The strain was torturing. Was it a mad-woman speaking?

"—a Spirit-like dynamism who at times has frightened us all, with its infibred ability to do (and its fear of not doing) Right?

"When I had returned from my sight of distant things, my attendants considered I had but swooned. And mean time they had done what was to be done; and beside me, dressed and awake, with Zelzah's eyes beholding me, was the triumphant possessor of a vigorous body which, in Tama's words, 'had come up like as nobody ever saw a baby do in an hour!'

"And the voice? It was no Infant's wail but an imperative cry for food and attention. It rang forth out of that Cupid-bow of a mouth which Zelzah alone, of all the thin-lipped-Rhoensteines, possessed.

"When I revived and told Tama what had happened she was able to believe it. And since then, Althea, the Mother of that Robert Rabbinical" (said she looking from that weirdest of pictures to the living man)—"Althea, well believed what had happened.

"BUT Landseer, when he heard it, would none of it: claiming it was hysteria: and that all manner of queer things came to women in some cases. And with this, he then thought he had dispatched all mysteries on earth. Yet Archibald became very proud of Geraldine: taking it very hard, however that I 'had chosen to give him two hydrocephalous-brained boys; and that then, THIS splendid fellow should but be a girl!'"

Then turning from the picture to Tama and the family (whom she said could now better understand scenes which had had such bearing on the general revelation of 'secret things' now being made known to those who are accoutred with that Good Judgment which replaces the results of Passion with new and true Creative-Action) she said,

"The spectre of my life was more and other than jealousy of my half-sister. No matter of that personal-sort was identified with the inexpressible fierceness whose fangs were in the Ariosto-Heart.

"No! The women of our family would have rectified the Ariosto-blood if all our men could have seen that we were jealous FOR them not of them! And that we drew them to us and our sacred ideals not for aught that we needed; but to *save them from dissipating their divine heritage.* Thus Zelzah's love was of that self-forgetting sort! This I discovered, when she took possession of me and infilled me with her most enlivening tenderness."

(Jerome groaned, bowing himself together.)

"She invigorated me with the traditions of those who—in very-fact—look for the coming of beings-divine: born of SPIRIT, in *Truth*—and not figuratively-speaking.

"She enlightened me: contributing that toward the child which, I, unaided could not then have transferred.

"This sweetness and largeness of purpose again enveloped me, when—later in gladness, I welcomed Ishtar's coming, eight months after Archibald, for the next time, had left me at home alone, with my children and Tama."

Straightening herself, Mrs. Landseer said with melodious tenderness: "I believe *Zelzah* told me that, which I am said, to have imagined. And I believe that the Mite and she both left their bodies, because their physical force was withdrawn in the mutual-determination to redress the wrongs that Zelzah *seemed* to have caused in the family's interwoven membership (as well as for *other* reasons). Wrongs—and I say it no matter what wrath I bring down on my head—which were less 'wrongs' than they were the stumbling upsteps taken on the rough road of mountain climbers—"

"—as they stagger forward, assisting at the evolution of the race," said Ishtar, filling in her exhausted Mother's words: and adding—"And in this work so dear to Humanity-builders, I believe Zelzah is potentially present. And a'near, that 'little one,' whose cup shall yet be overflowed with the joyous River of Life, here on Earth, as she comes again."

"So be it," said Frantze!

"Zelzahrine, my wife, marry me again," cried Jerome in deep fervor, overwhelmed by some presence. "Have I not earned it?"

Geraldine fell back a step, dazedly looking at Zelzah's picture, studying the questioning eyes which, more than ever, reminded

her that there had been passed on to her for settlement, the prime problem of this climaxing cycle. Then, with rebutting earnestness she said,—

"Jerome, that is *not* the use you have to make of your past experiences! Listen! When I besought you to explain everything to me and let me help you, and, at twelve years of age, when I told you I had advantages which you needed,—You—instead of paying attention to my ability to clear up everything, thrust your bewilderments on *me!* So it is no thanks to you that you did not make me insane. But—at my *birth* Zelzah had saved me from *that!*

"Such miraculous experiences as ours, are to be utilized for *public* good!" she said, motioning him back. Then, with a quivering voice and eyes full of tenderness she asked strangely, —"What should I marry you *for?* What and whom would you marry, if you married me? Jerome, you once said I was '*unburiable*' neither diabolic nor divine. Then, surely, I am unmarriageable. If one half the names you called me when I was a dear, kind little girl, were—"

"Geraldine, you don't understand!" said Mrs. Landseer swiftly, pitying Jerome and half dazed herself.

But raising her tone, Geraldine went on steadily—"If half the hideous names you called me, were applicable to me, *who* and *what* is this phantom of your brain, whom you now call, Zelzahrine?"

"Power of Heaven *save* my brain" said Jerome. But Geraldine pressed on. And as if urged to give him such a rational showing of the strange case, as would bring him that liberation of intellect which she was sure, could only come to him through an *absolute control* of his emotions she said,

"Do you remember telling us that 'young women were the curse of young men's lives'? Doubtless you talked that way to Zelzah, even while (as if *yielding* to a *temptation*) you made her marry you and your false opinion of woman! You almost fixed this false opinion on me. You almost injured my self respect!"

"Good Heavens," said Jerome. "It would take a great deal to do that!"

"Yes," said Geraldine, "it would take some injurious *judicial-blindness* of my own! And no such deflection from bright-

rightness, shall I ever 'choose,' or be *cajoled-into*, as poor Zelzah was! For I owe it to her, to properly utilize her sacrifice for me! Do not be so full of old-fashioned angers, Jerome. You *claim* to be working for the betterment of the race, exactly through the upliftment of Womanhood. Then certainly, you do not feel sad at finding typical Womanhood *knows* she is BORN on the heights to which (otherwise, you were willing to sacrifice time and strength) in order to lift her? Mothered as you were, you have nothing to do, but come along, hand in hand with the best of the choice women and men of the epoch! Take it kind. Be a pleasant fellow-man! Don't be so ugly at seeing that what you have striven for IS! What more do you want?"

"Zelzah! Ah-h-h- Geraldine!" stammered Mrs. Landseer, tense and listening as between two worlds, interiorly seeing and hearing Zelzah pleading with Geraldine to finish better work for Jerome than that which, unfinished, Zelzah had left behind her! Spiritual-pleadings in which, strangely Lamed herself was allured to bear part: as if to make up for the wrong which, reasonably or unreasonably, she questioned if she had precipitated on Jerome in his boyish manhood, however unconsciously and unwittingly. And Geraldine (self-sustained-woman of a later period as she was) with one keen look into her Mother's soul, and a gathering up of herself out of Zelzah's influence, putting back Lamed's arresting hand—and arresting her further words, continued, unfalteringly strengthened in her hold on the 'Angel that presides over human bodies,'

"—your intellect will not be liberated nor will you find *yourself:* nor be Self-Sovereign until you cease supposing that marriage 'seals' to your ownership a creature which you are righteously sustained in deluging with yourself: no matter WHAT sort of a self you know that 'self' to be.

"Woman never did mortal a better turn than Zelzah did you when she left you to reflect on your *self!* The shock made you think. Before, swayed hither and thither, you would have sunken in emotionalism—"

Again Lamed's arresting hand met the rebuff:

"Let be! Let each answer his own intruders! I am not interfering with your duties of the future! Interfere not you with mine of the present, mighty-moment!"

"I tell you I cannot live without woman's help," said Jerome, looking from one to the other, as simply as a child.

"No one asks you to!" said Geraldine, as simply as another.

"Marry me then, Zelzahrine and I will rev—"

"Jerome, I am not Zelzahrine nor Zelzah nor any confusion or diffusion of Zelzah. She is still herself and has yet to attend to (and I want her to make no mistake about it) her own Karma! I am enlivened by her experiences and grateful, Oh! how grateful for her savior-like Grace to me before I was born and at birth and often since. But I am not she. She is one of the saints, whom Jesus (in speaking of such reputations) said '. . . —shall enter the Kingdom before YOU.'"

"And well she may! She is there!" said Jerome, taking the pronoun in the text, personally; as not all men would have done: bringing from Geraldine a clasp of hand and the words, "Kind Jerome! I could almost love you, you are so good to Zelzah. Continue good by being better and letting her rest. She bids us all let her rest—as she now ascends to where she was before, I am sure, now that she knows that each of us is ready and able to utilize what of her sacrificial-Life each may choose to do. Knowing this, she will pass away up to where she was before with the triple-crowned, resurrected-crucified who, millions and millions of them, have died, bearing Man's sins in their bodies and names on the tree of Life.

"Let her go. I am only I. And am not (and never will I be) an atone-ing sacrifice for any head-long brute that a beast-government may choose to cultivate! No never! Lamed, keep your hand off of me. Live your own life! Patch up whom you choose! Leave me to choose MY work. 'On the ramparts of Betulia,' I will stand. And I would to my Lord, I might, like Judith, do my Nation as great service as she did hers; when (sacrificing appearances to principle) she went into the tent of the brutal-destroyer of her Country's purity and Liberty, and—utilizing circumstances and the consequences of his drunkenness, took off that reveler's empty-head before his muddled-mind-managed more maliciousness."

"Geraldine I protest," cried Lamed.

"What do you protest against? *I* have but THOUGHT an *heroic*-murder. Generals and millions of army-men ENACT it *without* thought. MY thought has gone forth carrying death

to the evil principle which filled Holofernes and his licentious-like. Military-murderers kill men but leave alive the murderous-principle, breathed forth by war-victims even as they fall but to be birthed again into more brutery.

"Jerome, Jerome!" she cried in voice so fully Zelzah's own, that with hands clasped he looked at her as a mad man might; barely held back by her swift flying words, "Jerome! If you would speed forward the business of facilitating intercourse between *Heaven's* realms and Earth's depths, (as our never-to-be-sufficiently-thanked electric-geniuses have facilitated the world's commercial and ordinary business) you must learn to adapt yourself to the 'Necessities' of (not brutes but) that self-poised-womanhood which, in times past, was of little help: because (being little understood) she was hated and cheated out-of-*herself* and crucified by the male-factors of a malifically-dominated race!"

"Wait! Wait! Now one word from—myself. Zelzah is Risen!"

She caught her breath with a sigh of relief and contentment. Then, "Dear Master Konnyngscrown: I tell you, you builded better than you knew when in wrath you said, 'young women were the curse of young men's lives.' It sent me into self-search! And I found myself! Now *you* must go into that 'far-country' and there 'earn Master's wages,' or, when the trial-hour comes, you will clique-in with men who treat Enosh, Gueber and even the very highest type, as if they were Ishmaelites against whom every man's hand should be turned exterminatingly."

The icelike brilliancy of her purely intellectual zeal had drawn the company about her. Ishtar and Frantze with a calm inspection of the case had drawn nearest: and she, taking a hand of each said, "My Ishtar and dear Ish-ma-elit-ish-Frantze, let your betrothal be now and here."

"Where or when better?" questioned Frantze. "Then together up and down this electrically-minimized world, we will answer the query 'When shall the kingdom of Heaven come?' in the words of the Christ who knew and who said 'It shall come when that which is without is as that which is within! Neither male nor female but both in the being of each!' Shall our betrothal be now and here, Ishtar my 'Ish'?"

"If so you like—I will betroth you here for a marriage according to St. Joseph, who was the husband of that Mary who was the Mother of the Jesus who was the Son of God!"

Breathless was the stillness filling the woody-realm. The waving southern palms a'near the balcony heights, tapped, finger-like as in sympathy with the higher-evolutionary-thought of that on-coming functional development which makes The Man that is to be!

Thoughts filled them of the father who had gone and who was to come again: and thoughts of the prevailing certainty that the mother's grief at the taking off the two-wise looking little midgets was *less* than was her recognition that their birth and transit had brought to the family-archives, a Knowledge as to what had *caused* their demise: and was less than was her Exaltation that this knowledge must thereafter be made serviceable to the yet-again-to-be-born two, old, 'wise-acres.'

Thought-flashes they were, revealing Lamed's old recognition that the short life lived by her 'sons' at least had brought them (and left with them) a smarting remembrance of blunders made by them prenatally. Reminding her of a couplet, found over a tiny grave in an old English church yard:—

"If I was to be so soon done for,
I wonder what I was begun for";

and reminding her of Tama's further rhymed-questionings—

"Whatever *did* I do or say
When I was here that other day
That made me have to go away,
Though I'd but made that little stay?"

including as that did, other questionings and discussions about the sorrow-submerged brains of the big-headed visitors: which questionings, young as the children then were, had given them to feel that those babes had not gotten all the benefits that hereafter Earth and its denizens must hold ready to give them when, sometime, somehow, somewhere, they should come back again, after having had a restful bath in Lethe's waters.

Pictured quicker than by flash-lights these things had come in on the waves of silence that had followed Ishtar's words, rela-

tive to a betrothal such as was that of The Mary who was the Mother of the Jesus.

Then Allierri, stepping on the platform, inviting free speech and free thought, said 'no philosophic-liberty can increase the labyrinthine confusion which results, wherever *Will* conglomerates against Wisdom,' as had said William Blake, the mighty picturer of his now valued mystic-philosophies. And Jerome filled with aspirations which had inspired that 'Son of Albion' taking Geraldine's hand devotedly said: "Betroth me for a marriage like that of which Ishtar speaks! I ask nothing greater than to show my reverence, by the practice of the highest ideal ever entertained by woman even Anna, the Mother of her who was blessed among women."

And Geraldine whelmed again in that adumbration of the crucified Just man, looking from Zelzah's eyes into Jerome's, murmured, wonderingly, "We have nothing like it in our church—" looking then to Tama who quickly interposed—

"Now, now Gel'dine whateber dar is in nacher, mus' be in a nacherly good chu'ch ef dat chu'ch only jes' looks tings t'ru, 'nuf ter know what's *dar!* An' a marr'ge 'cordin' ter St. Joseph, is a marr'ge 'cordin' ter divine nacher. An' dar ain't no kind er doubt but dat any chu'ch dat's built on der right foundation dat's laid,—eben de Jesus dat was de son ob Mary, who was de han'maid ob de Lawd—would 'splain all dese mysteries ob dat kin' er marriage which is like de kingdom ob heaben! But Zelzahrine, you'se been bothered 'nuf wif all dose kin' der t'ings. Massa Konnyngscrown's don' yer 'bout all der good *he* kin near hand.

"Yer didn't stay dead, Zelzah, long 'nuf ter git rid er yer last mem'ries of *partickerlarly affections;* so's ter make it safe, right 'way, ter take on vows ob 'bedience to anyting *less* dan dat *Gre-at Sperit* outen which yer is created.

"Now Massa Konnyngscrown, yer jes' go right ober dar; an' set down quietly, an' talk dis all ober wif yer sister-in law, de bes' Rhoensteine ob dem all! An' leabe dese young folks ter plan dere *own* plans, shet ob all de ole aches an' hurts, dat a good ferget will help 'em disremember now dat dey know de fac's as ter who dey is, an' what dey has got ter do 'bout it *dis* time.

"You'se a master good Mason, an' yer better keep right on

to yer highest business, 'long de line dat dis comin' ob de Lawd's own days has need ob! When de Massa calls fer yer, he'll ask ter see what kin' ob *buildin'* you'se been doin' an' he'll tell yer dat in der Kingdom ob Heaben, dar's nuther marryin' ner givin' in marriage 'cos *dar*, we is each got ter be like der angels ob der Lawd. Mebbe he'll tell yer, you'se done 'nuff er marryin': 'cose it don't 'gree wif yer, as yer manage it! Dese young folks hab a perfec' right ter range ober dis electric*littleized* worl' (dat Frantze talks 'bout so pretty); but as fer we Ariostos—we've got ter git back home anyway; an' see what oder work has got ter be fulfilled at der Massa's House, by der Missis ob it. 'Cose she can't drap all dat good work nor let dat lan' out 'en her han's wif all de peoples dar, what's clean in der habit now, ob 'pendin' on Missis's house fer a center ter work out from. You two oders, ain't had no business talk dis yere long time, ef ebber. An' Massa Konnyngscrown, yer orter be gittin' outen dat lan' yer leased ob Madam Landseer,—or—or sumfin?—"

A radiant light burst with dark splendors into the eyes that Jerome raised to Lamed Ariosto-Landseer; who, with color heightening as her amazement increased, listened till now, bewilderment brightened into mirth-filled intelligence while the room rang with laughter as Tama's meaning burst on them all. It was as if the days had come when 'the sound of children laughing, is to be heard on the streets.' And Mr. Konnyngscrown, illumined and full of a new self-discovery, with a swift step forward, exclaimed, blankly,—

"What?"

But there were volumes in the one word.

And with a more intense activity of brain than ever had befallen him, his big hand swiftly struck his thigh, as upstraightening his muscular but lithe form, he halted. Then, bending to catch again the light forth-breaking from Lamed's incomparable spirit, he exclaimed:—

"You said years ago, 'we need not be fools, but that we might none the less be friends.' Is it so today Madam Landseer?"

"It is so today and has been. I have always known you for a splendid friend to me and mine Mr. Konnyngscrown," she answered simply. "If Free-masonry upbuilt you, that order

should have its share of the honor which will belong to those who build this New Age.

She rose as she spoke and his arm went through hers; and, with a lift forward of three long steps taken together they had suddenly halted and turned dropping each the other's arm, before they had noticed their united action. And he, rubbing his whole head over as if giving it a stroke of muscular lightning, jerked it in, from right to left, and with an overwhelming illumination ejaculated,

"My friend! Do you mean,—will you let,—that is, shall we be builders together? Society Builders? And shall your home be—?"

"My friend, we *will* be society-builders together, and my home shall be just as serviceable a center for our united work, as it has been increasingly since you *lived in the house over the hill* from whence you rang forth a call for fetching people together to learn a *skilled* use of the Key that unlocks the treasures of the Universe!

"We *are* friends! But do not think of putting chains on yourself in the hope that they will give you freedom. Remember, we need not be fools in order to be friends," she repeated with axiomatic quietude, taking his arm in the presence of this company, all of whom had come up out of great tribulation and had washed their lives in brain-torture. Then with her arm passed around the easel that supported Archibald's portrait, she said, including them all in her reverie:—

"Friends all: my marriage, such as it was—and it was all I suppose we could make it to be—still IS. Death is nothing. Archibald still lives. That at least is my opinion."

Her words came hesitatingly as she added,—"At least—" then she stopped, earnestly searching to get at the peculiar *fact*—and willingly including them all in her reverie. Then for their sake, her own, Jerome's and above all, for *Archibald's*, —she went on—"There has always been like a song in my ears, that mighty affirmation,—'Thy Maker is thy Husband.' The music of it steadied me in days when my heart could only add—'and my Husband is my child!' And he is still my child in the Kingdom of Heaven, where angels, (others and my own) are doing their best for him that he shall not suffer a too irremediable loss, because of his act. I will (and I always meant

to) do him good all the days of my life. That was my vow. He is my husband still—and one of that name is enough. He meant to be my friend. I was, invariably his: and still am. But (she gave Jerome her hand)—"We, none the less may also be friends and Geraldine too, is your friend. Is that a compact, simple and cool?. Well, wait. Let me tell you another thing.

"One day when I came into mental-freedom, I inscribed in a book my new name and vocation. It read,—Lamed-Ariosto; *Landseer*. For the power to see the land which lies before the race, if the race will but enter in and possess it—had been given as guerdon to me who had gone forth bearing precious seed and who, at last now have returned bringing sheaves. Sheaves, whose seed-corn was 'keen-discrimination,'—a most serviceable but a most thorning sheaf to gather and plant at such a time as this! This week before I left home, I wrote, adding an unpleasant adjective and adverb to that name and vocation;—thus:—'I am Lamed-Ariosto, the *painfully critical* Landseer.'

"So, as a seer of the land before you, Jerome, I can be your serviceable friend. And the 'wounds of a friend are faithful.' But—the wounds of a critical wife? Dear God:—there is no name bitter enough for *them!*"

She bowed over the picture, laying her hand motherly on that brow.

Radiant and calm was her face when, lifted, it was turned on the company, from whom there had been nothing apart in her words. For this was not unlike a high-religious conference-meeting in which an honest effort is being made that there 'shall be nothing secret that shall not be made known.'

"As Tama says, we have all much to arrange! For me, the work and worth of life seem climaxing. Oh!—Please hear me Mr. Konnyngscrown while I ask you to go over to Robert Eloiheem, and let *him* tell *you*, how far it is from necessary that any man should depend *utterly* on any woman in order to discover his life's real Beauty and Blessedness.

"I am your friend, and therefore I aid in keeping you free from chains which you now should cease to forge for yourself. Geraldine is right. Women are made of firmer stuff than is ac-

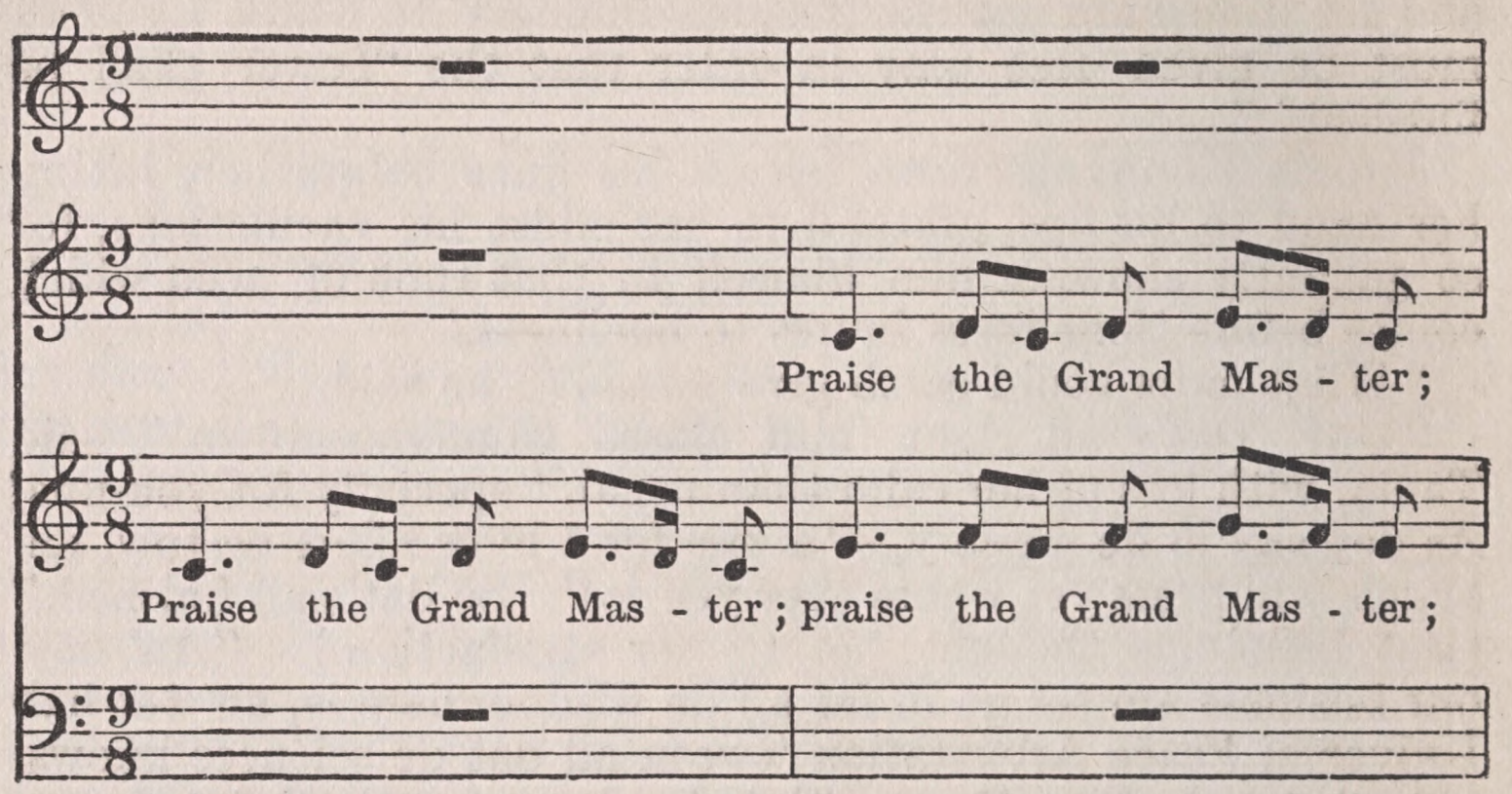
credited to them by their brothers; and should be left free to assume their own *quality* and utilize it. Give them a chance and see if *they* are not the 'Golden Builders' to whose faculties must be given free play in order that the 'Tower shall be finished.' "

Jerome Konnyngscrown fell on his knee before her, lifting her hand to his lips, grateful to her midst his vacillations, for so gallantly showing him himself in that time of need which comes before 'loneliness inures to oneliness.'

"What more could earth give a man?" he said.

"Oh! Dat's all right 'nuff Massa Konnyngscrown!" said Tama, with less of her calm than usual, "specially for you-uns! As dey say in de nussery,—'a kiss fer a blow allers bestow, an' angels will bress yer where eber yer go!' So dat's all finished." (But beholders thought, not to her satisfaction.) "An' now our business am ter go in fer all de wisdom dere is, an' ter hab Universal Peace Arbutration 'tween all dat de sciences knows, an' all dat de Free Masons *tink* dey knows; an' all dat de ancient religions t'roughout de worl' knows. We need it all, 'cause we's all iggronant! Laws! How iggronant we is!"

"Yes! But may the Lord keep us steady if we get to learning much more too suddenly!" said the long celibate man. And lifting up his ringing Hohenzollern-English voice he started a Masonic round. And, as if by prearrangement, full clear contralto voices followed, repeating after him the first strain, succeeded by tenors and climaxed by the basses; till having sung it through three times, the last strain was repeated again by the soprano, and yet again till the four parts, came together in unison, singing the words and strain:—"The Universal Lodge."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Praise the Grand Mas - ter;

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Praise the Grand Mas - ter; praise the Grand Mas - ter;

praise the Grand Mas - ter; praise the Grand Mas - ter of

D.C., Repeat last bar four times.

praise the Grand Mas - ter of the U - ni - ver - sal Lodge.

D.C., Bass, repeat once.

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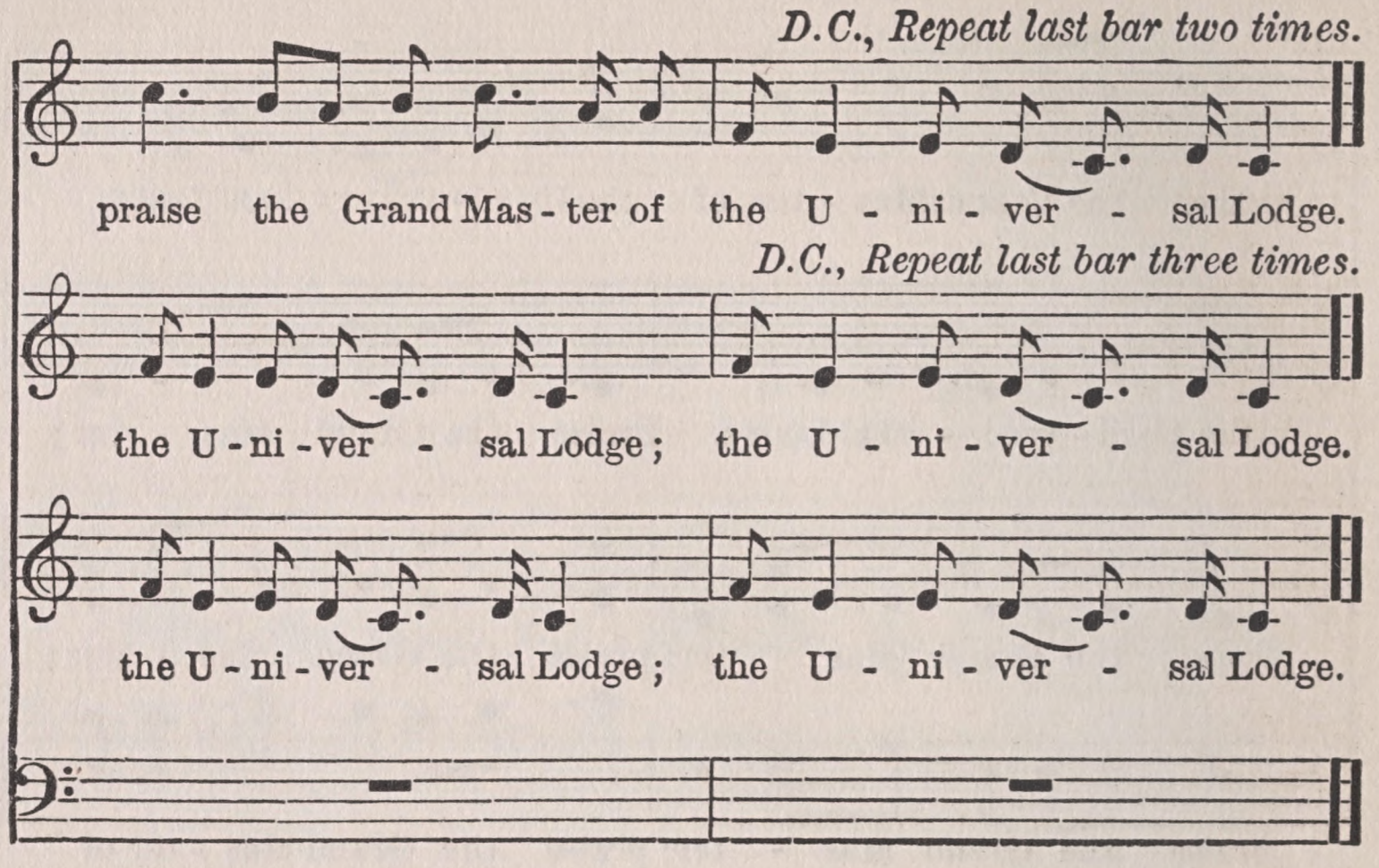

D.C., Repeat last bar two times.
praise the Grand Mas - ter of the U - ni - ver - sal Lodge.
D.C., Repeat last bar three times.
the U - ni - ver - sal Lodge; the U - ni - ver - sal Lodge.
the U - ni - ver - sal Lodge; the U - ni - ver - sal Lodge.

CHAPTER XIX.

Known as souls enabled to rebuild the body they inhabit, to an extent limited only by Rectitude to personal ideal of The Possible.

WHILE (?) at least—the pictures looked on.

Later, when they had arisen from their midnight supper, Daniel Eloiheem, in response to Jerome's outbreak, said:

"Never fear learning too much too suddenly, my dear Konnyngscrown. For the Lady of Life—Anima Mundi—will hold men steady amid all complications, if they but leave the Anemone-like flower of woman's spirit to yield to the wind that tells what it knows to the ear that lists.

"As Madame Landseer realizes, in proportion as subliminal-truths are scientifically unfolded, the mists will clear away before Intelligence. And natural curiosity (which desires to obtain Knowledge concerning the higher-facts relative to Higher-Life) will thus send us on our way to Higher-planes of Intelligence."

"Ob co'se," said Tama. "Dat's what Wisdom is hel' temptin' like 'bove our iggronance fer. 'Co's some folkes has ter eat ob der tree of de Knowledge as ter what's good and what's betterer, 'fore dey kin die ter dere iggronance as to what's what!" she added in an exaggeration of her "negro-lingo."

"All of which" (Daniel said) "is probably true of most of us, at different stages on the upclimbing-way." Then, passing Mrs. Landseer a symbolic charm, he said:



"But here is the pearly Ankh,—a divinitized hand, which holds in its grasp the symbol of all that is requisite for meeting individual and Universal Needs. It is a symbol (so I understand) of the pure, unselfseeking Power which cannot be con-

ferred by Church or State, but must be evolved through an age-long Rectitude to the principles of Virtue, Truth, and Justice, which sustains others in the Liberty which it asks for self!

"Dear Madame Landseer: we, assembled here, realize that you have set aside social-intercourse, general-interests and ordinary achievements, in your endeavor to practicalize your philosophy of *Life* which you think is capable of co-ordinating inordinate states of character, so that, oncoming social-conditions will be full of health, peace, and self-sanctifying-growths of body, mind, and estate."

"In listening to your experiences, I have keenly appreciated that the *Hold* you have kept on the Anchor-of-the-Soul has carried you unharmed, up out of conditions which otherwise, not only would have swamped you, but would have foreclosed the possibility of your family's marked individual-development. This meeting was called to give us all an opportunity of stating, in as concise language as we can command, ungarnished facts concerning the ethical implications of the philosophy of evolution. Tell us then, what your weird experiences have taught you concerning that which this symbol typifies."

Jerome, wondering why *he* could not long ago as definitely have asked for this—forgetting, that Daniel was nearly a centenarian-student of Animism and that there were "set times and seasons" when the right word can be spoken, and the right act can be done, yet wishing to identify himself thus publicly with this request, and little thinking how valuable his interruption would prove to be,—taking Mrs. Landseer's hand and bowing over it, said:

"Dear Madame, I recognize your wisdom in waiting for time to ripen my patience and tighten my hold on the Ankh: before discussing what now may well be discussed in this company of students of Life's Higher Graces. I add my request, that you will tell us how, to your mind, the significance of the Ankh differs from much else that has been said of this unspeakable power. For, on this, my fiftieth birthday, on the eve of this new year 1900, I not only face the fact that mind is a finer 'body,' and that it is the refiner of the body

as fire is of gold; but also my recognition that there are three distinct planes (or 'discreet degrees' as Swedenborg calls them) of character development, gives me a basis for what I can accept on no other, namely: a basis for class distinctions, incident to the 'discreet degrees' of unlikeness which exist between the class of persons who dwell amidst animalized enervating complexities: and the next class who, having attained the more excellent plane of a Rational Use of external blessings, yet cannot grasp (or believe that others grasp) by intellection, a distinct, supernal realm of Juris Prudentia (or pre-judgment and foresight-of-coming-events) on which plane Mrs. Landseer certainly must have stood as is shown by the portentous revelations made in the early part of the evening.

"Doubtless there are three distinct classes of society. We must face the fact that they live in different worlds, and we must deal with them accordingly. Yet, at times, they *impinge* on each other!" he said, halting perplexed at finding his Pegasus 'balled up' in its rush over a muddy road to aerial heights. Seeing which, Ishtar interpolated:

"They more than impinge. Impinge is to clash one against another."

"Just so!" said he. "And that's what they do in many cases! yes, and in me too, time and again."

"Then," said Ishtar, "each person must classify his own states, rather than go into the meddling business of trying to make and define artificial class-distinctions among individuals, in the state."

"Well, that *is* an idea!" said Jerome. "However, I will tell you a story which will prove—that is to say—you can tell me when I get done what it *does* prove relative to this clashing and impinging among individuals.

"My mother lived amid three worlds; and as she stood at 'the pass,' tried to protect her right to reign in peace as queen of the home. What I tell you will show what she thought she had to do, in self defense, as she (I now suppose) tried to classify *her three states* while keeping out of artificial meddling with those who are in each or any of these states," said Jerome.

"Like some other bright women she was nerve-strained

over the deluge of what she called the 'body-business' of dining, dressing and sleeping, for which she begrudged time. And even the nice home into which she more and more withdrew, did not ease off the almost waspish-touchiness which she felt at intrusions.

"So, one time, getting into (no, I mean, looking out on) psychic work and workers, she was so repelled at what she cruelly called 'the reek of it' that when the president of a psychic-research society rather persistently asked 'why she did not join,' she, pointing to Romeo her dog, answered, 'I should like even dogs better if they were not so doggy.' Awakening the retort, 'dogs must *be* doggy as long as they are dogs. But what *I* can't stand is, the having Madame so "dogged" now that she has gone up higher.' To which, in answer, my mother passing over the dog, gave it to him, saying, 'Under your training it may escape developing the doggedness which is resistent of the smudge of psychic research.'

"Now, here is a point. There must, unconsciously to her, have swept through his brain such a potentialized force, as stirred up the muddy sediment of his whole being, infuriating him into the retort: 'You are nasty. I can't stand it,'—blamelessly polite though in his religious nature he tended to be. But at his starting to leave the house, never hoping to put foot in it again, my mother, recognizing that there had come in on the discussion, the smudge of *mysticism*, as opposed to clarity of scientific coolness (which smudge tends to darken facts), said: 'Repeat that!' Which he did. Then said she, 'I shall think over the words and the reason back of them.'

"When my father wanted the man horsewhipped, she held him back, keeping him steady under the charm of discriminating accuracy as she said:—

"'My dear, it was necessary I should have one person speak to me and of me as I—not too seldom—speak to and of principles: which to the persons concerned, seems like speaking to and of *them*. I am in such cases misunderstood. But even then, I had almost forgotten that though it is said relative to God's holiness that the "heaven of heavens are unclean in his sight" yet, from His Heights far above the "*Third* Heaven" He looks forth winsomely-omnipresent; gloriously inspiring those who *will*, to come up higher.'"

"My father staring at her, said: 'What's that fellow's upward advancement to you—' and she told him he sounded like the old prophet when he called up to God, 'What's *Man* that Thou art mindful of *Him*,'—and that she would answer back, as probably the Lord practically did: 'He's one of the million of billions of atoms who are as hard at it as each can *be*, trying to get up higher.'

"And my father, with an intellectual start, ejaculated:

"'Divine *Hu*mility *is* the highest Form of Valor!'—with (as I now know) the emphasis on the first syllable, which I have heard Mrs. Landseer use, in speaking of her philosophy of '*Hu*manity.'

"And then (for he was a devoted lover of his perplexing wife) father gave an hour to listening as she went off into such enchanting rhapsodies concerning Je-*hu*-vah's refulgent way of ecstatically filling all climbers with evolutionary-fires of aspiration, that I (not then comprehending this spiritual-afflatus because of then being a pupil of Schopenhauer's *beast*-theory of *Man*) in fact,—could not stand *that*."

The shock of his short stop, was enough. But with a long drawn breath, he ejaculated: "And there's where the complications come in! Persons on *different* planes of development (I mean refinement) of Life, cannot discuss 'the invisible things of God' without misunderstandings."

"That's where the Law of Silence serviceably comes in," said some one.

"I am far from sure of that," said Jerome. "I, like my mother, realize silence may be made to include such smudgy domineering by the more animalized magnetisms over persons of spiritized-potencies, as might absolutely ruin and craze those subjected to it. The use of brutal psychic force may be more death-dealing and demoralizing than any other power in the world. I think it was of just such dominance that, in part, the Saviour said: 'Fear not those who kill the body, but fear those who have' (or use) 'power which can cast both soul and body' into the reek of the emotional swelter which is making a hell on earth in these days."

There was an outburst of mixed responses over the room. Jerome went on:—

"I now can say, Mrs. Landseer, women do right in staying

at home and repelling intrusion, as my mother wanted to do when she tried, as queen of home, to keep the home atmosphere as she wanted it kept, that is? well, what that atmosphere should be, remains for Madame Landseer to tell us. For she has kept me pretty much out of her house these eight years, and I living just over the hill. She had good reason! Let her tell it, by explaining what this Ankh means and what distinctive difference she finds between the enervating, pyschic states, and the *In*-nerving Spiritizing-Power incident to those who hold on to what this symbol signifies."

Tossing big hands in air, and throwing himself into a chair, he had the appearance of having flung himself out of the fray, as evidently he thought he had a right to do, after so long having awaited answers to his questions.

As by habit, Geraldine, not liking quite so cavalier a style of ordering her mother to tell all she knew before a lot of persons whom she did not particularly know, assisting the speaker forward, said:

"Yes, my sister-mother, tell them this Ankh symbolizes the 'Angel of the Covenant who presides over' (but never succumbs to) 'Human Bodies': unflinchingly holding the soul against the material-tendencies of anybody's magnetism. For, mother: *we* are talking of the science of all sciences, which as far as I know, no church has uttered for the general education of such citizens of such a Republic as we almost disastrously have proved 'cannot exist unless its citizens' *are thus* educated.' 'A science, which must now experimentally be practicalized by the whole family in heaven and earth,' and in realms under the earth, in order to civilly resist the floods of mercenary hypnotism (as well as the kindly-intended psychical interference) of persons who think they can better tell others what they can do than others can tell themselves; forgetting that those who generation after generation have been engaged in man-building instead of money-making, are not willing to deflect from their main design."

"And that that *Design* in its ultimatum," put in Ishtar, "as Shakespeare intimates, is to make 'melt this too solid flesh' by spiritizing it through and through."

"There," cried Jerome. "There's the trouble. If we let loose on ourselves these women's ideals, it is likely that not

only total abstinence but total fasting and self-obliteration will be the régime to which we will be reduced. Is it not so, Mrs. Landseer?"

Lamed, looking at Jerome, said:—

"Friends, Sisters and visitors all, where so much is known, what need that I say anything?"

"We might say that of any discussion among equals," said Jerome.

"Very well; then as we are 'akin in our mutual self-understanding,' I will say what little I may be able to add, relative to the symbolism of the Ankh. For a square understanding of Animism as distinguished from animalism, and of the self-*In*-nervating principle as opposed to enervating animalism, will, I think, bring us to that 'state of grace' which all religionists, Calvinists, Catholics, and Natural Scientists hope to see humanity attain. For this State of Grace will enable each individual to establish on the supreme bench of his own soul's judgment-Hall, his Interior Better-Half, Wisdom.

"Now for the Ankh. As you know, there appear scenes, sculptured on the walls of Egypt's now largely exhumed temples, where stand friends, holding out to other friends the Ankh as masons of old, in their palmy days (that is, when in their palms was the power of this Ankh) gave each other the Hand-Grip: thus imparting something of that invisible-possession, on the right use of which hinge health and prosperity of body, soul and estate.

"Egypt in its palmy days was a land where wisdom had become cure for warfare, want, and woe, as well as the synonym of wealth. It was a land where science was applied to daily life: and where *Life* applied to its prime purpose reaped prerogatives which reached the zenith of earth's glory; piercing the heavens so, and letting in lights from the 'Father of Lights' 'in whom there is no shadow of turning,' like that incidental to the apparent setting of the sun."

She halted, drawing herself back from utterances that would perhaps seem hysterical; and, taking refuge instead in historical facts said:

"Moses was learned in the arts of the Egyptians. He was not of those of whom Jehovah is reported as saying, 'My people are brutish: they will not consider.' For, on the con-

trary, Moses had taken into full consideration the fact that the Egyptians possessed magical powers precisely because of the scientific use they made of that which the Ankh typifies. For this Indwelling self-harmonizing Power of the perfected human is exercisable only, through allegiance, in every thought, word, and act, to the principles of Virtue, Truth, Justice, and Liberty to all.

This exercise of those principles in that way, includes a scientific inhalation of the Spirit of the Air, which updrawn to the brain, frees it from being a body-suffering slave, as surely as it steadies the 'brain against becoming a too-over-mastering Master of the body.

"In Egypt's palmy days woman could easily do right by men who understood and sought to establish conditions, 'mid which success was attained by those who gained that self-wholeness which insures sanity and sanctity. For Animists knew that those whose *whole being* comprehends union-with-Spirit, deal not with appearances, but with that Principle of Life which presides latently in every individual-soul, and affluently in souls where the palm-touch of intuition is as swift as is the wing-action of the symbol of Athene—the courageous fly whose endurance is undauntable and inexhaustible!"

Again she halted, self-repressed. Then like a good general-reorganizing forces, she said again:

"It is my opinion that disease and disorder come from some hindrance in the way of the elastic soul's upward tendency: so that, unless there is a combustion of these obstructions, there must be a congestion of the soul's forces. Medicals, Clericals, and Mothers above all, should fix attention on removing whatever hinders the soul's fulfillment of that whereunto it feels Itself to have been sent into the very body it inhabits: which body I believe, is an outward sign of the inward state to which the occupant had attained in the previous incarnation; so that the body it enters on the succeeding incarnation, is the body it had fashioned previously; thus making the ego responsible for its body because it is physically conformed to its previous, personal history. My experience in mothering souls upholds this theory. For I gave birth to two hydrocephalous-brained children because, the con-

gested-mental-activities with which restrictions had overloaded my brain, attracted them, the *pauvres misérables!* to my sphere.

"If I had not succumbed under the task, each case would have given me a business to manage large enough to have excluded all other concerns from attention for the rest of my life. For if I had understood the cause, as I now understand it, I should have held myself responsible for having let circumstances fetch on me that congestion of powers which (as like seeks like) attracted these congested-brained-egos to home themselves under my heart. But I was deluged in self-stultification. Therefore they were born, died and were bodily buried, though their souls are still somewhere awaiting further development.

"And friends though I got through the misery of it all as well as I could, I never have lost my sense that my share in the matter, indefinite though it still is, remains incomplete."

"Look not so marble pale dear Madame, they (the hydrocephalous-brained) learned something in even that short life," said Jerome, thinking of what he had learned one morning, down in the grass-world. And acquiescingly she continued:

"It is one belief, characteristic of the Animists, that a Human Principle presides over each body animating its every part and particle. So, though this human apparitional principle, is of an etherealized Substance, it really is more vitally The Ego, the 'I, myself,' than is the outward body.

"This principle (so say the Animists who are as far removed from Animalism as they are from mere psychism) bears a bodily-form and is capable of withdrawing from the external-body:—and it is my opinion, Zelzah's apparitional principle, withdrew from her body and—being in alignment with 'the works of the Spirit'—came to me: with the mentally prearranged purpose of informing with *itself* the then unborn body of my third babe: so as to enable who-should-come, to be such a Deifically-impelled Incarnation that—"

"—if but, she be willing and obedient, will then be known amid the world's workers as—"

"I, Geraldine Landseer!" cried out that one, with a ring of

tone unsupposable. "I, who will be 'willing and obedient' to the Angel who presides over Bodies and who makes the obedient to be, handmaids of the Lord!"—And Lamed, not interrupted, any more than she had been by her sense of the portentous matters at stake, continued—

"—known among us as a soul enabled to rebuild the body it inhabits to an extent limited only by its faithfulness to its own ideal of humanity's possibilities."

"Why not?" said Ishtar, the student of the evolution of lower forms of life. "What may not self-conscious images of Eloihim (the One in whose trinitized likeness we are created) be expected to achieve?"

Had Somewhat passed by?

As in holy night on Judea's plain, were conditions unthinkable a'near?

The pearly Ankh cut in moonstone became softly luminous as the light-rays fell on it; while as if hushed by the Angel of the Annunciation whose analytic and synthetic mysteries-unique, had always worked in her being a high expectancy of glorious things spoken by prophets, Lamed Ariosto-Rhoensteine: LANDSEER, said:

"The unrest (which moves at the soul's depths of *Anna*-like women who, fettered but not sensualized, have endured conditions for only as long as endurance was requisite while getting the world ready for the future of Daughters, who, Mary-like, will 'ponder these things in their heart' of hearts) is an unrest, which will redound to the perfection of The Man that-is-to-be."

She halted, a-tremble with her Vision of the *Probable* then, collected, said:

"Friends:—you have asked me to give my idea of the way to prepare for the coming of the Lord (not of realms or of religionists but) of scientific self-sovereignty: the Complete Man:—the Man that is to be.

"In answer I will first refer to what we see and hear has already been done by Frantze's mother, Lady Alice: and by Jerome's mother and other Elect Ladies. That is, s(elf)elect women who have prearranged to select and give the first thirty years of married life to the business of presiding over the family whom they fore-ordain shall be a Holy Family, in virtue of the mother's determination that each soul shall be

selectedly-attracted to her sphere by her recognition of its prenatal fitness, before it shall be *allowed* to incarnate under her heart or join those congregated under the marital roof-tree."

"Madame Landseer!" ejaculated Jerome. "Do you mean to say there are or have been women who have unflinchingly and *successfully* lived up to this idea of—of select or (self)elected marital family building?"

Lamed's black orbs met his steadily as she said:

"I thought you knew that the Eloiheem family had so lived. I thought all *here* knew that a half century ago Althea Eloi (the marvelously brave Hebrew maiden) had with conscious self-assertion publicly announced that she and her future consort—whoever he might be—would thus live in marital home, or marital home she would have none."

Jerome flung upward, raised hand-palms, emphatically signifying his retirement into listening attention: and with kindliness of look and heart she affirmed:

"Yes. Mr. Konnyngscrown knows the mystical history of those attempts: and it is for the study of the practical *results* of these attempts at scientific self-management and home-building, that we here have gathered. So, following up his own trend of thought concerning the 'three discreet degrees' of attainment in character building, I will try to show *why* woman must needs keep such a grip on the anchor of spirit-power as will make its effluence to be helmet, breast-plate and shield-like Rebutter, of every adverse, disintegrating external influence (or inflow) from mere *mortal* mind.

"I opine before their sons were born, Jerome's mother nor the mother of Frantze had *not* consciously so co-ordinated soul and body with Spirit Supreme, as to have lifted themselves up out of the waspish (but then serviceable) state of 'I-am-holier-than-thou.' And it was this *lack* of uplift which Mrs. Konnyngscrown had recognized, at the time when the valor of her well-defined humility concerning this lack, so struck up her husband's attention, that it drew him up after her: causing her, in the barphometic-baptism of new revelations, to burst forth in such a *magnificat* of the glory of the indwelling Power of Life that her own son could not stand it.

"Now I know what occurred at that crisis. And I can best

make it understood, if with me you will look at the well-beloved story of what befell the young Rabbi of Galilee, when he exclaimed, 'Who touched me?' and when his astonished disciples and Peter answered, 'Master, the multitude throng and press about Thee and sayest Thou, Who touched me?'—no more comprehending that the pressing of the crowd bodily about the Master was *not* the touch of which he spoke, than they comprehended him, when he replied to them with marked accent: 'Somebody *has* touched *me;* for I perceive virtue has gone out of me';—though these words, with his accent, should, I think, have conveyed to *disciples* that the touch of which he spoke was a touch of soul-power applied for the exact purpose of drawing off Spirit-potency. For the touch had attracted 'Virtue' as an antidote and curative of the Results of the bodily-abusive-methods, which (generation after generation) had distorted what otherwise would have been a Supplier of spiritual Potency, into an Abstracter of It. Which *Result* had rendered very exigent the touch that must have shot to the core of the responsive Being from which came forth 'Virtue'; —the radical dictionary meaning of which is, 'a stretching, straining, extending,' or the 'quality by which bodies produce effects upon others.'

"Now this is my idea of it: I think that, as then there was a call on Jesus for such virtue in order to cure the epochical-Result of that nearly-two-thousand-year-ago-type of woman, so such 'virtue' or 'quality' was an involuntary Soul-gift from Madame Konnyngscrown, when, starting back questioningly, she rebuffed that touch of magnetic dominance, uttering Jesus-like words as she reconsidered the *manner* of touch which had drawn on her spiritual reservers. In both cases these touches were found to be a purposely-applied-suction-power of a consuming urgency that was regardless of everything else, except getting for self what self wanted.

"Madame Konnyngscrown thus learned woman's necessity to keep such a self-centered hold on the Ankh (simple and impersonal) as cleanses and rebuts the influence from and affluence of all forms of *male*ific greed and guile.

"As for the ecstatic outburst which fittingly might have been attributed to an Oriental's dreams of paradise, its effect showed her that *new* self-restrictions would be requisite till she

should have become fixed immovably on that *third* plane of attainment. For *until* then"—

Lamed Ariosto halted. Then removing her eyes, which were on Archibald's pictured gaze, to Jerome's she said:

"For until then—women, who have truly followed their Lord in his regeneration, crucifixion, burial, and resurrection, need must, for a time, say like the Lord, 'Touch me not, for I have not yet ascended to my Father.'"

A weird, muffled cry of anger came forth from Jerome, as he said, red with turbulence:

"But allowing there are some, at this *discreet-degree* of attainment, then, Lamed (pardon) Madame, in the name of the Lord tell us when these fantastical (pardon)—I mean these touchy—enigmas will be so firmly fixed on their confounded pinnacles as to be not 'too bright and good for human nature's daily food'?" (For he was an awful man to deal with in his black moments when no restrictions were placed on persons, who chose to be exteriorly as ugly as they still at times were interiorly.) Lamed, however, had had experiences of such rough-shod riding over holy-places, by him who now, quite at one with her aspirations and theories, seemed looking down from the picture frame. So with kindly consideration, she asked:

"Is that not a lazy-soul's miserably cannibal-like remark? I think it is. For the problem presented is not alone whether Woman is too bright and good to be devoured: but—also whether *Hu*man Nature is too bright and good for such Food. For Real *Hu*manity has (as Jesus said He had) 'food to eat that the world knows not of.'

"I think it was to this distinguishing Human possibility and necessity that Jesus referred when, wearing the Acanthine wreath after his trial, he said (separating the Animalists from the Animists) 'Yet a little while and *you* see me not:—and yet a little while and *you* shall see me'—alluding last, to those Animists (the holders-on-to-the-Anchor-of-the-soul)—whose spiritized-sight would capacitate them to see his Spiritized-form as he ascended to where he was before with the Father:—assuring them, they should finally experience what he had promised, should be experienced by them; when (Omnipotent, Omniscience, being Omnipresent in Him and in

them) they should eat—not each other but—the Wine and Bread of Eternal Wisdom in the Kingdom of self-wholeness: which Kingdom, within us, is *really* one of such transfusion and infusion, as—in its nature—debars intrusion! Because persons of this Quality have allegiance to that Law of 'Equal rights to all and special privilege to none,' which once, the far-famed-American Ideal, boasted but to which it has never attained: nor can it attain: till Man, standing Self-Sovereign, leaves the Mother of Man to do the same."

"Good Lord, save my brain!" ejaculated Jerome. "Who do we expect can follow this brain-splitting confusion of words about transfusion, infusion, and intrusion?"

"Why, of course, only those who love—not the confusion, but the diffusion of their distinctive meanings," replied Mrs. Landseer. "Those who, by the right *use* of these distinctive meanings, try to classify in *words* their own states and their emergencies from these states, to other higher-states. The others do it in acts, as they practically assert, 'I'll attend to my affairs, and you may attend to yours'; and, 'Don't you interfere with me, and I will not interfere with you. If you do—'"

"I'll *Impinge!*" shouted Jerome, suddenly striking a burlesque boxer-blow into the air: throwing the company into a mixed state of merriment and alarm: out of which, with swift control of soul and voice he fetched them as, in billowing waves of passional-intensity, he thrillingly repeated sweetly-religious Lucy Larcom's poem:

> Shall I doubt thy breath which I breathe, my God?
> Shall I reason myself into dust?
> Thy word flows fresh through the earth abroad;
> My soul to thy soul I trust!
>
> Thou hast entered into humanity,
> And hast made it, like thee, divine;
> And the grave and corruption it shall not see,
> This Holy One that is thine—

leaving those who were little used to such tumultuous spontaneity, to wonder whether these people were mad or whether Life to them was a matter of mental-theatricals in which each created his own 'lines' interpolatingly uttering them,

when and where each pleased. Not knowing, that the Spiritized-mentality of these persons enabled each to see the other's Spiritized-form-of Thought as, transcending all bondage, the uttered *Thought* ascended up to where it was before with Omniscience. Thus making 'interruptions'—which came at a speaker's halting time—to so deal with the *topic* at stake (for that was the matter of interest to persons there assembled) as to cause the 'halt' and the interruption to act (like a Breath of Shaddai), sending the discussion forward to an unforeseen 'next step,' auspicious to all concerned.

Of course, such free manners and methods were a sharp offset to the 'conspiracy of silence' which at that epoch was seeking to overlay the point of contention between Guelph and Ghibelline with such teachings concerning 'woman-self-effacement' that the women of the anti-papistical-crowd, as well as those who were laying down life for the papal-Hierarchy, were commonly becoming so deluged in bewilderment concerning the highest use of their best functional-capacities, as to make it vitally requisite that they should be taught to hold on to and utilize the Spirit-'Virtue' natal to Elect Ladies and s(elf)elect Home makers.

Thus, at least, said Jerome with a warmth of self-surrender that revealed his certainty as to what he asserted. And he further illustrated his idea, by repeating a description, that an electrician had given him of the perfect-construction of that ancient electric-dynamo—known as 'the Ark of The Covenant'—wherein dwelt the Shekinah that lighted the Israelites through the Desert-Journey. Which repetition of the electrician's description revealed to those who had intelligently studied this Bible story that the 'shock' which his touch of it gave the man who, unqualified, touching, sought to steady the Ark, represented the Ark as a death-dealing-monster, instead of, as a life-giving savior and guide, to those who *knew* what they were doing.

"So," said Jerome in conclusion, "this brings me to assert that those who have attained the scientific-self-sovereign Power to complete The Manhood which marks the Elders, find themselves under the unwritten and unwritable *Law* of those Aristocrats who follow Aristarch's ideal of that government of the wisest and best which is made-up-of-those-

who-best-serve-the-greatest-number-and-ask-least-for-self-in-return: and, brings me to say, that this unwritten-law is very strenuous: because the Power of such-souls to give help concerning ultimates includes a moral inability to *intrude* help where it is not wanted: and where, therefore, those who prefer to do so, are best off while laboriously climbing and stumbling up the mountain side in their own way, as they skilfully use their own judgment as to what comes next to them to do.

"The very act of desiring to intrude on another disbars the would-be-Aristocrat! For it tends to break his alliance with that 'Angel of the Covenant' who never presumes to interfere with the liberty of even the devil himself (if there be a devil) to do his best, he being judge: and he being left to take the consequences, till the crop he reaps teaches him a better style of seed sowing!

"Such intrusion is the sin of sins: and is the source of all our woes and the retarder (that is seemingly) of Peace-filled advancement.

"Yet," he exclaimed honestly, "I know I *cannot* keep out of it and do my best. But there is one thing I will not put up with: that is, this muss of mysticism. For I declare now before the Hosts of Heaven, that if *Sophism* is permitted to teach that it is right for a very good man to do wrong, then there is nothing to hinder *Sophism* from declaring that 'it is wrong for a very bad man to do right'!"

"That is what a good many bad men (if there be any real bad men) will tell you!" said some one. "Both classes will say 'circumstances alter cases.' And then will come in the quibble and the quake of the foundations of Earth. And the nether-regions will boil up to the surface: and Anarchy will prevail and guns will be fired to kill Anarchy—all because Sophism has practically declared that it is 'right for a very good man to do wrong': as, for instance, in those little deeds of levitation, indulged in by those who, at a distance, are supposed (and it is by some vouched for) to lightly 'lift' things which less miraculously-equipped 'poor men' might find even skilled 'light fingers' incompetent to translate to other places: —which manœuvres, if right, might, with very good reason, cause the assertion that it is *wrong* for a very bad man to do (?) *right.*

"The infernos are boiled to the surface," added the angel-faced girl with just such a scientific-inspection of the matter, as she would give to the struggles between the attempt of her Roses to live and the equal attempt of their devourers to live by *devouring* the roses. "But this fermentation and seething-smudge, will rise and 'scum'; and Good Discriminative Faculty, will then reign influentially Vice-gerent in every soul: from the least even to the greatest."

Said Allierri, rising to his feet, "That—Discriminative-faculty—is the saving Grace of the Epoch without which Nothing.

"It is the last hour before dawn."

He halted with a concussionary sharpness which, in the rebound, sent this term back, *meaningless*. For dawn had succeeded dark and days had followed dawns and then, noons and nights and recurrent-dawns had succeeded each other time after time for years and æons innumerable. What more then, would the coming dawn bring than the last darkness had done? They had talked much, they had reviewed much: and now what was there to anticipate at dawn?

They were all weary: for to their health-constructive way of life, a night spent in the reviewal of the *past* was out of right order.

Their nights were habitually given to that companionship with Immortals, which is co-natural to the simple and single-minded as these fold their robes about them and, uniting soul with Spirit, leave the body to rest while its tenant, serenely arising to its natal plane, there bathes in Lethe's waters.

The Landseers had been taught to so sleep that, after sleep had done its work for them, it then, at dawn, withdrew: and left the Spirit-refreshed soul to return to the long quiescent body, re-invigorating it.

But this night neither soul nor body had had rest. Concentrated they had worked, re-living again (not only the scenes of the epochical decade since Landseer's taking-off, but) the doings of others whose wreckage or whose accumulated soul-wealth, like jetsam had been floated in for their discriminative inspection, as the "sea gave up its dead."

To "souls standing" in free perspicuity of Thought, the coming Dawn should bring a realization that, extreme though

had been the endurance requisite that night to the gathering up of history, personal and epochical: and more extreme though had been the endurance of the electrizing-presences of embodied and disembodied personalities; yet, all this, had been no more of a mental deluge than is that, which is commonly poured in on our souls everywhere today, as minds and homes are engulfed in the thought-impulsions sent in by books, papers, lectures and preachments concerning things, good, disastrous and diabolic, planned, dreamed and done. For when from these things are eliminated the *scientific facts of the evolution of the Human-race*, then, the coming of the floods but tends to rob individuals of time and ability to secure that concentration of Being lacking which the soul, remaining bodily-burdened night and day, gets little refreshment either for itself or to give to its tenement.

Something like this Ishtar said, in answer to the words, "It is the last hour before Dawn," adding, "The chief difference between us and some others, is, that, from the first, we have refused to go under the flood which, sweeps away a soul-falling into it: severing it from the connection which a 'soul-standing' keeps with the source of its divinity. Which connection enables it to effect by its own interior-firmness 'any achievement in the whole series of actions: and to do any deed, however arduous, excellent and marvelous, devoid of any external aid whatever.'"

She added again: "It is my belief, therefore, that this dawn should bring to such souls a release from puny-plans, worthless-wordiness and doubt-filled-deeds. For at this new Dawn, 'souls standing' wholesomely self harmonized, will far-reachingly Act, through concentratedly being at one with Supernal LIFE."

This, to Geraldine, seemed like a proposed abandonment of Action. For like others, when they at last get ready to take up self-sacrificial activities, she did not see that there may be a plane prepared for those who are prepared to occupy it: precisely because of the fact that they have *worked*-out their salvation from those 'works,' their-early-patient-continuance-in which through *seven*-reincarnations (or, perhaps, through seven-times-twice seven) had builded up in them such fire-proof-characters as enable them now to stand unfalling, amid the fires of these Last Days.

Something of this Lamed Landseer said explanatory of Ishtar's statement and stage of Being. Revealing the facts, with a gravity which was the essence of Ishtar's (and her own) sept-emberized lives.

But this brought from Tama an outcry against running the risk of thus coming under that orientalizing-influence which, from afar, brings on womanhood, a psychic-inundation; flooding it with sedge-water-stagnations: whence, "its nature is altered and diversely distracted by irregular-affections."

"Yes!" said Jerome, "inundations—the rebutting of which arouses the wrath and the injurious enmity of those 'New in Power,' causing them to do their utmost to reduce and repress the utterance of Woman's promethean-foresight and insight by binding her, Vital-devoured, against the Rock of hard-helplessness; till, in submission to such infernalism, she is ready to affirm as Folly, the Truths she had descended to Earth but to bring to its denizens." Then—with an increased repellence of everything which tends to mystify facts relative to the Maha Devas, or that tends to separate womanhood from that free perspicuity of Thought and act, which, keeping hold on the Intellectus Illustratus (or breath-of The-Spirit of lives) enables that Intellectus Illustratus to enable man to so assimilate It that 'the assimilation converts the inferior-portion of his trinitized-being to Spirit';—Jerome became angered at having himself to use mystic-terms in the very business of rejecting them! And next, he realized he was so "an hungered" for something outside of and higher than *self*, that he knew he would if he could, pull down to the level of his hungers even Spiritus Mundi. Then he became angry at his "hungers," feeling that there was a certain element in them which "tended to obscure and darken the Superior portions of his Being," and he said so; adding, "That Superior portion is called 'the *Mens*' or Concealed Intelligence: which—"

Then he halted, looking at Ishtar much as a big brown-eyed boy looks at his Mother when he does not quite know what he is trying to explain and so, of course, does not know how to explain it. And this look brought to Ishtar's mind the matter over which, as children, they used to puzzle, when in their theatrical play of "laying the Corner-stone" of the first-part-of the Capitol at Washington, they were at a loss to know what

the "Father of his country" in 1793, deposited in the vase that was set in the cavity that was cut in the heart of the corner-stone of that building. So she answered his look by continuing his sentence, saying, "——— ——— ——— the concealed intelligence, (*'the Mens'*) is the 'Hidden' which is hidden in the buried-vase-of-Being; but which, when the covering-stone is removed from the sepulchre, is as ready to come forth and to become the topmost-stone of Man's being, as the air is to ascend through illimitable-space."

Then a sense of mixed wonder as to whether she knew what she was talking about and a fiercer sense of wrath that she should be presuming to talk so teachingly at all, stirred up the serpentine fangs of his lower-being, bringing from poor Jerome, after a pause, the darkling question: "But what has all this to do with concentrating Being? Whose Being? Do not say (however reverently), God's. For that word is used in as many senses as there are users of it."

Silence met his question. For the fierce shock of his passionate nature's search into this natural fact of that Scientific Religion which does bind souls up with that God who is Spirit, —sent each and all a hunting for the Being, whom they all rightly knew as 'the Maker of Heaven and Earth and of all that in them is,' and whom, 'to know aright, is Life Eternal.'

Impatiently he broke the silence, frowning imperatively at Ishtar, saying, "I ask you, Ishtar, whose Being is to be concentrated?" his eyes travelling suddenly to Geraldine, nevertheless.

Then Ishtar said, securely, "Each, his own. Then, he will thus remove the stone from the sepulchre, where has been entombed, his Own-Highest One. And his Own will come to Him—"

"— and Be him," interpolated Geraldine, "leaving him with no need of help from any, but The Spirit-of-Spirits. Then his Day will Dawn!"

Jerome and some others bowed the head. Tama and some others, standing, raised palms, turned Heavenward, held firm, as if to catch and hold what came from thence.

. . . . . .

Then said Ishtar:

"I, for one, will unflinchingly stand for the Scientific Prin-

ciple of Life which firmly holds us in union with Supernally Creative Purity. And I will stand against the deluge of whatever deprives us of free schools, free press, free thought, free speech the active enjoyment of which, will lift general Intelligence to scale such heights, as will leave no necessity for an *exclusive* Hierarchical Oligarchy: nor for the encroachment of any intellectually-unremunerative sacerdotalism, but which, instead, will arouse to activity the individual Con-Science, that, 'knowing with' Omni-Science, never seeks to domineer over others: each of whom (when left to the freedom of inspirational-intelligence) will cultivate union (not with the blunders of over-bearing dictators but) with Omni-Science, at first hand. For when the 'Earth seems old, when Faith seems doting, it is She, Science, which discovers the world is young, and teaches a language to its lisping tongue.'"

"And yet, to think," ejaculated Frantze, "of the stupidity shown by Socrates' words: 'I am always anxious to learn: but from fields and trees I learn nothing.' Possibly he had too narrowly limited himself to ideals culled from such words as '*Self*-reverence, *Self*-knowledge, and *Self*-control: these alone 'lead life to sovereign power.' If, instead, the statement was 'lead man to sovereign power,' —that would illustrate the conditions, which at last, but brought Socrates to unflinchingly drink a cup of hemlock from one of the trees, from which he had said, he had 'learned nothing.'

. . . . . .

"I am saying," continued Lord Aneuland, "the sorts of selves of which some men gain 'knowledge,' and which they come to 'reverence,' and seek to 'control,' are selves which, under this management, do not 'lead *life* to sovereign power': though that sort of reverence, knowledge, and control may lead such a man to utilize what portion of Life there is in him, for the attainment of his own aims. Forgetting, meanwhile, that the highest prerogatives of his vital possessions, are dependent on his capacity for the con*tain*ance (or continence) of this mighty, Moral-Motor power. And forgetful that Man attains to the Real business of Eternal-Existence only as he (in his USE of 'the portion of Life that is divided out to him') —recognized IT, as but 'a *portion* of The Power, which, limitless and supernal exists far-out-and-beyond and over-and-

above All that man's utmost stretch of imagination can lay hold upon: though also, it is in and through 'little man as well.' And what I am impressing on myself and others is, that unless man keeps a steadfast hold on the recognition that unattained-Realms stupendously overshadow him, he will never hold up out of the present general mêlée of incriminating-blunder-business enough to escape being inundated in the turbidity of that animalizing-selfhood which hesitates not to sacrifice others (yes, every living-thing) to its own love of Love and of personal-dominion.

"I am not lecturing others. I am lecturing myself: the Lord Aneuland whose temptations amid newly defined duties and urgencies, may turn him out of his philosophical-repose into a boastful, talkative, domineering Forgetter of the fact, that he is to act only when Spirit-pure Power 'comes uncalled for.' And that then, he is to act in fealty to that scientific unwritten Law; obedience to which prepares one to 'stand-unfalling' under the Barphometic-baptism incident to the response-ability which alone can meet the new demands of the New Age. I have long faced this," he said, as simply as a child; his countenance a'beam with the inherent seraphic-nature which once we supposed, was natal only to disembodied Spirits:—not realizing that the once disembodied, embody now and 'walk the earth like some transparent things,' purposed to do the will-of-Wisdom and thereby, to reglorify befittingly on Earth yet higher realms than erst had come in contact with this 'sorrowful star.'

Thinking on this possible future for men, with a childlike simplicity he said:—

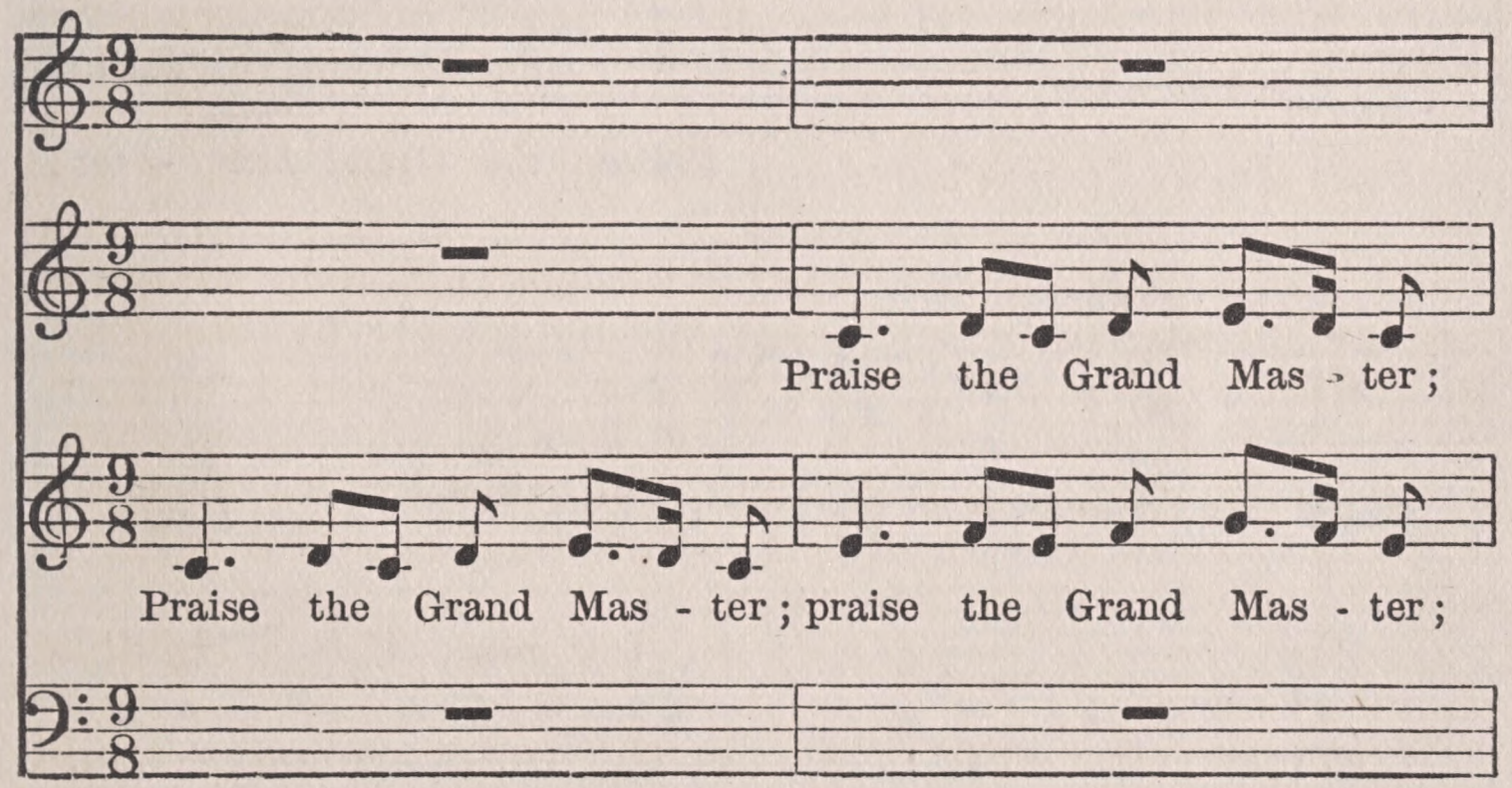
"I wonder what sort of a man the wordy Socrates would have been if, instead of scorning the language of fields, trees and wife, he had wisely learned from them, the truths which he *may* have drunk in at last, with his cup-of-hemlock:—but, of which, their united attempts to teach him, have left the Earth little that is more memorable than that gruesome draught, and the name 'Zantippe,' which he made wrongly to become the synonym for 'a scold.'

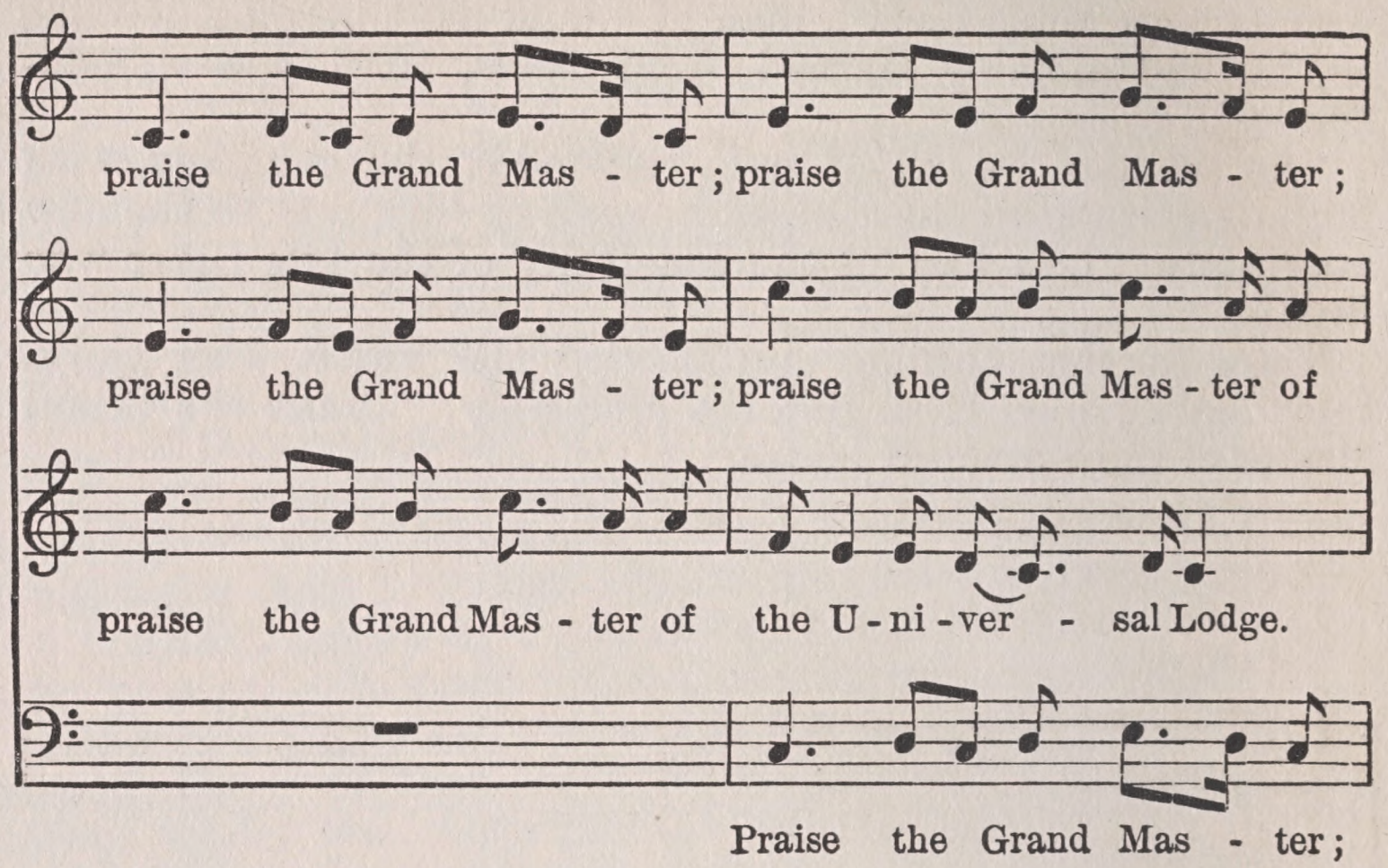
"We here, all know what she had to tell him: and why, weeping, she was dragged away, when she honorably would have prevented the needlessly-premature death of this typical

Socrates the Builders of whom, *such* 'scolds' often are. I wonder how much nicer a man he would have become, if—like us, he had amiably learned from fields, trees and womanhood?"

"So wonder we all of us," responded the company with blithe gratitude to the Blessed Science of Life, and to the new appreciation now had, of the generosity of the Life-Giver who Builds.

Then as the morning sun flooded the Earth with glory, they again joined in singing the roundelay, "Praise the Grand Master of the Universal Lodge."

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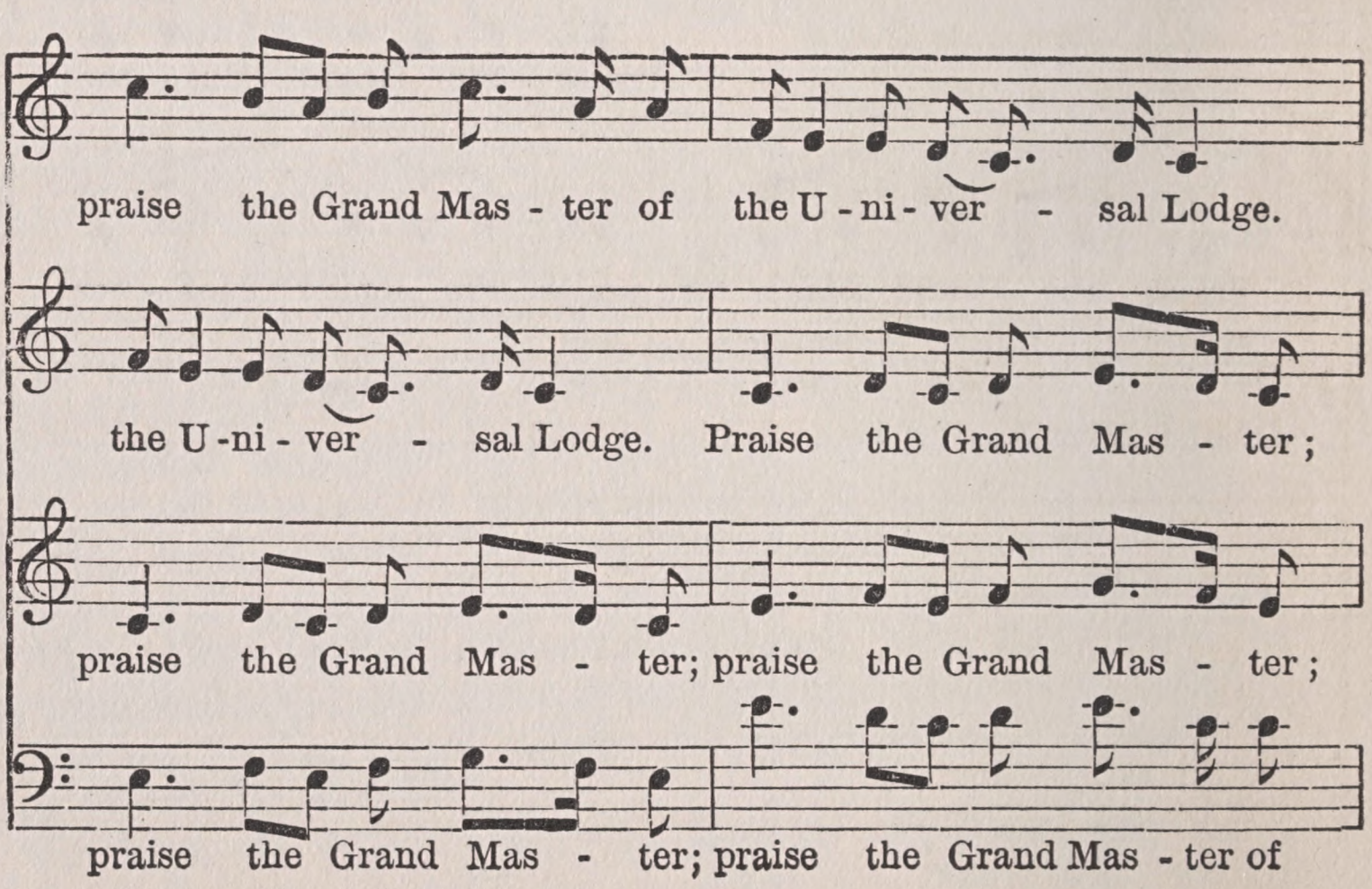
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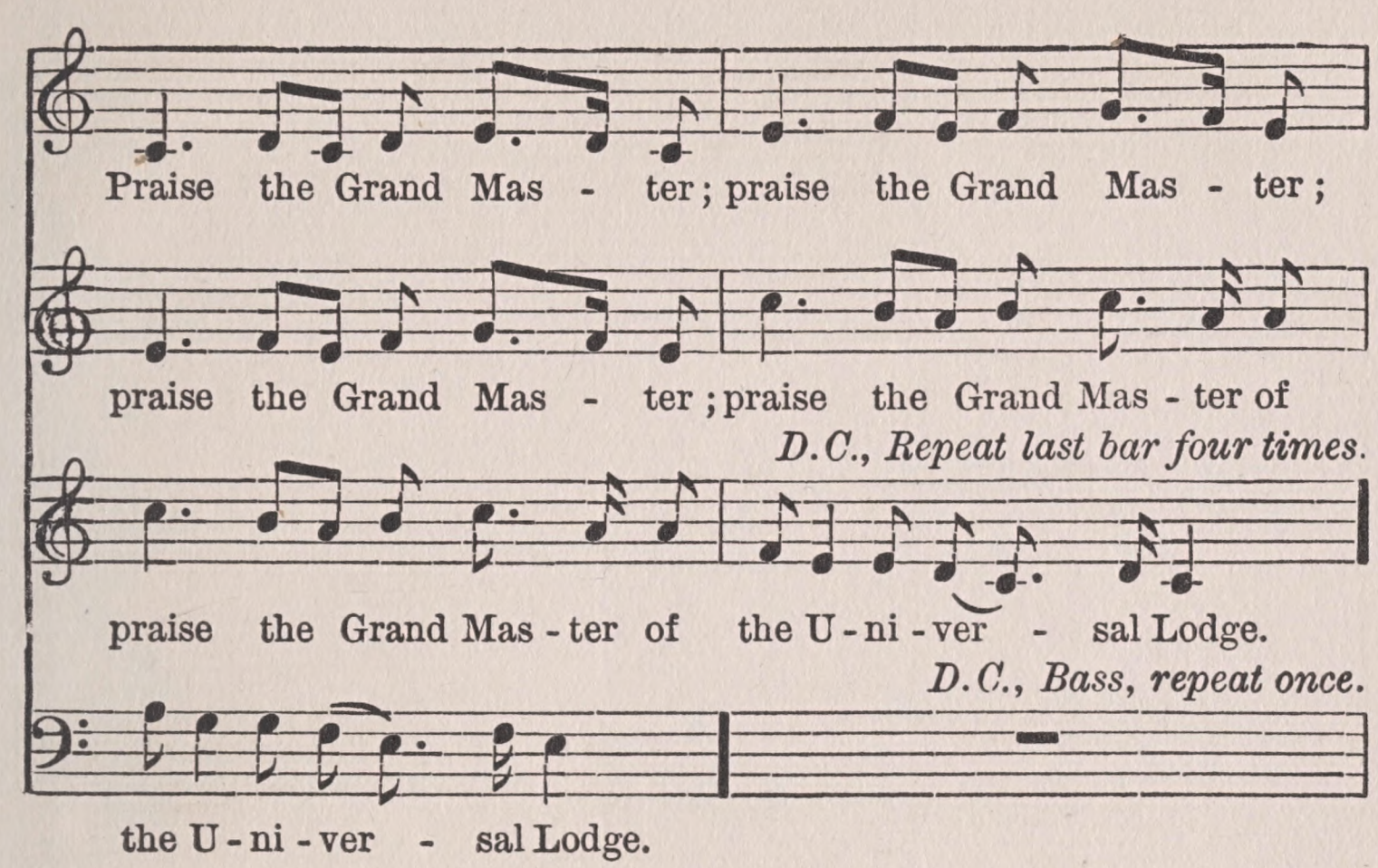
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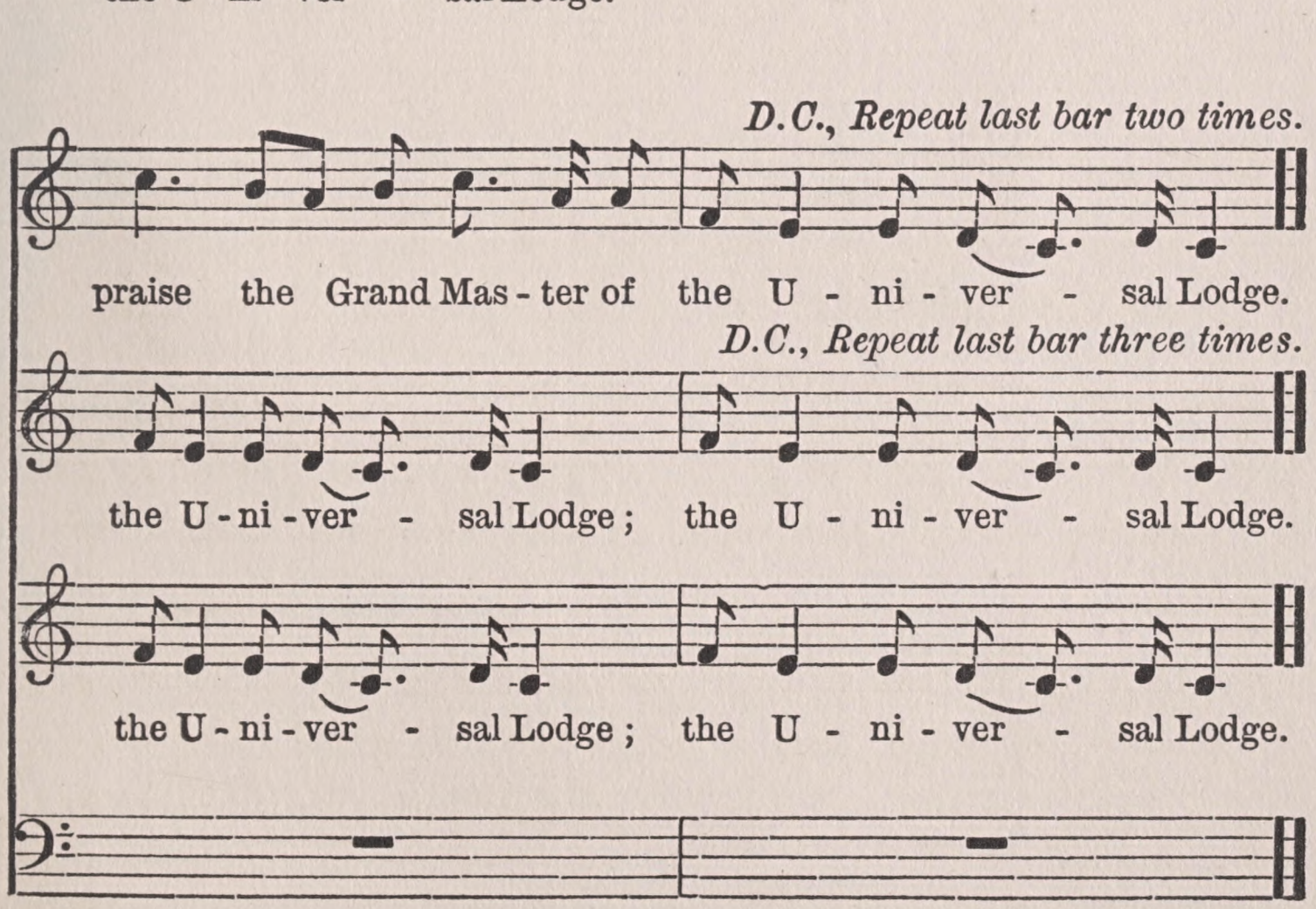
D.C., Repeat last bar two times.
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D.C., Repeat last bar three times.
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THE END.

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